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AMERICAN EDITION.

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. XXXIII.

FOR APRIL, 1836.

ART. I.—*Reise in Chile, Peru, und auf dem Amazonenstrom, während der Jahre, 1827—1832.* Von Edward Poeppig. (Travels in Chili and Peru, and on the River Amazons, in the years 1827—1832.) 2 Vol. 4to. with Atlas of 16 plates.

AFTER the numerous volumes which have been published within these few years relative to the several countries of South America, the appearance of two quartos, containing between 900 and 1000 closely printed pages, might justly excite some doubts of the propriety of drawing so largely on the time and patience of the reader, perhaps we should say of the reviewer, as the reader *may*, but the reviewer *must*, peruse the books set before him. It is certainly true that, since those vast regions threw off their allegiance to the mother country, numerous European visitors have resorted to them, a few attracted by curiosity and love of science, and more by hope of gain; and that many of them have published reports of their observations and discoveries. But, without discussing the greater or less degree of merit of these works, it may be observed that none of the authors made a long residence in the countries visited by Dr. Poeppig, in a purely scientific view, and that some, having passed only a few weeks there, could neither penetrate into the interior and the less frequented parts, nor even acquire a sufficient insight into what came more immediately under their notice. But longer experience, as our author justly remarks, often causes us to see things in a different point of view, and at the end of the year we might, perhaps, gladly disavow the opinion which we suffered to

escape us at its commencement. Dr. Poeppig, therefore, having spent five successive years in those interesting countries, we felt that we could depend at least on his having given us the result of mature consideration, and accordingly opened his volumes with a tolerable degree of confidence that we should find them deserving of attention. Nor have we been disappointed. We have found the work replete with new and interesting information communicated in an agreeable manner, and calculated to give a very favorable idea of the acquirements, perseverance, and impartiality of the author. Dr. Poeppig was besides not a novice in such enterprises. He had previously visited the fine island of Cuba, and was in the United States, where he had been long waiting for letters from Europe, which enabled him to set out on his intended voyage to South America.

This plan originated with a few zealous friends of natural history in Germany, who confided the execution of it to our author, and supplied him with funds for the purpose. The immediate object was to collect specimens of natural history in as great a number as possible; and the result, as stated by Dr. Poeppig, is highly creditable to his industry. Seventeen thousand specimens of dried plants, many hundred stuffed animals, and a great number of other natural productions, which were distributed among the patrons of the expedition; the introduction into our gardens of many very interesting plants before unknown; three thousand descriptions of plants made on the spot, especially with regard to such parts of the flowers as it would be more difficult to examine subsequently; thirty finished drawings of land-

scape scenery; forty drawings of *Ariodeæ*, on the largest scale; thirty drawings of *Orchideæ*; numerous sketches; and a private botanical collection of extraordinary extent, are a portion of the fruits of that journey. Yet it may be affirmed that the sum allotted for it was the smallest with which such an undertaking ever was commenced and happily completed. But this narrowness of his means necessarily subjected the traveller to great hardships and privations; it did not allow him to take with him an attendant into the inmost recesses of the forest. Even this was less painful to him than the want of instruments for observation, after his own were lost at the commencement of his journey, and his pecuniary means would not allow him to purchase others. But, says he, "what personal industry and goodwill could contribute to success was done, when, in some remote Indian village of the primeval forests, month after month passed over the head of the lonely wanderer, who had not even a native servant with him, and often depended for his precarious subsistence on his own skill or good fortune in fishing or with his gun: who sometimes had to pass the night alone on the summits of the Andes, sometimes to steer his little bark on the gigantic streams of the New World, through the silent and solitary wilderness: and, at length, as a recompense for many dangers, happily returned to his native land, richly laden with the natural treasures of remote regions."

Dr. Poeppig was at Philadelphia in August 1826, when he received letters from Europe, which determined him to set out; and he immediately proceeded to Baltimore, where it was thought much easier to meet with a vessel bound to the South Seas than in any other port. He had however to wait six weeks for the sailing of the *Gulnare*, of 300 tons, which happily proved to be a very strong ship and an excellent sailer. The description of long voyages, observes Dr. Poeppig, is an equally difficult and ungrateful task, especially in our times, when so great a number of them have been described, and some in a masterly manner. But with respect to the greater part of them the uniformity of a life at sea seems to have affected the style and the imagination of the writers and to have rendered them dull and tedious. He therefore dwells but little on his naval adventures, and we shall follow his example, extracting only a few passages.

"Thus the evening gradually approaches, and is announced by a slight diminution of the current of air. It is in vain for language to attempt a description of the splendor of a sunset in these latitudes. It is the only time

of day when the groups of singularly formed, yet light and transparent, clouds range themselves on the horizon. Their transient existence favors the changing play of colors, because the refraction of the more oblique rays of the sun produces the most extraordinary effects. Even after we have repeatedly beheld the rising or setting of the sun from the summit of the Alps, or indeed from the top of the Andes, we are constrained to give unconditional preference to the same scene as viewed on the tropical ocean. While one side of the ship is still illumined with the last uncertain rays of the setting sun, the sea on the other side, darkened by the broad shadow of the sails, begins to sparkle. One fiery point after another appears; indistinct rays of light shine from a greater depth; and, as darkness sets in, a new creation seems to be called into life. Luminous creatures glance in every direction through the dark expanse of water; now shooting up like sparks—then rising in globules of fire, or passing away with the rapidity of lightning—a great part are probably real nocturnal animals, which conceal themselves in the sea from the light of the sun."

"We were now within four English miles of the celebrated Cape Horn, which has a twofold interest, as being the terminating point of an immense continent, and the witness of many of those vast enterprizes by which the daring European has carried his empire and civilization to the remotest regions. This promontory is indeed worthy to mark the utmost limits of so vast a portion of the globe: from whatever side it is viewed, it appears an isolated majestic mass, boldly standing out in the stormy Pacific, and by its calm grandeur attesting the victory of the solid over the fluid. The large and solitary rock of which the Cape is formed is not, like that of Terra del Fuego and of Statenland, split into various groups; the land, rising from the north-east, unites in one rounded, unbroken promontory, and, after attaining its greatest elevation, sinks almost perpendicularly into the sea, towards the south. The enormous mass of black rock, unenlivened by the slightest trace of vegetation, whose summit has never afforded habitation to man, and is inaccessible even to the savage, boldly bids defiance to all the storms of the Antarctic. Even the countless flocks of sea-birds which swarm in these latitudes do not settle there, for they find more secure retreats in the lower islands, and among the prickly grasses and umbelliferous plants of the Antarctic Flora.

"It is pretty generally believed, that, after reaching the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan, the doubling of Cape Horn may be considered as accomplished, and consequently all danger at an end. So far as it is scarcely possible for a ship to be driven back again to the meridian of that cape, or even to the eastward of it, the victory may be said to be achieved. But the navigation of the coast from Cape Horn to Chiloe is very dangerous; for this coast is in many places surrounded

by undescribed rocks, and on the whole very imperfectly known. There is a very powerful current, at least periodically, in the direction of the Straights of Magellan to the land; and the many channels with which the archipelago of the coast is intersected, produce, in like manner, very irregular currents."

To the north of Cape Pilaes a change in the temperature both of the atmosphere and of the sea became very sensible. Besides the usual attendants, albatrosses and other animals peculiar to those regions, the author says,—

"We met with a very elegant porpoise, streaked black and pure white (*Delphinus Leucorampus*), and that in numbers which seemed to border on the incredible; for the end of the shoal, which was pretty broad, was frequently indiscernible from the topmast. We were surrounded by them for several days. The observation that they were going in a south-westerly direction makes it difficult to divine the reason of their emigration, because the Antarctic winter must in a few weeks commence, in the seas lying in that quarter. But another phenomenon soon excited our attention in a much greater degree. On the 12th of March, precisely at noon, we were not a little alarmed by a considerable noise upon deck, and by the order immediately to lie to. The dirty red color of the sea had produced the very reasonable suspicion that we were upon a shoal. However, upon sounding, there was no bottom with one hundred and thirty fathoms. From the topmast, the sea appeared, as far as the eye could reach, of a dark red color, and this in a streak, the breadth of which was estimated at six English miles, and which here and there spread into short side branches. As we sailed slowly along, we found that the color changed into brilliant purple, so that even the foam, which is always seen at the stern of a ship under sail, was of a rose color. The sight was very striking, because this purple stream was marked by a very distinct line from the blue waters of the sea, a circumstance which we the more easily observed, because our course lay directly through the midst of this streak, which extended from south-east to north-west. The water, taken up in a bucket, appeared indeed quite transparent; but a faint purple tinge was visible when a few drops were placed upon a piece of white china and moved rapidly backwards and forwards in the sunshine. A moderate magnifying glass proved that those little red dots, which with great attention could be perceived with the naked eye, consisted of *infusoria*, which were of a spherical form, entirely destitute of all external organs of motion. Their very lively motions were only upward and downward, and always in spiral lines. The want of a powerful microscope precluded a more minute examination; and all attempts to preserve some of the animals, by drying a drop of water on paper, failed, as they seemed to dis-

solve into nothing. They were extremely sensible to the effect of nitric acid; for a single drop, mixed in a glass of this animated water, put an end almost instantaneously to the life of the millions that it contained. We sailed for four hours, at a mean rate of six English miles an hour, through this streak, which was seven miles broad, before we reached the end of it; and its superficies must therefore have been about 168 English square miles. If we add that these animals may have been equally distributed in the upper stratum of the water to the depth of six feet, we must confess that their numbers infinitely surpassed the conception of the human understanding."

On the 15th of March, before daybreak the coast of Chili was descried from the deck, and all waited in profound silence till the first beam of the morning should enable them to gain a view of the land, which was about fifteen miles distant. The weather being extremely favorable, the scene, when the sun rose above the highest summits of the Andes, was wonderfully striking and magnificent, and the author describes it in glowing colors. But when they approached the land, near the insignificant fishing village of San Antonio, so that they could examine it in detail, they were mortified to find that even their telescopes did not enable them to discover any of those objects which are most welcome to the eye of the navigator after a long voyage. Nowhere could they see any trace of man or his labors. The coast of Chili appeared nearly to resemble the desolate region of Terra del Fuego. Even the peculiar smell was wanting, which is usually perceived on approaching the coasts of countries between the tropics; and of which even animals are so sensible, that they become restless, appearing to have a presentiment of the termination of their long confinement, and often boldly leap overboard to reach the shore, which they suppose to be close at hand. On this passage the author says in a note,—

"Whoever has made a voyage to the tropical countries of South America, or the West Indies, will always remember with pleasure the sensation which he experienced on approaching the land. Perhaps no sense is then so strongly affected as the smell; especially if you approach the coast in the early hours of a fine summer's morning. On the coast of Cuba, the first land I saw in America, on the 30th of June, 1822, all on board were struck with the very strong smell, like that of violets, which, as the day grew more warm, either ceased, or was lost amidst a variety of others, which were perceptible as we drew nearer the coast. During a long stay in the interior of the island, I became acquainted with the plant which emits such an intense

perfume as to be perceived at the distance of two or three miles. It is of the species *Tetracera*, and remarkable for bearing leaves so hard that they are used by the native cabinet makers, and other mechanics, for various kinds of work. It is a climbing plant, which reaches the tops of the loftiest trees of the forest, then spreads far around, and in the rainy season is covered with innumerable bunches of sweet-smelling flowers, which, however, dispense their perfume during the night only, and are almost without scent in the daytime."

The voyagers, after a passage of 110 days, entered the harbor of Valparaíso, where they cast anchor for the first time since leaving the Chesapeake, a voyage of 6000 miles.

Valparaíso itself, like the coast of the country, wofully disappointed the expectations which they had formed of it. In the course of their long voyage they had amused themselves with reading the books that have been written concerning Chili. Almost all of them represent it as the ever-verdant garden of America, as another Sicily, which they describe in the most glowing colors. The fancy readily yields to such pleasing illusions, and we may easily imagine that, in the dull uniformity of the dark blue ocean, on the dreary coast of Terra del Fuego, and amidst the sufferings and dangers of the Antarctic storms, they would fondly look forward to the promised land, as a new Cythera, rising in youthful beauty from the bosom of the deep.

"The first place at which we anchored was in the mouth of the bay, between the fine English ship of the line, the *Warspite*, and the Mexican ship *Asia*, of sixty-four guns. Before us, in close tiers, lay more than eighty ships of all sizes, whose crews were engaged in the various occupations which always make the interior of a port an agreeable scene of human activity. The cloudless blue sky was spread over us, and the powerful beams of the sun were tempered by a cool breeze from the mountains. But this foreground was the only agreeable part of the picture. The novice from northern climes is usually struck, on his first arrival in a tropical country, with all the wonderful objects which surround him, now that he is far remote from his native home. But this is not the case in Valparaíso. We saunter down the only street in the city, towards the inconsiderable market-place. On both sides are shops filled with the productions of European industry, in some cases displayed with all the elegance of our large towns. They alternate with the spacious stores of the English merchants of the higher class, and with the taverns for the sailors, from which proceed sounds such as we hear only in London and Hamburg. Except at the sultry hours of

noon, this busy mercantile street is thronged with people, the greater part of whom, however, are foreigners, and the language of England is almost more prevalent than the sonorous tones of the Spanish Peninsula. The picturesque national costume is lost in the unmeaning fashions of the north of Europe, and even the booths of the peasants present nothing to remind us of the coasts of the Pacific. The market-place contains only such objects as we have seen from our youth up, growing in our own country, or which are at least common to all the southern parts of Europe. However excellent the grapes and oranges of the country may be, they want the attraction of novelty—even the expectation of finding some new productions in the neighboring ravines (*quebradas*) is painfully disappointed. The few trees that grow on this rocky soil, which is covered with a very scanty layer of earth, are those of our hemisphere. No spreading tamarind, no lofty palm, no mango richly laden with fruit, remind us that we have traversed the wide expanse of the ocean—scarcely a few gray olives bespeak the mildness of the climate. Even the few ornamental plants are European, and the garden rue (*ruta hortensia*) has found this so congenial a soil, that it has spread far and near, over the arid mountains and lands, to remind us still more forcibly of the shores of the Mediterranean."

Though there was so little to tempt the botanist in this dreary spot, yet the approach of the winter season, when he was assured that travelling in the interior would be equally difficult and unprofitable, induced him to stop for some months in Valparaíso. By the friendly intervention of some of his countrymen, he obtained a small house in the suburb of Almendral, which had long been untenanted, and where he was soon settled, but suffered much from the incredible swarms of fleas, which are the plague of this country.

On the same day that he arrived in Valparaíso the Russian corvette *Moller*, Captain Stanikowich, came into the harbor, on her way to the Russian settlements on the northwest coast of America. The officers of this ship, most of them young men of the first families, well informed and full of enthusiasm, accompanied him in his first excursions in the environs. A few days later arrived another Russian corvette, the *Siniavin*, which had been in company with the *Moller*, but was separated from her in a storm off Cape Horn.

"I was not a little surprised to find in the naturalist of this ship not only a German, but an acquaintance. D. Mertens, son of the celebrated German botanist, accompanied the expedition as physician and botanist; and Baron Frederick Von Kittlitz was on board as zoologist. There was a striking difference between the commanders of the two ships.

The captain of the Moller, a native Russian, was anxious only for the immediate business of his voyage, and having taken in a supply of fresh provisions, soon put to sea. Captain Lütke, of the Siniavin, a very amiable and accomplished man, resolved, to the great joy of his officers and naturalists, to make a longer stay. A large house was hired in the suburb of Almendral, which the activity of the crew soon put in order, from the observatory to the kitchen, not forgetting that indispensable part of a Russian establishment, a tent for vapor baths. Not a day passed without our making excursions together, which were rendered interesting by many little adventures. The Siniavin sailed after a fortnight's stay, accompanied by the good wishes of the many Europeans who had become acquainted with the officers."

Though our author's account of his botanical excursions, and his descriptions of the scenery of the country, are in general interesting and striking, we shall, for the most part, pass them over, in order to have room for his report of the state of society, which in Chili, at least, is so rapidly improving, that descriptions written only a few years earlier are become, in a great degree, 'inapplicable. Dr. Poeppig thinks very favorably of the future prospects of Chili, and we shall give different extracts bearing on the subject. His intercourse with some of the tribes of native Indians also furnishes new and striking details.

"The shaking off of the Spanish yoke, the rapid rise of commerce, and a sense of personal and national dignity, have not only influenced the moral character of the people of Chili, but have also extended their efforts to the external appearances and forms of ordinary life. Hence a greater change has taken place in the aspect of Valparaiso during the last ten or twenty years than in a whole century after the visit of Frezier and Feuillé. Since that time, the number of the houses and of the inhabitants has more than doubled. The wretched huts, in which even the rich were formerly contented to dwell, are gradually disappearing; and though it cannot be said that handsome buildings arise in their stead, yet the Chilian has learned to relish the comfort of houses in the European fashion, and to imitate them; and it may be expected, that Valparaiso, in a few years, will not bear the most distant resemblance to that dirty, disagreeable place which presented itself to the stranger on his first arrival there after the beginning of the Revolution."

To this the author subjoins the following note:—

"This prediction, which was written in Valparaiso itself, was partly fulfilled before these pages left the press. He who undertakes to publish to the world information respecting a people such as that of Chili, under the present favorable circumstances, has to contend

with very peculiar difficulties. A description of such a nation is seldom correct after the lapse of a few years, whatever attention and care the traveller may have bestowed upon it. Every year, nay, every month, brings visible changes and great improvements among this nation, which will soon leave its neighbors far behind. * * * * The state of Chili will soon be so changed that the elder generations will scarcely recognise their own country, and in a few years the European stranger will find an infinite number of things, quite different from the accounts of the travellers of our times—even of those who, by general knowledge, acquaintance with the language, and long residence, were qualified to give a competent opinion, and whose judgment of the country was not formed from preconceived notions. * * * * Though Nature does not make her general operations dependent on a fluctuating influence of the human race, yet the activity and perseverance of the latter are often able to give a very different and improved character to the surrounding scenery. Those arid mountains which we have described will, at no very remote period, appear to the stranger in a less repulsive form; for cultivation has been commenced upon them since 1831, and small plantations now break the melancholy waste, which, under the influence of such a genial climate, will, for the most part, be adorned with verdant fields. The aspect of the town itself improves every summer; for almost all the straw huts have disappeared, and many large buildings have been erected, because the citizen who was acquiring wealth, while consulting his own convenience, did not neglect the embellishment of the place. On the spot where an insecure shed formerly stood, where rain and inundations annually destroyed merchandize to the value of many thousand dollars, a handsome, solid custom-house, with sixteen large warehouses, has been built; the difficulty of landing goods during a heavy sea has been remedied by the erection of a mole; and the communication with the interior, at all seasons of the year, has been facilitated by the construction of good roads. There will soon be a broad and excellent road for carriages from Valparaiso, by way of Quillota and through the valley of Aconcagua, to the foot of the pass of the Andes of Santa Rosa."

"Chili, till within these few years, was a country in which there were only two occupations for persons inclined to work; namely, mining and agriculture. It was unfortunate for the people, that the possibility of exercising their industry in either of these two branches was very limited, for the working of mines required more resources than a man of the lower class ever could command; while very singular, one might almost say inhuman, laws forbade him to cultivate the ground in small portions, and as independent possessions. It was the Congress and the Constitution of 1828 that abolished entails, the sources from which the misery, poverty, and ignorance of the peasantry are derived,

as well as the cause of the great neglect of agriculture, even in very fertile provinces."

After describing at considerable length the former state of the lower classes, the improvement that has taken place, and the favorable hopes that may be entertained of the future prosperity of the country, the author proceeds to mention some instances.

"Thus, in 1827, the corn trade to New South Wales being very much encouraged by the English government, the value of the haciendas (farms) in Chili rose considerably, in the hope that the exportation would continue and increase, though it was in fact allowed by the government at Sydney only from necessity. It is therefore not possible to state correctly the average price of wheat in Chili, but it may probably be near the truth to reckon it at thirteen or fourteen reals per fanega. * * * * The corn trade was formerly much more limited for want of mills, which often were scarcely able to supply sufficient flour for the consumption of the country itself. But, in spite of the obstacles which have been partly deemed almost insuperable, means have been found, as well in the central provinces, as about Concepcion, to make the rivers available, and mills of the best construction everywhere take the place of the rude machine described by Miers. The flour manufactured by them is considered in Lima to be fully equal in quality to the best from North America; and one mill, built in 1829, near Concepcion, by Mr. Liljevach, a very respectable merchant, now grinds one hundred barrels of flour in a day. Ship biscuit is baked in such quantities that the North Americans have lost this branch of their trade; for the foreign men of war, and even merchant-men, supply themselves from the depôts, which the Chilians have established in Valparaiso and Lima. Besides wheat, Chili possesses many other kinds of agricultural produce, which are of great importance for foreign trade. In addition to pulse, the consumption of which is very great, both at sea and in the countries to the north of Chili, where there is a very numerous population of Negroes, the northern provinces have hemp, an article which is not cultivated on any other part of the coasts of the South Sea, and promises to be of extraordinary importance to the country. This plant has been long grown in the valley of Quillota and about Santiago, but little attention was paid to it, because a very unfounded prejudice declared it to be of slight value. But it has lately been found, that the Chili hemp is far superior in quality to the Russian, and that the want of strength in the cordage made in the country, was owing to the unskilful preparation, and not to the bad quality of the material."

After some further observations, the author proceeds to treat of the state of horticulture, which was in a far less advanced state than agriculture, but he thinks it most

probable that, with a little encouragement, this branch of industry will become very flourishing, the climate being such that all the products of European gardens, which degenerate in the tropical countries of America, will succeed in Chili. Even the cauliflower, which it is difficult to raise in North America, and which no art or care can bring to perfection within the tropics, has found in Chili a soil perfectly adapted to it.

The cultivation of fruit-trees is, perhaps, still more neglected than that of the other kinds of garden produce, though the soil might grow very excellent fruit. From a general view of the present state of agriculture in Chili, and the improvements that have been made within these few years, the author has no doubt that it will in no great length of time become extremely prosperous, and that Chili will find in it a source of national wealth, which none of the neighboring countries can dispute with her.

"In a great many parts of the republic the wealth of the land-owner consists chiefly in his cattle, which, however, he did not learn, till very recently, to turn to the best account. With the very fruitful valleys, and better watered plateaux where agriculture is carried on, or is at least practicable, great part of the soil is of such a nature that cultivation would produce very little. All those bare mountains destitute of shade, which in endless ramifications traverse the country in the central provinces much more than in the south, are fit for scarcely any thing but pastures. * * * Those possessions are the most favored which are in the interior of the country, especially at the foot of the Andes, for they do not suffer so much from want of water; and, besides this, large tracts of the wild mountain country within the uninhabited Andes (*La Cordillera brava*) belong to them. Thither the cattle are driven in the middle of summer; and, after two or three days' journey, they reach the fertile ravines, in which the animals remain about two months, under the care of half-savage herdsmen. The climate allows the cattle to roam at liberty in the open air all the year round, and their numbers render it necessary that they should be permitted to do so; and hence there is no trace on the estates of buildings which cost the European farmer such large sums. An inevitable consequence of letting the animals range about is that, especially in the more remote parts, they become excessively wild, and even dangerous. People are sometimes suddenly attacked by savage bulls, and compelled to seek safety by galloping at full speed on the roughest and most dangerous roads."

"The breeding of cattle is, for two reasons, the branch of rural economy which is preferred by the Chilian to every other; in the first place, it gratifies his inclination for a wild and independent life, and his love of

everything that is adventurous and bold, and requires violent, not uniform, exertions. The best educated men of the larger towns, on an occasional visit to the country, take pleasure in pursuing the cattle, and participating in the occupation in which the mountain herdsman (*vaquero*) is engaged. * * * The Chilian, especially of the lower class, possesses a wild energy of character, which was misunderstood by the former government, or at least not duly employed, and which inclines him to such occupations as disqualify him, and probably will do for a long time to come, for a uniform and sedentary employment. A second perhaps still more important reason is, that, since the expulsion of the Spaniards and the introduction of a free system of trade, the breeding of cattle has proved more profitable than agriculture. * * * The number of animals which a single landowner possesses would often appear extravagant to a European ear. They speak with great indifference of herds of 1000 or 1500, and consider a man as by no means rich who has three times that number. The haciendas in the central provinces often have from 10,000 to 15,000, and many even 20,000, and the number of smaller estates which have from 4 to 5000 is very great. Since the revolution the value of this species of property has risen in an extraordinary degree; and the owners are very far from doing as they did in former times, killing the animal for the sake of the hide, and leaving the flesh to be devoured by the condors. * * * This branch of Chilian economy is however not without risks, which are not indeed frequent, but cause astonishing destruction. In the years 1829 to 1832, a vast number of cattle perished in consequence of an unexampled drought, which extended over all the provinces of Central and Northern Chili. It appears from an official statement, that in the year 1831 alone 515,326 head of cattle died of hunger in the provinces of Coquimbo and Copiapo: of these about 77,000 were horned cattle, 10,000 horses, 23,000 sheep, 21,000 goats, &c. Though the number may be rather exaggerated, because the landowners wished to make their loss appear as considerable as possible, still the injury was very great."

The abundance of new or yet unseen objects in all the kingdoms of nature, observed after a few days residence in Concon, inspired that active zeal in which a travelling naturalist finds his chief enjoyment, and which renders him indifferent to many hardships. One excursion followed another, and though want of acquaintance with the country might have made them difficult—they were undertaken without a companion, and often to places which the natives themselves do not visit.

"It was very rarely that I made an excursion on horseback; experience soon proved that this was not a good mode, for many smaller plants were overlooked, and it is ne-

cessary to refrain from turning aside through almost impenetrable but inviting ravines, and on the brink of dangerous precipices. The naturalist who has once settled should never ride unless he wants to visit a distant point, and the intervening country is known to him. When he has arrived there, he may entrust his beast to anybody and proceed on foot."

So much importance has been attached to the question of the effect of earthquakes, as having occasionally produced an elevation of the coast of Chili, and so much, at times too acrimonious, controversy has arisen on this subject, that we have been induced carefully to look into the works of foreign travellers, in order to discover any statements tending to confirm or refute the theory. The question of the upheaving of part of the coast of Chili by the great earthquake of 1822 was, we believe, brought under discussion in consequence of the account given of it by Mrs. Graham, in her narrative of her visit to that country, and probably with no anticipation of the angry feelings to which her statement was to give rise. The opinions of the ablest geologists remain divided, and considerable sensation was excited by the confirmation of Mrs. Graham's account by the Prussian traveller, Dr. Meyen, of which we gave an extended notice in No. XXIX. of this Review. As Dr. Meyen, being well acquainted with the controversy that had arisen respecting the accuracy of Mrs. Graham's report, paid particular attention to the subject, it was to be expected that the facts stated by him would have their due weight. The extracts which we gave from Dr. Meyen's work were considered as so important that an eminent geologist, deeply interested in this question, in which he defended the accuracy of the account of Mrs. Graham, called on the Reviewer, to inquire whether Dr. Meyen had any observations besides the extracts given by him, and to compare the translation with the original. One point appearing to be expressed in rather a loose manner, it was resolved to write to Dr. Meyen, who returned a very polite answer, which now lies before us, and in which he says, "I was acquainted with Mr. Greenough's dispute with Mrs. Graham from its commencement, and received last year (1834) all the papers on the subject from Baron A. von Humboldt, to whom they had been sent by Mrs. Graham. You mention a passage in my work (p. 213) which you think seems to be expressed in a vague manner, as if I doubted the reality of the elevation. I cannot see it in this light, but you perhaps allude to the passage where I speak of the elevation of a tract of country 400,000 miles in extent, as affirmed by a late traveller. This statement certainly ap-

pears very strange, as there are no facts whatever to show that the interior of the continent has been elevated, and it is therefore impossible to estimate the superficial extent of the country so raised; it is only on the coast that the elevation can be observed. In a short paper in Berghaus' Journal for November 1834, to which I refer you, I touch on the essential points which you and Mr. L——I allude to, but I will add some particulars. The remains of animals and tang, which adhere to the rocks elevated in 1822, were certainly still to be seen in 1831, and this is easily accounted for by the very firm ligneous stem of the *Laminariæ*, (*Lessonia* of Bory de St. Vincent,) especially as the sea often rises so high as again to cover the rocks that have been elevated."

In the paper alluded to Dr. Meyen says that, the province of Tarapaca has received from nature a peculiar present, namely, *minas de Leña*, (i. e. wood-mines,) which the inhabitants use as fuel in their saltpetre works, though probably there is not a single tree in all the surrounding country. This substance is not coal, but is stated to be dry timber, easily cleft, immense forests of which are buried under the sand of that plain. The trees all lie prostrate, with their heads towards the coast, and are reported to be now covered with sand. This phenomenon, he adds, is one of the most remarkable of the west coast of America, and till the subject shall be accurately investigated it affords occasion for manifold conjectures. If those forests belong to the existing creation, the whole country must have been so changed by dreadful elevations of the Cordillera, that, instead of the damp plains of a tropical climate, there are now the most dreary sandy wastes. The buried timber is said to be dry, as easy to split as our timber, and to burn with an equally bright flame.

'What can be a stronger confirmation of the gradual elevation of the Cordilleras in South America, than the terrace-like conformation of this chain, which I found to be quite decided at most of the points of Chili and Peru which I visited? And does not the overthrow of these forests prove, likewise, such an elevation of this country in recent times? I mention these remarkable facts, because many unfounded doubts have of late been expressed in England concerning the elevation of whole tracts of country in consequence of earthquakes or volcanic action in general, though they may be clearly observed on the coast of Chili.'

Notwithstanding the observations of Dr. Meyen, confirming the elevation of the coast, doubts were still entertained of the fact, and at a meeting of the Geological Society in

December last, two letters were read on the question whether the earthquake of 1822 had produced any change in the relative level of land and sea on the coast of Chili? One of these letters was from Lieutenant Bowers, R.N., the other from Mr. Cuming, an eminent conchologist, both of whom were at Valparaiso before and after the earthquake of 1822, (the latter, for several years afterwards, a resident,) who declared that they had not noticed any such change. Great importance was attached to Mr. Cuming's statement in particular, because he had collected shells on the rocks upon the coast, and it might be taken for granted, that if any change had occurred he must have perceived it.

Though Mr. Lyell, in the fourth edition of his *Principles of Geology*, speaks of the elevation of the coast of Chili as an undoubted fact,—“We know,” says he, “that an earthquake may raise the coast of Chili for 100 miles to the average height of about five feet,”—yet the difficulties with which the subject is still surrounded, caused him, after quoting the several statements of Mrs. Graham, Dr. Meyen, and Mr. Cuming, to express a wish that the scientific traveller and resident in Chili may institute more minute inquiries. We have, for this reason, thought fit to translate entire the following passage from Dr. Poeppig, confirming the fact of the elevation of the coast; all doubts of which are, we conceive, removed by the account of the dreadful earthquake which desolated Chili in February, 1835, transmitted by our friend and correspondent, Alexander Caldecleugh, Esq., resident in Chili, which was read before the Royal Society, February 14, 1836, in which he states that the island of Santa Maria, south of the Bay of Concepcion, was permanently elevated ten feet. A similar change was found to have taken place in the bottom of the sea, immediately surrounding the island. The amount of this elevation was very accurately ascertained by the observations of Captain Fitzroy, who had made a perfect survey of the shores of that island previously to the earthquake, thereby affording the most satisfactory and authentic testimony to this important fact.

'I have frequently waded, not without some danger, through the river to Concon, as there was a very interesting tract on the opposite bank. This attempt required some little caution, because the ford which traverses the deep and rapid river in a zigzag direction, changes its line after every inundation. Extensive sand-hills, resembling the downs of Holland and England, stretch along the sea-coast to the north of the river. They are composed of a fine white sand, in which we

easily discover the original component particles of sienite, which is the predominant rock on this coast, and which foliates at its surface with a facility not usual in our parts of the world, and becomes a friable and very light kind of stone. Not having any certain direction (though it seems to be parallel with the more solid rocks further inward,) these accumulations of light and shifting sand would be continually changing their place, were they not formed around solid nuclei, where they range themselves first on one side and then on the other, according as they are driven by the wind. Enormous beds of conchylia and shells are scattered along the north coast, imbedded in a ferruginous clay, or indurated sand; sometimes united like breccia, sometimes in nests, or in longer chains. But they not merely extend along the surface, or higher up the hilly banks, as we might infer from the communications of many careless observers, which may, perhaps, even have been copied from others; but in reality reach to an unknown depth, and their termination has not been discovered, even at twenty feet below the level of the sea: on the other hand, we find them at an elevation of forty feet above its surface, in perfectly compact strata, which are enclosed by the drift sand-hills. It is very remarkable, that these accumulations of marine animals consist entirely of species which are, indeed, found alive to this day in the same locality, but are by no means the exclusive inhabitants of the deep. Among such we must particularly mention the *Loco* (*Murex*. Mol.), which is easily recognized, and which the fishermen still take on this coast, but must formerly have existed here in almost incredible numbers, as the beds of shells, which to the north of Concon alone extend, in a distinctly marked ridge of hills, above three geographical miles in length, are in some parts wholly composed of this animal. We seldom find them mixed with other kinds, and least of all with bivalve shells, but which may always be traced to living and well-known species. It is difficult to say what causes can have produced such extraordinary accumulations of animals of the same species within a very small space; for they are altogether different from other conglomerations of shells, which, as in Southern Chili, for example, are often found at a great distance from the sea, and generally at a considerable elevation above it, and in which we discover genera and species of an antediluvian world, of the utmost variety; and in the interior of Peru, on the other side of the Andes, where entire hills of shells and other marine animals have been discovered (*La Ventanilla*) between the slate mountains of Cassapi in the province of Huanuco, in which there is not the slightest trace of any of the very few kinds of crustacea that at present inhabit the seas along the Peruvian coast. The lost species of the singular tribe of the *Pentacrinites*, and beautifully formed coral plants, which bear some resemblance to those of the South Sea islands, can be plainly distinguished, although they are so closely imbedded in the

more recent rock, that it is only by a very lucky fracture that any perfect specimen can be obtained. In a country which, like the north of Chili, has scarcely any other kinds of rock but the volcanic and granite, lime is an article of importance, and hence the possession of these otherwise unprofitable downs affords considerable gain. They belong to the proprietor of the hacienda of Quintero, who regularly digs for these shells, and thus supplies the greatest part of the lime used at Valparaiso. The poor peasant in the neighborhood of Quintero avails himself of the same gift of nature, but it is only upon payment of a small sum that he can obtain permission to dig in one of these hills, and to load his mule with its never-failing produce.

"The sea-coast in this district, as well as further southward, probably consisted originally of perpendicular walls of rock, which, though more remote from the ocean, still mark the ancient boundaries. Between their foot and the sea run these hills of driftsand, upon which a more solid and promising soil has been very slowly formed, but only in a few spots. There can be no doubt that the origin of these hills is of comparatively modern date, and may be attributed to two causes: one, as being the most striking, has been repeatedly mentioned, though it would seem that too much stress has been laid on it as a foundation for general conclusions. It consists in the rapid and unconnected rising and elevation of whole districts along the coast, which has been observed to take place in all the greater earthquakes in Chili, and was particularly striking during the great earthquakes of 1822. I have, myself, frequently searched at low tide for marine animals, especially for the beautiful *Chitonææ*, on a chain of cliffs, in the middle of the little bay of Concon, where only six years ago the fishermen were unable to obtain a footing even at very low water—proof sufficient that an elevation of at least six feet in a perpendicular direction must have taken place here. But the formation of the broad and very uniformly flat coast district, on which only sea-sand lies, cannot be attributed in the same exclusive manner to this undeniable phenomenon. The less striking fact, of the gradual recession of the sea from the coast of Chili, has hitherto been very much overlooked, though it is well known to many of the older inhabitants of the coast. We shall see, in the sequel, that, in the southern parts of the republic, even entire plains (*la Vega de Concepcion*) have arisen through the retreat of the sea, since the first arrival of the Europeans, which are, therefore, facts that may be ascertained with historical certainty. On the rocks which run parallel with the ocean to the north of Concon, but are separated from it by sand hills and a broad barren beach, we easily perceive the traces of the beating of the waves in stratifications very near to each other, which is a proof of a very gradual subsiding of the waters but not of an elevation of the ground by fits, of which this latter appears scarcely susceptible, because

it consists, to a great depth, of loose sand. The formation of firm land is particularly striking in all those places where ranges of cliffs rise at some distance from the coast, and it is evident that many a cape was formerly an island, which has been united with the continent by low tracts of land, produced by alluvion and the retiring of the sea. The accumulation of sand in the mouths of the larger rivers—for instance, of the Biobio—and the constantly increasing difficulty of access to many harbors, for instance, of the Maule and of the smaller entrance (*boca chica*) of the port of Talcahuano, likewise indicate what we have just mentioned. But I do not mean to deny, on that account, that an extraordinary collection of volcanic power slumbers in the depths of the great ocean, which manifests itself occasionally, but then in a truly terrific manner, and may have the effect, even in our days, of raising large islands. Volcanic islands of a very recent date were observed in the South Sea by Captain Beechy, and others were discovered and examined, almost at the very moment of their origin.

"The information which was given me of the numerous animals to be met with in the environs of the hacienda of Quintero, induced me to make many excursions after my arrival in Concon, which always procured me something new, and amply rewarded the fatigue which generally attended them. The white downs reflect the light so strongly that you soon feel your eyes very painfully affected; and the sand is so heated by the sun, that even the countryman, who is inured to the inconvenience, is obliged to protect the soles of his feet by pieces of leather. Thermometers, the correctness of which have been proved, were often put into the sand, thirteen inches below the surface, in the afternoon, and though the experiments were made with the greatest care, they indicated the heat of the sun as varying from 40 degrees to 58 degrees (of the Centigrade thermometer), accordingly as the morning had been bright or cloudy, or a slight rain had fallen in the night, &c.; and this hot soil of the Chilian downs, which in summer is twice as warm as the atmosphere, nourishes in the more shallow spots a great number of interesting plants, among which the botanist is much surprised by the sight of a *Mesembryanthemum*, a singularly formed representative of the Flora of Africa, and the only species of that very numerous genus that occurs in the New World. * * * The beach, composed of very fine sand, being moistened by the sea and become hard, is equal to the best gravel walks in a garden. But the incautious wanderer is exposed to great embarrassment, if not acquainted with the state of the moon he sets out just when the sea again begins to swell, and every fresh wave rolls some fathoms further over the flat coast, when even with the utmost speed no hope of escape remains. Though there is not the same danger of inevitable destruction as on the treacherous sand-banks of the Scottish

coast, yet the only alternative here is to ascend the downs, and to pursue his painful journey, while at every step he sinks knee-deep into the burning sand. Such expeditions, however, often unexpectedly lead us upon rare animals, which amply compensate for all our troubles. The beach is animated by many remarkable birds: little dwarf barkers, (*scolapax totanus*), brown as the sand on which they run in a straight line, always assembled in small coveys, which move sociably near each other in the same direction, and would escape the eye of the fowler did not their rapid motion draw his attention, when an approaching wave, which they dexterously avoid, compels them to flight. An *Himantopus* (*H. nigricollis*, Vieil.), very like that of Europe, stands quite solitary, but keeping a sharp look-out after the little marine animals which every wave leaves behind, and which the active gulls often snap up before he, moving slowly and apparently with difficulty, can reach his intended prey. Innumerable small crabs live in cylindrical excavations in the sand, and, as the tide approaches, watch for their share of the booty brought by the waves, while they themselves are threatened by the long-legged cranes, which, on the coast of Chili, pursue with extraordinary eagerness the crustacea, and in general all marine animals. But the bird cannot get one of these crabs except by rapid flight, and even the diligent naturalist does not obtain them without digging in the sand; for the smallest trembling of the ground under the foot, even the shadow of a person approaching, warns the little animal of its danger, and with the rapidity of lightning it retreats into its hole. Swarms of little fish purposely suffer themselves to be brought by every wave far upon the beach, and seem to take pleasure in the sport, for they are so quick and so attentive, that you may attempt in vain to catch a single one, or to intercept a number in their retreat with the receding wave. The grave herons alone contrive to deceive them by their fixed attitude, which, at a favorable moment, is interrupted by an almost convulsive motion, and brings death to one of the poor dupes. Between the high sand-hills there is a remarkable bird of prey, an owl which pursues its victims only in the day-time, and builds nests under ground with no inconsiderable skill. It has a most singular look in the bright mid-day sun, for its large semi-globular eyes seem scarcely calculated to bear such intense rays of light. It looks steadfastly at the fowler who attempts to approach, and remains quietly sitting on the ground, for it is never seen upon a tree; even when closely pursued, as if teasing and inviting, it utters a whistling cry and flies but a few steps; but the pursuer soon perceives the error of his supposition, that it cannot see by day. In vain he attempts to approach; it vigilantly watches the enemy, and is often scarcely distinguishable from the ground which is of the same color as itself, till at length, tired of the sport, it suddenly disappears in one of the hollows

with which it has filled the sandy declivity. The many kinds of mice, which the Chilean peasant calls *lauchas*, and the degu, a pretty animal, resembling a North American dwarf squirrel, seem frequently to be the food of the extraordinary number of birds of prey on the coasts of Chili. * * * There are doubtless many unknown small quadrupeds in these lonely tracts on the shore. An animal of this kind, the cucurrito of the Chileans, has hitherto escaped the inquirers, who have often visited the more accessible parts of Chili. I was obliged to have a little dog many hours watching by night on the solitary downs, and wading through a broad river at midnight, in order to obtain some specimens. The cucurrito, so called on account of its grunting, which resembles that of a hedge-hog, very nearly resembles the African species of *bathyergus*, and tends to confirm the observation which every where forces itself upon you in Chili, that there is an undeniable affinity, a kind of family likeness, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the southern point of Africa and Chili, and even of New Holland. The body measures little more than six inches, but, though of such diminutive size, it is extremely quarrelsome. Perhaps these animals are as desperate in their combats under ground as the European mole, for half of those which were taken with so much trouble, were mutilated—one wanted a foot, and the shining black silky coat of another was covered with scarcely healed scars, caused by bites, inflicted by two ill-shaped projecting ivory-like fore-teeth, which distinguish the animal at first sight.

“Between the downs, which extend beyond the promontory of Quintero, there are, along the sea-coast, many low lagoons, some of which are of very considerable extent. Even at a distance, you see an immense number of marsh and water-fowl, but, above all, the noble swan, countless flocks of which cover these brackish waters. It is snow-white, excepting the head and neck, of a brilliant black. It is no exaggeration to say that on one of these lagoons, a quarter of a square league in extent, more than two thousand of them were proudly swimming about, which I could easily calculate by counting some hundreds of the nearest.”

The favorable season on the coast having passed over rapidly in uninterrupted, but well rewarded, exertions, Dr. Poeppig ventured on a visit to the Andes of Santa Rosa, the relation of which, though interesting as a whole, does not present any thing that can be conveniently detached, unless it were an account of Christmas-day at Aconcagua, one of the most flourishing country towns in the interior of Chili. In the beginning of the year 1828, our traveller set out with the intention of going to Mendoza: in crossing a narrow and very rapid river, two of the mules lost their footing and were carried

away by the current; the author himself escaped by leaping on a rock in the middle of the stream: but with the mules that were drowned he lost a small but select travelling library, his instruments, many little articles very indispensable to a naturalist, numerous designs and drawings, and part of his collections. This unfortunate accident defeated the plan of going to Mendoza, and the traveller returned to Valparaiso, where he arrived on the 1st of January; and, the whole plan of the journey having been thwarted by the loss, there remained no alternative but to wait, at not too great a distance from the coast, for the arrival of other instruments, &c. from Europe, to replace those which were lost. Having no inducement to remain in Valparaiso, our author resolved to visit the southern part of Chili, and sailed on the 30th of January for Talcahuano, where he spent the winter, only making occasional excursions into the surrounding country. The indications of the return of spring, which in these southern provinces resembles the finest months in Europe, summoned him to extend his researches; and the unknown interior of the province of Concepcion appeared to promise an ample, though dangerous, harvest. A war was at that time raging with horrors unknown in Europe. He left Talcahuano on the 30th of October, intending to fix his head-quarters during the second summer in the village of Antuco, the furthest inhabited place towards the East; and the following is the author's animated description of the approach to that village, of his first meeting with the Indians, and his account of the volcano of the same name.

“During a fine close rain, which added to the gloom of the scenery, we descended the last mountain and approached the small fortified village of Yumbel, which is at the beginning of a boundless plain, and was the goal of our third day's journey. A very strange sight presented itself as soon as we had passed the gate, which had no doors to it. Hundreds of half naked copper-colored Pehuenche Indians surrounded my little party with savage yells, and seemed inclined to consider my baggage as fair booty. Many demands were made in a language I had never heard, and the courage to commit violence, which, under other circumstances might have failed them, in the centre of a Chilean village, was compensated by a degree of intoxication bordering on frenzy. This attack might easily have been attended by serious consequences, as my resolute guides during the skirmish took to their arms. A couple of dragoons fortunately came up at this moment and rescued us from the hands of the savage mob. The commander of the fortress, as it is called, received us with great politeness, and procured us quarters in an

empty house, an attention for which we were grateful, as the following day, being the festival of All Saints, we were obliged to remain at Yumbel.

Towards evening I visited, in company with some Chilean officers, the caziques of the Pehuenche Indians, whose first reception of us was so alarming. They were lying at some distance from the rest of the crowd, under the projecting roof of the old guard-house, but not on that account free from the importunity of their dependents, to whom they were but little inferior in drunkenness. One part of them were lying almost naked, stretched round the fire, and sleeping away the effects of their brutish excesses, while the others were endeavoring to reduce themselves to the same state. They had as little need of drinking vessels as of any other preparation, to make this what they considered a festive banquet. In the centre of their circle they had scooped out shallow holes in the ground, put a sheepskin into them and filled them with wine. There were always some at these wells of delight, lying at full length on the ground, and drinking till they were seized with the wished-for stupefaction. Only one cazique, who in the sequel was of great service to me at Antuco, seemed to have been more moderate, and received us with the rude haughtiness of a savage, because the republic had been obliged to solicit his assistance. We could make nothing of this obstinate and stupid being, till one of the Chilean officers reminded him of the warlike deeds of his youth. Upon this the blood-thirsty nature of the rude and revengeful nomade instantly took fire—he threw off the restraint imposed on him by his imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, and entered upon a long recital of his murders, in the rude-sounding tones of his own language. The interpreter was no longer able to follow him, and I willingly spared him the translation of such details. The favor of the chief was purchased by a present of tobacco, indigo, and salt; and he probably considered it as a token of his good-will that he promised, if I would accompany him on one of his excursions, to afford me an opportunity of shooting Moluches, a hated Indian tribe, to my heart's content. A glance at him and his associates, who had just killed a horse, and, before partaking of it, daubed themselves with its warm blood, gave no very pleasing prospects of a summer which I should have to pass among such barbarians, and in a great measure in dependence on their will. These were not the heroes of Ercilla, and though we would allow ample scope for the poetic licence of the Spanish poet, the originals fell disgustingly short of the portrait. Yet the friendship which the chief showed to the Huinca (an equivocal word for a European, and used as a term of reproach by the mob of Chili,) had this one advantage,—that the Indians ever afterwards treated me with a degree of respect. This body of Pehuenches, which consisted of some hundreds, had come from Antuco to Yumbel, to receive the cus-

tomary presents of the republic, previously to the commencement of a new expedition against Pincheira, and had been entertained at the public expense with a drinking-bout, which lasted two days. No confidence however can be placed in such allies, on which account the inhabitants of Yumbel were under arms, and a detachment of the small army had been stationed here. As soon as the money had been paid down, and all the wine drunk, the savage horde took their departure.

“Yumbel is one of the oldest Spanish settlements, and is mentioned by Ercilla. As a fortified place, it is one of the chain of forts by which the Spanish government endeavored to protect the country against the predatory attacks of the savages, after all the white colonies in the country of the Indians had been destroyed, and a barrier became absolutely necessary. Situate at the commencement of a wide plain, it does not seem calculated to arrest the progress of an enemy; but the Indians, it appears, never leave a fort on the flank or in their rear.

“At noon the houses were filled with provisions, which were sent to us from all quarters, though every visiter brought presents of poultry, eggs, and fruit. However, this abundance was not unwelcome, for the caciques of the Pehuenches likewise paid us a visit, and their assurance of continued friendship and faithful protection, while we remained on the frontiers, was well worth a liberal distribution of our stores. The borachios were concealed by the advice of the Chileans, and if anything might have displeased our brown guests it was the caution that was observed in the distribution of a considerable quantity of brandy. They left us towards evening with the peculiar savage howl, without which they neither take the field nor set out on a journey. The inhabitants of Yumbel urged us to proceed to the frontier of the Andes. The circumstances were not very inviting, for many fugitive families had arrived, and the warlike spirit and common hatred of the Indians to their white neighbors had already been manifested in no equivocal manner. The southern frontier was defenceless, and though the Chilean army was assembling about Chillan, such a spirit prevailed in it, that it was as likely to march to Santiago, in order to effect a new revolution, as to turn against the Indians. Such conflicting reports had been spread for some months that it seemed useless to pay any regard to them. The journey could not be delayed, and though the danger was great, yet I could not but be tempted by the hope of a rich reward in the extraordinary regions of the loftiest Andes. A naturalist who, in travelling into the interior of South America, would suffer himself to be deterred by the probability of danger, would, in fact, have a very narrow field for his exertions.”

“Late in the evening we reached the end of the dreary plain of Antuco, and suddenly found ourselves in a fertile spot overgrown with high grass. The moon had risen above

the snowy plains of the Andes; the streams of lava shone brilliantly on the shady side of the volcano; and all was still, till the noise of a great multitude made us all at once aware that we were in the vicinity of Tucapel, and indicated that some unusual event had taken place there. In fact we found the inhabitants in the utmost despair, as they were in momentary expectation of an attack from the marauding tribe of the Moluches, who were said to have advanced as far as the upper Biobio—women and children were lamenting, while the men were hastily loading their horses with their little property, to seek safety in flight, though with the certain prospect of finding their village reduced to ashes on their return. Only a few men, confident in the fleetness of their steeds, resolved to wait till the last moment and not follow their families till the blood-thirsty horde had actually made their appearance. It seemed more advisable to imitate their example, than to go back all the way to Yumbel. Under cover of a neighboring wood, we succeeded in getting off our mules and baggage, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a fresh horse. The Chilians encamped in the centre of the village—for none ventured to remain in their dwellings, where they could not so soon be aware of the approaching danger. It was indeed a melancholy encampment—little was said, and the cheerful guitar was for once laid aside—the peasants sat in gloomy despondency round the small watchfire, the reflection of which showed, in their careworn features, the traces of the misery which this destructive war has for many years inflicted on all the inhabitants of the frontiers. The midnight stillness was suddenly broken by a dismal song, in a harsh voice, which was succeeded by an expressive silence. At a short distance from us there was an encampment of about twenty Pehuenches, who had hitherto remained unobserved. Near the fire, and supported against the old trunk of a weeping *mayte*, reclined a captive Indian, painted with white streaks, which had been traced upon his dark skin with horrid fidelity, in imitation of a human skeleton. The rest were seated in a circle in gloomy silence; with their horses ready saddled behind them, and their long lances fixed in the ground by their side. The prisoner re-commenced his song, but none replied, for it was his farewell to life—his death-song—as he had been doomed to die next morning by the hand of his guards. During a fit of intoxication he had killed a member of another family, and, being the last descendant of an extirpated race, and too poor to pay the fine in arms and cattle, his life was irrecoverably forfeited to the vengeance of the relations, according to the inexorable laws of this people. I left the camp of these Indians, whose vicinity could only excite unpleasant feelings; and ascended a hill which rose close to the unfortunate village. Here, on a level rock, I watched for some time, holding the reins of my horse in one hand and my gun in the other, as we

might every instant expect the dreaded attack. About midnight the wind bore along the distant sound of the trampling of horses, followed by loud yells, and, in a moment, the whole village was in motion. The Chilians and Indians fled into the dark woods,—but the war-cries soon announced them to be allied Pehuenches, who belonged to the troop that had left Yumbel on the preceding day, and who brought good tidings. The watchfires instantly blazed up, and all thronged round the messengers, who reported with wild gestures that they had unexpectedly come upon the approaching Moluches, whom they had defeated, and that they were now hastening to Chillan to spread the news of victory and receive the customary presents. In confirmation of their statement, they rolled along at their feet some bloody heads, whose savage features fixed in death had a most terrific appearance. The horrid trophies were received with a loud yell of joy—the Chilians collected their concealed property, and a disgusting bacchanal ensued. Sick at heart from the repeated sight of these cruelties, I retired into the wood; the exhaustion of mind and body rendered any convenient resting place superfluous, and I sought in the arms of sleep forgetfulness of the events of the past day."

The defeat of the Moluches had probably ensured the safety of the country for some weeks to come, and the travellers proceeded on their journey, after having been so fortunate as to procure a supply of provisions, which they should want during their stay in Antuco for the summer.

"The inhabitants of Antuco were in a state of general consternation, and had been through the summer in a suspense which made their state truly pitiable. Being situated on the extreme frontier, destitute of any public defence, they saw themselves exposed to the formidable attacks of the large predatory hordes, which under the conduct of the brothers Pincheira, were spreading inconceivable desolation, at one time in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, and then in the fertile plains of the beautiful Chili. However scanty the property, it was sufficient to allure these ruthless hordes; but this loss was not to be compared to the slaughter of their victims, and the cruel slavery to which the women and children, whose lives alone they spared, were condemned. No one could tell what blood-thirsty bands were concealed in the uninhabited Cordillera on the other side of the volcano, and from the undefended defiles there might pour down, at any time, torrents of brown Indians, and brutalized white criminals, who, as leaders of the hordes, by their malice, calculating cruelty, and thirst of revenge, aggravated in the most frightful manner the danger arising from the mere love of pillage of the Indians. The country-people carefully concealed their little property in the woods, and were obliged to observe

too-fold caution when the moon was getting to the full ; for at that season they were more liable to an attack from the Indians. Every evening they were obliged to leave their wretched huts, and pass the night on some neighboring mountain, which was inaccessible to horsemen ; and it was melancholy to see the procession of women, laden with heavy burdens, and leading their children by the hand, ascend the steep rocky wall, uncertain whether the morning sun might not rise over the smoking ruins of their peaceful village. The inconsiderable garrison was unable to defend the place, and, when threatened by danger, shut itself up in the small wooden fortress ; and the height of summer, and consequently of their danger, also, was close at hand before the government did any thing for their protection. Quite defenceless, and abandoned to all the horrors of an attack from lawless banditti and Indians, the people of Antuco were a prey to perpetual terrors ; and the frequent reports, and false alarms, embittered their existence to a degree which it is impossible for an European to conceive, who lives under the powerful protection of the laws, and knows these dangers only from hearsay. My occupations did not permit me to make the nocturnal migrations, and nothing remained for me but a vigorous self-defence in case of attack. My house was open on every side, and, being covered with tiles, could not be easily set on fire ; we made embrasures in the walls, enclosed them with a light palisade, and, to our stock of ready loaded pistols the kind attentions of the general of the southern army added a dozen muskets and a box of cartridges. The Indian will not easily venture an attack where he expects a resolute defence ; and, as two peasants, who were acquainted with the use of fire-arms, were ready to pass the night in our little fortress, and preferred fighting to an uncertain safety in flight, our garrison increased to four men, who, under such circumstances, would probably have been able to defend themselves during the few hours that an attack generally lasts. In times of particular danger, we kept alternate watch during the night ; that, if apprized of their approach by the trampling of the enemy's horses, we might have time to take our posts. Providence, however, protected us, for while danger was everywhere approaching, and the hostile bands were within a few miles of us, circumstances apparently accidental induced them to turn back, and the little village of Antuco was this year happily spared.

"The valley of Antuco, which comprehends the highest point of the Southern Andes, extends from east to west, is about seven leagues long, not very broad in any part, and divided into two very nearly equal portions by the river Laya. At its lower extremity it is separated by a chain of hills from the plain of Yumbel and Los Angeles ; towards the east it rises abruptly, contracts, and is in this direction almost entirely inclosed by the broad base of the volcano, there being barely space

between it and the opposite ridge for a rapid stream and a narrow defile which leads into the country of the Indians. Many parts of the soil are not worth cultivating, as it is covered with volcanic rock, and resembles the dry bed of a river ; but the sides of the mountains, and the plains at their foot, answer their high reputation for extraordinary fertility. In some places they exhibit terraces one above another, and present natural meadows in the midst of beautiful mountain-woods, where the most luxuriant vegetation proves the richness of the soil ; streams everywhere rush down from the mountains, and above their verdant summits tower the lofty peaks covered with everlasting snow. In the immediate vicinity of the village, the mountains are so high that it takes several hours to ascend the bold rocky summit of the Pico de Pilque. Still further up the valley, their colossal height increases, till the indented glacier of the Silla Veluda and the black cone of the volcano close the wonderful picture. The village itself has a most picturesque appearance, for it leans against a lofty ridge, which is crested with a magnificent forest of beech trees. There is an indescribable pleasure in botanizing on a bright morning in summer on these trackless heights ; the endless variety of beautiful Alpine plants fills the botanist with enthusiasm ; the majestic prospect of the snow-crowned Andes refreshes the eye of the wearied traveller, who reposes beneath the shade of trees of extraordinary size ; and the atmosphere has a purity which seems to render him more capable of enjoying the pleasures of life and despising its dangers. But the most splendid and ever-novel object in the landscape is the volcano, which is a few leagues from the village, and, not being concealed by any of the smaller hills by which it is surrounded, is perpetually in sight. We are never weary of observing the various phenomena which it presents, sometimes occasioned by the manifold refraction of light, at others by the mighty convulsions which agitate its interior. Sometimes a thick volume of smoke issues from its crater, like an enormous black column, which by an inconceivable force is impelled with greater rapidity than a cannon-ball into the blue sky ; at others, a small white cloud gently curls upwards out of the crater, with scarcely any perceptible motion, which indicates the tranquillity that prevails within. At any time of the day, the appearance of this mountain is new and varied, but it is most interesting when the sun is rising behind it, and illumines its well-defined outline, or when enveloped in the radiance of the evening sun, long after it has left Antuco in shade. Even amid the storms which are often spread round its base, while the sky in the lower valley is serene and untroubled, it still remains grand and beautiful.

"At night, when shrouded with thick clouds, it is rendered visible by the brilliant fire which constantly issues from its mouth, and which seems to penetrate the lower strata of the atmosphere. The heat of summer, indeed,

dissolves the snowy mantle with which winter has invested it, but a passing storm, which never extends to the lower grounds, covers it, even in the warm month of January, with a sheet of silver. We are never tired of watching the moment when the departing daylight renders the glowing streams of lava visible. A solitary speck of fiery red begins to sparkle: it is followed by others, and suddenly the light, like a running fire, communicates to the long streams, which, in some places singly, and in others variously intersected, carry down from the crater to the base new masses of lava, which continue their brilliant career till they are eclipsed by the more powerful light of the morning sun. In the months of November and December, when the air is quite free from the dry fog, we sometimes enjoy a very rare but truly magical spectacle. When a passing storm has covered the volcano with fresh pure snow, and the moon happens to be at the full, we observe at the sides of the cone, a four-fold light, in the most wonderful play of colors. While the moon is still low in the horizon, and, hid behind the mountain, strongly marks the outlines of its snow-capped summit, and the extreme point is still tinged with the last beams of the setting sun, a calm splendor rises majestically from its interior, and streams of lava glow on the western side, which is enveloped in shade: if at this instant light clouds cross over the summit, the scene is such as no one would attempt to describe in words, and of which the greatest painter might despair of giving even a faint resemblance; for whatever grand effect the light of the moon, of the reflection of the snow, of the volcanic-fire, and of the evening sun, can produce singly, are here united in one magnificent and unequalled whole."

During the author's residence at the village of Antuco, which is not yet marked upon any map, he made many excursions in this hitherto unvisited Alpine country, in which, though there was difficulty enough in penetrating through the forest, you may at least set your foot to the ground without fear; for no poisonous serpent, no gigantic stinging ants, no concealed enemy of the animal kingdom, inhabits this happy region. It would be useless to enumerate all the plants that extend to the highest summits of the mountains. No one, he observes, could imagine the Alpine Flora of Southern Chili to be so beautiful to the eye, and so tempting to the connoisseur, as it really is. All the flowers of the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland, which, without attaining the gigantic size of the tropical climates, are extremely pleasing, are happily united in the vegetation of this part of the Andes.

"The Indians, driven from their country, had settled partly in the neighborhood of Antuco, and partly in the most remote lateral

valleys. Though but a few understood some words of Spanish, the Araucanian dialect, which they used was familiar to most of the country people and to my servant; and hence my intercourse with the caciques was not interrupted. Prudence counselled us to seek the favor of these demi-savages, who might at any moment become our enemies, and, being a people whom no traveller has yet described, they deserved that attention; the result of which I will here add. The Pehuenche is a nomade, differing therein very much from the Araucanians, who however, like him, belong to the same branch of the great copper-colored or Patagonian race of America. Constantly roaming about among the Andes, he appears sometimes as a herdsman, with no property but his cattle—sometimes as a bold robber, who in time of war leaves domestic cares to the women, descends into the plains, and often extends his destructive excursions to the very gates of Buenos Ayres, where he is better known by the name of the *Indian of the Pampas*."

The author gives minute details of their mode of life, which resembles that of other nomade tribes, and especially in Northern Asia. Their manners are like those of most savage people. The women are treated like slaves, and frequently with much cruelty. The Pehuenches are always at war with one or other of the neighboring tribes. They consider it as the greatest proof of military skill to attack the enemy in some unguarded point, to penetrate into the open country, and to inflict upon the people all the horrors of an Indian war. They manage to arrive by night near the frontier place which they have doomed to destruction. As soon as morning dawns, they rush tumultuously, and with dreadful yells, into the defenceless village, and the inhabitants rarely have time to fly. The scene of barbarity and destruction which then begins baffles description. Whatever appears to be of any value is seized, the rest destroyed, the herds driven away, the men and youths murdered without pity; the old women, though not killed, are barbarously treated; the younger women and girls carried away with little hope of ever seeing their country again. Lastly, they set fire to the wretched huts, and the fiend-like assailants hastily retreat amidst the flames, and over the bloody carcasses of their murdered victims. Less than two hours are sufficient to commence and finish this scene: they vanish as suddenly as they came, and the lamentations of the few inhabitants who have escaped alone bear witness to their destructive visit.

"It is very seldom that these Indians take any prisoners, and every one fights to the last moment, rather than expose himself to the more or less dreadful fate which may be-

fall him, according to the humor of the victors. During my residence at Antuco, a military party, which returned from the Southern Andes, had succeeded in capturing a chief of the detested tribe of the Moluches. The unfortunate prisoner was destined to be a victim to their vengeance, and the intervention of the Chilian commandant, and the offer of considerable presents, had no influence over the incensed Indians, who impatiently waited for the next morning. The prisoner looked forward to his inevitable fate with that stupid indifference which has nothing in common with the courage of the hero. The man who, more than half degenerated, has never experienced the happiness of a softer feeling, resigns without emotion the cheerless boon of existence. The noise of the festival in honor of the triumph resounded throughout the night, and at daybreak a large circle of the men and all the women assembled before the fort. The prisoner stood in the centre of a smaller circle, composed of twenty warriors, each armed with his long lance. Three shallow pits had been dug at his feet, and a short stick was put into his hand. In a loud voice he related his deeds, and named the enemies who had fallen by his hand; and as he pronounced each name he broke off a piece of the stick, which he threw into one of the pits and contemptuously trampled under foot. The shouts of the indignant hearers became louder and louder, and the women, transformed into furies, answered with yells and screams to every new name. One lance after the other was lowered and pointed closer and closer at the breast of the scornful enemy. The last piece of the stick was dropped; the last and the greatest of all the names was pronounced; and at the same instant resounded from a hundred throats the fearful war-cry of the Chibotoo. Twenty lances pierced the prisoner, who was lifted high into the air, and then fell dead upon the ground."

In peace the Pehuenches are hospitable to strangers, and always give a good reception to their commercial friends; but they do not believe themselves bound to pay any regard to those who are not recommended to them. They consider the robbery of a stranger, often accompanied with murder, as honorable as Europeans do a war carried on according to the law of nations. In trade they are honest, and disapprove of cowardly theft and cheating. When a caravan from the *Isla de la Laxa* arrived, after eight days' journey, in the land of the Pehuenches, it immediately repaired to the habitation of the most powerful cacique, who gave notice of it to his tribe. Those who had a mind to trade flocked from all the valleys, agreed upon the price, and took the goods with them. The day fixed for the departure of the Chilians was known, and there never was an instance that the debtors kept

away or committed any fraud in their mode of payment.

From Antuco our traveller returned to the sea coast. The scenery appeared to him very poor and prosaic after several months' residence amidst the magnificence of the Andes. He therefore resolved to embark in the first vessel for Peru, for which he had to wait some weeks. This time was well employed in copying out his botanical journals, and in packing up his collection, of which he kept duplicates, to be sent by a different ship, not choosing unnecessarily to trust the fruits of such a summer to a single vessel. Though, during his stay in the desolate and depopulated town of Concepcion, he often reflected with regret on the verdant plains and airy mountains of Antuco, he found a compensation in the company of Mr. Henry Rous, the British Consul, a very well informed man, who treated him with every mark of kindness and friendship. He sailed on the 29th of May, 1829, for Callao, on board the English brig *Catherine*, the captain of which trusting to his local knowledge ventured to pass through the *Bocachica* of *Talcahuano*; and he reached without accident the harbor of Callao, not much pleased with the barren and desolate appearance of the Peruvian coast.

"A flat country, gently rising towards the interior, is bounded by a whitish streak of sand along the coast, on which is situated the brown and inhospitable-looking port of Callao. As far as the eye can reach from this point of view, there is not a tree to enliven the dreary and stony surface, not a scanty patch of even the lowest kind of vegetation to indicate the vicinity of water, without a constant supply of which nothing flourishes here except succulent saline plants, or low and thorny shrubs, which at a distance have the appearance of small yellow patches. Round the little village of *Bellavista* are extensive tracts of dry gravel, interrupted here and there by reeds and a few other plants, which are cherished by the inhabitants with extraordinary care. Still further on, with a dreariness of aspect which even surpasses that of the foreground, runs the low rocky outline which marks the former boundary of the ocean. The towers of Lima, beyond which rises the gloomy ridge of the Andes, alone give some variety to this uninviting landscape, which is not rendered more attractive when the sun pours down his rays from an unclouded sky. All the glowing splendor of a tropical firmament is vain, when it illumines only a soil which is adorned by no plant, refreshed by no stream, which has been condemned by Nature herself to everlasting sterility, which even human industry cannot remedy, and where the appearance of a land bird is regarded as an event. The whole extent of country which stretches towards the north

and south retains the same character with unchanging fidelity—only where a scanty stream trickles down from the clefts of the Andes and irrigates flat valleys, the thinly scattered inhabitants are able, with immense labor, to cultivate this ungrateful soil.”

“A general misfortune would be the drying up of the scanty streamlet which is fed by the mountain snow, and of which the very last drop is used for refreshing the stony fields. But we are scarcely out of the limits of the artificial irrigation which is necessarily confined to narrow stripes, when we are again upon the dreary waste, covered with boulders, or with hills composed of a very light white drift sand—where the traveller cannot obtain a glass of fresh water for several days together, and where owing to the frequent changes even the native guide often loses his way. Only those singular succulent plants cactus and tillandsia are to be seen. Such is the extreme aridity of the soil, that after the lapse of three centuries we still find the mummies of the ancient Peruvians in a state of perfect preservation. They were interred in a sitting posture, and according to tradition, are the remains of persons who caused themselves to be buried alive in the sand upon the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards. The fog which hangs for six months over the country is considered very beneficial, and though at the most it attaches itself as a fine mist to wollen clothing, the Limanese call it *aquaceros*, a torrent. If the tropical sun poured down its rays upon Peru with the same unclouded lustre as on the splendid Brazil, the thirsty land would long since have been converted into a desert, unfit for the habitation of man or of animals. But a heavy rain would be no less a national misfortune, for its long continuance would inevitably destroy even the largest houses in Lima; the roofs of which are, for the most part, composed of reeds. If in the course of a man’s life such an event as a real fall of rain happens to take place on the coast of Peru, it produces an indescribable sensation. Processions parade the streets to implore the protection of Heaven for their endangered city, and the remembrance of such a misfortune is long preserved. Even with the utmost industry of the inhabitants, a country like this would be unable to maintain any considerable population, if there were not in its territory some more fertile district, from which it may supply its wants by mutual exchange. The Andes of Peru almost entirely support the inhabitants of the coast; for, though their mean height far exceeds that of the Chilian Cordilleras, they contain valleys or plateaux, which, in spite of their vicinity to the region of eternal snow, enjoy a moderate climate, and are very fertile. These are eagerly sought as an abode, especially by the Indians, the degenerate descendants of those mild and unwarlike people who once obeyed the sceptre of the Incas. There is a great variety of climate in the Andes, and the number of objects cultivated there might be still further increased; for many useful, hitherto unknown

plants might be naturalized, if care were taken to ascertain the locality and the relative proportions of atmospheric heat which they require, previously to their being transplanted. But the most beautiful part of the country, in which a thousand sources of future wealth are still buried, commences on the eastern declivity of the second chain of the Andes. Here are plains traversed by lower hills, covered with an ocean of foliage, vying in beauty with the climate of Chili, but far surpassing it in the abundance and luxuriance of its productions. To these join, within the extensive frontiers, those boundless plains, where gigantic rivers, which roll their broad waves through solitary forests, are the only means of communication between the widely scattered dwellings of a very scanty population.”

Lima has suffered much from the Revolution, besides losing the monopoly of a considerable trade with Chili and Upper Peru, of which the author gives some interesting particulars. He thus proceeds :

“The Revolution affected Lima also in another way. A great number of people were suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence, when political animosity had banished the most opulent nobles, or compelled them to live in retirement. They had given employment to many artists and mechanics, who were engaged exclusively on works of luxury; and from this period too may be dated the decline of many branches of manufacture, which were formerly carried to great perfection; for instance, very fine embossed work in gold and silver, at Guamanga and Lima. Many private fortunes were lost during the intrigues, for which the political state of the country afforded many opportunities. The persecutions and the legal confiscations, the heavy taxes, and, above all, the incapacity of a people addicted to luxury and pleasure to conform to the pressure of the times by judicious retrenchments,—have immensely diminished the national wealth. Tinsel splendor indeed still prevails everywhere in Lima, though poverty and decline are but too evident in both domestic and public arrangements. The times are now gone by when a Limanese lady of the higher rank was obliged, on gala days, to wear pearls and jewels to the value of more than thirty thousand dollars, in order to maintain her rank; and the riches which are described with so much astonishment by the very credible Ulloa have disappeared with the exhaustion of its sources. It would be impossible for them now, as they once did, to pave a street with bars of silver, to give a new viceroy an idea of the treasures of the country, or to shoe their mules with silver. Nevertheless, luxury is still very prevalent; and hence, after a short stay, we form no very favorable opinion of the domestic arrangements of Peruvian families. Creoles of all countries have the weakness to attach much importance to outward splendor, and

even the English in the West Indies are not altogether exempt from this failing. But in Peru this has been carried to the utmost excess, in consequence of the unhappy predominance of the colored races and the inbred effeminacy of the Whites. The contest for pre-eminence betrays the different castes into the most boundless extravagance—a propensity which commerce enables them to gratify, as every ship imports some new article of luxury, which they eagerly purchase, and then, like children, throw aside. The far celebrated women of Lima are said to exceed all limits in this respect, and thus to revenge themselves on their fathers and husbands, who, if such a feature were wanting to complete the picture of mismanagement, are the most passionate gamblers in America.

“The discontent of the Whites, who would rather renounce many privileges than share them with the despised lower castes, for whom they entertain a traditional hatred—the dissatisfaction of a large party, who forfeited the highest object of the happiness of the white Peruvians, titles and orders, by the republican equalization—military oppression—poverty—increasing demoralization and weakness in the government,—these have hitherto been in Peru the only perceptible consequences of its separation from the mother country. Whatever the blessings of freedom, which the rest of the Americans, and especially the people of Chili, are really beginning to enjoy, it is known to the Peruvian only from the paltry rhymes of his patriotic songs. The Revolution has overtaken him before he was ripe for it, and the moral immaturity of his whole life makes it difficult to foresee what generation will at length create new order from the ruins of a general dissolution.”

When the author embarked for Peru, he intended to visit Guayaquil, and to make a long stay in Choro and Esmeraldas, but, on his arrival at Lima, he found this to be impracticable. As the coasts of Peru have little to engage the naturalist, to return to Chili did not appear to be of much use, and a voyage to the East Indies was necessarily renounced from pecuniary considerations: the interior of Peru appeared to offer the only asylum, where he might continue his old avocations without interruption, and at a small expense. It is difficult in America to obtain information respecting different provinces, even of the same state. Mr. J. F. Scholtz, however, the head of one of the greatest houses on the west coast of America, gave him the most friendly aid.

“And if,” says he, “contrary to the express wish of this worthy German, his name is here publicly mentioned, it is from a sense of the gratitude which he amply deserves, as the promoter of a difficult enterprize, and as the protector of a traveller, who, without recommendation from any government, and with-

out any official character, commenced his long journey. To him I am indebted for the permission to visit the Amazons, which is very difficult to be obtained. He afterwards liberated me from an imprisonment, by which it was hoped to debar me from all further research; and, lastly, procured me many agreeable hours in the solitary wilderness of Maynas, by furnishing me with letters and other supplies. Mr. Sebastian Martins, an Anglo-Portuguese, the proprietor of large estates on the Huallaga, spoke in high terms of that country, and invited me to make a long stay in Cassapi or Cuchero. The bare mention of these names, celebrated for the researches of the Spanish botanists, Ruiz, Pavon, and Tafalla, made me decide in a moment. The projected visit to the Peruvian Andes was changed to a long residence in the Cinchona forests of Huanuco, the navigation of the rapid Huallaga, and a voyage across the whole breath of the continent upon the majestic Amazons.”

We would most willingly dwell at some length on this part of the author's journey, but the space allotted to us will allow only some extracts, to which we confine ourselves with the less regret, as we cannot but hope that a work of such importance will appear in an English translation.

“A few leagues from Diezmo are the ruins of an ancient city of the Incas, of considerable extent. They occupy the northeastern angle of the plain, separated by a low and stony chain of hills from the Pampa de Cochamarca, which is about five leagues broad. The road passes through it, and, long before our approach, we beheld with impatience the widely scattered monuments of a people who, in a moral sense, are wholly extinct. The Peruvians call it Tambobamba (the village of the plain), which, supposing it were the only one, would be insignificant enough. From the great extent of this scattered village, we may form some idea of its ancient consequence. Such of the houses as are still left, or of which we can trace the remains, lie scattered without any seeming regularity. We were unable to distinguish any roads or streets; for the high road, which has been carried through it, is probably of very recent date. The detached buildings are pretty equal in size, and are separated from each other by small intervals, which seem to indicate that each was surrounded by a courtyard. This very same style of building is still followed by the Indians of the Andes, and even the same mode of erecting the walls has continued unchanged, if we except from the comparison the greater negligence of the Peruvians of the present day. The walls are built in a circular form, are from thirty to forty paces in their outer circumference, and from six to ten feet in height. Even allowing something for the rubbish, the size of the old Peruvian habitations is very inconsiderable; for houses of ten to thirteen paces in the inner

diameter, with a wall at the utmost fourteen feet high, are certainly no palaces. We must not, however, expect, at an elevation of 2500 fathoms above the level of the sea, to meet with buildings such as Palmyra presents to the eye of the astonished European. We stand amid the ruins of a people who were unacquainted with iron, who were therefore confined to the use of copper, and sought to compensate the want of mechanical aids by untiring perseverance. The materials of which the walls are composed are taken from the quarries of the neighboring chain of hills, and, though by no means of a durable nature, the builders have been so careful in the selection, that the lapse of centuries has made but little impression on these walls. The different pieces are accurately fitted, and instead of mortar are cemented together by a very tough kind of earth, which has become so indurated, that nothing but the pick-axe of the superstitious treasure-hunter could have wrenched them asunder. The most remarkable features in the architecture of these ruins are the pointed or bell-shaped roofs, which are composed of smaller stones embedded in indurated clay. Ulloa says very decidedly, that nothing is known of the manner in which the Peruvians roofed their houses—but that it was most probable they were covered with flat wooden roofs, as no trace of vaults or arches has been discovered amid the ruins, and every thing indicated that the key-stone was altogether unknown in that age. The few remaining domes of the roofs of Tambobamba are in the form of a bell and from twelve to fifteen feet high. In the thatched roof of the modern Indians, we trace the exact imitation of these ancient buildings, and I was told that the use of cupolas for similar small Indian buildings is still very common in the neighborhood of Cuzco. It is much to be regretted, that the only large building among these remains should have been partially destroyed; as the ignorant people imagined that it was a palace of King Inca, as the Peruvians express themselves, and therefore concluded that it contained hidden treasures. The mania of digging for treasures annually destroys in Peru many ancient and remarkable remains, which would probably have withstood both time and climate for a thousand years. Wherever the Peruvian beholds tumuli evidently formed by the hand of man, or an ancient building indicates the abode of an exterminated people, he immediately suspects the existence of the guacas, or caverns, which were filled by the Incas, at the time of the conquest, with gold and precious stones, and forgotten at the premature death of these chieftains, who had buried them from a sense of duty, and not chosen any persons as the depositaries of the secret. The most absurd fables have been invented, and, according to a tradition coeval with the conquest of this city, there is in a mountain lake near Cuzco a gold chain, which went twice round the market-place, and of such large proportions that an Indian could with difficulty carry a single link of it. Many

persons have ruined themselves by vain attempts to turn aside the waters of the lake. These failures did not however deter others from making similar attempts, and only three years ago a proposal was made to establish a company in Europe, for draining a lake in Colombia, in which immense treasures were said to have been buried. Electrical phenomena are frequent in the Andes of Peru, and even the better informed European traveller occasionally beholds strange sights, which have something awful about them, when seen at night in a solitary encampment, far removed from a human habitation. But the Peruvian of the lower class, when he sees a silvery lustre glistening through the clouds at midnight from the summit of a lofty mountain, or a phosphorescent light shining in the wooded clefts of the lower Andes, which is a very common phenomenon in the Montana of Huanuco, is immediately persuaded that there are either rich veins of silver running along the surface, or that the buried treasures of the Incas invite the bold adventurer. To fit him for such an enterprise he requires long previous preparation, and the observance of a number of precautions, such as only a diseased imagination can invent. Amid innumerable ceremonies and customs, many of which border on criminality, the treasure-seeker begins to dig; if upon this he sees forms that seem to mock him, he turns back terrified, and is perhaps seized with illness. This may easily be accounted for, when we learn that the Christian Peruvian, before the commencement of his nocturnal labor, throws himself into a state of delirium by drinking a strong infusion of the fruit of the scarlet thorn-apple, which from this circumference bears the name of *hierba de Guacas ó de Guaqueros*. (*Brugmansia coccinea*, Pers.) Occasionally indeed objects of value may have been discovered, in these tombs, but much more frequently, and certainly in all the guacas near Huanuco, they are of interest only to the antiquarian, and are rejected as useless by the covetous searcher for gold.

"Next to the searching for treasure, a false system of economy, or more properly a great dislike of labor, is often the cause of the destruction of many important ruins. Only a few years ago, the greater part of Huanuco Viejo was demolished, because it was proposed to erect two quite unimportant bridges in its neighborhood. At this place was a fortress, built in the style of the Incas, in an excellent state of preservation, and the people, being too idle to prepare stones themselves, pulled down, with much trouble, the greater part of this beautiful edifice, for the sake of the large hewn stones of which it was composed. Even Garcilasso complains that, in the few years before his departure for Spain, the stupendous buildings at Cuzco had been very much injured, and that the enormous walls of the fortress were destroyed by the hands of the Spaniards, which, if left to the influence of time alone, might have stood for thousands of years.

"It is not till their voices betray the inhab-

itants of the forest, that the European sportsman, who has not the practice and the sharp sight of the Indians, is able to discover them amid the dark foliage of the trees. Sometimes, however, voices are heard, which throw us into doubt respecting the nature of the animal, or even lead the traveller to infer the vicinity of some dangerous beast of prey, and hastily prepare for his defence. Amid the inhospitable forests near the zone of Ceja, where sharp ridges of rocks and clefts impede every step between the dark and closely matted trees, we are all at once surprised by a loud piercing grunt; after a long search, we find to our great astonishment that it does not proceed from a quadruped, but from a bird, called *Tunqui*, of middling size and splendid cinnamon-colored plumage, sitting among the intricately woven parasitic plants. Still more deceiving is the note of the very singular *Toropisju* (bul'-bird), which justly deserves its name, for we can scarcely persuade ourselves, that this indistinct bellowing of an ox, which seems to be the agreeable indication of some neighboring hacienda, should proceed from a little bird scarcely larger than a European crow, which is concealed in the adjoining thicket. The sound seems to proceed from a great distance, which makes it more difficult to trace him. When a shot has brought him to the ground, we can scarcely prevail upon ourselves to touch this formidable looking coal-black bird. His large bushy crest, which is above two inches high, falls back as if in defiance, and almost entirely conceals his head; he opens his bill wide, and from his blood-red throat issues a hissing like that of a serpent; his eyes, white as silver, flash amidst the ruffled plumage, and, surrounded by fallen trees and piled up mouldering fragments, the sight involuntarily reminds us of the dreadfully poisonous reptiles that inhabit similar places."

This seems rather a formidable description of the death of a small bird.

"In the thickest gloom of the forests lives a solitary but singularly beautiful songster; we stand listening, fettered to the spot, while, from the summit of the tree, he pours forth his slow soft notes, which are variously modulated, but, with the most correct observance of the intervals, forming a regular melody, that altogether resembles the sound of an harmonicon. There is something indescribably soothing, I might almost say supernatural, in this chime, the charms of which are increased by the dreary silence of the forest and the concealment of the diminutive songster. When at last you discover it, you cannot find it in your heart to kill it, and it appears lost amid the multitude of brilliant and variously colored Tanagræ and creepers. The Peruvians call it the *organista* or *flautero*, and it is spoken of in Lima as one of the most remarkable inhabitants of the unexplored forests to the east. In size it is about one-third less than our common sparrow; it is never found except in the woods, where it selects the most

thickly shaded places. I met with it as far as the mouth of the Huallaga, but not in Ega, or further down the Amazons. Its plumage is a uniform bright brown. I brought only one specimen to Europe, which was killed by an Indian, and presented to the Museum of the University of Leipsic.

"The piercing cry of the *pteroglossus* is heard at a great distance, and the name *dios te de*, which is given to it by the people, is an imitation of its note. At every cry it throws its head awkwardly back, rapidly opens and shuts its gigantic bill, which is raised perpendicularly, with a balancing, ludicrous motion of the body. I found here not only the pincha (*Pteroglossus Aracari*), but the emerald green species, with a bill edged with white (*Pl. Sulcatus*, Swains.) Both may be tamed, as they feed on all kinds of food in their captivity, and the natives use the raspings of the bill and the long-fringed tongue as infallible remedies against heartburn and cramp. The great gold and green Araras of the Andes, (*Guacamayos*) settle in the morning on the highest trees of the forest, or alight in flocks on the deep red erythrina and the yellow tachia, of the flowers of which they are very fond. Their scream is horrible, but they are cunning enough to know that it may betray them, when they begin to plunder a field of ripe maize—every one then checks his propensity to screaming, and only a suppressed murmuring noise is heard, while the work of destruction proceeds with amazing rapidity. It is very difficult for the sportsman or the angry Indian to surprise the cunning thieves, for a few are always stationed to watch upon the highest trees. The first low note of warning is answered by a general half-suppressed cry of the disturbed robbers. At the second warning, the whole fly away with deafening cries, to recommence their mischievous operations as soon as the enemy has retired. They are a constant object of pursuit to the Indians, for their flesh is considered as a delicacy, and their feathers are much in demand, for the fantastic ornaments which the Indians wear in solemn processions. In ancient times the inhabitants of the forest brought the feathers of this bird as a tribute to the Incas, for the decoration of their palaces; and the oldest historians of Peru say, that these and the coca were the only productions which formerly led to the establishment of colonies in the much dreaded sultry forests—the *Montañas bravas de los Antis*, as Garcilasso calls them."

"The lower classes of the animal kingdom are far more numerous, but also far more hostile, and this is particularly the case with the insects. You are annoyed and persecuted by them in every thing you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant, for instance; for there is no part of

the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes ; and even the North of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colors between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him and his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest is a question, which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six and twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mischievous and troublesome animals ; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service, still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counter-balanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the Incas *guagna-miagüe* ; a name which is commonly, and very justly translated *Que hace llorar los ojos*,—"which makes the eyes water ;" for, if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is not known where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come ; but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward disregarding every obstacle ; the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing ; while, on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and color, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house,

the owner readily opens every part and goes out of their way ; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile, while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavors to escape, but in vain ; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavors to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold ; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton.

"To whatever side you turn your eyes about Pampayaco, you see only a wilderness of thickly wooded mountains, where civilized man has never established himself, or has appeared only as a transitory passenger, leaving no trace behind. The soul of the observer is filled with a feeling of melancholy by the fact, that in the tropical countries the works of man disappear more completely and more rapidly than in any other habitable part of the globe, while Nature alone, vindicating her rights, flourishes unchanged in eternal youth and vigor. History speaks of colonies that once flourished in those mountains ; but, did not scarcely perceptible traces in the forest indicate that trodden paths formerly connected the houses which have disappeared, we should be inclined to doubt the fact. Events that happened only a century ago are enveloped, in the wildernesses of the New World, in the veil of uncertain and obscure tradition ; and what, to the inhabitant of the Eastern hemisphere, the theatre of a history embracing some thousand years, would appear like events of the last twelvemonth, bears, in the equatorial countries of America, which are destitute of historical record, and amidst the overpowering energies of Nature, the character of venerable antiquity. Some decayed now uninhabited huts, and a plantation of coca, are the only remains of Cuchero, once the seat of a numerous population, and so highly extolled by the Spanish botanists. Of the missions, which once proceeded from the mountains of Cuchero, and extended even into tracts where no white man has since set his foot, not the slightest traces remain."

The author, having mentioned the coca plantation, gives a very long account of that remarkable plant, which has now become an indispensable necessary of life among the Indians of the Andes, and, as an article very extensively cultivated, deserves great attention. The coca (*Erythroxylon Coca*, Lam.)

is a bush from six to eight feet high, somewhat like a blackthorn, which it resembles in its numerous small white blossoms, and the lively bright green of the leaves. These leaves, which are gathered and carefully dried, are an article of brisk trade, and the use of them is as old as the first knowledge of the history of Peru. It is a stimulant, which acts upon the nerves in the same manner as opium. Unhappily, the use of it has degenerated into a vice which seems incurable.

The Indians of America, especially those of the Peruvian Andes, notwithstanding the civilization which surrounds them, have a vague sense of their own incurable deficiency, and hence they are eager to relieve themselves, by violent excitements, from such melancholy feelings. This accounts, not only for the use of the coca, but also for the boundless love of spirituous liquors, which possesses scarcely any other people in the world in an equal degree. To the Peruvian, the coca is the source of the highest gratification; for under its influence his usual melancholy leaves him, and his dull imagination presents him with images which he never enjoys in his usual state of mind. If it cannot entirely produce the terrible feeling of over-excitement that opium does, yet it reduces the person who uses it to a similar state, which is doubly dangerous, because, though less in degree, it is of far longer duration. The effect is not perceived until after continued observation; for a new comer is surprised indeed at the many disorders to which the men of many classes of the people are subject in Peru, but is very far from ascribing them to the coca. A look at a determined coquero gives the solution of the phenomenon; unfit for all the serious concerns of life, such a one is a slave to his passion, even more than the drunkard, and exposes himself to far greater dangers to gratify his propensity. As the magic power of the herb cannot be entirely felt, till the usual concerns of daily life, or the interruptions of social intercourse, cease to employ the mental powers, the genuine coquero retires into solitary darkness or the wilderness, as soon as his longing for this intoxication becomes irresistible. When night, which is doubly awful in the gloomy forest, covers the earth, he remains stretched out under the tree which he has chosen; without the protection of a fire near him, he listens with indifference to the growling of the ounce; and when, amid peals of thunder, the clouds pour down torrents of rain, or the fury of the hurricane uproots the oldest trees, he regards it not. In two days he generally returns, pale, trembling, his eyes sunk, a fearful picture of unnatural indulgence. He who has once been seized with this passion, and is placed in a

situation that favors its development, is a lost man.

The author heard in Peru deplorable accounts of young men of good families, who, in an accidental visit to the woods, began to use coca to pass away the time, soon acquired a relish for it, and from that moment were lost to the civilized world, and, as if under some malignant spell, refused to return to the towns. We are told how the relations at length discovered the fugitive in some remote Indian village, and, in spite of his tears, dragged him back to his home. But these unhappy persons were as fond of living in the wilderness, as averse to the more orderly mode of life in the towns; for public opinion condemns the white coquero, as it does an incorrigible drunkard among us. They, therefore, take the earliest opportunity of escaping to the woods, where degraded, unworthy of the white complexion, the stamp of natural superiority, and become half savages, they fall victims to premature death, through the immoderate use of this intoxicating herb.

Dr. Poeppig passed more than five months in the solitude of Pampayaco, leading a very uniform life, solely occupied with the increase of his collections, in which he was very successful. Christmas was at hand, and some preparations were made, as well as circumstances would permit in that lonely spot, to keep the festival, even though alone. But fortune had otherwise determined, for, going out on the evening of the 23d of December, to cut down a tree that was in blossom, he suddenly felt a pain in his instep, like that caused by a drop of burning sealing wax, and, looking round, discovered a very large serpent close to him, coiled up with its head erect, seeming rather to be satisfied with what it had done, than to be meditating a second attack. From a sudden impulse, he attempted to kill the serpent, which he at length succeeded in doing, and then, recollecting his own danger, hastened to the house, which was about five hundred paces distant. But his foot had swelled considerably before he reached it. Happily, a creole inhabitant of Pampayaco, who was at hand, proceeded to the operation, though the Indians who were called in, after looking for the snake, declared the wound to be mortal, with the composure which is usual to them, and probably originates in their being accustomed to a nature, which daily threatens visible or supposed dangers. A blue spot, an inch broad, and two black points resembling the puncture of a needle, quite cold, and almost without feeling, showed where the bite had been inflicted. There being no instruments, the skin was pierced with a packing-needle, and cut away in a circle to the muscles, but the knife em-

ployed was so unlike that of a surgeon's, that it gave considerable pain. Black blood flowed copiously from it, for a large vein had, perhaps fortunately, been divided. The most painful part of the operation was, the application of a piece of gold coin heated red hot, because, according to a superstitious notion of the Peruvians, silver or iron does harm. Meanwhile, the general pain increased so much, such frequent fainting fits ensued, and it was so probable that death would follow, that no time was to be lost. Our traveller wrote a few lines with a black lead pencil to bid a last adieu to his friends in Lima and in his distant home. He urged those who surrounded him to send his collections and papers according to his directions, and promised them that they should have the rest of his effects. Having thus settled his worldly affairs, and reached, perhaps for the last time, his wretched bed, all around appeared to be involved in night, and, as he became insensible, the pain diminished.—Long after midnight he recovered from his lethargy, and the vigor of youth obtained the victory; for a burning fever, a profuse perspiration, and a peculiar and severe shooting pain in the wounded limb, were indications of safety. But a storm howled in the forest, which an ill-secured place in the leaf thatch could not resist, and large drops fell upon the sufferer. With much difficulty, he succeeded in moving his burning head out of the way, but his body was so swelled that it was almost impossible to move. No friendly hand was near to present a cooling beverage, or to prevent the rain from entering. The Indian, who had been left by the others to watch, convinced that death had taken place, and seized with superstitious fear, had long before fled to his companions. It was not till morning that curiosity attracted some persons, and relieved him from his painful situation. The succeeding days passed in great agony, for a large wound had been formed, and indications of the poison long remained.

"A fortnight elapsed before I was able, with the assistance of an Indian, to leave my bed, and, stretched on the skin of an ounce before the door of my hut, again to enjoy the pure air and a more cheerful prospect. It was a lovely mild morning; several trees of the most beautiful kinds had blossomed during my imprisonment and now looked invitingly from the neighboring wood. The gay butterflies sported familiarly around, and the voices of the birds sounded cheerfully from the crowns of the trees. As if desirous to reconcile her faithful disciple, and to make him forget what he had suffered, Nature appeared in her most festive dress. Gratitude and emotion filled my heart, for certainly the goodness

of the Supreme Power, in His care of man, is manifested in nothing so much as the faculty, originally bestowed upon every individual, of finding in the intercourse with the beautiful world of plants and animals, even under the pressure of severe suffering, a never-failing source of consolation and of joy."

Towards the end of January, 1830, preparations were made to prosecute the journey down the rivers into the interior of Peru; but the effects of our traveller's wound, together with the great privations and hardships which he had endured, had so weakened his constitution, that he was attacked by an intermittent fever. This caused such delay, that he did not reach Huanuco till the end of March, whence he sent his collections to Lima—but he was detained there three weeks from the effects of the fever. He was obliged to go himself to Cerra de Pasco, in order to receive the goods and money which were to defray the expense of his stay in the missions, of his journey to the coast of the Atlantic, and of his voyage to Europe. He returned at the beginning of May to Cassapi, where he had the pleasure of finding the Indians with whom he was to navigate the upper part of the river Huallaga. The voyage down this river, and the occasional excursions into the country, were particularly interesting. At Uchiza, a village of the missions, he met with the priest, a worthy old Spaniard, the only one of his nation and profession who had not sunk in the storms of the revolution. Don Ramon Bazadres, a Franciscan monk—a native of Galicia—had lived for more than forty years in the missions of the Upper Huallaga—and, since the expulsion of the Spaniards, was the only European on the banks of that river. This friendly, though very poor, old man was not a little rejoiced at seeing a *countryman* in his desert, for, in the interior of America, the distinctions and prejudices of the several nations of our part of the world vanish, and it is sufficient to have crossed the ocean to be considered by the European settler in the forest as a relation. His next station was at Tocache, formerly a flourishing mission, where, by consent of the priest of Uchiza, he took possession of the most habitable part of the ancient mission-house, and remained two months, himself and his servant being the only inhabitants of the village. At the end of August, however, the priest of Uchiza came to Tocache, which was a sign for the scattered inhabitants of the mission to assemble, as they always do when the missionary is there. Perhaps an approaching holiday of the church was a still greater inducement to their assembling; for unhappily the Christian religion, though established among

them a hundred years, is valued by these Indians only because it gives them opportunities for drinking bouts in the numerous holidays which are observed.

On the 2d of September, Dr. Poeppig embarked from Tocache, and arrived on the 4th at the mission of the Sion, inhabited by Indians of the nation of the Xibitos, and in the best state of preservation of any on the Upper Huallaga. Here he was obliged to stop for nearly three weeks, because the festival of San Roque, the patron of the village, was at hand, and the Indians could not be persuaded to miss the opportunity of celebrating it in their usual way. The collection of live animals was increased in Sion by acquisitions from the Indians who returned from the chase. What numbers of apes must live in the forests, appeared from the quantities of smoked monkeys which this party brought back. They had lived for eight days on the flesh of monkeys, and yet brought 260 with them, besides a great number that were alive, and, notwithstanding their short captivity, remarkably tame. Their mode of treating the old monkeys is original enough. They wound them with arrows steeped in weak poison, which only stupifies them; they suck the wound when the beast falls from the tree, bury him up to the neck in fresh mould, and cram his mouth with salt, by way of antidote. When the monkey has come to himself, they bind him in broad pieces of cloth, like a child in swaddling clothes, only so tight that it is impossible for him to move. So the prisoner remains a couple of days, and is drenched with salt water as long as he shows the least disposition to bite. Those that are very wild are hung up at intervals in the smoke over the fire. In a short time they are compelled to eat cooked provisions, seasoned with capsicum, as the mode of teaching them the ways of man; and in fact this method of cure, rough as it is, seldom fails.

Proceeding on the voyage, our traveller reached, on the 6th of December, the village of Yurimagnas, the first in the province of Maynas, where he remained till the month of July in the following year. An entire chapter is dedicated to the description of the province and its productions—the manners of the Indians of the missions—the present state of the natives, &c. The collections were here augmented by eight large chests filled with the skins of animals, and many pages of written descriptions and numerous drawings prove what may be done by industry in the forests, where the claims of European society, that take up so much time, are unknown. The last chapter in the work contains the account of the voyage down the Amazons to Pará. His progress down this

mighty river as far as Ega, where he proposed to make some stay, was attended with numerous dangers. But the dull and uniform banks offered little matter for observation. At Ega he received great kindness from Señor Bernardino Cauper, a Portuguese, as much distinguished by his superior education as by the goodness of his heart. The necessary preparations for resuming his occupations as a naturalist were soon made, and, a rising of the river in the latter part of the year preventing excursions by land, the author made use of his boat. The lake, which is equal in size to that of Neuchâtel, has numerous arms running into the interior, which, when the water is high, form navigable canals into the heart of the forests. His boat was remarkable for its lightness and rapid sailing, but only large enough to hold himself, his Peruvian servant, and his faithful dog. They were often absent for days together, and ventured, to the astonishment of the natives, into very distant canals, which none willingly visit, because they are supposed to be the haunts of gigantic water-snakes and innumerable alligators, which, with the most fearless audacity, surround the frail bark.

Among the numerous plants, he was particularly struck with the aquatic, which almost equal in size the celebrated rafflesia, but far surpass it in the splendor of their colors. At Ega appeared the first symptoms of the frightful state of revolution which had already commenced in that part of Brazil. The troops of plundering and blood-thirsty Mestizos, Mulattoes, and Negroes had assembled in the environs of Pará, and had entered the Amazons in numerous boats, having even been joined by part of the soldiers sent against them. They went from place to place, avoiding only the larger towns, murdered the Whites with incredible cruelty, and plundered and burnt the plantations.

Dr. Poeppig sailed from Ega on the 12th of February, in a boat of thirty tons belonging to M. Cauper, who sent it with a cargo of produce to Pará, and let out the cabin to our author. They were, however, obliged to turn back, in consequence of an official order which had been received, calling on the inhabitants to prepare to resist the anarchists, and forbidding any person to quit the place, so that they did not finally leave Ega till the 8th of March, 1832, after a residence of seven months.

With the exception of a few interruptions, the voyage to Pará resembled a flight, for the object was to reach that capital of the province, before the apprehended separation of the interior took place, and civil war broke

out. The latter part of the voyage was attended with great danger. After leaving Santarem, they suffered from want of provisions, as the inhabitants of the villages had fled, or prudence induced them to pass by under cover of the night.

"The natural consequences could not fail to ensue, for while I, for the first time after many years' travelling, was so entirely exhausted that the will was quite subdued by bodily weakness, fevers and colic attacked the few remaining Indians, who had to conduct the heavy vessel to Pará, through a labyrinth of narrow channels. Our voyage amidst this Archipelago was excessively tedious, for the few Indians were so enfeebled by want and illness, that they were unable to row the vessel, and much time was lost in waiting for the ebb, or from the necessity of concealing ourselves when we approached some suspicious place. With some apprehension of storms, we crossed the broad bay of Limoeiro, which smaller vessels do not usually pass, but which we were obliged to choose, because the Rio Mojá, a much less dangerous lateral branch, was in the possession of the rebels. Amidst these hardships we had advanced but slowly, and were scarcely able, on the 22d of April, to see the opposite shores of the basin. We soon entered into branches of the stream, between islands where the vegetation appeared more pleasing. Nothing yet indicated the vicinity of a great commercial city, for the majestic forests rose from the mirror of the stream with the same virgin beauty and stillness as in the distant and uninhabited shores of the Peruvian Maranon. Morning at length dawned. The report of a cannon rolled over the surface of the water, others succeeded at regular intervals, and the melodious sound of many bells was added, and announced to us the long-wished-for secure asylum of Pará, and the morning of Easter Sunday. The light mist sunk into the water, and the beams of the rapidly rising sun illumined the long rows of houses of the well-built city. Some ships of war and numerous merchantmen formed the foreground of the beautiful picture; and the flags of my native Europe, as if to welcome her son on his escape from so many dangers, slowly unfolded their gay colors in the morning breeze. The anchor dropped; the broad continent was crossed; the goal was attained; and a look of gratitude was raised to Him, who, with a mighty hand, had guided the solitary wanderer, where human aid and human pity would have been sought in vain.

"Pará was in that state of excitement and party hatred which had already many times led to bloodshed, and was therefore very far from offering a quiet abode. The friendly care of Messrs. John Hesketh, Wilkinson, and Campbell, in conjunction with a more regular way of life, contributed so much to restore my strength, that I was able, at the expiration of ten days, to exchange the noisy

city for the more agreeable abode in Colares, a little fishing village near the sea coast. Almost three months passed in waiting for a ship bound for the Netherlands. Though this last period was, for many reasons, less productive than the preceding, it furnished some additions to my collections, especially in live palms, which, however, were unfortunately partly destroyed in a storm during the voyage, and partly by a stray bomb of the French at Antwerp, where they had been left for the winter in the care of a gardener. Soon after my arrival in Colares, some painful hours were caused by the death of my faithful dog Pastor, who had courageously accompanied me for five years, from Valparaíso to the coast of Brazil, through the storms of the ocean and the hurricanes of snow-covered mountains; had been always a cheerful and welcome companion on blooming hills and in dark forests; had faithfully shared joy and fatigue, abundance and poverty; and now, at the end of the journey, sunk under the effects of the last sufferings. Bitter tears fell upon the grave, which an orange-tree overshadowed, and which received the faithful animal, to whom, after the lapse of years, the emotion and gratitude of his former master here erect a perishable monument.

"The Belgian brig Octavia, a small but quick-sailing vessel, bound for Antwerp, offered a favorable opportunity for returning home. Only a few days were spent in Pará, from which we sailed in the forenoon of the 7th of August. * * Solemn were the moments of my parting from America, the land of wonders, which, as it had many years before received the novice on the shores of the West Indies, in the full splendor of the tropical morning, now dismissed him in friendly repose, in the evening twilight. The unclouded sun sunk with accelerated rapidity in the horizon, and his last beams fell on the distant lines of the primeval forest, which here covers the flat coast of Brazil even to the sea. Night at length drew over all "her slow and gradual veil," the continent had vanished, and reminiscences alone remained as the fairest fruits of past enjoyments."

Thus then we have accompanied our traveller in his long and often perilous wanderings; we have seen him bear, with uninterrupted equanimity, fatigues, hardships, dangers, and total seclusion from human society, supported by his admiration of the magnificent evidences of creative power, which, in those scenes of wonder and astonishment, so forcibly impel the contemplative mind "to look through nature up to nature's God." We have conceived his enthusiasm, for though we have not had the fortune to visit personally the scenes which he describes, we have listened with delight to a Humboldt, to a Martius, and other adventurous explorers of these continents, whose labors have made us better acquainted with the inmost recesses

of these regions, than with some countries nearer home. We have at times indulged in Elysian dreams of some future age; when the hand of man shall have disarmed nature of her terrors, without despoiling her of her magnificence; when civilization shall have spread its blessings, without its evils, and the temples of a pure religion shall have taken the place of the hut of the savage and of the tiger's den. But these Utopian visions have been too soon dispelled by truth's unpitied beam, which has revealed to us a far different prospect. We behold with a conviction which no arguments can weaken, with a vividness of perception which no efforts of our own can soften, the certainty of an impending and tremendous conflict between the white, the negro, the colored, and the Indian population, the fearful nature of which it is as easy to foresee as it is awful to contemplate. Such is also the opinion of Dr. Poepig, who, in his account of Chili, has the following observations:

"No country in America enjoys, to such a degree as Chili, the advantages which a state derives from an homogeneous population and the absence of castes. If this young republic rose more speedily than any of the others from the anarchy of the revolutionary struggle, and has attained a high degree of civilization and order, with a rapidity of which there is no other example in this continent, it is chiefly indebted for those advantages to the circumstance, that there are extremely few people of color among its citizens. Those various transitions of one race into the other are here unknown, which strangers find it so difficult to distinguish, and which, in countries like Brazil, must lead, sooner or later, to a dreadful war of extermination, and in Peru and Colombia will defer to a period indefinitely remote the establishment of general civilization. * * * If it is a great evil for a state to have two very different races of men for its citizens, the disorder becomes general, and the most dangerous collisions ensue, when, by an unavoidable mixture, races arise which belong to neither party, and in general inherit all the vices of their parents, but very rarely any of their virtues. If the population of Peru consisted of only Whites and Indians, the situation of the country would be less hopeless than it must now appear to every calm observer. Destined, as they seem by Nature herself, to exist on the earth as a race, for a limited period only, the Indians, both in the north and south of this vast continent, in spite of all the measures which humanity dictates, are becoming extinct with equal rapidity, and in a few centuries will leave to the Whites the undisputed possession of the country. With the Negroes the case is different; they have found in America a country which is even more congenial to their nature than the land of their origin, so that their numbers are al-

most everywhere increasing, in a manner calculated to excite the most serious alarm. In the same proportion as they multiply, and the white population is no longer recruited by frequent supplies from the Spanish peninsula, the people of color likewise become more numerous. Hated by the dark mother, distrusted by the white father, they look on the former with contempt, on the latter with an aversion, which circumstances only suppress, but which is insuperable, as it is founded on a high degree of innate pride. All measures suggested by experience and policy, if not to amalgamate the heterogeneous elements of the population, yet to order them so that they might subsist together without collision, and contribute in common to the preservation of the machine of the state, have proved fruitless. * * * The late revolutions have made no change in this respect. The hostility, the hatred, of the many colored classes will continue a constant check to the advancement of the state, full of danger to the prosperity of the individual citizens, and perhaps the ground of the extinction of entire nations. The fate which must sooner or later befall the greater part of tropical America which is filled with negro slaves, which will deluge the fairest provinces of Brazil with blood, and convert them into a desert, where the civilized white man will never again be able to establish himself, may not indeed afflict Peru and Colombia to the same extent; but these countries will always suffer from the evils resulting from the presence of an alien race. If such a country as the United States feels itself checked and impeded by its proportionably less predominant black population; and if there, where the wisdom and power of the government are supported by public spirit, remedial measures are sought in vain; how much greater must be the evil in countries like Peru, where the supine character of the Whites favors incessant revolutions, where the temporary rulers are not distinguished either for prudence or real patriotism, and the infinitely rude Negro possesses only brutal strength, which makes him doubly dangerous in such countries, where morality is at so low an ebb? He and his half-descendant, the Mulatto, joined the white Peruvian, to expel the Spaniards, but would soon turn against their former allies, were they not at present kept back by want of moral energy and education. But the Negro and the man of color, far more energetic than the white Creole, will in time acquire knowledge, and a way of thinking that will place them on a level with the Whites, who do not advance in the same proportion, so as to maintain their superiority."

When we consider all these circumstances, when we see Buenos Ayres even now harassed by perpetual wars with the Indians, when we think of the frightful crimes that have already taken place at Pará, we cannot but anticipate the consequences that must ensue, if the Negroes should rise in a general

insurrection, and be joined by the native Indians. We wonder at the blind infatuation of the Brazilians, who, in defiance of their own laws, still import 100,000 new slaves every year from Africa; and we feel our minds depressed by the melancholy persuasion, that the future fate of these fine countries will prove even more tremendous than the awful denunciation which threatens to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation.

We must not omit to mention, with due commendation, the sixteen striking views of the scenery of the Andes, which accompany this interesting work.

ART. II.—1. *Lex Romana Burgundionum* :

ex Jure Romano et Germanico illustravit August. Frideric. Barkow, J. U. Doctor, et in Universitate Literaria Gryphiswaldensi Antecessor. Gryphiswaldiæ. 1826. 8vo.

2. *Corpus Legum, sive Brachylogus Juris Civilis: ad fidem quattuor codicum scriptorum et principum editionum emendavit, commentarios criticos, locorum similium annotationem, notitiam litterariam, indicesque adjecit, ineditam incerti scriptoris Epitomen Juris Civilis, medio duodecimo sæculo factam, ex codice Tubingensi edidit* Eduardus Böcking, Juris utriusque Doctor, et in Universitate Frider. Guil. Rhenana E. O. Professor Publicus. Berolini. 1829. 8vo.
3. *Lex Dei, sive Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum Collatio: e codicibus manuscriptis Vindobonensi et Vercellensi, nuper repertis, auctam atque emendatam edidit, notis indicibusque illustravit* Fridericus Blume, Hamburgensis, in Academia Georgia Augusta Antecessor, Magn. Brit. Hannoveræque Regi ab Aulæ Cons. Bonnæ. 1833. 8vo.
4. *Dissensiones Dominorum, sive Controversiæ veterum Juris Romani Interpretum qui Glossatores vocantur: edidit et adnotationibus illustravit* Gustavus Haenel, Lipsiensis. *Insunt anonymi vetus Collectio, Rogerii Dissensiones Dominorum, Codicis Chisiani Collectio, Hugolini Diversitates sive Dissensiones Dominorum super toto Corpore Juris Civilis; quibus adcedunt Excerpta e Rogerii Summa Codicis, Hugolini Distinctionibus et Questionum Collectionibus. Omnia præter Rogerii Dissensiones nunc primum e codicibus edita, et indicibus rerum, glossatorum, legum, glossarum instructa.* Lipsiæ. 1834. 8vo.

study of the civil law is now prosecuted in Germany, these four publications afford a signal proof. In what other country would the same books find such able editors, or indeed any editors whatsoever; and in what other country would they have found publishers? Here we are not presented with the precious reliques of the classical civilians, of such writers as Caius, Ulpian, and Paulus, but with those of nameless writers of the lower and middle ages. Every scattered remnant of ancient jurisprudence, however mutilated or disfigured, attracts the eager attention of the learned jurists with whom that country so conspicuously abounds: they possess sufficient industry, as well as sufficient skill, to separate the gold from the dross; and, from the most unpromising materials, from what to less practised eyes might appear a heap of rubbish, they sometimes extricate fragments of no inconsiderable value. It is besides to be noted that men of erudition have their own peculiar recreations, in which the uninitiated cannot participate, and of which they cannot form an adequate conception; nor is it very hard to conceive that Haubold or Hänel may have been as much entertained with the *Dissensiones Dominorum*, as any slender damsel with the most bepudded of all the novels that have issued from any metropolitan shop. We must certainly admit that the entertainment is neither identical nor similar; but different palates are gratified by dishes of the most dissimilar flavor.

The book here described as *Lex Romana Burgundionum* was originally printed under the perplexing and inappropriate title of "Papiani liber Responsorum," and under that title it has generally been quoted and recognized. In the year 1566, it was first published by Cujacius, who subjoined it to his edition of the Theodosian Code. The name of Papianus was utterly unknown in the annals of jurisprudence; nor does the book contain the opinions of a lawyer on particular cases, but a formal treatise on various titles of the law. It seems indeed to be ascertained beyond all doubt that the name of the author, as well as the title of the book, is only to be traced to an error of the copyist and inadvertency of the editor. Of the Breviarium of Anianus, all the complete manuscripts conclude with a minute fragment of an illustrious civilian, "Papiniani lib. I. Responsorum;" but in this as well as in other passages where the name occurs, it is uniformly written *Papianus* instead of *Papinianus*.* As the error is thus repeated in different places, it may have originated from the use of a contraction

in writing the name. Cujacius is supposed to have printed from a manuscript in which the fragment now mentioned was immediately succeeded by the *Lex Romana*, and to have mistaken the rubric of this fragment for that of the succeeding treatise. In the Vatican Library there is a manuscript which exhibits the very same contents and arrangement. In a subsequent edition, printed at Paris in 1586, he varied the title of the book, describing it as "*Burgundionis J. C. qui Papiani Responsorum titulum præfert, liber.*" This description refers us to the true origin of the book, which appears very clearly to have been compiled for the use of the Roman subjects belonging to the ancient kingdom of Burgundy.

In the preamble to the *Lex Burgundionum*, we meet with the following passage: "*Inter Romanos vero interdicto simili conditione venalitatis crimine, sicut a parentibus nostris statutum est, Romanis legibus præcipimus judicari: qui formam et expositionem legum conscriptam, qualiter judicent, se noverint accepturos, ut per ignorantiam se nullus excuset.*"* This passage was written in the second year of the reign of Gundebald, that is, in the year 517. His barbarian subjects were to be governed by one code of laws, and his Roman subjects by another. When the first code was completed, the second was promised: the Roman subjects, indulged with the privilege of being governed by their national laws, were to be furnished with such a form and exposition as should regulate the judicial proceedings in which they were solely concerned. Lindenbrog perceived that the work ascribed to Papianus was precisely such a compendium as might be supposed to suit this purpose; and Cujacius had evidently arrived at the same conclusion when he described it as the work of a Burgundian lawyer. Gothofredus and other writers remarked that the order of arrangement was almost the very same in both works; and, as this order is not such as obviously presents itself, we naturally infer that, so far as relates to the distribution of the titles, the one book served as a model for the other. A strong presumption likewise arises from the barbarian regulations which this civilian borrows from the laws of the Burgundians. The second title, *De Homicidiis*, concludes with the subsequent passage: "*Et quia de pretiis occisorum nihil evidenter lex Romana constituit, dominus noster statuit observandum, ut, si ingenuus ab ingenuo fuerit interemptus, et homicida ad ecclesiam confugerit, ipse qui homicidium admisit,*

cum medietate bonorum suorum occisi hereditibus serviturus addicatur, reliqua medietas facultatis ejus heredibus relinquatur. Si vero cujuscunque occisus fuerit ab ingenuo, et ipse homicida ad ecclesiam convolaverit, secundum servi qualitatem infra scripta domino ejus pretia cogatur exsolvere, hoc est, pro actore c. sol., pro ministeriali lx., pro aratore, aut porcario, aut virvicario, aut aliis servis xxx., pro aurifice electo c., pro fabro ferrario l., pro carpentario xl. inferantur. Hoc ex præcepto domini regis convenit observari." The Roman laws had not, like the barbarian codes of the middle ages regulated the price of blood; but the Roman subjects of this barbarian king were not to be left without a table of fees. The prices for the homicide of different classes of persons generally correspond with the regulations established by the code of the Burgundians.

This anonymous writer appears to have drawn his materials from the Institutes of Caius, the "*Sententiæ Receptæ*" of Paulus, the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian Codes, and from the novels of several emperors. What he has derived from these different sources, is distinguished with great care and accuracy by the learned editor. The work, as now published, consists of forty-seven titles, which are generally very short and simple; nor is it to be supposed that all the leading objects of legal cognizance can be comprised within such narrow limits. As little is it to be expected that this civilian of Burgundy, writing during the sixth century, and at a distance from Constantinople and Berytus, can always be found a safe guide in questions of pure Roman law. The incidental value of his work has however been recognized by the most competent judges, and among the rest by Savigny, who remarks that it contains many passages of ancient jurisprudence, of which no other traces are now to be discovered.* The author had access to many pure sources, which have long been closed by the mouldering ruins of time. But he did not possess sufficient skill to preserve unsullied the valuable fragments which he incorporated in his motley fabric; and to render it available for the illustration of ancient jurisprudence, required no inconsiderable effort of learning, ingenuity, and industry. Such was the principal part of the task undertaken by Dr. Barkow; and this task he appears to have executed in a manner highly creditable to his professional character. The work, as appended to several early editions of the Theodosian

* Lindenbrogii Codex Legum Antiquarum, p. 267, edit. Francof. 1613, fol.

* Savigny's Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter, Bd. ii. S. 32.

Code, is without any commentary or notes. Schulting inserted Papianus in his collection entitled "*Jurisprudentia vetus Ante-Justiniana*," which was first printed at Leyden in the year 1717, and he added some annotations which are not very elaborate. He was a man of great erudition, and of eminent knowledge of the civil law, but it was not consistent with his general plan to bestow much time and space upon this particular tract. After the lapse of half a century, the task of illustration was more ambitiously attempted than successfully performed by Amaduzzi. The text was next printed in the "*Jus Civile Antejustinianum*," which appeared at Berlin in the year 1815. This collection was published by an association of civilians; and the care of the *Lex Romana* devolved upon F. A. Biener, who has more recently distinguished himself by different works. He has subjoined various readings, but no commentary. Hitherto the book had never been published in a separate form; and this edition of Barkow is therefore recommended by many different circumstances. The volume commences with a preface, which extends to sixty-six pages, and embraces all the preliminary information that any reader could be supposed to require or wish for. A very elaborate commentary is placed under the text; after which follow the various readings, consisting of thirty-seven pages.

The work entitled *Lex Dei* is apparently a production of nearly the same age.* The author is supposed by Gothofredus to have been contemporary with Cassiodorus, who flourished about the middle of the sixth century. A conformity has been traced between the sentiments as well as the style of the two writers; and Blume has remarked that *quia*, instead of *quod*, and *incipit* governing an accusative, seem to indicate that the anonymous author could scarcely have written before the year 500. When his work was first discovered in the sixteenth century, Du Tillet, Charondas, Cujacius, and others ascribed it to a certain Lucinius Rufinus; but upon what authority, or according to what conjecture, it appears extremely diffi-

cult to ascertain. They evidently could not confound him with an eminent lawyer of the same name, who was contemporary with Julius Paulus, and therefore belonged to a much earlier age. Zimmern, a recent and distinguished historian of the Roman law, is inclined to believe that he may have been a Jew; but we perceive no adequate reason for departing from the current opinion, which represents him as a Christian. Freherus and Otto suppose him to have been a monk: Blume replies that before the age of St. Benedict there were very few monks in the western parts of Europe, and still fewer who could have cultivated the study of letters. Cassiodorus, whom we have mentioned as the supposed contemporary of the anonymous writer, was himself the founder of a monastery in a remote part of Calabria, and in this retreat he closed a long life, which had been much devoted to profane as well as sacred literature. It is at least highly probable that the writer in question was an ecclesiastic of some denomination. The knowledge which he displays of the sacred writings renders this an obvious conjecture. From this mode of addressing the lawyers, "*scitote jurisconsulti*," it has been inferred that he was not himself of their number, for this is not like a man addressing a body to which he himself belonged. Blume, by some inadvertence, has stated that such an argument was first employed by Finestres, in the prolegomena to his edition of Schulting's "*Jurisprudentia Ante-Justiniana*." Ceruariae, 1744, 12mo. In two different works, Gothofredus had anticipated this argument by an entire century.*

The chief value of such a work as this obviously lies in its preserving scattered fragments which might otherwise have been lost. The author had access to many treatises which have utterly perished, or of which we only possess the mutilated remains; and as he collected his materials with a considerable degree of industry, his labors have found due acceptance with the most learned of the modern civilians. Nor are they without some degree of interest to theologians.† The editor is inclined to believe that the passages of the Old Testament he must either have quoted by memory, or rendered from some Greek version. "*Quamobrem mea quidem sententia eo potissimum inclinatur, collectorem ea loca quæ adfert, vel memoria minus exacte tenuisse, vel ex Græca quadam interpre-*

* Various writers of a more recent age have instituted a formal comparison between the Jewish and Roman laws. One of these is William Wellwood, professor of law in the university of St. Andrews, who published a work bearing the following title—"Juris Divini Judæorum ac Juris Civilis Romanorum Parallelum—sive utriusque e suis undequaque sedibus ad verbum transcripti ocularis Collatio—authore Gulielmo Velvodo." Lugd. Bat. 1594, 4to. This work is followed by an appendix, with a regular title-page containing the same date—"Ad expediendos Processus in Judiciis Ecclesiasticis Appendix Parallelorum Juris divini humanique."

* J. Gothofredi Manuale Juris, p. 63. Prolegomena Codicis Theodosiani, cap. iii.

† See Bishop Mûnter's Fragmenta Versionis antiquæ Latine Antehieronymianæ, in the *Miscellanea Hafniensia*, tom. ii. p. 89.

tatione ipsum vertisse." Venema, a learned divine, was of opinion that he must either have employed a version of his own, or quoted from some version now unknown. The supposition of his relying to any extent upon his memory, in digesting so long a series of quotations, seems to fall considerably short of probability.

This relique of ancient jurisprudence has already appeared in about twenty different editions, of which the earliest was published by Pierre Pithou in the year 1573. Another was published by H. Stephanus in a small volume entitled "*Juris Civilis Fontes et Rivi*," which made its appearance in 1580. The tract was inserted in the collections of Van Leeuwen and Schulting. In the Berlin collection of 1815, it was printed under the superintendence of Biener. Notwithstanding the labors of so many precursors, Dr. Blume has found ample room for the exercise of his learning and industry. He has produced an elaborate and critical edition, which will be found of no inconsiderable value to those who prosecute similar studies with suitable ardor, with such ardor as is now displayed in the universities of Germany. His prolegomena, consisting of forty-four pages, exhibit a copious account of the book, of the manuscript copies which have hitherto been traced, and of the various editions and commentaries. One manuscript he himself discovered in the library of the chapter of Vercelli. His more brief notes, relating to the adjustment of the text, and containing references to the original sources from which it is derived, are placed at the bottom of each page; and, under the title of *Excursus critici*, he has subjoined some more extended annotations, which however are neither numerous nor diffuse. Several useful indices, prepared with due care and accuracy, close this curious volume.

The *Corpus Legum* evidently belongs to a more recent age. Senckenberg supposes it to have been written soon after the reign of Justinian, and he concludes that it must have been written by a native of Italy or Africa; but the arguments with which he supports these opinions are so extremely slender, that he appears to have made very few converts. A very different theory was proposed by Saxius; who conjectured that the real author of the work was no other than Apel, by whom he erroneously supposed it to have been originally published. Joannes Apellus, or Johann Apel, was born at Nürnberg in 1486, and died there in 1536. After completing his law studies, he became a canon of Würzburg, and councillor to the bishop; but, having been compelled to leave the diocese in consequence of marrying a nun, he

was in 1524 appointed professor of law in the university of Wittenberg. and for this office he was partly indebted to the friendship of Luther. In 1530 he became chancellor to the duke of Prussia; and it was during his residence at Königsberg that he found a manuscript of the work now under consideration. The manuscript he has described in his "*Isagoge per dialogum in iiii. lib. Institutionum*." This work was subjoined to an edition of the ancient treatise, printed at Louvain in the year 1551; and, from his mention of such a manuscript being discovered on the remote shores of the Baltic, as well as from the similarity of his own method of expounding the law, Saxius, who imagined that this was the first edition, and that it was published by Apel himself, was led to suspect that he was the author of the work which he pretended to have rescued from oblivion. This opinion was adopted by Püttmann, Stockmann, and Hummel, but was sufficiently refuted by Cramer, and Weis, and more recently by Savigny. Apel was never a professor at Louvain, and this edition appeared fifteen years after his death. The first edition of the *Brachylogus* was published in 1549, and several manuscripts of a much earlier date are still preserved. The fourth book, p. 131, contains a passage which furnishes us with some materials for chronology: "*Quod autem clericus adversus laicum testis esse non possit, vel contra, in capitulari legis Longobardicæ cautum est; in legibus autem Romanis non memini me invenisse; immo contrarium in multis locis constitutum esse cognovi.*" Here the author refers to a capitulary of Louis the Pious, who began his reign in the year 814. Senckenberg, finding this note of time irreconcilable with his theory, rejects the passage as an interpolation: but, as it contains nothing to excite suspicion, and occurs in all the known manuscripts and editions, we think it impossible to approve of his trenchant mode of obviating a critical difficulty. From the passage lately quoted, Savigny infers that the book was written in Lombardy. He is disposed to refer its composition to the commencement of the twelfth century, and he even hazards a conjecture that it may have been the production of Irnerius.

None of the manuscripts, except that of Vienna, has any title prefixed, and the title which it exhibits is altogether inappropriate: "*Summa Novellarum Constitutionum Justiniani imp.*" The first two editions bear the inscription of "*Corpus Legum*;" and the third, published by Pesnot in 1553, is entitled "*Brachylogos totius Juris Civilis, sive Corpus Legum.*" Both titles have since been used in their turn. The plan of the

work is nearly the same as that of the Institutes of Justinian, which the anonymous writer has partly abridged; and he has partly derived his materials from other sources, the Pandects, the Code, and the Novels. In his quotations from the latter collection, he seems uniformly to have employed the epitome of Julianus, whom he has frequently copied word for word. Savigny is of opinion that he has made no use of the Breviarium of Anianus, but, with respect to this point, Böcking arrives at a different conclusion. As to the value of the work, they are sufficiently agreed. This value, it may easily be conceived, does not consist in any originality of discussion on the principles of the Roman law; but, in an historical point of view, the Brachylogus is of no small importance. It apparently belongs to the era immediately preceding that of the *glossatores*; and, as Savigny remarks, it serves to evince that some individuals then possessed a knowledge of the law by no means despicable.*

Dr. Böcking has enumerated twenty-two previous editions of the work. The first of these is appended to an edition of the Institutes, printed at Lyon in the year 1549, "apud Sennetonios Fratres." Several of the early editors have added notes. The edition of Reusner, Francofurti, 1585, 8vo. appeared "cum paratitlis ejusdem, ac notis perpetuis, quæ commentarii vice esse possunt." A more pompous edition was at length published by Senckenberg, a professor of law in the university of Giessen. Francofurti et Lipsiæ, 1743, 4to. In a long preface, which he is pleased to call *præfamen*, and which is written in a peculiar style of Latinity, the merits of his author are very highly estimated; and he there expresses his determination to adopt the Brachylogus as a text-book for his academical prelections. The choice cannot be considered as very judicious, nor is it to be supposed that his example found many imitators. Böcking has reprinted the prefaces of former editors, has subjoined an account of the different manuscripts and editions, and has discussed the age of the writer, as well as the merits of his work, and the sources of his knowledge. The preliminary matter occupies one hundred and twenty-eight pages, and contains very ample information. He has subjoined critical annotations, and, apart from these, perpetual references to the ancient texts; nor has he excluded the glosses and notes of the manuscripts and former editions. He seems to have been well quali-

fied for the task which he undertook, and the book is now exhibited in a very satisfactory state. The Epitome inserted at the end of the volume had been previously noticed by Savigny and Schrader.

We now descend to the age of the *glossatores*, or those writers who used their best endeavor to elucidate the civil law soon after that study began to be prosecuted with renewed vigor. They labored under many disadvantages, incident to a period of intellectual darkness. In the knowledge of philology and history, so requisite for understanding the scope and spirit of ancient jurisprudence, they were unavoidably deficient, and were therefore chargeable with mistakes and misconceptions into which no modern tyro could easily fall. But these peculiar faults must be imputed to the barbarous age in which they lived; their merits as acute and indefatigable expounders of the law were entirely their own. Some of the more recent and more elegant civilians, particularly Alciatus, Duarenus, Hotman, Govea, and Muretus, have treated them with undeserved contempt; but many others, and among these Cujacius, Gravina,* and Bynkershoek, have amply commended the sagacity and perseverance with which Accursius and the rest of that family have investigated the most intricate questions of law. Their merits were highly extolled by Wieling, in his "Oratio pro Glossatoribus;"† and Hänel has discussed their character with ability and discrimination.‡ Brunquell published a learn-

* Gravinae Origines Juris Civilis, p. 113.

† Wieling Lectionum Juris Civilis libri duo, p. 291. edit. Traj. ad Rhen. 1740, 8vo.

‡ "Quod vero glossatorum scripta edo," says Hänel, "neminem fore arbitror, qui in malam partem interpretetur. Etsi enim sunt, qui illos renascentis juris Romani auctores contemnunt, eosque meras ineptias protulisse audacter adfirmant, tamen isti glossatorum scripta non modo non legisse, verum ne inspexisse quidem videntur, quum si unius Azonis Summam et præcipue Lecturam Codicis leviter tantum gustassent, æquius fortasse judicium fecissent. Debemus enim in illis non solum acumen ingenii, verum etiam animi constantiam admirari, qui omnibus fere subsidiis, quibus nostra ætate instructi sumus, destituti, ex ingentis molis voluminibus, sæpissime corrupte scriptis, disjecta doctrinæ membra conquirebant atque ordinabant, et quæ inter se pugnare viderentur, tam perite conciliabant, ut etiam nunc in jure controverso multas eorum opiniones, quamquam auctorum nomen reticentes, teneamus et in foro sequi non dedignemur. Omnino illi juris libros, quos possidebant, tam diligenter tractabant, ut eos memoria tenerent, tam docte et jucunde interpretabantur, ut incredibilis nobilissimorum ex omnibus Europæ partibus juvenum multitudo ad illorum scholas concurreret, quibus rebus tantam erant auctoritatem consequuti, ut de gravissimis causis, qui summam rerum illo tempore tenebant, ad eos referrent. Itaque glossatores semper colui, quum nitor et sum-

* Savigny's Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter, Bd. ii. S. 255.

ed prolusion on their sects and controversies,* which necessarily find a place in the general histories of the civil law; and, at a very recent period, the character and the works of the *glossatores* have been rendered more conspicuously known by the profound and masterly researches of Savigny.†

The first and oldest tract which occurs in Dr. Hänel's collection, he conjectures to have been written in Italy about the middle of the twelfth century. The author, whose name has not been discovered, begins by stating that there are said to be four lilies of the law, yielding good and various odors: "Quoniam quatuor esse legum dicuntur lilia, varios bonosque odores referentia." These fragrant lilies are Martinus, Bulgarus, Hugo a Porta Ravennate, and Jacobus Hugolinus, who were all professors of the civil law in the university of Bologna, and whose differences of opinion in expounding particular doctrines he undertakes to specify. But his attention is chiefly directed to the opinions of Martinus and Bulgarus.

The second tract, that of Rogerius Beneventanus "De Dissensionibus Dominorum," was first printed in the year 1537. An edition of it was published by Haubold,‡ to whose learned labors the students of ancient jurisprudence are so much indebted. Wenck, another very able professor in the same university, who has illustrated the history of the *glossatores*, is inclined to believe that the author wrote between 1127 and 1158; but Hänel fixes upon a period somewhat more recent, and places the composition of the work between 1150 and 1162. Of the materials supplied by his anonymous predeces-

sor, Rogerius seems very freely to have availed himself.

Another work of a nameless author, described by a good alliteration as "Codicis Chisiani Collectio," follows in the order of arrangement. Hänel supposes it to have been written about the close of the twelfth century. The author mentions the names of many recent writers on the civil law, all of whom, so far as can be ascertained, were natives of Italy, and it is highly probable that he likewise belonged to that country. From the two previous collections he has transcribed entire paragraphs.

The "Dissensiones Dominorum" of Hugolinus form a work of much greater extent than the other three combined. It comprehends no fewer than 470 paragraphs. Savigny and Hänel are both of opinion that the author must have written about the beginning of the thirteenth century. He has to a great extent incorporated the collections of his three predecessors, and has made many additions of his own. He mentions most of the writers whose names occur in the third collection, together with several others, and among these Azo, Odericus, and Vacarius; of whom the latter is best known to our countrymen, as having been the first professor of the civil law in England. His history was however involved in much obscurity till the appearance of Wenck's very elaborate and accurate work.*

All these reliques of jurisprudence are published with the most scrupulous care and diligence; nor can it escape the observation of any one who inspects the volume, that the editor must have bestowed upon it no small portion of time and labor. He commences with a preface of sixty pages, and has illustrated his different authors with a double series of annotations, the one containing references to a variety of writers who have discussed the same subjects, and the other relating to the readings and emendation of the text. His references to manuscript authorities, and to other obscure sources of information, are very numerous. His style of annotation is concise, and he compresses much erudition within a narrow compass. Four different indices, very laboriously compiled, complete a volume of nearly eight hundred pages.

Dr. Hänel is a professor of law in the University of Leipzig, and is no unworthy

ma in excolendis operibus manus magis videri debeat temporibus quam ipsis defuisse, ut veteris quæ dicitur scholæ picturas magni habeo, etsi nunc eadem res adcuratius ad artis regulas pingi potest. Adjuvpræterea glossatorum lectio historiæ studium. Multæ enim opiniones multæque controversiæ etiamnunc agitatæ jam in glossatorum scriptis leguntur."

* Brunquelli Opuscula ad Historiam et Juris prudentiam spectantia, p. 305. Halæ Magd. 1774, 8vo.

† Savigny's Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter. Heidelberg, 1815-31, 6 Bde. 8vo. How far the English lawyers are disposed or prepared to avail themselves of his researches, may partly be inferred from the following erudite passage, which occurs in a very recent publication: "The Pandects were discovered at Amalphi in 1137, 2d Stephen. 3 Black Com. 66." (Mere-wether and Stephens's History of the Boroughs and Municipal Corporations of the United Kingdom, vol. i. p. 6. Lond. 1835, 3 vols. 8vo.)

‡ Rogerii Beneventani de Dissensionibus, Dominorum sive de Controversiis veterum Juris Romani Interpretum, qui Glossatores vocantur, Opusculum: emendatius edidit D. Christianus Gottlieb Haubold, &c. Lipsiæ, 1821, 8vo.

* Magister Vacarius, primus Juris Romani in Angliâ Professor, ex annalium monumentis et opere accurate descripto illustratus, Juris Romani in Bononiensis Scholæ initiis fortunam illustrans, emendationem, interpretationem hodiernam juvans, studiis Caroli Friderici Christiani Wenck, Jur. Doct. et Prof. Lipsiæ, 1820, 8vo.

successor of Haubold and Wenck. To his ardor in exploring the libraries of various countries, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Britain, Spain, and Portugal, we have elsewhere had occasion to allude. To this learned peregrination he devoted several years of his life, as well as some considerable share of his private fortune; and, returning to his native country with a very ample stock of materials, he speedily began to communicate to the public some portions of his literary wealth. The earliest of his works was his catalogue of manuscripts: the *Dissensiones Dominorum* followed after an interval of four years; and he now meditates editions of the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian Codes, and of the *Breviarium* of Anianus. For such a task he is eminently qualified, not only by his learning and acuteness, but likewise by the previous course of his researches.

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- ART. III.—1. *Istoria d' Italia di Messer Francesco Guicciardini a miglior lezione ridotta*, dal Professore Giovanni Rosini. 6 vol. 8vo. Parigi, 1832.
2. *Storia d' Italia, continuata da quella del Guicciardini sino al 1789*, di Carlo Botta. 10 vol. 8vo. Parigi, 1833.
3. *Annali d' Italia dal 1750 al 1819, compilati da A. Coppi in continuazione di quelli del Muratori*. 4 vol. 8vo. Roma, 1827.

THE history of modern Italy, as essentially connected with the general history of the other European states, begins with the end of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries. Before that time, and during that long preceding period called the middle ages, Italy, divided into numerous municipal republics and principalities, formed a political world of itself, the component parts of which were as much, if not more, divided and diversified in their social system, their interests, and their policy, as the other nations of Europe were among themselves. Accordingly, it is impossible to give a satisfactory single history of all Italy during the middle ages. Every republic, every principality, of that period has its own distinct annals or chronicles; which are like so many separate paintings, each occupying a frame of its own, so that, while we are looking into the history of Venice, of Florence, of Milan, of Genoa, of Rome, and of Sicily, we have a cosmoramic view of each of those States, but we can never embrace a panoramic outline of the whole of Italy.

We find, it is true, the history of one state often connected with that of some of its neighbors, but the connection is merely temporary, and soon after we lose sight of it altogether. There was no preponderating power round which the other states moved in orbits; each formed a system of itself. From the time of the Lombard league, the Imperial authority in Italy had become merely nominal. The irruptions of the Angevins and the Aragonese had ended by establishing native dynasties in Southern Italy, independent of the countries whence they originally came. Venice was a maritime power more Oriental than Italian. The dominion of the popes, as temporal sovereigns, was very limited; their authority was contested by the barons and the municipalities, even in the territory nominally belonging to the See of Rome, and was restrained on every side by its neighbors,—Naples, Florence and Venice. Some aspiring individuals,—the Visconti, Ladislaus of Naples, and Alfonso after him,—strove to create a preponderating power in Italy, but they failed. Wiser heads endeavored to establish a balance of power between the Italian states, so as to secure the rights and independence of each, resembling in principle the balance which the statesmen of Europe in after-ages conceived and strove to maintain, for the sake of guarding against the encroachments of the houses of Austria or of Bourbon. This equilibrium among the Italian states, between Florence and Milan, Venice and Naples, answered its purpose as long as the little world of Italy, insulated as it were from the rest of Europe, had to guard only against native ambition; but when there rose beyond the Alps other and much more formidable powers, who began to look upon Italy as an easy prey, then the Italian system of balance of power, instead of strengthening the country against the danger from abroad, weakened it by keeping alive old jealousies and animosities. A confederacy of all the Italian states would have been then more to the purpose. The great Lorenzo de' Medici perceived the want of such a bond of union, and he attempted to supply it by an alliance between Florence, Milan, and Naples, but his death frustrated his yet immature design. Private ambition, rival jealousies, and general dishonesty, opened Italy to the army of Charles VIII. and from that moment Italian independence was lost.

“So long as the three great nations of Europe (France, Germany, and Spain) were unable, through internal dissensions or foreign war, to put forth their natural strength, the Italians had so little to dread for their independence, that their policy was altogether

directed to the regulation of the domestic balance of power among themselves. In the latter part of the fifteenth century a more enlarged view of Europe would have manifested the necessity of reconciling petty animosities, and sacrificing petty ambition in order to preserve the nationality of their governments, not by attempting to melt down Lombards and Neapolitans, principalities and republics, into a single monarchy, but by the more just and rational scheme of a common federation. The politicians of Italy were abundantly competent, as far as cool and clever understandings could render them, to perceive the interests of their country. But it is the will of Providence that the highest and surest wisdom, even in matters of policy, should never be unconnected with virtue."—*Hallam's Europe during the Middle Ages*, ch. iii.

Ludovico Sforza, in order to secure his usurpation of the duchy of Milan over his own nephew, invited the French to the conquest of Naples; Florence under the weak Piero de Medici, abetted the invaders; and the Borgias at Rome, after repeatedly betraying both parties, sided with the stronger. The French went to Naples, were driven away, came again under Louis XII., and the Aragonese dynasty of Naples, who in distress had applied to their relative, Ferdinand of Spain, for assistance, found themselves stripped of every thing by their own perfidious ally. The French and Spaniards then quarrelled about the spoils; the French were worsted, and Spain remained in possession of Naples and Sicily. Lombardy, by means equally unjust, had fallen into the hands of Louis XII. and, to complete the total ruin of Italy, a pope, Julius II., allied himself with both French and Germans, to effect the destruction of Venice, the only Italian state that still maintained its independence. The same Julius, soon afterwards, feeling perhaps a return of Italian spirit and Italian sagacity, formed a fresh alliance with Venice and Spain to drive the French from Lombardy, and he succeeded, after having occasioned infinite mischief. The horrors of that war, 1509—12, the plunder of Vicenza, Padua, Legnago, and other towns, the storming and massacre of Brescia, are faithfully described by an eye-witness, Luigi da Porta in his *Lettere Storiche*, published for the first time in 1832. In the end, Louis XII. was obliged to give up Lombardy, which that prince, styled by French historians "the father of his people," had covered with blood and ruins, through his inordinate ambition. A third French king and a fresh army soon afterwards crossed the Alps to attempt the conquest of unfortunate Lombardy. The result was like that at Naples. The French conquered and again lost, and Charles V. re-

mained in possession of the Milanese, as he was already of Southern Italy. The remaining Italian powers, now thought of resistance, but it only served to rivet their chains. Rome was taken and horribly pillaged, 1527; and, soon after, 1530, Florence was obliged to submit to Charles and the Medici. All Italy lay prostrate at the foot of Spain.

This eventful period of 36 years, from the descent of Charles VIII. into Italy by the final subjugation of that country to Charles V., found a contemporary historian equal to the task of handing down its transactions to posterity. As this was the epoch in which the history of modern Italy first assumed a sort of unity of character, of condensation of interests, so was Guicciardini the first general historian of his country. The merits of his work are well known, and we need not here enlarge upon them. He was the friend of Machiavelli, from whom it seems very probable that he derived much information of which he availed himself for the earlier part of his work. It is well known that Machiavelli had collected materials for the continuation of his history of Florence, which breaks off at the death of Lorenzo in 1493. In the years which followed, Machiavelli was employed in several important missions, connected with the politics of Florence and of Italy in general, while Guicciardini was still little more than a boy, and it was only in 1512 that Guicciardini, then 30 years of age, was first employed on a political mission. Machiavelli was then a veteran in diplomacy. They afterwards became intimately acquainted, and Machiavelli was twice sent on a mission to Guicciardini, who was then papal lieutenant, first at Modena in 1526, and afterwards at Parma in 1527. The conversation of such a man as Machiavelli could not but be singularly instructive to his junior brother diplomatist. For the rest the tone of both historians is the same; they are both matter of fact narrators: they consider men such as they found them to be, and not such as they might or ought to have been, and they relate with the same imperturbability an act of atrocity as a generous deed. They expose weakness, errors of understanding, bad policy, but care little about the morality of actions. They seem to have thought, like some statesmen of our own days, that an error is worse than a crime. They appear biassed by no passion, either good or bad, but proceed straightforward with their sententious narrative, unmoved and inexorable. They account for the acts of men either from self-interest or ambition, lust or revenge, violence or pusillanimity, but seldom

if ever from virtue. But where was virtue to be found among public men in Italy at that time? Was it to be met with among the Borgias, or in the militant Julius II., or among the Medicis? Was it to be found in Sforza, who betrayed his own country and poisoned his nephew; or in Trivulzio, who fought in the ranks of the invaders of his native land; or in Pescara, who revealed to Charles V. the secret of his brother conspirators; or in the weak, discordant, pusillanimous councillors of Florence? The policy of that republic, like that of all the Italian republics of the middle ages, was found upon might and not upon right. Or, did virtue exhibit itself among the foreign kings and their generals who were desolating the fair fields of Italy—in a Ferdinand of Aragon or his general the great Gonzalo, who broke the promise he had given on the consecrated host; or in a Maximilian, ever faithless to his treaties; in Louis XII., who ground the unfortunate Milanese with taxes, and plundered their cities, and ransacked their libraries; or his nephew Gaston de Foix, who sent to the scaffold the brave defender of Brescia, Count Avogadro; in a Bourbon, who led the army of a Catholic and Apostolic Sovereign to attack the Pontiff in his own capital; or lastly, in those multitudes of foreign soldiers of all nations, between whom the only difference recorded is, that the French were the most insolent and licentious, the Germans the most brutal, the Swiss the most avaricious, and the Spaniards the most coldly and ingeniously cruel? Such were the scenes among which Guicciardini lived, such the period, the history of which he undertook to describe, and which he has sketched in all its fearful reality. In times of triumphant vice, historians are apt to be either misanthropists or sceptics. In our own days, similar causes have produced in France the school of fatalist historians.

The editions of Guicciardini's history were generally incorrect or mutilated, until Professor Rosini of Pisa published his edition of 1820. He has corrected numerous passages, and has also, by a new and judicious distribution of the material arrangement of sentences and punctuation, imparted fluency to some of the more intricate and prolix periods of the text. Professor Rosini has added in the last volume an important "Essay on the Life and Works of Guicciardini," in which he gives a complete and impartial moral portrait of that great historian.

A continuation of Guicciardini's history had long been a desideratum in Italian literature. Botta, already known for his work on the contemporary history of Italy, was applied to, and he undertook the task in 1826.

A hundred persons, mostly Italians, of various conditions and opinions, who admired Botta's now universally acknowledged abilities and honest frankness, subscribed together for the purpose of enabling him to devote himself to this laborious task, and to secure him some remuneration; as he had been only a loser by the publication of his former history. After five years, the work was completed in 1830.

Botta takes up the continuation of Guicciardini's history, from the year 1534, and brings it down to 1789, where it meets his previously published history of the revolutionary conquest of Italy by the French, and of the reign of Napoleon, which was reviewed in No. I. of this Journal.

The calamities of the sixteenth century were not altogether unattended by any compensation for Italy, with regard to its future political strength and independence. After the abdication of Charles V. in 1556, those Italian states which had retained, if not civil liberty, at least their own native government, recovered in some degree from their stupor, and exhibited less subserviency to the will of Spain. Cosmo I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, showed a determination to be the master in his own dominions; he baffled the intrigues of French and Spaniards, who both aimed at the possession of Siena, and at last succeeded in adding that city and its territory to the rest of Tuscany. The popes likewise made several important additions to their state. Several fiefs of the Colonna and other baronial families were incorporated. The duchy of Urbino became likewise united to the papal territory by the extinction of the House of La Rovere in 1632. A still more important acquisition was that of Ferrara, which had been for centuries under the D'Este, and which, after the death of Alfonso II. without issue in 1597, was united to the Roman state, which thus extended from the frontiers of Naples to the Po. Parma and Piacenza were detached from the Milanese and given to the House of Farnese.

But the most important event in favor of Italian nationality, was the rapid rise of a warlike and independent monarchy at the foot of the Alps, which has ever since contributed more than any other in preserving the North of Italy from total subjugation, and which may yet be destined to render further services to the cause of Italian independence. By the peace of Chateau-Cambresis between France and Spain in 1559, Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, recovered possession of his dominions, which had been for a quarter of a century in the hands of the French. He was the real founder of the power of the House of Savoy.

in Italy, which under a succession of clever and brave princes increased with every subsequent reign. His son, Charles Emmanuel I., made the important acquisition of the marquisate of Saluzzo, which constitutes one of the finest provinces of Piedmont. Charles Emmanuel was an extraordinary character. A man of unconquerable spirit, undismayed by reverses, deep and secret in his resolves, he was compared to a spring, which, the more it is pressed, the more strongly it rises again. But he had a restless temper and a most unruly imagination, which the Venetians used to call "his madness," and which led him to conceive the most vast and impracticable projects. At one time he had secretly allied himself to Henry IV. of France for the overthrow of the House of Austria, with the understanding that he was to have Milan and Montferrat, and assume the title of King of Lombardy. The French, however, were to retain two fortified places in his dominions. After Henry's assassination, Charles aspired to marry his widow, Marie de Medici, and to become Regent of France. Having incurred the displeasure of Spain, he widened the breach by claiming Montferrat, on the death of Francis Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, who was his son-in-law, and without waiting for negotiations he invaded the country. This brought on a war with the Spanish governors of Milan, which lasted for nearly ten years without any definite result. He then endeavored to gain possession of Genoa, but in vain. He had before attempted to take Geneva by surprise. He next allied himself to Spain, on occasion of the death of Vincenzo, Duke of Mantua, the last of the elder branch of the Gonzagas, in order to oppose the succession of the Duke of Nevers, the next heir. Charles Emmanuel again invaded Montferrat, while the Spaniards besieged Casale. The French came to the relief of the Duke of Nevers, but Charles Emmanuel defeated them at the battle of Vraits. Meanwhile a German army entered Lombardy as auxiliary to Spain, besieged and took Mantua, where they committed all sorts of horrors, in 1630. This is the German army which brought the plague so eloquently described by Manzoni in his *Promessi Sposi*. Charles Emmanuel died soon afterwards, and his son, Victor Amadeus I., obtained, by the peace of Ratisbon, the greater part of the so-much contested Montferrat: the chief town, Casale, however, was restored to Nevers, Duke of Mantua.

The sixteenth century, and the first part of the seventeenth, may, therefore, be considered as the epoch of the fusion of many petty states, the relics of the middle ages, into great divisions, such as the Papal State,

Tuscany, and the dominions of the House of Savoy. This was so far an improvement in a national point of view, although obtained in several instances through war and injustice. The history of Italy, which during the middle ages was a most perplexing labyrinth, becomes henceforth less intricate and more intelligible.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Venice lost the island of Cyprus. A numerous Turkish force invaded it in 1570, took Nicosia by storm, and beleaguered the capital, Famagosta. After an obstinate siege, the garrison being reduced to 700 men, and the town suffering by famine, the Venetian governor, Bragadino, though against his will, listened to the terms of Mustapha Pasha. The garrison, and such of the inhabitants as chose to withdraw, were allowed to do so. But on a sudden Bragadino and his officers were arrested, and the latter, after being first tortured, were put to death along with 300 soldiers. Bragadino himself was led naked to the square, tied to a pillar, scourged, and then flayed alive in presence of the barbarous Pasha. The Turk had offered him his life, rank, and emolument, if he would turn Musulman. Bragadino nobly rejected the impious offer, and expired with the name of the Saviour on his lips. His skin was filled with straw, suspended to the yard-arm of a Turkish galliot, and sent to Constantinople. All the Venetians and the Greeks who were left alive were carried into slavery. Such were Ottoman faith and Ottoman generosity towards a gallant foe. This horrible tragedy took place in August 1571. Venice raised a monument to the martyr Bragadino.

In October of the same year the battle of the Curzolari, called also the battle of Lepanto, again raised the spirits of the Christian world. Don Juan of Austria, and the Venetian provveditor, Barbarigo, completely routed the great Turkish fleet, sinking most of their ships, and taking others. Barbarigo lost his life in the combat. The Genoese admiral, Gian Andrea Doria, did not contribute to the victory as he might and ought to have done.

The seventeenth century was for Italy a period of comparative peace, if by peace is meant the absence of foreign war and invasion. The south of the Peninsula was disturbed by popular revolts at Naples and in Sicily, which only served to aggravate the miseries of the people. The famous revolt of Masaniello, and the subsequent attempt of the Duke of Guise to possess himself of the sovereignty of Naples, are well known, and formed the subject of an interesting article by Sir Walter Scott in the eighth Number of this Journal. In the north a petty, desultory

kind of warfare was revived, and carried on for many years, between the French, the Duke of Savoy, and the Spanish governors of Milan, on account of the eternal disputes about Mantua and Montferrat, which we have already alluded to, and which were only terminated by the treaty called the Peace of the Pyrenees, concluded between France and Spain in 1659. Thirty years of peace followed, the benefit of which was chiefly felt by those Italian states which were under native rulers. Charles Emmanuel II. Duke of Savoy, applied himself to heal the wounds which had been inflicted on Piedmont during the past contest, and, at the same time, to embellish his capital. The royal palace of Turin, the chapel of the Sudario, with its marble dome and pillars, the Carignano palace, the college of the nobles, the royal country mansion of Rivoli, and the other villa of La Veneria, are all monuments of his reign. A still more creditable, because more useful, undertaking was the road which he cut through the rocks of Les Echelles in Savoy, by which he first opened an easy and direct communication between Chambery and Lyons, which constitutes even at present the high road from France to Italy, and which may be compared with the great modern roads of the Simplon and of Mont Cenis. Charles Emmanuel established at Turin a literary society and an academy of painting.

Ferdinand II. Grand Duke of Tuscany, called the "Friend of Letters," and his brother Leopold, encouraged the sciences, they founded the academy called *Del Cimento*, one of the few Italian academies which have not thrown away their time in trifles. Torricelli, Redi, Magalotti, Marsili, Viviani, and other eminent men, especially in mathematics and the natural sciences, adorned Florence and the court of Ferdinand. Young men from all countries of Europe resorted to that capital as to a new Athens. The reign of Ferdinand II. was to Tuscany a renewal of the age of his great ancestor Lorenzo. Nor was Rome then inclined to disturb the investigations of science as in the time of Galileo. Alexander II. (Cardinal Chigi) was, unlike predecessors, Urban VIII. and Innocent X., a pontiff of a mild, virtuous character, and of an enlightened mind, and a great patron of literature and of the arts. It was under him that Cardinal Pallavicino wrote his *History of the Council of Trent*. Alexander died in 1667, after a twelve years' pontificate, and was succeeded by Clement IX. (Rospigliosi), another virtuous pope, and still more temperate than Alexander in the exercise of his authority. He conciliated France, disturbed by the feuds of the Jansenists. He reigned too short a time for the welfare of

Rome and of the Catholic world; dying in 1669, and leaving behind him the memory of having been one of the most deserving occupants of the Romish see. He was succeeded by Clement X. (Altieri), a quiet, good old man, who was himself succeeded, in 1678, by Innocent XI. This was also a pontiff of irreproachable character, disinterested and averse to nepotism, a lover of justice, and firm in asserting it. He had a dispute with the haughty Louis XIV. on account of the *immunities*, as they were called, which the foreign ambassadors had long enjoyed at Rome; and by which, not only their palaces, but the houses in the adjoining streets, could not be entered by the officers of justice; affording thereby so many sanctuaries to all the bad characters in the Holy City, who sallied out by night to commit depredations and other misdeeds, and then returned to their haunts, where the police could not follow them. Innocent XI. determined to put an end to this abuse; he did not, however, touch the rights of the then resident ambassadors, but he notified to the various courts that he would not admit in future any new ambassador who did not renounce the immunities. Louis XIV. sent the Marquis of Lavardin, who came accompanied by several hundred French half-pay officers, in order to support by force, if necessary, his pretended immunities. Innocent XI., thinking he had a right to be master in his own capital, refused to give audience to Lavardin, and even excommunicated him. The ambassador placarded his protest at the corners of the streets. The pope, however, stood firm; and Louis XIV. then seized upon Avignon, and would have sent a fleet against the Roman territories, had not other and more weighty matters engrossed all his attention. This strange controversy was not set at rest until after the death of Innocent, who was succeeded by Alexander VIII. He was followed by Innocent XII., also a disinterested and moral pontiff.

It may safely be asserted, that the seventeenth century exhibits a series of popes which is upon examination far more satisfactory than that registered in the annals of the sixteenth. It was in the seventeenth century that Rome first began to accommodate itself to the change of the times; it then first adopted a tone of wise and dignified moderation, which became it better than its former assumption of supremacy in temporal concerns, and which it has maintained with little interruption ever since. In saying this, we are of course speaking of the tone and demeanor of the court of Rome towards Catholic states. In point of morals, the change was still greater. From the end of the six-

teenth century, the popes have been, with very few exceptions indeed, men whose personal character has been above scandal. There have been no more Borgias, Roveres, Medicis, Caraffas, or Farneses. In the eighteenth century this happy improvement has been still more marked. Those politicians, or inflexible religionists, who think that the Papal power, both spiritual and temporal, ought to be swept away *instante, vi et armis*, from the face of the globe, will of course overlook these shades of character in the history of that Church, as not worth their attention; but we, who are not yet quite persuaded of either the probability or the expediency of such a sudden and total revolution, we congratulate mankind that an office so influential as that of the papal dignity has passed during the last two hundred years through a succession of generally estimable, reasonable, humane men, who shared the sympathies of their fellow-creatures, instead of frightening them by stern fanaticism, or revolting them by their profligacy.

The republic of Venice was, during the second part of the seventeenth century, chiefly engaged in its wars beyond the sea against the Ottomans. The Turks invaded the island of Candia, in 1645, with a large force, took Canea and Retimo by storm, and began to lay siege to Candia, the capital of the island, which was regularly fortified. The war of Candia lasted more than twenty years, and is one of the most memorable in history for perseverance and desperate valor on one side, and the gallant defence on the other. The Venetian fleet meanwhile scoured the sea; the Captain-General, Grimani, defeated the Turks near Negroponte, and drove them into the port of Nauplia. In the following year, 1648, he sailed for the Dardanelles, when a terrible storm dispersed his fleet, and sunk the admiral's ship with Grimani on board. Luigi Mocenigo was appointed his successor. He repelled the first assaults of the Turks upon Candia, and obliged them to convert the siege into a blockade. In 1651, he sailed to attack the Turkish fleet, which was bringing reinforcements to their countrymen in Candia, and fell in with it between Paros and Naxos. The Captain Pasha's ship was taken, others were sunk, and several burned. The Venetian flag rode triumphant over the Archipelago. Mocenigo died in 1653, and was succeeded by Lorenzo Marcello, who completely defeated the Turkish fleet before the entrance of the Dardanelles in July, 1656, taking 80 ships, sinking others, killing 14,000 of the enemy, and making 5000 prisoners. But Marcello himself was slain by a cannon shot. Lazaro Mocenigo, who brought to Venice

the news of the victory of the Dardanelles, was appointed Captain-General. He sailed for the Levant, with the full determination of forcing the passage of the Dardanelles, and burning the Turkish ships in the harbor of Constantinople. The famous Mehemet Coprougli was then Grand Vizir, and he had fortified the castles, and manned a new fleet, which came out to meet the Venetians. Mocenigo routed the Turks, and, notwithstanding a violent storm, entered the Straits, passed the first batteries, and was on the point of entering the sea of Marmora, when his ship caught fire and blew up, in July, 1657. After a succession of other commanders, the senate appointed Francesco Morosini, a name which has become deservedly illustrious in the annals of Venice. Volunteers from France, Savoy, Rome, and Malta crowded to the defence of Candia. On the other side, Achmet Coprougli, son of Mehemet, and equal to his father in abilities, arrived, in 1666, to take the command of the Turkish forces in the island. He brought with him strong reinforcements, which increased his troops to 70,000 men, with an immense train of artillery. The close siege was resumed in 1667. The Turks were very expert in the art of making trenches and digging mines, but the Venetians were not less quick with their countermines. After furiously battering the place, the Turks made repeated assaults, but were repulsed in all, until the rainy season came to interrupt the operations of the siege, which was resumed in the following year with great loss on both sides, but without any decisive result. At last the Turks succeeded, after an immense loss, in making a lodgement in one of the bastions, where they fixed a battery. Morosini, foreseeing this, had undermined the work; he set fire to a mine which contained 9000 pounds of gunpowder, and which blew up that of the bastion, with the Turks and their cannon. The besiegers, nothing appalled, set about in the ditch deliberately to sap the remaining part of the bastion, which was still in the power of the Venetians, and amidst a shower of balls they succeeded in levelling the whole bastion to the ground; in consequence of which the town remained exposed on that side. Candia was now in imminent danger, when a squadron arrived from Toulon with 5000 men under the Duke of Noailles, whom Louis XIV. had sent to the relief of that place. Pope Clement IX. also sent his galleys with some troops. Noailles found the town in a miserable plight. The whole line of fortifications was in a ruinous state, and broken in many places, and within neither a house nor a church was left entire. Everywhere lay men either dead or dying,

wounded or mutilated; and the streets were encumbered with ruins, and with heaps of shot and shells thrown from the Turkish batteries. Noailles decided upon making an immediate *sortie*, as he was confident of beating the Turks in the open field. He accordingly went out (against the advice of Morosini and other veteran officers) in the night of the 24th of June, with about 6000 men and 600 horse. They formed in silence outside the walls, and rushed, at break of day, upon the Turkish entrenchments, carrying all before them, took several redoubts, and entering the trenches killed all the Turks they met with. The Turks in the camp, and Coprougli himself, surprised by this furious onset, withdrew to a hill in the rear; and the French were proceeding to seize the batteries, when the accidental explosion of some barrels of powder made the soldiers, who had heard much of the wonderful use of mines in the siege, fancy that the whole ground upon which they stood was undermined. A cry of "*Gare la mine!*" ran through the ranks, and they fled in disorder towards the town, notwithstanding all the efforts of their officers to rally them. Coprougli, seizing the moment, fell upon them, and would have destroyed them all, had not Morosini sallied from the town, with a body of his own Venetians, to cover their retreat, and to divert the attention of the enemy. The French lost 500 men, including the Duke of Beaufort and many other of the principal officers, whose heads were carried to the Vizir, and afterwards paraded on spikes round the walls of the beleaguered city. Soon afterwards, Noailles embarked with his remaining men, in spite of all the entreaties of Morosini, leaving Candia to its fate. The Maltese and Papal galleys followed his example.

Morosini had now no hopes of being able to defend the place any longer. His endeavors were therefore directed to save 4000 citizens and about as many soldiers, who were all that remained alive. He assembled a council of war on the 27th of August, when it was resolved to capitulate. The Vizir granted honorable terms. Not only the garrison, but all the citizens who chose to depart, were allowed time to do so, and to carry away all their moveables; and, in order to guard against a repetition of the atrocious treachery of Cyprus, Morosini demanded hostages and Coprougli gave them. But Morosini did more: upon his own responsibility, he availed himself of the eagerness which the Turks felt for the possession of Candia, to convert the capitulation into a permanent treaty of peace between the Republic and the Porte. The terms were more advantageous to Venice than those generally

granted under similar circumstances. The republic retained, on the coasts of Candia, the possession of Suda, Carabusa, and Spinalonga, besides Clissa and several other districts in Dalmatia, which the Venetians had conquered during the war. All prisoners and slaves taken during the war were liberated. Morosini, on his return to Venice, was tried for having exceeded his powers, but was honorably acquitted.

In September, 1649, Candia was evacuated, all the inhabitants choosing to follow Morosini, trusting to the generosity of Venice for their future support. The senate afterwards gave them lands and houses in the province of Istria, at and near Parenzo. Many noble Candiot families chose the Ionian islands for their residence. Morosini sailed with the first division, Grimaldi and Montbrun with the last, leaving the serjeant-major, Pozzo di Borgo, and two or three other subalterns, to deliver the keys. The Vizir entered the deserted town through the breach of the demolished bastions, which was lined by his janizaries. Coprougli behaved on this occasion as an honorable and even generous conqueror. The war of Candia cost the Senate twenty-five millions of ducats, and increased the debt of the republic to sixty-four millions. In the last three years of the siege 29,088 Christians of all ranks and nations, and of both sexes, were killed, as well as 70,000 Turks, besides 38,000 country people and slaves. The Turks made sixty-nine assaults, the Christians eighty *sorties*, and the number of mines exploded on both sides was 1364. The siege of Candia is a theme worthy of the noblest pens.

"Even Daru," observes Botta, "prejudiced as he is against Venice, has shown himself, in relating the Candian war, a sincere and just historian, and more swayed by truth than by certain partialities which seem to influence him both when he speaks and when he is silent on other occasions."—B. xxvii.

In 1684, war having again broken out between Venice and the Porte, Morosini was appointed Generalissimo of the republic by sea and by land. He sailed from Venice with a powerful fleet, and was joined at Corfu by several Maltese, Papal, and Tuscan galleys. He took Santa Maura and afterwards Preveza. He then landed in the Morea, from which the Venetians had been expelled ever since the time of Solyman the Great, took Coron by storm, marched to join the Mainotes, took Calamata, and defeated a Turkish army sent to its succour. Next year he opened the campaign with 10,000 men, took Navarino and Modon, defeated

the seraskier's army, besieged Napoli and took it after an obstinate defence. In 1687, he defeated in a pitched battle the seraskier near Patras, taking his standard, reduced Patras and Lepanto, Corinth, and finally the whole of the Morea. Morosini then landed at the Piræus, and attacked the Acropolis of Athens. It was in this siege that a shell, thrown by the Venetians, fell on the Parthenon, where the Turks had deposited their powder, and partly laid it in ruins. The Turks then surrendered. In 1688, Morosini made an attack on Eubœa, but did not succeed, owing chiefly to the malaria fever having spread in his camp. The same year the doge, Giustiniani, having died, Morosini, although absent, was elected his successor, retaining his command in the Levant,—a thing unusual in that jealous republic. In 1689, Morosini returned to Venice; he was met at sea by the senate, and led in triumph to the landing place in the square of St. Mark, amidst the acclamations of the whole population. It was a proud day for Venice. A statue of bronze was erected to him in the great hall of the Council of Ten, with the surname of Peloponnesiacus. A few years afterwards, Morosini, old and infirm, was sent again to the Morea, where illness terminated his glorious career at Napoli di Romania in 1693. He has been called "the last of the Venetians;" he was certainly the last of their successful generals. After his death a cautious policy seemed to pervade the councils of the republic, and few traces of its former bold determination remained. However, by the peace of Carlowitz in 1699, the republic retained the Morea, the island of Egina, Santa Maura, as well as several places conquered in Dalmatia. The Morea was finally retaken in 1715 by the Turks, who were repulsed with great loss in their attack upon Corfu in the following year. By the peace of Passarowitz in 1718, the Venetians renounced the Morea and Egina, as well as the fortresses on the coast of Candia. They retained the Ionian islands, including Cerigo; and Preveza, Vonizza, and the fortresses on the coast of Albania. This was the last war between Venice and the Porte. The Venetian flag continued, however, to make itself respected at sea, especially in the Levant and on the Barbary coasts, where the recollection of its former victories kept up the magic of its name for nearly a century longer: and the senate did not neglect its navy. During the war between the Russians and the Turks under the Empress Catharine, a Venetian fleet under the captain-general, Angelo Emo, kept in respect the fleets of the two belligerents, and, by cruising in the seas

of the Levant, protected not only the Venetian but the other Christian neutral vessels. At the fall of the republic, Venice had a fleet of 50 ships of war of different sizes, and 700 large merchant vessels. The weak point of Venice was not on the side of the sea.

Genoa, the other Italian republic, had long since lost its maritime power. Its flag was no security against the Barbary corsairs, and the island of Corsica, its only remaining possession beyond the sea, was in an almost continual state of insurrection. In the city of Genoa itself frequent conspiracies were hatched, owing to the eternal dissensions between the democrats and the nobles, and among these, between the *portico vecchio*, or old families, and the *portico nuovo* or new nobility. Genoa had no Council of Ten to repress the inordinate ambition of daring individuals; yet, by good luck, all the conspiracies were discovered in time. And to prove the sincerity of the pretended assertors of Genoese popular liberty, it is enough to state, that most of these conspirators were abetted by either France, Spain, or the Dukes of Savoy, to whom they would have sold the independence of their country, for the object of a momentary triumph and revenge upon the envied patricians. Fieschi, in 1547, aspired to be ruler of Genoa, under the protection of France, and with the assistance of the execrable Pier Luigi Farnese, Duke of Parma. Cibo, soon after, attempted a similar revolution with the assistance of the French, who were then masters of Mondovi. Coronato, in 1576, after creating great disturbances between the two orders of nobility, and then between the new nobility and the citizens, being disappointed by the reconciliation of the two parties, hatched another conspiracy, but was discovered, tried, and executed. Giulio Cesare Vachero, another demagogue, a man of the most flagitious character, joined with Ansaldo, a noble of a similar disposition, and agreed, in 1628, with Charles Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy, to introduce Piedmontese troops into the city. Vachero's friends were at the same time to issue from their haunts, shouting "Liberty!" to seize the palace, and throw the senators out of windows, to open the prisons, to slaughter all the nobles without distinction of age or sex, to plunder their houses, as well as the public magazines, and keep part of the booty to propitiate Prince Vittorio of Savoy, who was to appear under the walls with a body of 5000 men. Luckily, one of the conspirators revealed the whole plot to Rodino, his father-in-law, who, having been once banished for murder, had served in the Piedmontese troops, but had recently been

pardoned, and even entrusted with the command of a body of men in the service of the republic. Rodino was terrified at the scheme, and he immediately revealed the whole to the doge. The leaders were taken, and expiated their crime on the scaffold; and Charles Emmanuel was not ashamed to interfere in behalf of his agent Vachero, threatening the republic with open war if he were put to death. This, however, did not save the culprit. (*Botta*, book xix.) In 1650, Gianpaolo Balbi, one of the new or *portico nu vo* nobility, solicited first the French and then the Spaniards to assist him in overturning the government of his country. Being discovered in both instances, his companions were executed, but he escaped, and wandered in exile in various countries of Europe. He then wrote against the government of Genoa, and the usurped power of the nobles; but "supposing even that all he says were true, this would never excuse a citizen who, in order to settle the government of his country according to his ideas, calls in foreigners and the soldiers of absolute powers to assist him."—*Botta*, book xxv.

In 1671, Raffaele della Torre, a young man of a noble Genoese family, after having spent his patrimony in debauchery, took to the sea, and seized, in sight of his native city, a ship bound to Leghorn, with a large amount in specie belonging to Genoese merchants. He fled to France, while his trial was instituted at Genoa, and he was condemned to death for piracy. He then repaired to Turin, where he proposed to the cabinet of Savoy the conquest of Genoa. The oldest advisers of the duke exclaimed against the proposal, but the duke himself resolved to attack Genoa, with which he was at peace, while Della Torre endeavored to excite a revolt by means of his friends: this was in 1673. The Piedmontese marched in the direction of Savona, while Della Torre, concealed in the neighborhood of Genoa, with a number of desperate characters, concerted with his friends in the city means for taking possession of one of the gates. The plan of operations, when once within the city, was exactly the same as that of Vachero. Murder, plunder, and fire, were to be let loose within the walls of Genoa. But here, again, a happy chance saved the state. One of Della Torre's confidants revealed the whole to the senate. Measures were taken to defeat the plot, and Della Torre had just time to escape. With the money he had received from the duke he wandered about in various countries, and was at last killed at Venice in 1681, while he was sauntering about masked, in company with several courtizans.

But the duke, although disappointed by the

failure of Della Torre, prosecuted the war against Genoa, for which he had not even a pretence. The whole transaction was a serious stain on the life of Charles Emmanuel II. The war lasted the whole of 1672, along the western Riviera, with the loss of many brave soldiers on both sides, but in the end with no advantage to the Piedmontese. Peace was made in the following year, through the intervention of France. The haughty Louis XIV., who already aspired to the protectorate of Italy, forced his mediation, and dictated in some measure to both belligerents. He afterwards obliged the Duke of Savoy to prosecute and exile the Waldenses, as he had himself treated his own Protestant subjects. He next picked a quarrel with Genoa: he demanded, among other things, that the sentence against the family of Fieschi should be reversed, alleging as a reason that Gian Luigi Fieschi had not deserved it, because his object was to restore Genoa to the former legitimate dominion of France! He also insisted that four galleys, which Genoa had recently put in commission, should be disarmed. In reading of these pretensions and political manœuvres of Louis XIV., and observing the tone assumed by him towards other states, one becomes more and more convinced that Napoleon in our days did little more than follow up, with greater energy and skill, and under more favorable circumstances, the plans already concocted during the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, and which had become hereditary in the French cabinet, tending to make France the arbitress of Europe. Both Louis and Napoleon, however, failed in the end, and he must be a bold man indeed who would renew the attempt after the failure of those two.

Upon the above plea, with which he coupled some pretended insults offered to his intriguing envoy, Louis XIV. sent his admiral, Duquesne, to bombard Genoa, "to punish it if it did not repent"—such were the words of the French minister, Seignelai, the son of Colbert, to the senate of an independent state! Duquesne's fleet, in May, 1684, threw 13,000 shells into the city, one half of which was thereby reduced to ruins. The French officers acknowledged that the bombardment of Genoa was more severe and destructive than that which they had inflicted upon Algiers the year before. The senate, however, stood firm; and the French fleet, after having done all the mischief it could, returned to Toulon. In the following year, the doge and four senators, in order to avoid further annoyance from so formidable a neighbor, repaired to Versailles, and there made an humble apology to Louis in the name of the republic for the offence of which

his majesty complained. Thus the Genoese were allowed to rebuild their houses in peace.

Louis, not content with the possession of the stronghold of Pignerol, on the Italian side of the Alps, had partly coaxed and partly frightened Charles Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, to admit a French garrison into the fortress of Casale in Montferrat. Piedmont was consequently at his mercy, and his troops marched backward and forward from Casale to Pignerol, as if they had been in their own country. The war of Louis against the German empire, which he began with the barbarous devastation of the Palatinate, brought on also a war with Spain, whose king was allied by blood and policy to the Emperor Leopold; and, as the possessions of Spain in Italy were more vulnerable than Spain itself, and Italy afforded more resources to an invader, Louis ordered his armies to march through Piedmont to the invasion of the duchy of Milan. Austria, on the other hand, assembled an army under Prince Eugene for the defence of Milan. Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, being placed between the two contending parties, perceived that for him neutrality was out of the question; and, as he was tired of the overbearing conduct of Louis, he decided in favor of Austria and Spain. In 1690 the French, under Catinat, began pouring over the Alps. Louvois, King Louis's minister, gave orders to Catinat to devastate Piedmont, and, although against Catinat's feelings, his orders were but too well obeyed by the soldiers. The Piedmontese, seeing their fields ravaged and their houses in flames, retaliated upon the French detached parties and stragglers. After the battle of Staffarda, in which the Austrians and Piedmontese lost 7000 men, the French spread over the fine plain of Turin, plundering, violating, burning, and slaughtering. They sacked Rivoli, and burnt Lucerna and Bibiana. Catinat wrote to Louvois, saying, "We ought to have mercy on the unfortunate inhabitants. What is to be done?" "Burn, devastate and burn," was the answer. "Had the Furies issued from Tartarus," observes Botta, "with their lighted torches, they could not have done worse than the soldiers, I will not say of Catinat, but of Louvois, did in Piedmont."—Book xxxii.

Turin and the other fortified places remained in the hands of Victor Amadeus. In the following year, 1691, the French attacked Cuneo, but were repulsed by Prince Eugene, and in their retreat were followed by the peasantry, who killed all the stragglers. They lost 4000 men in this affair. Another French corps ravaged the province of Aoste. Fresh Austrian troops came un-

der Schomberg to the assistance of the Piedmontese, and in the spring of 1692, Victor Amadeus resumed the offensive. He suddenly crossed the Alps above Pignerol, and carried the war into France. Here the Germans retaliated upon the innocent inhabitants of Dauphiné the cruelties that French soldiers had committed in the Palatinate two years before; and the Piedmontese likewise revenged themselves for the devastation of their own country. Embrun and Gap were sacked, and the latter burnt. The banks of the Durance paid for the ravages committed the year before on the banks of the Po. In 1693 Catinat again entered Piedmont by the valley of Susa, and his light troops appeared before Turin. Victor Amadeus hastened to the defence of his capital. He fought the battle of Marsaglia on the 4th of October, and was defeated with the loss of 10,000 men. The French, after the battle, gave no quarter to the German soldiers, being enraged at the devastations committed by the latter in Dauphiné the year before. Thus one atrocity serves as a pretext for another, until all parties become steeped in crime, and it is impossible to decide which is the guiltiest. But the French were not satisfied with killing their enemies; they fell upon the country-people, whom they tormented in every way to extort money from them. Lust, as usual, added to the horrors of cruelty. The celebrated Villars, who was present in this campaign, bears witness in his *Memoirs* to the enormities of his countrymen. "Very great disorders," he says, "were committed by our soldiers; several small towns were given up to the flames. Revello, where was a monastery, with fifty young ladies, boarders, of the first families of Piedmont, experienced all the horrors that the lust and insolence of the soldiery can inflict. After these disgraceful incursions, and having ruined a country, the resources of which, well managed, might have proved of great service to our army, our troops recrossed the Alps for the winter." Our blood boils at such a narrative, and yet what is this but a stray leaf of the enormous register of foreign outrages upon Italy? Another pest which followed the track of the French in these campaigns in Piedmont was the cupidity of the commissaries and contractors for the supply of the army. They plundered the Piedmontese, while at the same time they stinted the French soldiers of their allowance. Catinat, seeing his men perishing with hunger, became furious: he hung several of the culprits, but to little purpose; for one that was hung came another, as great a knave, only perhaps more adroit in concealing his roguery. This plague has generally attended most conti-

mental armies, but the French in particular. Buonaparte himself, in his Italian campaigns, complained bitterly of it to the Directory. The principle of making an army live at discretion upon the inhabitants is an infamous principle, and must bear corresponding fruit. The fatal expression of Turenne in the Palatinate, "My soldiers must live," being eagerly adopted with an outrageous latitude of meaning, has been the cause of infinite misery to Europe. No! the soldiers of an invading army have no right to live at discretion upon the inhabitants, and to plunder them of their substance; if they do, the inhabitants have a right to destroy them whenever they can, like beasts of prey. Those who send an army into a foreign country ought to provide for its subsistence; their commissaries ought to enter into an understanding with the local authorities, and give bonds for whatever supplies they receive, the whole to be paid by the Treasury. If one of the belligerents is to pay the whole expenses of the war, this must be settled at the peace, and in a legal manner. If this were done, wars would become too expensive to be undertaken on slight grounds. Unless all civilized nations, by common consent, agree to these natural principles of justice, there can be no safety for either states or individuals.

After two years more of a desultory warfare in Piedmont, Victor Amadeus, who had been secretly negotiating with Louis in order to save his states from total ruin, concluded a separate peace in June, 1696. The French agreed to give up to him Casale and Pignerol, after destroying the fortifications, and to evacuate Piedmont and Savoy, on condition that the Austrians should also on their part respect the neutrality of his territories. This convention was cleverly managed on the part of the Duke of Savoy, who availed himself of the importance of his adhesion to either party, to obtain permission to remain neutral, as each party would rather see him neutral than hostile. Thus Italy was allowed to breathe again in peace, until the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, put an end to the general war. The peace, however, was of short duration. The death of Charles II. of Spain was the signal for another and a more dreadful storm, which this time spread over the whole of Italy: the possession of Naples and Sicily, Milan and Sardinia, as part and parcel of the great Spanish succession, became the bone of contention between the Bourbons on the one side and the House of Austria on the other. As this war contributed mainly to the political settlement of Italy which has continued since, and the leading features of which still subsist, we shall enter at some

length into the details of the great contest as given by Botta.

Two fears agitated Europe on occasion of the Spanish succession. One was, that the House of Austria, by adding to its great power in Germany the dominion of Spain, America, and the Spanish possessions in Italy, would renew the scheme of universal monarchy, which was nearly realized by Charles V. The other danger was, that Louis XIV., whose ambition was already sufficiently manifest, and who had succeeded in giving to the great military resources of France an impulse before unknown, would, by placing one of his relatives on the Spanish throne, become the arbiter of Europe. These fears, although perhaps exaggerated, were not altogether visionary—we say exaggerated, because, so long as the institutions and the national character of a country, and especially of a country like Spain, remained unaltered, a mere change of dynasty could have no lasting effect on its politics, as it was proved in the case of Philip V., who a few years after he had, through the arms of France, been seated on the throne of Spain, made war against his own Bourbon relatives. When, as in the case of Napoleon, changes of dynasty in various countries are accompanied by revolutions in their institutions,—when every thing is newly fashioned according to the mind and will of one great military arbiter,—when the kings appointed by him are guarded by his own soldiers, and act merely as his prefects,—then, truly, the danger is infinitely greater to all remaining independent states,—then the foundations of universal monarchy are laid. But such a thing could in modern Europe be effected only by revolutionary power craftily wielded by a great military chief. The old monarchies, from their aversion to change, are deprived of that mighty but dangerous lever.

Pope Innocent XII., foreseeing the calamities to which Italy would be exposed in consequence of the disputed Spanish succession, had been endeavoring to form a league of the Italian states to preserve the neutrality of the Peninsula, and to prevent the irruption of foreigners under any pretext. He might as well have been employed in seeking for the philosopher's stone, or the quadrature of the circle. How was it possible to form an effectual league, whilst Naples and Lombardy, situated at the opposite extremities of the Peninsula, were both Spanish provinces, and as such in the hands of one of the two belligerents? Innocent died in the mean time, and Clement XI. (Albani), a man of elegant learning and taste, but timid and parsimonious, gave up the project. He tried,

however, and in good earnest, to preserve peace among the sovereigns; he spoke to them the language of the common pastor of Christendom; he sent ambassadors to the various courts for the purpose of adjusting amicably the knotty affair of the succession. His endeavors, although vain, reflected far more honor upon him, and upon the Roman court, than the intrigues of many of his predecessors, who had so often sowed dissension among nations, and called foreigners into Italy. This confirms what we have said before, that Rome was much altered, and for the better, since the middle of the seventeenth century. Spain, that is to say, its authorities, its grandees, clergy, and magistrates, had acknowledged Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV. Catalonia and Aragon alone were not hearty in their acknowledgement, but they dissembled for the present. The Spanish viceroys in Italy followed the dictates of the mother-country, and thus the authorities of Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Milan, swore allegiance to the Bourbon king. The populations of those dependencies cared but little whether an Austrian or a Bourbon resided at Madrid, while they themselves continued to be ruled by Spaniards. Now came the intrigues with regard to Naples. Both Philip and his rival, the Archduke Charles of Austria, insisted on the pope's decision of their respective claims. The See of Rome had claimed of old the right of bestowing the investiture of the crown of the Two Sicilies at every new accession, receiving as a fee a white hackney and a purse of 9000 ducats. This claim had been often contested and rejected, but now each of the contending parties was eager to acknowledge it. Each offered its white hackney and its purse, and much more in secret; nay France and Philip even offered to the pope the cession of the Abruzzi, to be annexed for ever to the Papal State! Clement, to his honor, refused, and in this showed himself superior to those who thus tempted him. Uceda, Philip's ambassador at Rome, endeavored to carry his point by a puerile and indecorous stratagem. He contrived to introduce, unobserved, an old white horse, covered with a rich embroidered cloth, into one of the courts of the Vatican on the eve of St Peter's, when the pope, after vespers, was coming out of the pontifical chapel. Uceda's messenger then presented the horse and the purse with 9000 ducats, and, without waiting for an explanation, ran away. A great bustle and confusion took place among the papal attendants at the sight of the poor hack, as if it had been the wooden horse of Troy. The pope, who had already positively refused to declare himself for the present

in favor of either pretender, was offended at this impertinence. He ordered the horse to be turned out, and the forlorn animal was driven the whole of that night and next day about the streets of Rome, followed by the mob with hisses and blows, until it fell dead. This was a farce that preceded the tragedy.

The first clashing of arms took place as usual in North Italy. The Emperor Leopold, besides his pretensions to the Spanish succession in the name of his son, the Archduke Charles, preferred a particular claim to the duchy of Milan, as an imperial fief, which had been granted by former emperors to the Visconti and the Sforza, and which, by the extinction of the descendants of Philip II., to whom Charles V. had granted the last investiture, had now reverted to the empire. Meanwhile he assembled a large force in the Tyrol. Pope Clement, seeing the storm approaching, made a last though ineffectual endeavor to avert it. He addressed himself to the Venetian senate, to induce it to stop the passage of the Austrians through the territory of the republic. But Venice was exhausted by its Turkish wars: the senators reflected that, by refusing a passage to the emperor's troops, which had been granted on former occasions in consideration of the imperial dignity as connected with the title of King of the Romans, they would in fact place themselves in a state of hostility against that power, and would be thereby driven to alliance with France and Spain, which might prove fatal to them in the end. How could Venice refuse a passage to the emperor, while the Duke of Savoy allowed the French to traverse Piedmont, and the Pope and the Duke of Modena permitted the Spaniards to pass through their territories in proceeding from Naples to Lombardy and vice versa? The neutrality of Venice on this, as on all other similar occasions before and after, consisted in merely allowing the German troops to pass by the shortest road to the duchy of Milan, without entering any of the walled towns, or stationing and fortifying themselves upon the Venetian territories.

Before the Austrians had time to descend from the Tyrol, the French contrived to gain possession of the important fortress of Mantua. Ferdinand Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, a man not deficient in natural abilities or information, had given himself up entirely to a life of effeminacy. His court was the resort of loose handsome women, especially singers and dancers, from various countries. He entertained them sumptuously, both in town and at his country-seats; and he kept fine barges on the Mincio and the Po for their diversion. He himself never travelled unattended by a number of them.

He was no jealous sultan either ; for he left them at perfect liberty to go or stay and do as they liked. Those who went away were immediately replaced by fresh arrivals. In the midst of this dreamy sort of existence, the uproar of arms awakened the duke. Both France and the emperor insisted upon being allowed to garrison Mantua. The Venetians proposed that the place should be guarded by soldiers of the pope and the republic until the peace. But the emperor, considering Mantua as a fief of the empire, would not listen to the proposal. The duke, bewildered, and almost regretting his princely station, was at last persuaded by a French agent to allow the troops of France and Spain to enter the fortress in April, 1701. For this Ferdinand was put to the ban of the empire, and denounced as a base traitor, and he ultimately forfeited his duchy, which reverted to Austria. In him ended the line of Gonzago, which had reigned over Mantua, not without some lustre, especially for their patronage of the arts and literature, for more than three centuries.

Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, a man of a very different stamp from Ferdinand Gonzago, was all the time watching, according to the old policy of his house, in order to make the most advantageous bargain for himself in the approaching contest. He loved neither France nor Austria ; he wished that both could have been fairly kept out of Italy, but, as this was out of the question, he of two evils chose rather to have Austria in possession of Milan, which could only be a detached member of the Austrian monarchy as long as Venice lay between, than to see Milan in the possession of Spain, which was then synonymous with that of France ; for in this case he should be surrounded by the arms of the latter power and lie completely at its mercy. He dissembled, however, his real thoughts for the present, for the French were at his gates and the Austrian forces yet far away. Neutrality being impossible, he resolved to join France in the first instance, in order to let the first fury of the French, always most formidable in their onset, spend itself and pass by without hurting him, determined in his mind to watch the course of events, and avail himself of any favorable turn, come from whatever side it would. He followed in this example of his ancestor, Charles Emmanuel I.

"This policy of the House of Savoy," observes Botta, "has been called perfidious ; it certainly was not faithful or loyal, but we ought to reflect that a petty Italian prince, placed between two great overbearing powers, could not act otherwise if he wished to preserve the independence of his states. The

original injustice was on the part of those foreign powers, who ever since the time of Francis I. and Charles V. sought each to hold sway over Italy and to treat the native Italian governments as their humble dependents."

Catinat was again invested with the command of the French in Italy, and Victor Amadeus sent him his own contingent. Eugene commanded the Austrian troops, who came down from the Tyrol in 1701. Eugene's first campaign has been much admired. His sudden march across the mountains, by which, avoiding the defiles of Chiusa, between the Adige and the lake of Garda, where the French had posted themselves, he suddenly appeared on their right flank in the valleys of the Veronese ; his unexpected passage of the Adige at Castelbaldo, below Legnago ; and the battle of Carpi, in which he deceived Catinat a third time, and drove the French beyond Mantua as far as the river Oglio ; these exhibit a skill and quickness in tactics seldom surpassed even by Frederick or Napoleon. Nor is all the blame to be laid upon Catinat, who was one of the best generals of his time, but whose judgment was neutralized by the rashness of the other officers and by orders from Versailles. Catinat demanded his recall, and was succeeded by Villeroi, a pompous court-favorite, who lost the battle of Chiari and ended his generalship by allowing himself to be surprised by Eugene within the walls of Cremona and taken prisoner in February, 1702. Eugene laid siege to Mantua, whence the poor duke had hastily decamped, with his train of singers and dancers, and withdrawn to his other territory of Casale and Montferrat. Vendome was sent to Italy to replace Villeroi ; he fought the battle of Luzzara against Eugene, in August, 1702, in which the French had the advantage.

Victor Amadeus was by this time heartily sick of his French alliance. The French generals had slighted him ; Philip V. himself on his passage through Piedmont had offended him : he saw that the Austrians were strong and tenacious, and he resolved to make the best terms he could with Austria. In this design he was encouraged and favored by his kinsman, Prince Eugene, who had not forgotten his Savoy descent and connections. Louis XIV. heard of these negotiations ; he sent orders to Vendome to disarm and secure the Piedmontese troops to the number of 5000, who were serving under him. Victor now threw off the mask, declared war against France, and strenuously fortified his fortresses, and especially his capital, Turin. This was towards the close of 1703. He was soon afterwards joined by

a body of Austrians under Stahremberg, who, by a skilful circuitous march along the southern bank of the Po, arrived in Piedmont without being interrupted by Vendome. The war now raged simultaneously in two parts of North Italy; in Piedmont between the French and Piedmontese, and in the Mantuan state between the Austrians and the French. In the following year, 1704, Vendome himself marched from Milan into Piedmont with a strong body of troops, whilst fresh French forces poured in from the opposite side over the Alps to overwhelm Victor. Piedmont was overrun by the invaders on every side, and all the horrors of 1693 were renewed. The Piedmontese, however, were not cast down; they rose at the call of their sovereign; the nobility joined their regiments; the peasants left the plough, and the artisans their shops, to enrol themselves in the militia. No complaint was heard, no sacrifice was deemed too great. The fortresses were well provided. Victor himself, at the head of a select body of troops, was marching and countermarching through the country, with which he was perfectly acquainted, avoiding a general engagement, but attacking and overpowering all the French detached corps he met with. The people were all for him, and gave him every assistance and information. The subsidies he received from England and Holland (80,000 ducats a month) enabled him to support his troops in default of the ordinary revenue, which could not be collected under such circumstances. The French took Susa and Vercelli, and laid siege to Verrua, which surrendered after an obstinate defence in April, 1705. Ivrea fell next, and Montmelian afterwards. The whole of Savoy was now lost to Victor. The country of Nice was also invaded by the French. Chivasso surrendered, and the banners of the conquerors were within sight of Turin. Victor was now reduced to the last extremity: he had not a square league of territory that he could call his own; his only court and residence were within his camp; and he was reduced to the condition of a nomadic chief. But his subjects adhered faithfully to him; they flocked to his standard from the places already occupied by the enemy; they felt that it was better to run the risk of being killed with arms in their hands, than to be first outraged and then tormented and slaughtered in their own houses by an insolent conqueror. Piedmont was then in the same predicament as Spain has been in our own time during the war against Napoleon.

The Emperor Leopold died in May, 1705, and his successor, Joseph I., continued the war against France. The victories of Eu-

gene and Marlborough, on the side of Germany, enabled Austria to make greater efforts in Italy. Eugene came to the assistance of his cousin of Savoy. He descended along the lake of Garda, and drove the French as far as the Adda. Vendome hastened to oppose his progress. Eugene was wounded at the battle of Cassano, where, after an obstinate struggle, he could not force the passage of the river.

In the following year, in consequence of the defeat of Ramillies, Louis XVI. recalled Vendome from Italy, as the only general able to face Marlborough. The Duke of Orleans was sent to Italy to replace Vendome, and La Feuillade was charged with the siege of Turin, almost the only town still in the possession of the Duke of Savoy. The siege of Turin is the most famous event of the war of the Spanish succession in Italy. It decided the turn of affairs in the Peninsula. Botta has described it with all the warmth of national feelings, but, at the same time, with perfect truth. The siege and its results were glorious to Piedmont, and honorable to Italian valor and perseverance. It began in May, 1706. Victor Amadeus had fortified and provisioned Turin with great care; he left in it 8500 Piedmontese troops, and 1500 Austrian auxiliaries, the whole under the command of General Daun. The citizens enrolled themselves into a militia, forming eight more battalions. The duke, with a chosen body of troops, hovered about the country, waiting for the arrival of Prince Eugene, and meanwhile annoying the French, and intercepting their supplies. The French besieged Turin with 40,000 men, 128 pieces of ordnance, and 50 mortars. On the 27th of August, a wide breach having been made, the besiegers marched twice to the assault, but were repulsed each time. In the night of the 29th they were near taking the town by surprise. A hundred French grenadiers, favored by the darkness, descended into the ditch without being perceived by the sentries, overpowered the guard of a sally-port, forced the outer gate, entered the subterraneous passage, and were on the point of breaking through the inner gate, which opened into the place. This part of the ground was undermined; the mine was loaded, but the Piedmontese had not yet had time to lay the train. An officer and a private of the miners were alone in the mine, when they heard the noise above their heads, and guessed its import. Not a moment was to be lost. The soldier, Pietro Micca by name, whispered to the officer: "You hasten out of this place, and I will set fire to the mine, and save my town and country. Tell the governor to re-

member my wife and children." The officer, dumb with surprise, left the place. As soon as he was out, Micca set fire to the powder, which blew up the French grenadiers, and alarmed the garrison. The body of Micca was found under the ruins. An humble private soldier saved that night the city of Turin from all the horrors of a storm, and, at the same time, secured the crown on the head of Victor. Botta complains, and with reason, that the heroism of Micca was not properly rewarded. Two rations of bread were allowed to his family in perpetuity—a niggardly reward for such a service. Of late years, however, the neglect has been felt, and the descendants of Micca have been sought after. An old man, the last remaining of the family, was found living in the mountains; he was brought to Turin, was dressed as a serjeant of artillery, and allowed pay as such. The corps of engineers have had a medal struck to the memory of Pietro Micca.

On the following day, 30th of August, the French made a general assault; they succeeded in making a lodgment in the outer works, but the explosion of another mine blew up part of the works, together with those who had taken possession of them. After this the French soldiers would not return to the charge. Prince Eugene was now approaching with the Austrian army. He had forced the passes of the Adige, the Mincio, and the Po, and, marching along the southern bank of the latter river, arrived in Piedmont. Victor hastened to meet him. The two chiefs ascended together the hill of Superga, on the right bank of the Po, opposite to Turin. They saw the miserable state of the fortifications, and, having reconnoitred the position of the French entrenchments, determined to attack them. Victor Amadeus, on that day, made a solemn vow that, should the battle turn in his favor, he would raise on the elevated spot where he then stood a sanctuary, as a perpetual token of gratitude to Heaven.

On the morning of the 7th of September, the Austrians and Piedmontese marched from La Veneria and Pianezza to the attack of the French entrenchments, which were placed on the north-east of Turin, between the Don, the Stara, and the Po. The Duke of Orleans wished to come out and meet the allies in the open country, but Marshal Marsin, who held the supreme command, preferred waiting for the attack. The Germans and Piedmontese advanced with shouldered arms, and in the best order, amidst a shower of musketry and grape-shot. The Prussians, several battalions of whom served under Eugene, were the first to scale the para-

pet, which they immediately set about leveling, to give entrance to the cavalry. The French made a stout resistance, but at last gave way. On another point, Victor had likewise effected an entrance, and the Duke of Orleans, who opposed him, was wounded, and removed from the field. The castle of Lucento, which stood on the left of the French position, and in which they had placed their powder, caught fire. The confusion and rout now became general. The French ran from the entrenchments. The garrison from Turin sallied out against the fugitives, and the carnage was great. Between 5 and 6000 were killed and wounded, and 6000 taken prisoners. The allies lost 2000 killed, and 1500 wounded. The booty was very considerable; 200 pieces of artillery were left behind by the French, with the tents, baggage, most of the banners, horses, cattle, &c. The defeated troops fled towards Pignerol, harassed by the peasantry; scarcely 20,000 men recrossed the Alps.

Victor and Eugene entered Turin in triumph. The citizens, after four months' privations, dangers, and continual alarm, crowded around them with marks of sincere joy at their deliverance. Soldiers and citizens repaired to the churches to offer a solemn thanksgiving. No *Te Deum* was ever chanted with more sincere devotion. Victor fulfilled his vow; he raised the splendid church on Mount Superga, the dome of which is the first object discerned by the traveller who approaches Turin: there are the tombs of the Princes of the House of Savoy, and, on the 7th of September, every year, a solemn procession takes place, to which thousands of the population of Turin and its neighborhood still continue to resort.

The Italian campaign now hastened to a close. Milan opened its gates to the Austrians; the citizens, weary of the Spanish dominion, received Eugene with joy; they swore allegiance to the emperor, in whose name the prince promised them the maintenance of the privileges granted by Charles V. to their forefathers. The remaining French and Spanish troops shut themselves up in Cremona. Victor recovered all his towns in Piedmont. By a convention between the French commanders and Prince Eugene, the whole of North Italy was evacuated by the French and Spaniards. Louis XVI. gave up Mantua to the Emperor, without any attention to the rights of the Duke Gonzaga, who had voluntarily admitted the French troops into the town. The Duke, who was at Venice, was overwhelmed with what he called the treachery of Louis XIV.; he peremptorily refused a pension offered

him by France, and died a few months afterwards broken-hearted at Padua. He left no issue. Thus it was that the duchy of Mantua came into the power of Austria, in addition to that of Milan. Mantua was dealt with pretty much in the manner in which Venice has been disposed of in our days.

The Austrians next proceeded to the conquest of Naples. General Daun in 1707 marched through the papal state, and entered the kingdom without opposition. Capua surrendered without firing a shot, and Daun encamped outside of Naples. The Spanish Viceroy, Marquis Villena, had no means of averting the blow. The Neapolitans were evidently tired of Spanish delegated dominion, which had weighed on them for two centuries like an incubus, and had reduced their country to misery. Many among the nobility, offended at the haughtiness of their Spanish rulers, were favorable to Austria. The *eletti*, or representatives of the nobility and people of the city of Naples, repaired to the Austrian camp, presented the keys, and swore allegiance to the Archduke Charles, as King of Spain and of the Two Sicilies. The rest of the kingdom followed. The island of Sicily, however, remained in possession of Philip V. In 1708 the Austrians took the island of Sardinia from the Spaniards. Nothing of any importance occurred in Italy after this, until the peace of Utrecht in 1713; and the treaty of Rastadt in the following year settled all the disputes about the Spanish succession. The Archduke Charles, having succeeded Joseph I. on the imperial throne, resigned all his claims to Spain and the Indies, but retained Naples and the island of Sardinia as well as Lombardy. Sicily was given up by Spain to Victor Amadeus, with the title of King, at the particular request of Queen Anne of England. Victor also received some additions of territory in Monferrat and the Val di Sesia. The House of Savoy ranked at last among the kings of Europe. The princes of that house had fought hard and bravely for the distinction, and Victor especially had risked every thing on the issue of the contest. He repaired to Palermo, where he was solemnly crowned. A few years afterwards an unexpected sally of Cardinal Alberoni, minister of Philip V., who in time of profound peace sent a fleet and an army to conquer both Sicily and Sardinia, terminated in an exchange by which Sicily was ceded to Austria, and Sardinia was finally given, with the title of Kingdom, to the House of Savoy, under whom it has remained ever since. Victor Amadeus was crowned at Cagliari first King of Sardinia. Don Antonio, the last prince of the Farnese dy-

nasty, died in January, 1731, without issue, and left his duchy of Parma to Don Carlos, son of Philip V. and of Elizabeth Farnese.

The peace of the Peninsula was maintained till the year 1733, when, strange as it may sound, Italy became involved in the war for the Polish succession between Stanislaus Leczin-sky, protected by France, and Augustus III. of Saxony, supported by Russia and Austria. The Polish succession, however, was merely a pretence; the real object of France was to weaken Austria, while Spain wished to recover Naples and Sicily. Victor Amadeus having abdicated the crown in a fit of *ennui*, his son Charles Emmanuel III. had succeeded to the throne in 1730. Following the hereditary policy of his house, he saw in the approaching contest between France and Austria an opportunity of enlarging his territory and perhaps of gaining Milan. France made no scruple in offering it to him, as soon as it should be conquered, and Charles Emmanuel joined his army to that of France for the purpose, pretending in his manifesto that he made war for the independence of the Polish election! The French and Piedmontese now overran Lombardy and took Milan. The Austrians came down slowly as usual, crossed the Po, fought the battle of Parma, in which 15,000 men lost their lives, without any decisive result, and that of Guastalla, in which 12,000 men fell on both sides. The Austrians retired in good order to another position.

Meanwhile Don Carlos of Spain had conquered the kingdom of Naples from the Austrians. A large Spanish force landed on the coast of Tuscany in November, 1733, and Don Carlos, who had just completed his eighteenth year, came from Parma to put himself at the head of the expedition, the direction of which however was entrusted to the Count de Montemar, an officer of experience. The Spanish soldiers, in passing through the friendly states of Tuscany and Rome, committed the usual outrages for which their ancestors had rendered themselves famous in the time of Charles V. The town of Orvieto was especially ill-treated by them. The pope obtained as a favor that they should not pass through Rome. They entered the kingdom by the way of Frosinone and San Germano. The Austrian viceroy, Visconti, had not sufficient force to oppose their progress, and the Neapolitans themselves were ready to turn in favor of the Spaniards. We remember having seen once a book styled "An account of the numerous *Revolutions* of the most faithful City of Naples," for such is the title assumed by that city in its municipal deeds and records. Something of this facility to rise

in favor of every new invader, German, Spanish, or French, Angevin or Aragonese, must be ascribed to national versatility of character inherited from their Greek ancestors, but much of it to the manner in which the various conquerors treated the country, forgetting the promises they had made on their entering it. The people were sanguine in believing that change of masters would bring improvement in their condition; and afterwards, finding themselves disappointed, turned with all their native vivacity to opposite feelings. Botta gives extracts from several of the addresses delivered by the magistrates, nobles, and bishops of Naples and Palermo, at every change of rulers, and they are certainly curious specimens of southern flattery and hyperbole; but he observes at the same time that, after the specimens of the same sort which we have seen in our days addressed to republics, consuls, emperors, and kings, we have no right to be very critical on the adulatory strains of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The addresses to Buonaparte alone by French and Italians form a most mortifying evidence of human servility, hardly ever surpassed since the time of Tiberius Cæsar.

The conquest of Naples by Don Carlos, unlike former conquests, proved in the end a real benefit to the Neapolitans. It closed for ever the disastrous rule of the viceroys. Philip V. instituted his son King of Naples and Sicily, giving up to him all his claims to those two kingdoms. This was the beginning of a new era for those fine countries, for Charles used his authority with wisdom and liberality. The offices of the state were now filled by Neapolitans; the revenue of the country was spent within and for the state itself. From the epoch of Charles's accession to the throne till the French revolutionary invasion of Italy, Naples enjoyed sixty years of peace, internal and external, the longest period of tranquillity it had known for centuries. Nor was this peace the peace of the grave. Commerce, industry, sciences, and literature revived; splendid buildings were raised; numerous reforms were made in the economical and judicial departments; the feudal power was gradually curtailed; superfluous monasteries were suppressed, not in the unjust and sweeping manner adopted since by mock-republicans, but with proper regard for the rights of the existing inmates; the pretensions of Rome were strenuously resisted. Botta points out in his 50th Book some of the improvements effected during the reigns of Charles and his son Ferdinand. There are men still living at Naples, who well remember the happy

times which the country enjoyed before the great revolutionary avatar of 1799.

The treaty of Vienna, in November 1735, concluded between Cardinal Fleury and the emperor's minister, Count Zinzendorf, recognized Charles Bourbon and his descendants as kings of the Two Sicilies. It restored to Austria the duchy of Milan and the states of Parma. Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, lost therefore the hope of retaining the Milanese, but he received the provinces of Novara and Tortona, as far as the river Ticino. And it was agreed that, in case of the death, without offspring, of Giovan Gastone, the last of the Medici, Tuscany should devolve upon Francis, Duke of Lorraine and Bar, who had married Maria Theresa, the presumptive heiress of the Austrian dominions. Lorraine was given in exchange to Stanislaus Leczinski, to be incorporated with France after his death. Soon after this, Giovan Gastone died, and Francis and Maria Theresa came in 1739 to take possession of the duchy of Tuscany, which their successors govern to this day.

Thus, the House of Medici, after three centuries of a sovereignty, at first real though not nominal, and afterwards both nominal and real, became extinct. They had risen from the democracy, or plebeian ranks; they were first demagogues, then protectors, then usurpers, and lastly despots. The Medici have been great, both for their illustrious qualities and for their crimes. The first house of Medici, the princely citizens, Cosmo and Lorenzo, were the most distinguished for the former. Their descendants degenerated and were driven away. Leo X., Lorenzo's son, was seated in the papal chair, and mainly contributed to the fame of his family. His successor, Clement VII., a less amiable man, called in the imperial power of Charles V. Florence was taken and given to Alessandro, the spurious offspring of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Alexander was murdered by a relative as wicked as himself. There were now no more male descendants of the great Cosmo, *Pater Patriæ*, except the pope himself; the collateral branch of the Medici, the descendants of the older Lorenzo, Cosmo's brother, were called to rule Tuscany. Young Cosmo, son of Giovanni di Medici, the celebrated captain of the black bands, was elected first Duke of Florence. Cosmo was stern and merciless, but more cautious and clever than Alexander had been.

"No one was more skilful than Cosmo in the art of taming people; he was indeed a terrible man, who might be held up as a

model to those who delight in that diabolical art. His descendants inherited his principles with their mother's milk; a fearful race, descended from Giovanni di Medici, the Condottiere of the black bands, who was the terror of the Germans, and from his son Cosmo, the dread of the Florentines. They were all bad except one, Ferdinand; bad for liberty, bad for public morality, which they tended to corrupt by their profligate example."—Book xli.

Still, however, this second or ducal house of Medici, like their citizen ancestors, deserved well of Italy and of Europe in one particular; they were the patrons of arts, letters, and sciences. This is the magic halo that encircles and will continue to encircle the memory of the Medici down to the farthest generations. Another commendation, merited by the second or ducal house of Medici, beginning with the fierce Cosmo, is that they effectually resisted the pretensions of the Court of Rome in matters of temporal jurisdiction. Cosmo would be master at home, and his successors followed his example.

The war of the Austrian Succession, 1741–48, although it raged in Italy as well as in Germany, produced no final alteration in the political settlement of Italy as arranged by the treaty of Vienna of 1735. The duchy of Parma alone changed masters; it was given up by Austria to Don Filippo, Infant of Spain and brother of Charles, King of Naples. In this war, Charles Emmanuel III., King of Sardinia, sided with Maria Theresa; Genoa and Modena with France and Spain. The consequence was, that, after the battle of Piacenza, 16th June, 1746 won by the Austrians, and the subsequent retreat of the French and Spaniards through the Genoese Riviera, Genoa found itself exposed alone to the wrath of the pursuing Austrians, who loaded the city with intolerable contributions, exacted in the most overbearing manner. The insurrection of the Genoese people on the 5th December, 1746, on occasion of a mortar which a party of Austrian soldiers were dragging through the narrow streets of Genoa, and which they wanted to oblige the citizens to lift up, put an end to this oppression. The Austrians were driven by the people out of the walls, a glorious event, of which the Genoese continue to be justly proud to this day. Botta describes truly and with great animation this transaction in his 45th Book.

In Piedmont, the battle of the Col d'Assietta on the Alps of Fenestrelle, which the Piedmontese won against the French and Spaniards in July, 1747, and in which the French general, Chevalier de Belleisle, lost

his life, put an end to all the attempts of France on that side.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 confirmed the political system of Italy as it was before the war, with the exception, as we have said, of Parma. This system continued for half a century afterwards, without being disturbed by any more wars, until the French revolutionary invasion of 1796.

We have dwelt at length on these wars and treaties of the first part of the eighteenth century, because a knowledge of them is required in order to understand the political settlement of Italy, which has been the result of them. These wars, although begun by the ambition of foreign powers, were not altogether mere games of kings, for the Italians had a vital interest in them. It was the interest of the Italians not to have any longer among them a foreign preponderating power, possessed of the finest provinces of the peninsula. Two hundred years' rule of Spanish viceroys had shown what must be the condition of the foreign subjects of a distant monarchy. The question for Italy was, whether Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Lombardy, and Parma, were to have their own governments or be Spanish, French, or Austrian, as they had been till then? This question, of course, materially affected also the independence of the other Italian states which had retained their native governments, such as Piedmont, Genoa, Venice, Tuscany, Modena, and Rome. Luckily, the mutual jealousy of foreign powers favored the emancipation of Italy. Naples and Sicily again became a nation, the crown of which could never more be united with that of Spain. Sardinia was given to an Italian prince, with the rank of king, and with a considerable increase of territory on the side of Lombardy. Parma had its own resident duke. Tuscany was secured to the younger son of Maria Theresa, not to be united with the Austrian dominions. The other Italian states, Genoa, Venice, Lucca, Modena, and Rome, retained their independence. Milan and Mantua alone remained under a foreign power, and that power Austria. But the Austrian influence in Italy was thereby much more circumscribed than it has been since the overthrow of the Venetian republic by Bonaparte. The sweeping policy of the Revolution removed the landmarks of Italian nationality, and destroyed the two North-Italian powers, Piedmont and Venice. The work of the treaties of Utrecht and of Aix-la-Chapelle was undone. By the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the first only of those two powers has been restored and even enlarged. But another of the great advantages gained by Italy in the first part of the

eighteenth century has been preserved, Naples and Sicily having retained their national independence.

Upon the whole, the first half of the eighteenth century was for Italy an epoch of emancipation from foreign thralldom, and of national consolidation. One loss only was incurred; Corsica was detached from Italy, and became a province of France. That island, rugged and poor, inhabited by a wild but spirited race, had long baffled the declining power of Genoa. The Genoese engaged French auxiliary troops to reduce it to subjection, and at last, rather than consent to see Corsica independent, they made it over to France by the treaty of Versailles, in May, 1768. Such was the narrow policy of the Genoese republic. The Corsicans, headed by De Paoli, fought bravely against the numerous and disciplined troops of France, but the odds against them were too great. The more ardent patriots emigrated, and Corsica submitted to France in June, 1769. In the following August, Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio: he was, therefore, by birth, a subject of the crown of France.—*Botta*, book xlvii.

The next two books of *Botta's History* chiefly relate to the state of ecclesiastical discipline in Italy; the reforms made in most of the Italian states, Naples, Venice, Parma, Tuscany and Lombardy; the suppression of superfluous convents; the restrictions laid on the immunities claimed by the clergy; on the asylums, &c.; the disputes about the jurisdiction claimed by the court of Rome in foreign states; and lastly, the suppression of the famous order of the Jesuits. All these matters are extremely interesting, and in general very imperfectly known. The result of these controversies was that a more distinct line of separation was traced between the temporal and the spiritual authorities; that the latter was restricted within its proper limits; the ecclesiastical courts no longer exercised their authority over laymen; and the temporalities of the church, and the regulations concerning matters of discipline or affecting public morality, were subjected to the sovereign authority of each respective state. The great distinction between matters of faith and regulations of church discipline began to be clearly understood and enforced. The two brothers, Joseph II. and Leopold, one in Lombardy and the other in Tuscany, were foremost in these reforms.

The forty-ninth book contains an impressive account of the destructive earthquakes of Calabria and Sicily in 1783. The fiftieth, or concluding book, gives a sketch of the social and intellectual state of Italy just

before the great moral convulsion caused by the French revolution. The author notices the principal men of science living in Italy at that epoch—Spallanzani, Father Beccaria, Volta, Galvani, Guglielmini, Galiani, Genovesi, Fabbroni, &c.

“With regard to the moral sciences, the inquisitive and free spirit of the age manifested itself in Italy as elsewhere, with this difference, that those who were most intent on reforming the abuses which men had engrafted upon the stem of the Church, remained firm in the faith of that Church, and kept aloof from the sarcasms and indecencies of foreign infidels. The Italians wished to correct, but not to destroy.”

And here is the great distinction between the revolution in France and the abortive attempt to force the same upon Italy, where the public mind was in a different and more healthy condition,—where ample reforms had been effected during the previous half-century, and others would have taken place without any social catastrophe, had they been left to the hands of the natives themselves. No doubt the French invasion effected reforms at a much quicker rate. Instead of pruning, it cut down the tree at once: it destroyed all remains of feudality, but it also swept away manorial and other patrimonial rights upon land at the expense of justice: it abolished the convents, but squandered away most of their wealth, and threw thousands of innocent individuals into unmerited distress: it swept away communal property, church tithes, charitable foundations, public as well as fiscal treasuries: it stripped the palace of the noble and the cottage of the peasant, the altars of the church, and the museums and libraries of the nation. And all this was done, not as in France, by the impulse of any great class or portion of the people; it was done against the wish of the immense majority of the Italian populations, whose opposition was overcome by foreign bayonets.

The revolution was not spontaneous in Italy; it was forced upon the country. Even the more sincere among the Italian republicans exclaimed, *Volevo pioggia, ma non tempesta*—“We wanted a shower, but not a hurricane.” The hurricane has long since passed away; its victims lie mute and forgotten in the grave, and no complaint of

* In the ex-kingdom of Italy alone, which was about one-fourth of the whole Peninsula, church property was sold to the amount of 200 million of francs, and an equal quantity was annexed to the national domain. The amount of the sales in the rest of Italy is not ascertained.

theirs now disturbs the complacency of those who, remote from those times of violence and danger, coolly calculate the advantages which have resulted from the revolution. That the present generation has derived some advantages from past convulsions we readily admit. The most important of these advantages is the improvement effected in the judicial system. Instead of the former multifarious local statutes in almost every province or district,* of the barbarous and often clashing laws and edicts of Goths and Lombards, German emperors and Spanish viceroys, every Italian state has now a uniform code, printed and published, so that every individual may be acquainted with the laws under which he lives. This is no small advantage, compared with the former obscurity and uncertainty. The compilation of the laws began in the last century in Tuscany, Piedmont, and other states. Napoleon, however, extended the principle to all Italy. The French civil and commercial codes have remained in force, with some modifications, at Naples and Genoa. The Austrian code is in vigor in Lombardy, and that of Leopold in Tuscany; the Sardinian code in Piedmont, &c. The registry of mortgages has been maintained. As to criminal matters, the publicity of trials exists in several states, such as Naples and Tuscany; and everywhere the courts of justice have been established upon a uniform system, one in every province, and courts of appeal in the respective capitals. Torture has been abolished. The principle of equality in the eye of the law is universally acknowledged. Every relic of feudal servitude or feudal jurisdiction has been removed. The numerous fidei-commissi, and other *mainmorte* property, have been unshackled and restored to circulation. The laws of inheritance are in most of the Italian states upon a more equitable footing than formerly. The ecclesiastical jurisdiction no longer interferes in temporal matters. The progress of education, of tolerance of opinions; the extension of the arts of industry; the many material improvements both in town and country, the roads, canals, draining of marshes, new harbors, manufactories, houses of industry, &c.—these are matters of common notoriety. Such—to say nothing of a corresponding intellectual and moral progress among the people—are the advantages which Italy has gained during the five-and-thirty years that have elapsed since the beginning of the present century. It were an error to suppose that the restora-

tion has stopped this progress. The restoration, to use the words of a discerning Italian writer, has restored old names rather than old things." Few universally acknowledged abuses have been restored.

And here the work No. 3 on our list becomes of particular use to the reader of Italian history. It is a continuation of the worthy Muratori's *Annals of Italy*, which closed with the year 1750. Coppi has continued the series down to 1819. Muratori's and Coppi's together constitute a work chiefly for reference, in which facts are registered by order of dates, and they are written upon a different plan from that of a general comprehensive history, like those of Guicciardini and Botta. But many minute facts and details are more clearly and quickly found in a book of annals than in one of general history. Each work has, therefore, its peculiar merit, and both together may be considered as forming a tolerably complete course of modern Italian history. Botta's contemporary History ends with 1814; Coppi brings his *Annals* down to 1819, and thus registers many important occurrences of the various Italian states after the restoration. Coppi has carefully collected the official documents, treaties, general laws, and public institutions, as well as the military or civil facts, which occurred in the various parts of Italy during the eventful years 1796—1819, with honest sincerity, taking care to refer the reader to the original authorities.

ART. IV.—1. *Roman de la Violette, ou de Gerard de Nevers, en vers du xième Siècle, par Gibert de Montreuil; publié pour la première fois, d'après deux Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale.* Par Francisque Michel. Paris, 1834. 8vo.

2. *Roman d'Eustache le Moine, Pirate Fameux du xième Siècle; publié pour la première fois, d'après un Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Royale.* Par Francisque Michel. Paris et Londres, 1834. 8vo.

3. *La Riote du Monde. Le Roi d'Angleterre et le Jongleur d'Ely (xième Siècle); publié d'après deux Manuscrits, l'un de la Bibliothèque Royale, l'autre du Musée Britannique.* Paris, 1834. 8vo.

4. *Tristan: Recueil de ce qui reste des Poèmes relatifs à ses Aventures, composés en François, en Anglo-Normand, et en Grec, dans les xième et xiième Siècles; publié par Francisque Michel.* Paris et Londres, 1835. 2 tomes. 8vo.

* In Tuscany alone there were five hundred municipal statutes previously to the reform made by Leopold.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE pronounced "History

a fiction:" we shall not here stop to inquire into the validity of the principles upon which his assertion was founded, but, believing the converse of the proposition, namely, that all fiction is history, to be nearer the truth, we purpose recommending to our readers the curious specimen of early Romance, the title of which heads the list of works arranged at the commencement of this article, as deserving of their attention in a two-fold manner—firstly, with regard to its character as a work of fiction; and secondly, with reference to the historical illustrations of contemporary manners with which the narrative is interspersed.

The *Roman de la Violette*, by Gibert or Gyrbert de Montreuil, and which appears to have been written about the year 1225, was long since pronounced by Roquefort to be one of the most agreeable productions of the thirteenth century; and the perusal of it justifies, in the fullest, this eulogium. The plot, which resembles that of *Cymbeline*, is ingeniously contrived and clearly developed, while it is at the same time related in a style which adds new charms to it, the narrative never being interrupted, as is too frequently the case in compositions of this period, by long digressions on theology or love. Although the subject of the romance is not historical, for there never existed a Count of Nevers of the name of Gerard, or of any other name, to whom the adventures related by our poet can possibly be referred, yet the work, from the admirable delineations of ancient manners which are scattered over its pages, is of great historical value.

"En outre, cet ouvrage," says M. Michel, in his admirable introductory notice, "indépendamment du plaisir qui peut procurer sa lecture, nous fournit presque tous les moyens d'étudier complètement la tournure de l'esprit françois et l'état de la langue romane d'oïl dans le premier quart environ du xiiième siècle."

And, in fact, the *Roman de la Violette* presents a picture of *le bon vieux temps*, as charming and characteristic as any one of the time of Louis Quatorze from the aristocratic and social pencil of Watteau.

"As Watteau painted so did Gibert sing!"

It is, in sooth, a Fashionable Novel of the thirteenth century, by the Bulwer of the day; and as such we think it cannot fail to amuse our readers, and to give them some correct notions of the spirit of the age in which it was produced.

After a few introductory remarks, the story commences as follows:

"Whilom in France there reigned a king,
Who handsome was, bold and daring,
Young, and withal intelligent,
Hardy in arms too, and aidant;
High in his favor knights aye rose;
Wise men he for his council chose,
Counsel he trusted, counsel he prized,
Counsel he ne'er the least despised;
He'd been well taught, was wise withal,
And right good were his customs all.
Maidens and dames he held full dear,
And oftentimes made them good cheer.
Courageous too, and of great fame,
Was this King. Louis was his name"*

The monarch here referred to is Louis the Eighth, who is represented as holding upon an Easter-day in the month of April a "cour biele et gentil" at Pont-de-l'Arche. Never since Noah made the ark were seen such numbers assembled. The king feasted them royally; and their joy found utterance in song. The Countess of Besançon, sister of the Bishop of Lincoln, commenced with the ballad—

"Alés bielement, que d'amor me dueil."

She was followed by the Duchess de Bourgogne, who had a "clear voice and good song," and she again was succeeded by a host of noble ladies, whose names and performances are duly recorded.

When this amusement had continued for some time, the party ranged themselves hand in hand along each side of the hall, and the King passed down between them, making his remarks as he went along. The royal attention was speedily arrested by a noble youth who, with falcon on his wrist, displayed so much manly beauty that every lady who beheld him was captivated. This was of course no less a person than the hero of the poem.

"Gerard was this vassal's name,
Who certes was of well-known fame;
And for that he so well did sing,
Besought him before every thing
The fair Chatelaine de Dijon
That he would please them with a song."†

* "Il ot en France .j. roi jadis,
Qui molt fui bials, preus et hardis,
Jouenes hom fu et entendans,
Hardis as armes et aidans;
Molt honora les chevaliers;
Des sages fist ses consilliers,
Consel crei, conseil ama,
Ainc conseil ne mesaesma;
Bien estoit ensaigniés et sages,
Et molt estoit boins ses usages.
Dames, pucies tenoit chières,
Souvent lor faisoit bieles chières.
Molt fu preux et de grant renen:
Loeys ot li rois — non."—page 6.

† "Li vasaus ot Gérard à non,
Qui molt estoit de grant renom;

Gerard, who was as courteous as handsome, complied with her request, and the song, which of course touched upon the tender passion, prompted him to boast of the charms and fidelity of his mistress, the fair Oriaut. Gerard was too good-looking and agreeable not to stir up a feeling of jealousy and discontent in the hearts of some of his hearers. Among those whom he thus grievously displeased was Lisiart Comte de Forois, who sought to represent him as an empty boaster, and offered, with the King's permission, to stake his lands against those of Gerard, that the fidelity of the lady would not withstand his temptations. Gerard, fired at the observation, accepted the wager, which the King was at length induced to sanction.

Upon this Lisiart took his departure, accompanied by ten chevaliers, all in the garb of pilgrims, and drew nigh to Nevers, where the fair heroine Oriaut was espied seated at a turret window, listening to the pleasant warbling of the birds, sighing at the thoughts of her absent lover, and seeking solace for his absence in "un bon son poitevin."

"Quant canté ot la damoisselle
Sa main a mise à sa maisiele."

Into this tower Lisiart and his companions were received for the night, and Oriaut descended into the hall, accompanied by her "Maistresse" or Duenna, to welcome him. no sooner was this ceremony concluded, however, than Lisiart poured forth a violent declaration of attachment; the lady turned a deaf ear to his advances, returning him, instead of her affections, a snatch of song. She then rose and ordered refreshments. Tables were laid, cloths spread, &c.; venison, roast meats, and fresh fish, in abundance, were laid before her guest, who, however, was too busied with thinking of his scheme of villany, and with the consequences of its failure—the forfeiture of his lands—to have much appetite for the repast.

"The ancient dame of Oriaut,
The 'Maistresse,' she sate by the two.
Loathsome and dark her skin to view,
A treacherous sorceress was she too,
Gondree her name, and to be brief,
Daughter of Gontacle the thief,
Begotten of a wanton nun,
Who had in sooth much mischief done.
For, as it always seems to me,
'From bad roots, bad the grafts will be.'"

* * * * *

Et pour chou qu'il cantoit si bien,
Li ot proié sour tout rien
La chastelaine de Dijon
K'il die j. vier d'une changon."—page 11.

"Two children she had had, and slain,
Dan Baudry was their father's name,
A monk of Charity was he."*

This worthy coadjutor in a piece of villany immediately guessed that the pensiveness of the Count arose from his passion for her mistress; accordingly no sooner was the repast concluded, than, prompted by her love of mischief, she sought a conference with him, obtained his confidence, and his promises of great rewards if she would enable him to accomplish the object he had in view, and thereby save him from losing his wager. Gondree bade him be of good cheer, trust to her ingenuity and guile, and retire to rest, for that his broad lands were safe. Two servants, bearing wax tapers, then drew nigh to conduct the Count to his sleeping chamber, and the treacherous hag went and prepared her lady's bed:

"Et quant elle son lit fait a
Sa dame apiele, si le couche
Nue en chemise en la couche;
C'onques en trestoute sa vie
La biele, blonde, l'escavie
Ne volt demonstrer sa char nue."—p. 31.

No sooner was Oriaut in bed than the old woman, coming to her bed side, inquired of her why, during the several years she had waited on her, she had so scrupulously concealed her person. Oriaut explained that there was a particular mark upon her skin, known only to her lover and to herself, the discovery of which by another would be considered by Gerard as a proof of her infidelity.

The traitress, having learned thus much, departed for the night; and in the morning, when she had prepared the bath for her mistress, and left the chamber as she commanded her, she pierced a hole in the door, and, as the fair Oriaut entered the bath, discovered upon her right breast a mark of the very shape and color of a violet.

Alas! had bathing dresses been invented, what a world of misery would Oriaut and her doating lover have been spared! for Gondree, without delay, summoned the Count to

* "La vielle qui Maistresse fu
Oriaut, sist dalés le fu;
Laide et obscure avoit la chière,
Molt estoit desloiaus sorchière,
Gondrée avoit la vielle a non,
Fille est Gontacle le larron;
Cil l'ot d'une fausse béguine,
Qui maint meschief fist de s'esquine;
Pour chou di-jou, tels est m'entente;
'De pute rachine pute ente.'"

* * * * *
"Ij. enfans ot qu'ele ot mordris,
Qu'engénrés avoit dans Baudris,
Uns moignes de la Carité."—pp. 27, 28.

share her discovery, who, having seen the secret violet, hastened back to the court, and demanded that Oriaut might be sent for as a necessary witness to prove that he had won his wager. A messenger was accordingly despatched for her, with whom she returned, and made her appearance before the assembled nobles in a costume, the poet's description of which rivals the elaborate, but somewhat mystic, language of Maradan Carson; and is there as much overwhelmed with shame and confusion, as Gerard is with anger and disgust, at hearing Lisiart boast of her favors, and instance, in proof of his assertion, the fatal violet.

"On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this
secret

Will force him think I've picked the lock,
and ta'en

The treasure of her honor."

But we do not purpose analysing the whole romance; we have recommended our readers to peruse it, and in the set phrase of critic-craft, "we shall not mar the interest of the *denouement* by particularizing the means by which the happiness of the lovers is brought about." Moreover, we have something to say touching *Eustace le Moine*, a poem in which, from its historical character, many perhaps will find metal more attractive.

Turn we then to the romance of *Eustace the Monk*. If the author of *La Violette* may justly be regarded as the Bulwer of his day, the writer of *Eustace* must be looked upon as its Walter Scott. His hero is no imaginary person; for, be it remembered, *Eustace* stands recorded by contemporary historians, as an active partisan of the barons in their opposition to John, as having brought a fleet to their assistance, and as having been slain in an attempt to land upon the English coast; he is then, as we have said, no imaginary hero, but one of real flesh and blood, one who plays a part in the annals of the time, and bought for himself a name of celebrity by dint of unwearied activity, an undaunted spirit, and an admirable readiness of invention. A genius of this bold and daring character was in bygone days looked upon as somewhat more than human, and *Eustace* accordingly figured in the legends of the period as one leagued with the powers of Evil, and was stamped a conjurer by those inferior spirits who were themselves no conjurers. The consequence is, that the poem now before us, although more nearly allied to a rhyming chronicle than to a romance, must

bear the latter title from the great proportion of mythic lore which its author has interspersed among those portions which are more strictly historical.

An admirable preface replete with information, in which M. Michel has with great industry gathered together, not only those passages of the *Chronicles* wherein this "*Robin Hood Boullonnois*" is spoken of, but also a number of extracts from the *Close* and *Patent Rolls* preserved in the Tower,* in which he is mentioned, introduces us to the Poem, which contains 2306 lines, and is undoubtedly a composition of the thirteenth century. It commences as follows:—

"Briefly of the monk I'll tell

Examples, which I know full well.

At Saint Saumur abided he,

Eight leagues distant from the sea;

There he did black monk become,

When he came from Toledo home,

Where he had learned negromance.

There was no man in all France

Who knew so many tricks and wiles,

On many a one he played his guiles.

For he had dwelt at Toledo

A winter and a summer too,

Where, in a subterranean cave,

He converse with the fiend did have,

Who taught him arts of every kind,

Wherewith to trick and cheat mankind.

* * * * *

"When *Eustace* had learned enough evil,

He straightway took leave of the Devil,

Who told him he would live until

He had contrived sufficient ill,

'Gainst kings and counts should war maintain,

And lastly on the sea be slain."†

Which prophecies are all in the course of the hero's busy career duly accomplished.

* Some additional extracts from the *Scala Chronica*, the *Rotulus Misæ*, &c., subsequently communicated by Mr. Thomas Wright to M. Michel, may be found in the notes to the "Rapport," addressed by the latter to M. Guizot, *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique*, at the termination of his literary mission to this country. This report (which is published by Silvestre, and may be procured from Pickering, the agent for all publications connected with Early French Literature) is exceedingly creditable to the industry and spirit of research displayed by M. Michel, and we have no doubt the result of his labors among the Libraries of England will not only add to his reputation, but justify to the fullest the patronage of M. Guizot.

† "Del moigne briement vous dirai
Lès exemples si com je sai.
Il se rendi à Saint-Saumer,
A .viij. lieues priés de la mer,
Illueques noirs moignes devint
Puis ke de Toulete revint,
Ou il ot apriis nigremanche.
N'ot homme el roiaume de Franche
Ki tant seüst ars ne caraudes,
A maintes gens fist maintes caudes.
Il avoit à Toulete esté
Tout .j. ivier et un esté.
Aval sous terre en .j. abisme,
Où parloit au malfé meisme,

Of this life, however, as here narrated, chequered as it is with incidents both of grave and mirthful aspect, the latter being by far the most abundant, we cannot attempt to give an outline, partly from want of space, partly from the character of the incidents themselves, many of which are of a nature not to be repeated to ears polite. This blemish, great as it is, is the fault of the times and not of the author, and to quarrel with a writer of the thirteenth century, because his language or subject does not square with our ideas of propriety, would be as absurd and unreasonable as it would be to upbraid him with the unseemliness of his trunk hose, or because his doublet was not in accordance with the fashionable notions of the times we live in. Whether the superior refinement of the present day, which banishes the practice of calling a spade a spade, be attended with a proportionate increase of morality, we are not now called upon to discuss; we will, therefore, substitute for such discussion a few specimens of the work which has called forth these remarks.

After relating sundry humorous adventures, the poet tells us of the death of Bauduins Buskes, the father of Eustace, who was killed at Basinguehans by Hainfrois of Heresinghans. The result of which event is that Eustace quits his monastery, and gets embroiled in a feud with the Count of Boulogne, whom he had called upon to avenge his father's death; and by the enmity of the Count is driven to engage in a number of remarkable adventures, which occupy a large portion of the poem. The first revenge which he takes upon the Count is by firing two mills that he might give light to the Count, who was at the wedding of one of his vassals, Simon of Boulogne.

Not satisfied with this outrage, Eustace next disguises himself as a monk of the Abbey of Cler Marés, and accompanied by two of the brotherhood rides out, meets the Count, enters into conversation with him, and entreats him to pardon Eustace the Monk. The enraged Count replies that, if he could lay hands upon him, he would have him flayed alive. After some time the Count suspects who his companion is, but Eustace not only contrives to baffle all the attempts made to identify him, but is no sooner dismissed from this perplexing examination than

he goes to the stable, saddles the Count's favorite steed "Moriel," and mounting it rides away, first bidding a squire tell his master that "Eustace has run away with Moriel." The Count and his attendants give chase to his daring foe—but the former, knowing the fleetness of Moriel, has little hope of overtaking the fugitive. Eustace meanwhile, after riding some distance, calls on a trustworthy friend, to whose charge he commits Moriel, and assumes the garb of a shepherd just in time to point out, in that character, to the Count the road which the monk has taken. The Count rides after him, and overtakes, instead of Eustace, the two monks who had been his companions; and while he is threatening them with instant punishment, the boy who has charge of his sumpter-horse is deprived of it by Eustace, who adds to his crime by cutting out the poor boy's tongue.

Such are the adventures, and they are almost endless, in which Eustace is engaged during his contest with his unrelenting enemy the Count of Boulogne. He afterwards arrives in England, and a brief abstract of that part of his story, which must be looked upon as an historical passage, must terminate our notice of his life and exploits.

Eustace, on his coming to England, threw himself at the feet of King John, and craved the protection of the English monarch, in the garb of an Hospitaller or Knight of St. John. "Since you are an Hospitaller it shall be willingly granted you," said the King. Said Eustace, "Hear my prayer. Eustace the Monk demands mercy of you, and that you will retain him in your service." The King promised that his request should be granted, provided he pledged himself to serve him faithfully, and produced sureties for his good behaviour. Eustace replied by offering either his wife or daughter as a pledge. "What!" said the King, "art thou the monk?" "Yes, sire, Eustace is my name." "By Saint Aumon," said the King, "but I will willingly retain you." He accordingly gives him charge of thirty galleys, with which Eustace sails to Guernsey and Jersey, which were both fortified and commanded by a castellan, who, on the arrival of the fleet, addressed the people, saying, "Wait until they land, and then we will destroy them." Eustace and his followers speedily disembarked. Eustace made up to Romerel, the castellan, who headed his troops. "Godchiere!" cried Romerel—"Vincenesel!" was the battle-cry of Eustace; and a bloody fight ensued. But Eustace, who was armed with a ponderous battle-axe, struck right and left, dealing many a good blow, fracturing many a strong helmet, until at

Qui li aprist l'enghien et l'art
Qui tout le mont dechoit et art.

* * * * *

Quant Wistace ot assés apris,
Au dyable congié a pris.
Li Dyables dist kil vivroit
Tant que mal fait assés aroit,
Rois et contes guerrieroit
Et en la mer occis seroit."—pp. 1, 2.

length he made himself master of the battle field.

We must pass over his treachery to John, and indeed the rest of the adventures of Eustace the Monk, that we may say a few words on the subject of the "*Riote du Monde*." This story, which is in prose, corresponds with its rhyming companion, "*Le Roi et le Jongleur d'Ely*," formerly privately printed by Sir Francis Palgrave, which last was the original of a very clever translation from the pen of Mr. Lockhart, under the title of the "*King and the Minstrel of Ely*," published in the *Keepsake* for 1829, and no doubt familiar to most of our readers. Nothing further remains for us now to do than to state that "*La Violette*" is beautifully illustrated, not only by fac-similies of the two MSS. from which it has been printed, but by six miniatures selected and elaborately copied from the illuminations which ornament the MS. containing the prose romance of Gerard de Nevers; and to repeat our satisfaction at the manner in which the several poems under consideration have been edited by M. Michel. They are at once monuments of his industry, and indubitable proofs of his love and admiration of the early literature of his fatherland.

Since writing the foregoing notice of M. Michel's editorial labors, we have received a perfect confirmation of the justice of those commendations which we thought fit to bestow upon them, in the form of two volumes, containing *The Poetical Romances of Tristan, in French, in Anglo-Norman, and in Greek, composed in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, edited by that gentleman, and very elegantly printed, of a size to correspond with the English "*Sir Tristrem*," which forms the fifth volume of the last edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works.

The poetical romances here published are prefaced by an introduction of considerable length, in which, and in the notes accompanying it, M. Michel has collected from almost every available source a very valuable and extensive collection of materials illustrative of the subject of Sir Tristrem generally. This is followed by the Romance, contained in a manuscript of the Royal Library at Paris, which was formerly very imperfectly printed by Von der Hagen in the Appendix to his edition of the German *Tristan und Isolde, von Meister Gottfried von Strassburg*. From the state in which the manuscript now is, the first two leaves being so much injured by damp as to render whole passages totally illegible, it is impossible to obtain from its perusal any certain results as to its origin or its author. M. Michel is, however, of opinion that, if the language of it is not decidedly

Anglo-Norman, the present version has at all events been derived from an earlier manuscript which was so; and, judging from this circumstance, from the localities which are specially mentioned in it, and from the semi-English words which it contains, he does not hesitate to avow his conviction that its author was a *Trouveur*, who flourished under our Richard or John, or at the latest during the reign of Henry the Third. He was probably the *Bérox* named in v. 1232.

"*Bérox l'a mex en sen memoire.*"

And again in verses 1753 and 1754:—

"Ne, si comme l'estoire dit
Lou *Bérox* le vit escrit."

The indirect manner in which the writers of romances were in the habit of avowing themselves fully justifies the belief. This poem which is the longest in the collection, and contains 4444 lines, is followed by another entire work, containing 576 verses, and being identically the same in point of subject with the second in the Douce MS. published from a manuscript preserved in the public library at Berne. This poem, the language of which is exceedingly difficult, was unfortunately not obtained by M. Michel until his Glossary was printed, so that he was prevented from giving that facility to its perusal which he has afforded to the clear understanding of the other parts of his work.

The second volume of this collection opens with copies of the two fragments contained in a manuscript formerly belonging to that learned antiquary, the late Francis Douce, Esq. and presented by him to M. Michel, with a view to their publication. The poems in question are those of which abstracts, from the accomplished pen of the late George Ellis, are to be found in the Appendix to Sir Tristram. The second of these poems appears, however, to have been improperly designated a fragment, inasmuch as it contains an episode in the life of Tristram, which is perfect and complete in itself; and which, as we have already observed, corresponds exactly with the poem from the Berne manuscript. It is from this second poem in the Douce MS. that the well-known passage, containing an allusion to *Thomas*, supposed by Sir Walter Scott to mean Thomas of Erceldoune, is quoted in his introduction to the English romance, and in which mention is made of Breri—

"N'el dient pas sulum *Breri*
Ky solt le gestes, e le cuntes,
De tuz le reis, de tuz le cuntes,
Ki oient esté en Bretaingne"—

v. 848—851.

and whom we are much inclined to suspect to be identical with the *Berox* of the Paris manuscript. Our conjecture has at all events the celebrated parallel betwixt Monmouth and Macedon to keep it in countenance.

The *Lai du Chèvre-feuille*, by Marie of France, accurately printed from the copy in the Harleian library; and a fragment on the subject of Tristram, extracted from a French poem entitled "*Donnez des Amans*," contained in a MS. belonging to Sir Thomas Phillips, conclude this portion of the work, which is rendered complete by means of a very valuable Glossarial Index; which will amply repay M. Michel for the labor he must have bestowed upon its formation, by the assistance which it will render to his readers. The Greek Poem in *versi politici*, from a manuscript in the Vatican, on the subject of Tristram and other Knights of the Round Table, formerly printed by Von der Hagen, (but we believe only for private circulation,) and the Spanish romance of Don Tristan, bring the work to a conclusion.

The publishing of the poems here collected is doing good and acceptable service to the cause of Middle Age Literature; for although much has already been written upon the subject of Tristram and his adventures, the literary history of his most popular romance is as yet very imperfectly developed; and it is only by the publication of all the various forms in which it has appeared, and by a diligent comparison of them when published, that any approach to a correct knowledge of such history is to be hoped for. All that we at present know may be very briefly stated. Tristram, says M. Michel, whether it was translated from the Latin, as many of the MSS. declare, or invented, was certainly the first of the Armorican cycles; its first translator or author being an English knight, Luces du Gast; whose work gave so much satisfaction to Henry the Second, that he engaged Walter Mapes to publish the Roman de Lancelot, and Robert de Buron, that of the Saint Graal; and when these three were completed, Helye de Buron, the brother or relative at least of Robert, undertook to complete the romance of Tristram, and engaged, in terminating it, to review all the texts, original or translated, of the romances of the San Graal cycle, with the view of supplying or re-establishing whatever the previous writers or translators had omitted or wrongly translated. Thus the romance of Tristram was the first commenced and the last finished of the four great romances of the Armorican cycle. Be this as it may, Tristram enjoyed a popularity unequalled by any other romance. The Troubadours of Provence and the Troveurs

of Normandy vie with each other in the frequency of their allusions to it. The Minnesingers of Germany likewise breathe the name of Tristram in their songs; and his unhappy passion has served as a theme for the Spanish Cancioneri. Dante numbers him among the unhappy lovers:—

"Vidi Paris, *Tristano*, e piu di mille
Ombre mostrommi, e nomimommi a dito
Che amor di nostra vita dipartille."

Canto V. ver. 67.

Bojardo, Ariosto and Petrarcha likewise allude to him.

But to return to the history of the romance. When Gottfried of Strasburg wrote, and he appears to have flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century, not only did he find the story ready written to his hand, but it had been so long in circulation, that it had in many of the versions been sadly debased and altered, and Gottfried had to search for the story as told by Thomas of Brittany, the Chronicler of Cornwall, which was one that could be safely depended upon, and which account, written as is proved by Gottfried's quotations from it, in Norman-French, we may presume to have been at least a century older. The story told by Gottfried corresponds with the story told by Thomas of Erceledoune, for we agree with Sir Walter Scott in believing the *Sir Tristrem* edited by him to be the production of that writer, and the poem alluded to by Robert de Brunne; and these both, as it appears by Professor Muller's testimony, are closely followed by the Icelandic Saga, which was translated in the year 1226, at the command of King Hacon. Such are the chief points in the history of Sir Tristram which have been already decided, and from which we may reasonably conclude that, should the original work of Thomas of Brittany ever come to light, we shall find it correspond very exactly with the English story. But enough of Sir Tristram for the present; we may find another and fitter opportunity for examining at length the different versions of Sir Tristram's history, and shall therefore spare such of our readers as do not participate in our fondness for the time-honored tales of days long passed further discussion upon the subject.

We are glad to find, however, from M. Michel, whom we again thank for his exertions in the cause, that the study of the literature of the Middle ages is rapidly extending;* and we think the exertions now mak-

* "*La littérature Romane*," says M. Michel at the close of his introduction, "*presque entièrement ignorée, il y a quelques années, a trouvé des*

ing by himself and others to publish its best productions will do much to spread still further this growing fondness; for we believe when its works come to be better known, they will be far more generally esteemed. If freshness and originality are to be reckoned among the greatest charms which can grace any emanations of human fancy, any outpourings of human invention, where can we look for those enticing qualities with greater certainty of finding them, than in the marvellous relations of the old romancers, than in those lays of bygone times which were the doughty ancestors of the fictitious narratives of the present day! Many of the latter, be it said, are filled with incidents like, if not copied from those now to be found in the mouldy and worm-eaten folios which are by too many looked upon as encumbering, instead of enriching, the shelves of our public libraries.

Gentle reader, if you wish for a proof, you will find one in Pelham—a principal incident in which resembles, if it be not taken from, one in the black-letter romance of Virgilius. Well indeed, then, might Chaucer and the conductors of the Retrospective Review exclaim:—

“For out of the olde feldis, as men saieth,
Comith all this newe corne, fro yere to
yere;
And out of olde bokis, in good faith,
Comith all this newe science that men
lere.”

ART. V.—*Monuments de l'Égypte et de la Nubie. D'après les Dessins exécutés sur les Lieux; sous la direction de Champollion le-Jeune. Publiés sous les auspices de M. Thiers et M. Guizot. Par une Commission Speciale.* Paris: Firmin Didot, frères. 1836.

THIS great work of the late Champollion's is published, as it will be seen from the title, by a special commission appointed by the French government, and under the distinguished auspices of M. Thiers, the present premier of France, and his late colleague, M. Guizot, minister of public instruction.

savants pour la faire connaître et des lecteurs pour l'étudier: en France, MM. Raynouard, Monmergue, Paulin Paris, Robert, Leroux de Lincy, Jubinal, Chabaille; en Belgique, M. le Baron de Reiffenberg; en Allemagne, MM. Immanuel Bekker, Ferdinand Wolf, Ludwig Uhland, et Von der Hagen; en Angleterre, Mademoiselle Louisa Stuart Costello, Sir Frederick Madden, MM. Thomas Wright, Thomas Duffus Hardy, W.J. Thoms, Sir F. Palgrave, et M. John Kemble, à qui la littérature Anglo-Saxonne doit une merveilleuse édition de son plus beau monument, le poëme de Beowulf.”

Having given an ample account in our last number of the progress, revelations, and prospects of Egyptian antiquarian discovery, as set forth in Rossellini's work on Egypt, published under the auspices of a commission appointed by the Tuscan government, we think it is due to our readers to exhibit to them all the additional lights thrown upon the subject by the publication before us; and to enable them to form a correct notion of the present state of the inquiry.

Only two livraisons of this work have yet appeared. They consist of a selection from the numerous drawings taken by Champollion in Egypt, with some brief and meagre preliminary notices attached to each livraison, which profess to give an account of them. They are very vague, very jejune, and occasionally very inaccurate. We blame not the authors of them, for they have the good sense, always accompanied by candor and modesty, to acknowledge their inadequacy to the task of complete explanation. They state that they find no notices among the papers of the deceased explanatory of some of the inscriptions over the battle scenes; and therefore they have not attempted to explain some of those which appear in the work. Other columnar and vertical inscriptions they have taken upon themselves to leave blank. For this they are to blame, since it does not follow that, because they could not interpret them, they cannot be explained. In fact we shall take upon ourselves to interpret the inscriptions which they have given; and we shall do so with perfect conviction, and with a full sense of the responsibility of having the eyes of competent judges in this country fixed upon the interpretation. At the end of the notices accompanying the second livraison they apologise for not giving a volume of letter-press description on the ground of present deficiency of materials; but they promise explanations in the numerical order and of the same size (qq.) as the illustrations, as soon as they have sufficient materials to form a folio volume. Meanwhile they intimate that the present notices are to be considered as merely provisional. We shall endeavor to supply the hiatus thus fairly admitted, in giving our readers a brief analytical account of the contents of the first two livraisons of this splendid national French work. In doing so we may still continue to gratify our inclination for that brevity, which in our last number we urged to be one of the most essential ingredients in popularizing the subject. With this view, we shall confine ourselves to any points of especial interest or novelty, which may occur in the successive folios of these two livraisons; and which

may either impart new lights or new corroborations to the concentrated summary of the whole state of the inquiry which we gave in our last number.

The first two plates consist of copies of inscribed steles at Ouadi Halfa, Mashakit, and Djebel Addel. The only important point established by the last is the title of the Pharaoh Horus, whose name is given by Manetho and the four collateral chronologies which corroborate his evidence; who is the son and successor of the great Memnon, and whose oval or titular shield stands the 14th in the middle series of the Stone of Abydos. The steles at Ouadi Halfa and Mashakit are curious and indeed important in one especial particular. On six of the Phonetic ovals, which are crenated, and which, instead of cartouches, the usual name, Champollion on this occasion designates as *boucliers* (shields), appear the names of some of the heads of the various countries conquered by Sesostri. We shall indicate them in succession, inasmuch as they singularly confirm the suggestions we offered in our last number; distinguishing, at the same time, the separate Phonetic powers of the symbols employed.

The first contains the generic name of the Scheti (spelt Sh-e.d-te): the second, the generic name of the Sons of Mosech or the Muscovites, spelt precisely as in Hebrew (*M-s-e-k*); thirdly, the people of Aracan, spelt very nearly as that name is sounded, (as for example, Ar-rk-k-a-n); fourthly, the people of Casan (spelt *C-a-s-n*); the fifth, is probably Susa, but the middle vowel *u* is obliterated, and it stands at present S- -se. For the purpose of convenience, we shall take the liberty of skipping from the commencement of the first livraison to the end of the second; the rest of the illustrations being taken up with one entire subject, to which we shall then be free to devote all our remaining attention in this short paper. The 29th and concluding plate of the second livraison is occupied with copies of inscribed steles at Ibrim in Nubia. They are not very important. They are in honor of Mœra-Thothmos (the eleventh shield of the middle series of the Stone of Abydos), son of the famous Mœris, grandfather of Memnon, and father of the Pharaoh who, from all collateral evidence, appears to have been contemporary with Moses, and who pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea. That Pharaoh, his son, and another of the princes of the blood, distinguished by his usual insignia, are represented as offering him homage. The inscription which accompanies the ceremony is, "To the good deity Thothmos, lord of the ends of the earth," (the exact terms employed by Homer, i. e. *peirata gaïes*.)

As we have observed, the rest of the illustrations in the two livraisons are taken up with one subject. That subject is Ipsambul; and they comprise details of the two structures erected by Sesostri at that place, the Speos of Athor, the goddess Venus, and the Speos, or Sesostreum, cut out of the solid rock, and apparently consecrated to the combined purposes of temple, palace, and tomb. In the temple or Speos of Athor, there is nothing which calls for prolonged commentary. The founder's favorite wife, whom Champollion calls Nofre-ari, is represented throughout as the presiding divinity of the temple of Venus;—in one case apotheosized and worshipped by Sesostri in the character of Athor; in the other associated with him in the presumptuous claim of divinity, he being enthroned by her side in the character of Ammon. We may here remark, that we object entirely to the name of Nofre-ari, as assigned to the second wife of Sesostri by Champollion. In giving her that name, he violates his own definition of the Phonetic language; employing one of the symbols syllabically and leaving out others. For instance, he omits the *M* of the vulture (*maut*), with which the name commences, and which he interprets *Maut* on another occasion, viz. in the instance of the mother of Memnon, and he gives to the guitar, which, according to his theory, ought only to represent an *N*, the full syllabic or heraldic expression of Nofre, which is the Egyptian name for that instrument. Again, he takes the signs for *ari* which follows, but he leaves out the Phonetic signs of the word *Mne* at the end. Upon his own system, we shall reverse his interpretation. We should leave out the guitar, as a mere symbol of a good divinity, and giving to the whole of the rest of the characters *Champollion's Phonetic powers*, we should read the name Mariamne, a well-known Jewish and possibly an Egyptian name. We shall not, however, waste our time in cavilling about this name, but for the present invest the lady with the very uneuphonious appellation which Champollion has given to her. The name of the wife of Sesostri, Butaniathe, we do not object to. Both queens are exhibited in colored costume, in plate 3 of the second livraison. There is one large half-length portrait of Nofre-ari; a second of full length; and a third, a full-length of Butaniathe. But all three have been given before by Rossellini, and merely confirm his accuracy. We return to the Speos of Athor, merely to observe, in quitting this part of the subject, that Sesostri, designated by his never-varied Phonetic and titular symbols, and which appear in the proper order of succession first on the third series of shields on the Stone of Abydos, is on two occasions repre-

sented before his accession to the throne; the title of "Benevolent God" being substituted for "King by the will of the people," or "of a willing people." It appears that he was married for several years before his accession; since he is followed, on one occasion, while offering incense to Horus, by a young female child, who in the inscription is called his daughter, and named Amentheme. On one occasion Nofre-ari is called "Queen and royal wife of Ammon?" which would lead one to infer that she had been one of the Palladi, the royal order of nuns, to which many of the princesses during their nonage belonged, and who were consecrated by a temporary vow of virginity to Ammon. Part of a dilapidated statue of Athor appears on the extreme wall of the sacellum of the temple. The figure has a cow's head surmounted by a lotus; and the name Athor,—which signifies House or Womb of the Sun, the Egyptian Messiah, or Bethshemish,* threat-

ened by the prophet "with having a fire lighted in it, which should destroy its images,"—is clearly visible above the head of the broken and decayed statue. Marks of fire are met with throughout the interior. The antithesis implied by the prophecy between the real fire threatened and the profane fire lighted up within this temple by the orgies of Venus, and the presumptuous deifications of mortal beauties which cover its walls, is obvious and striking. The eighth and ninth folios of the first livrasion represent the front elevation of the great Speos of Ipsambul, which indeed depicts and records the Titanian ambition of its great founder.

Four of the Caryatides which support the architrave are enormous colossal statues of Sesostris himself; two, of his favorite wife, in the character of Venus or Athor. At the foot of each of his statues stand two of the princes, his sons; and at the foot of each of hers two of the princesses, her daughters. But the latter do not rise above half the height of the leg of the six colossi which compose the magnificent and unique portico of this astonishing Troglodyte palace. On the left side of the portal, Sesostris is sculptured in the act of slaying a vanquished negro, who wears large gold ear-rings. On the right side, he is represented in final con-

* The passage is, "He shall break the images of Bethshemish, and burn with fire the houses of the Egyptian gods," Jeremiah, c. 43, ver. 13. The word Athor means the same as Bethshemish, both, Phonetically and symbolically, implying the House of Orus or the Sun. Her symbol is a house with a hawk within it. She is the Virgo or Virgin of the Egyptian zodiac, mysteriously holding her son Orus, the false Messiah of Egypt, on her knees. We need not wonder therefore, at the denunciation of the prophets against Egypt, nor at the peculiar character of the denunciation. We need not go to the Prometheus of Æschylus, or the Pollio of Virgil, to show that all the Pagan nations, receiving their rites from Egypt, had a traditional expectation of a conquering Messiah. But the peculiar characteristic of Egyptian arrogance was, that the Pharaohs successively claimed to themselves divine honors, as the expected Epiphany or Incarnation. Thus, one of the Pharaohs is represented in the prophecies as saying, "I am a God, and sit on the throne of God, in the midst of the seas." Again, "The river is mine and I made it." The whole early line of the Pharaohs arrogated to themselves this blasphemous designation. Sesostris especially did so, offering and causing divine honors to be paid to himself in the character of the Son of Ammon, and obviously undertaking his ambitious design of universal empire in the character of son and vicerent of Ammon, in order to make himself the earthly god of the whole world's idolatry. The chief purport of the prophetic denunciations is to condemn this arrogant assumption, and to reclaim from the false church in Egypt, on behalf of the true church in Judæ, the virgin daughter of Judah, the right of giving birth to the true Messiah. It is a curious circumstance that, as through the whole of the Jewish symbols there are evidences to be found of marked distinction from the Egyptian in the midst of obvious conformity, so it will appear that, through the whole of the prophets' denunciations against Egypt, there runs a marked line of connected purpose. The worshipped symbols of the gods are generally embodied in these denunciations, while the threat, expressed in a symbolic manner, appears to aim at contrasting

the humiliating confusion threatened to Egypt with the presumptuous confidence reposed by Egypt in the gods and monarchs of its idol worship. For instance, in the preceding verse of the chapter above referred to, a second shepherd desolation is denounced. "He (Cyrus) shall array himself with the land of Egypt as the shepherd putteth on his garment."

Again in Isaiah xix. 1, all the symbolic threats are opposed to the symbolic confidences of Egypt: "A cloud to the sun, a fire to the heart." And it is most curious that a burning heart was in fact a symbol of Egypt. "Behold, the Lord rideth upon a cloud, and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it." All the verses of the same chapter, from three to twelve, are most curious in their references to Egypt. The allusion to the fishers, spreading their nets on the waters in the midst of the reeds of papyrus, will immediately bring back to the recollection of our readers the striking graphic illustrations of fishermen, with their peculiar Egyptian net and their ambuscade among the reeds of papyrus, which Rossellini supplies; and to which we have referred in our reviews of his ingenious work. One corroborative passage from Ezekiel respecting Egypt may be added to the foregoing: "I will cut off the multitude from No," viz. from populous Thebes, that multitude in which she boasted—the *pleista domois* of Homer. And again, "Noph," i. e. Memphis, "shall have distresses daily;"—not, so the contrast implies, her fictitious wailings for the dead. "At Tehaphnehes, the day (i. e. the orb of day) shall be darkened, when I shall break there the yokes of Egypt." The allusion to the yoke of Apis, in the last instance, is evident. Ezekiel, xxx. 14, 15, 16, 18.

flict with the same chief of the nation of the Robouri, whose duel with him is depicted at Louqsor. The 10th plate exhibits the same profile of Sesostriis as had been previously given by Rossellini, and some of his accoutrements and ornaments, none of which call for notice, unless we may except the *oval* clasp of his sword-belt, which contains the symbols of his name. The 15th plate is colored, and represents him in his chariot, in all the magnificent panoply of an Egyptian monarch and conqueror. The car, instead of being of bronze, as usual, is on this occasion chiefly composed of gold. His steel casque is embossed with gold. His bow, formed generally of two pieces of elastic steel, united by a central band, is of gold, or of steel enamelled with gold; and his whole person is covered with a profusion of gold ornaments and jewellery, consisting of breastplate, armlets, bracelets, girdle, and pouch, an appendage to the Egyptian military apron, as it is to the kilt and philibeg; and the square shrine-like symbol of truth (*amune*—which offers some features of conformity with the Jewish Urim and Thummim) is suspended by a heavy gold chain round his neck. All this rich accumulation of ornaments is partly dimmed rather than concealed by the green muslin robe, which appears to have been a peculiar and favorite costume of the Pharaohs. The horses which draw the car are magnificent, and their caparison is as gorgeous as the warlike harness of their master. Their necks are loaded with ornaments; their heads are diademed with gold and jewels, and surmounted by stately ostrich feathers. A running footman runs before the car. His tunic is of cloth of gold; in one hand he carries a truncheon; in the other his bow and arrows. A black-fringed cap constitutes part of his costume, and large and heavy gold bracelets of a peculiar form invest his left arm, which may have been either a symbol of his station in the royal household, or an accoutrement intended to protect the left arm in drawing the bow from abrasion by the rebound of the string after discharging his arrows. The lion which, according to Diodorus Siculus, in his warlike expedition, accompanied Osymandias, a name proved to have been a title of Rameses Meamon, runs by the side of the chariot of Sesostriis. A brief inscription, in a single line, written horizontally over the head of the whole pompous paraphernalia, merely announces that "this is the golden chariot, and these the horses of the Great King." In a lateral vertical inscription there are the terms of the common "*Vivat Rex*" in use now, like the "*O King, live for ever*," peculiar to the Persians. It may be correctly translated—*Ammon me*

Rameses (we doubt extremely all Champollion's interpretations of the titular shields—interpretations confessedly not governed in any respect by the Phonetic discovery)—"*To him be joy and life daily and for ever!*"

The first folio of the second livraison contains the portraits of the wives of Sesostriis, which we have already described, but it adds a half-length colored portrait of Sesostriis himself. This has not been given by Rossellini, and, with the exception of the Moorish complexion, it is so like Napoleon Buona-parte, that it might be readily taken for a portrait of that modern conqueror himself. The rest of the plates in the second livraison are chiefly occupied with the details of part of one of the great campaigns of Sesostriis, and which are in a great measure either duplicates or copies of the same sculptural description at Louqsor. These details are taken from the north wall of the vestibule of the Speos at Ipsambul. It was against the Scythian people, called the *Scheti* in the inscriptions, with their allies, called Robou by Champollion, but who are occasionally called Robourim, that this campaign was undertaken. It gives only an incomplete view of the campaign; representing various portions of the field of battle, before, during, and after the conflict. That field of battle is a plain intersected by a river, on one of the banks of which Sesostriis pitched his encampment; the same river encircles a hill, on which stands the fortified town of the enemy. The illustrations depict the march of the Egyptian army in various divisions, consisting of infantry and chariots—the shock with the hostile squadrons—the defeat of the latter upon the plain, and the flight of the defeated remnant of their army to their fortified town, where they await his attack. The illustrations contained in these livraisons show the manœuvres employed by Sesostriis and his army in order to surround, and make a general attack upon, the town. We shall briefly direct attention to the most remarkable points, which characterize these curious and important representations of a warlike campaign, conducted between 3 and 4000 years ago.

On plate 18, the proof that the Egyptians had occasional cavalry, as well as charioteers, is given by the representation of a man on horseback; and a body of spearmen are seen marching in line, with their commanding officer directing their regular military step. The Egyptian infantry are armed with spears, swords, and shields, and protected by close-fitting helmets. Occasionally cuirassiers appear among the corps of infantry; and the cuirass, consisting of moveable plates of steel, descending downwards to the military kilt, almost always designates the charioteers, who

are also always moustached. The body coat of mail and the striated apron sometimes resemble the classic form of Greek military costumes. Two men always occupy one car; one to drive the horses, the other to fight. The spirit with which the long procession is invested by the sculptor, as will be seen at the bottom of the successive folios 18, 19, 21, and 25, is worthy of the examination of the artist. The variety of action and play of muscle imparted to the beautiful horses, the different physiognomies of the warriors, and the general beauty in the disposition and arrangement of the chariots separately, as well as of the whole group, will, we think, convince the most sceptical of the fact, that from this source the much-admired equestrian processions on the Athenian temples were originally derived.

Plates 20 and 22 are chiefly remarkable for representing the sumpter mules of the army carrying baggage panniers for its use, and the droves of oxen which accompany the expedition. The armed men, on the turrets of the walls of the Robourim, protect themselves from the discharge of the enemies' arrows by large shields of leather, or some other material, the top of them being fixed like a sail to strong uprights, and the lower, or broader, end to the ramparts.

Plates 22, 23, and 24 are chiefly taken up with exhibiting the details of the arms, armor, discipline, and order of battle of the Robou or Robourim. They appear to have been a powerful nation, and not much behind the Egyptians, either in the number of their army, in its discipline, or in the character of their offensive and defensive arms. There is a difference in the latter, but no inequality. Their army is also divided into infantry and charioteers. The charioteers wear cuirasses, and carry shields, spears, and bows; but they are distinguished by the form of their shields, which are generally square, as opposed to the truncated oval form of the Egyptian. They have a broad brim to them, and are divided by vertical and horizontal lines into a number of square plates of metal, which probably covered a wooden frame. The helmet differs from the Egyptian in having a tasselled crest. The car also differs in being square and cumbrous, like a waggon. It was also in many instances covered with the same series of squares either to ornament or to protect the shields, and the car held three warriors instead of one. The latter also are distinguished from the Egyptians, who wear moustaches, by a lock of hair hanging from their temples. Their force must have been considerable and well matched in point of number with the Egyptian. Thanks to some of the inscriptions which the French commis-

sion have preserved, while they have superciliously omitted others, we can arrive at a pretty correct knowledge of the number of the contending armies, of the number of the prisoners made, and of the number of the dead. Over the heads of a single brigade of the charioteers of the Scheti and the Robourim appear in one instance the symbols of 9,000. Now, when it is added that their chariots are *quadrigæ*, that is to say, are drawn by four horses abreast, which is sometimes the case with the Egyptian, but not always, not fewer than 36,000 horses and 27,000 warriors must have been in this brigade alone. A similar estimate may be formed of the force of the Egyptian army. Over the heads of one column of heavy-armed infantry appear the words—“9,000 men bearing spears and shields, under the command of his majesty himself, who overthrew the bad race.”

The 24th and 25th plates represent the defeat and flight of the Scheti and Robourim, and their pursuit by the Egyptians across the river to the town. The sculptor on this occasion has exhausted all his ingenuity, and striven to equal in graphic power the flights of poetic imagination, while portraying the rout of one party and the pursuit of the other. Sesostris, in the centre of the battle, is made the hero and central object of attraction of the labors and glories of the day. All the turmoil and terrors and bodily suffering of a field of battle are depicted to the life. It is Gray's poetical picture embodied in sculptural narrative.

“Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand weapons round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop and shame to fly:
Here confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honorable death.”

There are some prominent incidents represented in the concluding scene of these battle-pieces, which deserve to be distinguished and selected from the confused mass of objects that produce the aggregate result of order amidst disorder intended by the sculptor. The general resemblance borne by the representation to Homer's description of fields of battle in the Iliad is remarkable. Warriors are seen dashed headlong from the cars by the stroke of the javelin or the arrow;—terrified or wounded horses, rearing and plunging amidst the contest;—cars, devoid of their riders or overthrown, whirled from the scene of action by the frightened and astonished animals, and the chariot wheels of the Egypt-

tian hero, like those of Achilles, dashing over heaps of dying and dead. In some cases the contending warriors, descending from their cars, appear to parley, like Diomed and Glaucus, amidst the pauses of the battle. In one case two young warriors belonging to the combined army of the Scheti and the Robourim are carrying off their dead companion, who is placed at the bottom of their chariot, and they are pursued by an Egyptian warrior, who threatens them with his lance and taunts them with his words, while they, looking back towards him, await his attack, the one with contemptuous, the other with smiling, tranquillity. We can hardly help fancying that we hear the beautiful apostrophe of Virgil's youthful hero, Euryalus—

“In me convertite ferrum,
Me, me; adsum qui feci.”

The shock of the hostile cars of the Egyptian and Scythian squadrons, distinguished from each other by the contrasted characteristics we have detailed, as exhibited in plates 23 and 24, and the tumultuous effect of the collision, are spiritedly expressed by the sculptor:—

“Arms on armor clashing bray
Horrible discord; and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rage.”

The discipline of the Egyptian army, and its military organization, are most obvious. The cavalry advance in double columns, that is, eight horses abreast, when the chariots are quadrigæ,—four, when bigæ. The infantry generally advance in line, each individual of the rank moving with regulated step, and a centurion or captain heading every rank, directing their movements with a long truncheon or staff. Homer's description of the military organization of the Greeks, as contrasted with the clamorous and tumultuous attack of the more barbarous Asiatics, will probably occur to the classical reader while surveying these curious revived proofs of ancient strategics.

“Silent they move, a well-appointed throng,
Chief urges chief, and man drives man
along.”

The archers discharge their arrows, like modern musketeers, in regular platoon. Slow and double quick time characterize, as in modern times, the various orders of march. In one of the last plates, after the battle has been won, and when the assailants of all arms are advancing rapidly to turn the right and left flank of the enemy as they fly for protection to their fortified towns, the

spearman are seen advancing in unbroken ranks, but with a running step,—their lances being *ported* at a regular angle, as if prescribed by some military manual. The fortified town being built upon an elevation, the artist has admirably expressed the inclined stooping position of the infantry, heavily burdened with their loaded quivers on their shoulders, and the laboring muscular action produced on the chariot horses, as the whole body of assailants make a combined rush forward to stem the heights. Every battlement and tower of the hostile city is thronged with armed men awaiting the attack, and here, as we have before said, ends the series of illustrations at present published. If the French Commission had had the good sense to give the hieroglyphical inscriptions which accompany the last two illustrations, instead of the vacant columns which they have chosen to do, we should have been enabled to obtain a better and clearer idea of the various fortunes of this fiercely contested battle-field and of its results.

One inscription, which terminates the scene, however, they have given, and this enables us to add one elucidating commentary before we conclude. The subject of that inscription is what may be called a terminating episode in the battle on the plain. The defeated chief of the Robourim is represented barely escaping from the slaughter of the day in his chariot, in which both his charioteer and his associate warrior are depicted as slain during his flight. He escapes on foot to the draw-bridge which crosses the river to the gate of the town, whence the governor or one of the chiefs comes forth, to receive him in his flight, or to condole with him on his disaster. The latter is depicted offering to his humiliated monarch a peculiar form of reverential accolade or embrace, one hand being placed on the head, and the other on the heart. Beneath both the word Robourim is clearly written. Above is an inscription, which is meant to indicate the address of the defeated chief, whether to his vassal or his warlike associate, and which is somewhat to this effect: “Give me refuge, refuge from the wrath of the just King.”

We have now gone through the illustrations of the first two livraisons of Champolion's work. Whatever interest may be found to attach to the sculptured battle-pieces which they preserve, they are, as we have reason to know, far inferior in interest and in the historical information they convey to those which remain extant on the walls of the various palaces and temples of Thebes and Nubia. These illustrations contain but a very small portion of the great campaign

of Sesostriis, only equalled in ambitious design by the march of Napoleon to Moscow, and in which he evidently aimed at the conquest of the whole then known world. But the wars of Amenoph the First against the Shepherds, of Mœris, of Memnon, Petamon, Rameses Me-Ammon, and Shishak, though not embracing so wide an extent of conquest, are not deficient in interest, and descriptions of them equally extant with those of Sesostriis, on various monuments at Thebes and Nubia, remain to be produced. We need not in conclusion say more than that we await their production with considerable anxiety and interest. In conjunction with the civil, domestic, and commercial details, to which we adverted in our former article, as supplying materials for a history of Egypt and its contemporary nations, during the three hundred and forty-eight years of the 18th dynasty of kings, these military details will fill up a vast chasm in human knowledge, and supply an authentic history of the human race during the most critical and influential periods of its existence,—periods as well corroborated by demonstrable chronological dates as any later period of the ancient history of the world. It will complete, such is our expectation, the chronological chain of historical events—comprehending with adequate accuracy a period extending from 1322 B. C. to the date of the 1st Olympiad, 779 B. C., with which, and not before, authentic history could not be permitted to commence, previously to the extraordinary discovery of the Egyptian monuments, to which we have been referring in terms of high but deserved appreciation.

ART. VI.—*Tragedie di Giovanni Battista Niccolini, Fiorentino.* (Tragedies by G. B. Niccolini, a Florentine.) 2 vols. 8vo. Capolago. 1835.

AT a very early period of the existence of this Review, we took occasion to introduce the living Florentine tragic poet to our readers;* and in so doing expressed a strong persuasion that he was capable of far better things than his *Antonio Foscari*, the tragedy then under our consideration. That we did not judge him erroneously the volumes before us prove; and, although we still see room for great improvement, and, as

we think, powers adequate thereto, Niccolini has already so far justified our favorable opinion as to entitle himself to more circumstantial notice, to more elaborate criticism, than we then bestowed upon him. This he might indeed claim at our hands, had he since produced nothing but his *Nabucco*, an extraordinary play, in which he has dramatized the fall of Napoleon, and displays far more force and originality than in any of his other tragedies, though we by no means consider it as the sole, or as likely to remain even the chief, foundation of his fame. But, before we dissect or discuss that or any of his new productions, we must say a few words of the poet himself, whom we formerly scarcely deemed worthy of so much attention, of his general character as a dramatist, and of the causes to which we ascribe most of his faults.

Niccolini is a noble Florentine,* and hereditarily a poet, descending, by his mother, from the greatest Italian lyricist of the 17th century, the justly celebrated Filicaja, who might alone redeem the *Seicentisti* from reprobation. He was esteemed by his admirers, the classicists, the chief rival of Manzoni, as long as that highly gifted writer continued to cultivate the sisters of Castaly, by whom he was so profusely favored; and since the author of the *Conte di Carmagnola*, *Adelchi*, and *I Promessi Sposi* has, in excess of devotional zeal, abandoned the fair fields of imaginative poetry, Niccolini is in Italy, we believe, unanimously acknowledged as his only successor. An Italian poet thus valued by the Italian *literati* is neither to be lauded nor censured by foreign critics, without good and sufficient reasons alleged; and to do this satisfactorily we must take a rapid and general survey of Italian Tragedy.

The drama seems to have arisen in Italy upon the revival of classical literature, for though there were Italian mysteries, they were few, we believe, and never very popular; the drama was consequently modelled upon classic originals, without assuming a national form, except in comedy, when the *Commedie dell' Arte*† appeared. This classic influence was of course most apparent in the works of the earliest dramatists, but it

* It is, perhaps, scarcely worth mentioning that the name of Niccolini is one of the historical names of Florence, and that Filicaja was employed by the grand duke in the government of the country. The honors with which he was loaded by almost all the then living sovereigns of Europe, including the eccentric Christina of Sweden, were of course paid as a tribute to his poetical not to his political fame.

† See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. II.

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. II.

continued through the last century, although gradually modified by the softer Ausonian nature, and may be traced even in the operas of Metastasio. Towards the end of the 18th century, indeed, Alfieri formed a new and severer school of tragedy, excluding those superfetations, the *amours obligés* of the French classics, Corneille and Racine, and of the mellifluous Metastasio; but he thus in fact rendered Italian tragedy more truly classical, whether he took his subject from Greek mythology, from history, ancient or modern, or even from the Bible. Alfieri may perhaps be said to have exaggerated the severe simplicity of Greek tragedy with respect to plot and *dramatis personæ*, while he rejected the pomp of poetry which, in the classic drama, supplied the place of complex incident and thrilling interest; and the result is, if we may hazard the confession, a sense of barren coldness, that renders the perusal of his tragedies, in spite of the powerful genius they display, a somewhat heavy task. But the striking contrast presented by the vigor of Alfieri with the tameness, or the tame sweetness, of his predecessors and contemporaries, awoke vehement admiration, and has established him as the model of most subsequent tragedians, and especially of such as, like himself, are ardent lovers of liberty.

In this state Niccolini found the tragic theatre of his country, when, deeply imbued with classic lore, he devoted himself to the worship of Melpomene. Could he draw his dramatic ideas from other than classic sources? Could he seek other modification or adaptation of those classic ideas to modern notions, than those offered by Alfieri? Even the political circumstances of his times were calculated to confirm this classic tendency of his mind, inasmuch as he glowed, through the inconsiderate impetuosity of adolescence, half-ripening to the fervid passions of early manhood, amidst the wildest modern hallucinations of *pseudo*-Roman liberty, and of Roman military glory; being favored and promoted, during this last most misleadable, if not most leadable, age, by Maria Louisa, temporary Queen of Etruria, and her successor the Princess Elise, both dependents and creations, the last the sister, of the anti-romantic Napoleon. Let us then, in considering the works of our poet, their merits, and their failures, constantly bear in mind the various but concurrent influences under which they have been produced.

In the year 1810, Niccolini, then 24 years of age, brought forth his first Tragedy. It was Greek throughout—the title, *Polissena*, the Italian form of Polyxena; the subject, the sacrifice of the royal Trojan virgin at the

tomb of Achilles. The character of the personages, and the conduct of the play, are sufficiently Hellenic to impress us with respect for the writer's knowledge of, and love for, Homer, Æschylus, and Co.; the only deviation from the sternest classicism is Polyxena's invincible, involuntary, and thoroughly concealed and controlled, though not conquered, love for Pyrrhus; and even this modern sentimentalism is so happily managed as at once to aid the catastrophe and interest readers and audiences, accustomed to the strong stimulants of our own times, without offending the Hellenic sense of the severest classicist. Niccolini's purity of language, sweetness and richness of poetry, and tenderness of feeling, have been so abundantly eulogized by all critics, Italian, French, and German, that upon these we dwell not; occupying ourselves chiefly with what we deem higher points, to wit, the structure and conduct of his pieces, and the development of character. Three more Greek tragedies were probably the fruit of the enthusiasm that greeted *Polissena*; and then our poet, after having, at the suggestion of an English lady, Italianized rather than translated Douglas, locating the Scotch hero in Sicily, betook himself, touched perhaps by the spirit of nationality springing up around him, to the annals of his own country in search of materials for tragedy.

But before we examine his historic tragedies let us recollect that Niccolini was now, and had for some time been, acknowledged by the classicists as their head, as the great, the successful rival of the romantic Manzoni, and must necessarily have been chary of risking the loss of so exalted a station in the literary world. If he felt the superior interest possessed by national subjects, the richer field offered by national characters to his powers of embodying individuality, he would seek to combine these advantages with his classic fame, by treating modern history, in the Continental language of the day romantic subjects, classically. Bearing these circumstances in mind, turn we to the Historic Tragedies before us.

Niccolini's first *trouvaille* in Italian history was the fate of Antonio Foscari. For an account and criticism of his tragedy upon this subject, we refer to our former number already quoted, but must add one observation, appropriate to the view we are now taking. It is that this *trouvaille* was one of peculiar felicity, real treasure-trove to a classicist, since most of the great incidents of the story can be represented in the play with due subservience to unity of time, and no other sacrifice or strain of probability, than supposing the trial and execution of Antonio

Foscarini to have taken place, without a moment's delay, in the night that succeeded the evening of his offence and capture; that being the evening of the day in which the law, constituting the entrance into a foreign envoy's garden a crime, was passed.

Antonio Foscarini has had two younger brothers, tragedies founded upon Italian history. One of these, *Giovanni di Procida*, attempts a mighty subject, were it so treated as to display the growth and working of human passion; the other, *Lodovico Sforza*, is, to our mind, essentially undramatic. A few words will suffice for all we have to say of the latter; of the former, we shall speak considerably more at length, esteeming it our Author's best historic tragedy, and, perhaps for that very reason, a striking instance of the defects of his system.

The subject of *Lodovico Sforza*, though sad, perhaps even tragic enough, if we may use the epithet in a sense so qualified as to render it compatible with what is to follow, appears to us, as before said, decidedly and essentially undramatic. It is, and can be nothing but the death of the feeble Giovanni Galeazzo, and the usurpation of his able, unprincipled uncle, *Lodovico il Moro* (the Moor); an event of immense Italian importance and dignity, it is true, since it may be considered as the origin of the wars of the French and Spaniards in and for Italy; but utterly barren of vicissitudes. The opening scene shows us the poor youth suffering under the action of a slow poison; and his fate is so manifestly inevitable that we can hardly take any interest in the exertions of his heroic and highly talented consort, Isabella of Aragon, in his behalf. Neither is the catastrophe at all caused, or scarcely even precipitated, by the vacillations and credulity of the would-be chivalrous Charles VIII. of France, whose character is however admirably drawn, or, shall we say? touched.

The Sicilian Vespers is a subject of a very different kind, yet, perhaps, equally unfit for the drama, if the drama be doomed to struggle helplessly within the trammels of the Unities. An historical play, in the Shaksperian acceptation of the term, assuredly might be constructed upon it; and, in the hands of Shakspeare, or even in those of Kit Marlowe, what a powerfully interesting play it would have been!* We should there have seen the tame submission of the conquered Sicilians, provoked by the lawless

violence, the outrages upon female honor, the generally insulting and capricious tyranny, of their French masters, into a sullen dissatisfaction or a passionate indignation, offering fair materials to be worked upon by Procida; we should have seen in the hero himself the gradual ripening of resentment for private injuries, patriotically sympathizing with public injuries, into the calm, steady, but irresistible determination to avenge the wrongs of his country, to break the oppressors' yoke, and to restore national independence; and we might thus have been wrought into such sympathy with the vindictive passions of Procida and his countrymen, as even to bear the consummation of that most awful of all acts of popular retributive justice, the Sicilian Vespers, in which every Frenchman upon the island, detected by his false enunciation of the two words, *cecì* and *cicerì*, was mercilessly slaughtered.

But what of all this can we have in a tragedy cramped within the limits of the Unity of time? The *mère catastrophe* which, thus unprepared, revolts us. The maturity and horrible result of a conspiracy, the grounds of which we learn only from hearsay, as crimes long since committed, and therefore awakening no lively emotion; and though Niccolini has thoroughly, if not altogether happily, identified the private with the great public interests, the sorrows of his hero and heroine springing from the outrages and oppressions that have produced the conspiracy, yet those sorrows are not its motive cause; and we hear so much of the remorse of the perpetrator of the main outrage, that we feel nearly as much pity for the penitent criminal as for the vindictive sufferer by his crimes. A brief abstract of the story will illustrate our views.

The wife of Giovanni di Procida, after presenting him with a son and a daughter, has been forcibly torn from her home by Eriberto, *gallicè* Heribert, an historical character, known as a favorite of Charles of Anjou, and as the most arrogant and licentious among the French oppressors of the Two Sicilies. To him the victim of his violence has borne a son, Tancredi; and, subsequently escaping from his power, she has returned to die at her husband's feet, with the disgraceful secret, that a child of her compelled shame exists, trembling upon her lips, intimated but not revealed. Her eldest born, Procida's son, has fallen by Eriberto's sword, in an impotent juvenile attempt to avenge his mother; and Procida, vowing retribution upon the whole nation to which the destroyer of his wife and son belongs, has left Sicily to excite Rome, Constantinople, and Aragon, against the tyrants of his

* We should not be sorry to see Joanna Baillie grapple with the Sicilian Vespers, did we think that her feminine heart could work itself into sympathy with the perpetrators of such a massacre.

native land. To insure his safety, he has spread a report of his death; and his daughter, Imelda, believes herself an orphan, independent as helpless. She is wholly ignorant of her mother's story; and, having been protected from brutal outrage by Tancredi, has repaid his service by falling in love with the unknown stranger, who is unacquainted with his own origin, and whom she, from his speaking good Italian, supposes to be a countryman. At the opening of the tragedy they have already been so long privately married that Imelda is a mother; and Tancredi, having recently discovered that he is Eriberto's son, has filially written to ask his father's consent to that "foregone conclusion," his union with Imelda.

This private plot, all of which, save Tancredi's share, is historical, may be considered as a fair embodying of the general miseries caused by French insolence and licentiousness: but we must observe upon the addition to history, so revolting to English feelings, the unconscious guilt of the wedded brother and sister, that if it were needed to enhance the evils inflicted by the conquerors upon the the conquered, we have to regret its chronological improbability, to say the least. Scarcely sixteen years intervened between the invasion of the Sicilies by Charles of Anjou and the Sicilian Vespers; so that Tancredi could not well have completed the age of fourteen when he is supposed to have rescued and captivated Imelda.

But to proceed—all this being preliminary matter—the tragedy itself consists of the unexpected return of Procida, his interview with his fellow conspirators, their capture of Tancredi, Imelda's grief, terror, and confession of her marriage, the interception of Eriberto's answer to his son's request, in which he tells him that his intended bride is his half-sister, Imelda's consequent determination to take the veil, her seizure by the French as she is embarking for a Tuscan convent, the death of Tancredi, and a fainting fit of the widow-sister, blending with, though by no means causing, the first outbreak of the insurrection.

Having thus shown the defects inherent in the scheme of the tragedy, consequent upon the confining such a subject within the limits of the Unities, we turn to the more pleasing task of exhibiting Niccolini's merits in execution. The following extract from the first scene between Procida and one of his confederates, is to us peculiarly pleasing by the delineation and management of the hero's character.

"Gualtiero, entering. Procida!

Procida.

Friend!

Gual. At length again embraced!

Pro. Upon thy bosom let me place my hand—

Now hear. The vengeance-consecrated day Is this. Thy heart beats calmly. Bold in arms

I knew thee: of a valiancy more rare

This is the test—approved conspirator.

But speak of Naples, whence thou com'st, the lot?

Gual. Dishonor.

Pro. And the wish?

Gual. Revenge.

Pro. And Charles?

Gual. As subjects, he oppresses, and, as strangers,

Disdains the men of Naples. Towards the rich

Rapacious, he is cruel towards the poor;

He lurks an unseen tyrant in his palace,

Or thence, as savage beast from den, prowls forth.

Pro. Saw'st thou the fierce usurper near?

Gual. So near

On battle-day might I but find him! Little

The lurid, sidelong flashing of his eyes

Athwart his sullen brow should then avail him!

He, truculent of aspect, ne'er inspired

The awful majesty of terror felt

In presence of the forest's monarch; no,

But the cold shuddering with which the serpent,

Forth from some temple's hallowed gloom, unlooked for,

Gliding upon the day-light, chills the blood!

Pro. The day has dawned when I may trample on him—

May stand tremendous executioner

Of Heaven's high judgment on his head.—

The Nobles,

May we hope aid from them?

Gual. Habituate

To slavery, once so bitter, they are now

Unmoved by generous griefs; he weeps, a coward,

Of yore who gloried in the name of rebel.

* * * * *

Pro. Awakened with the stroke of hostile swords

Is virtue in the bosom of th' oppressed,

As from the gelid stone the fire-spark breaks.

* * * * *

Gual. Disclose thy plots.

Pro. Plots! None have I. A nation

Conspires not. All, without a previous word, All understood each other.

* * * * *

We need a powerful monarch; be the sword That monarch's sceptre, and the helm his crown.

Let him our clashing wills reduce to concord, The bleeding wounds of servile Italy

Heal, and anew create her. So that she,

Erst mistress of the world, no longer prove

The general thrall, the prey and sepulchre

Of every foreign race."

Gualtiero now goes forth to announce to

his confederates the existence, arrival, and plans of Procida. He returns to Procida in the third act, and his tidings are thus hailed :

Pro. Oh miracle of hatred ! Faithfully
A nation keeps the mighty secret ; all
Favors the vengeance that, to make it sure,
I have thus long delayed.

Gual. The sons of France
Forget, despise, enjoy. Each warrior boasts
The glories in Byzantium that await him :
Derides the tears of women whom, seduced,
He now deserts, and, in his vice audacious,
Reveals the injuries of the nuptial bed.

Pro. That execrated race desires alike
Warfare and lawless love,—whate'er can
promise
Pleasure and danger.

* * * * *

Gual. I may not, Procida, disguise my
thought ;

Much as in peace I loathe the French, do I
Upon the battle-field admire them. Would
Our Italy had warriors their compeers !

Pro. Disdain her not, but pity ; and who-
e'er
Shall further wrong the flouted thrall, chas-
tise !"

We selected the following speech of Imelda's as a specimen of Niccolini's pathos ; then rejected it on account of the similarity of situation with that of a scene in *Nabucco*, from which we propose to make an extract ; and have finally resolved for that very reason to insert it. It would be doing Niccolini injustice to omit this burst of pure and passionate feeling of Imelda, who is a very different character from Amiti. The Sicilian wife and daughter as yet knows nothing of the peculiar horror of her marriage, but has just been told by her father that her hand is to be the reward of him who slays Eriberto.

Imel. What have I heard ! I, daughter,
mother, wife,
Falter and tremble, and in mine each thought
Danger and sin behold. Vainly I now
In my bewildered reason counsel seek.
Each path is closed ; my husband and my
father

Will even at the altar meet in blood.
Betwixt their weapons I shall stand—in vain !
Immense, fierce, just, my father's hatred is ;
Yet am I Tancred's wife, and must reveal it
When bid to wed another. With my babe
Let me seek pardon at my father's feet—
What wouldst thou, wretched mother !—Of
his foe

Is't not the grandchild ?—Anger, not affection,
His infant features might awaken.
And in the terrible impending fight
Where is Imelda's place ? Alas ! Nor coun-
try

Nor lawful vows has she. A guilty prayer
With trembling lips to Heaven up-offering.
Abhorred, distrusted, and forlorn, must she

Remain. An impious sister,* in French
hearts,
As in Sicilian, e'en midst strife and death,
Must she awaken a concordant shudder."

We could gladly go on, adding extract to extract from this tragedy, which, notwithstanding its faults, pleases us much. But we must recollect that we have still matter before us of more peculiar, if not of greater, interest in *Nabucco*, and content ourselves with one more, which shall be from the closing scene, in illustration of Niccolini's faults as well as of his merits.

The scene is now changed to an open space,† adorned with myrtles and orange trees, between the city walls and an extra-mural church, where the insurrection actually did begin. This space is thronged with people, awaiting some festal church-ceremony ; amongst them are several of the conspirators, sometimes stimulating the crowd to rage, sometimes discussing their plans with each other. Suddenly another conspirator, Alimo, rushes in, when he is addressed by one of his party.

Palmieri. Say, what has chanced ?

Alimo. Tumults and blood !

Pal. Then haste we—

Al. Forbear ! Ubaldo, who from Pisa
brought

Those hidden weapons that shall give us free-
dom,

Thought hence to sail ; with him a woman
went

Veiled with unwonted care, her face unseen.
The Franks prohibited their embarkation.

* * * * *

In vain Ubaldo strives, in vain the few,
There present, aid him : all are by French
numbers

Oppressed ; Ubaldo falls ; his sailors fly,
Bearing away th' unknown. But in swift
barks

The French pursue, and must o'ertake them."

The French commander, Drovetto, now crosses the stage, speaking contemptuously of the Sicilians ; but at length yields to the entreaties of the more cautious Sigier, whom he allows to search Procida's castle. When they are gone, the Sicilian poets proceed, by the desire of the conspirators, to stimulate the people in songs, which the French soldiery are supposed not to understand ; Palmieri assists their efforts by apposite apo-

* All she knows of the family history is that Tancredi's father, Eriberto, slew her brother, beside whose tomb the scene of the first four acts is laid.

† It will be remembered that the relaxation of the unities, which allows twenty-four hours in time, gives two or three streets in space.

logues; and at length some of the populace exclaim,

"Were Procida alive—

Others. Procida's dead.
Procida entering. Procida lives! I'm he."

The difficulty now is to restrain the impatience of the roused and encouraged people, till the concerted signal shall announce the appointed time. Meanwhile Drovetto returns, dragging in Imelda.

"*Drovetto.* Why shouldst thou leave Palermo? I no longer believe that Procida is dead. That rebel, hid in some neighb'ring island, there conspires with the abhorred Aragonese, and thee vainly expects. My hostage thou remainest.

Im. Too surely I'm an orphan; here Drovetto, Nothing is left to me, unhappy wretch!

[*Enter Sigier, followed by French soldiers, and Tancred.*

Sigier. No idle fear was my mistrust; I reached

Procida's castle, entrance was refused—In vain! The iron gate and bars gave way To French impetuosity. The castle, The chapel I explored, and midst the tombs found Tancred prisoner.

Imelda (aside). Oh God! What hear I?

Procida (approaching her). Thine oath!*

Sig. And, standing on the hill, I saw A dusty cloud from the near valley rise, Bespeaking warriors; Frenchmen they are not,

For those who fled the castle hurried to them.

Procida (aside to the conspirators). It is Gualtiero; friends, the hour's arrived.

Dro. Haste to disperse them; then return with speed.

The flashing of French steel shall dissipate The rabble. Thou hast disentangled now The threads of this deep plot. This mob is mute,

Sinking again into their ancient fear; I singly here suffice. [*Exeunt Sigier and*

Tancred, thou son troops.

Of a French hero, how wast thou made prisoner?

Why in that castle?

Tan. As Imelda's husband.

People. Oh Heavens! Can that be true?

Dro. Why trembles she? Resentment, menace, pallor, mark thy brow?—No, I mistake not; Procida is here!

Thy wrongs from thy wife's father thou forgive,

And seek'st to shelter him from certain death.

Tancred (aside). Thousand emotions in my bosom war.

Imel. Vainly you here seek Procida. Here were he,

I had not fled. His silence is no offspring Of love or pity. Never can he be My consort.

Tan. After such enduring love Canst thou desert me, cruel? Thou, a mother?

Pal. Pure calumny! She blushes; all know well

That he is son to Eriberto, who So deeply injured Procida; then think ye Procida's child can be a Frenchman's wife!

Dro. Discover which of these is Procida, And the fair slave be thine, given or restored.

Imelda (aside). Most generous! He's silent.

Dro. She with me—

Tan. What mean you?

Pro. By this blow know Procida! [*Stabs Drovetto.*

Pal. And with thee die the slanderer, the liar! [*Stabs Tancred.*

Imel. Oh God! Hold! hold! We're but too much united.

Tan. Barbarous Imelda—'tis for thee I die—Give me at least—one last—last kiss of love!

Imel. I dare not—Oh! One mother gave us birth.

Tan. Great God!—What do I hear!—I die. [*Dies.*

Imel. Oh Heavens!

I've murdered him—he doubted me—I faint! [*Swoons in the arms of the women.*

Pro. Sicilians, friends, stand ye immovable

From horror of their fate! A Frenchman's work

It is, fruit of our outraged nuptial beds. I must not now my daughter's miseries weep; My sword I brandish—Hark! the sacred bell! May I be first to shout, Death to the French! Death! Death!

[*Gualtiero rushes in with armed men.*

Gual. To arms! To arms!

People. To arms! To arms!"

And with this shout the tragedy ends; so that if we knew not from history the complete success of the Sicilian Vespers, we should really be left in great anxiety concerning the fate of our friends the conspirators.

We now proceed to *Nabucco*, which, at least in point of vigor, may be pronounced Signor Niccolini's master-piece. The subject, as before said, is of our own times; the close of that series of mighty vicissitudes, to the reality of which the hearts of half the civilized world now living have throbbed, and in which their individual interests, ay, and those of the youth since born, were involved. And this is dramatised by the simple contrivance of nominally transplanting the recent revolutions of an adjacent kingdom to distant climes and ages. That such is not a legitimate use or form of the drama is, we think, a position so self-evident, that to prove it were a mere work of supererogation; and

* He had made her swear never to reveal her marriage with Eriberto's son.

and this inappropriateness might afford a sufficient explanation of the otherwise singular fact, of the truth of which we have been assured, that this powerful piece, upon a subject so universally interesting, and by a poet of acknowledged genius, has been but little read, and never, we believe, acted in Italy. The latter seeming neglect originates, however, as we learn from the same source, in the *veto* of the constituted authorities, the grounds of which are political. But to the tragedy itself.

Nabucco is, we believe, the Italian form of Nebuchadnezzar, though whether the tragic hero, who here bears the name, be the grazing Nebuchadnezzar most familiar to our minds, or some ancestor of his, we are not sure, at all events, he is an Assyrian usurper, and represents the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte. The other persons here brought before us, are Caulaincourt, under the name of Asfene; Carnot—the true hero of the piece, inasmuch as our noble author is evidently a republican at heart—under that of Arsace; Pope Pius VII. under that of Mitrané, chief of the Magi; *Madame Mère*, as Vasti; and Marie Louise, as Amiti—a somewhat more conjugal and maternal queen than her prototype, the empress, has been usually thought. The scene to which our contemporaries, thus disguised, are transported, is Babel, which, though it looks like the tower of Babel, means Babylon, and by which the reader need hardly be told he is to understand Paris; but, like ourselves, he would probably take the Babylonian palace to be the Tuileries, did not the key, prefixed to the *dramatis personæ*, for the benefit of those who are too stupid to unriddle such mumming for themselves, expressly enable us to inform him that it is the Chateau de St. Cloud, brought to Paris for the nonce by Harlequin's wooden sword, we presume. The period of contemporaneous history dramatised is that intervening between the battle of Leipzig and the capture of Paris; hence we cannot but suspect that upon this occasion Niccolini has for once ventured to break through the shackles of the unity of time. Not a hint is indeed given from the first scene to the last of any lapse of months, weeks, or even days; but though the poet could not be required to introduce the whole campaign of 1814, (in our private opinion the most really heroic portion of Napoleon's career,) though we are prepared for such modifications of history as the limiting the whole of the war subsequent to the battle of Leipzig to the defence of Paris, and finding the defeated conqueror in the capital at the moment of its fall, instead of at Fontainebleau; yet we can hardly suppose that Niccolini would venture to represent the

allies as marching from the Elbe to the Seine, even under the less glaring form of the Scythians, Egyptians, and Medes, advancing from the Araxes to the Euphrates, there fighting a new battle with the rallied and new levied troops, bribing a general (Marmont,) and finally capturing the city, within three, or even twenty-four, hours of the tidings of the first defeat reaching the metropolitan palace.

Having thus briefly stated the nature of the Tragedy of *Nabucco*, we will now select a few extracts, seeking chiefly to display Niccolini's mode of painting the remarkable personages with whom he has taken such seemingly unwarrantable liberties. We shall begin with part of the opening scene between *Madame Mère* and the young Empress.

Amiti. Thou weepest for thy son: I, wife and daughter,

Alike for father and for consort weep.

Thou may'st, without remorse, implore the Gods

To grant thy son success. In me each prayer Is guilt; I must be found a faithless wife, Or an unfilial child.

Vasti. And unavailing

Thy prayers, thou sad one; save thine agonies,

Nought is assured; then weep with me whilst fortune

Betwixt Durius and Nabucco floats

Uncertain. Either, cruel in success,

Will bid thee at his victory rejoice.

Ami. Oh Vasti! That a mother I were not!

Then, since the impious war I could not hinder,

I, child of kings, should know to pierce my heart.

Perchance, ye cruel ones, over my tomb

Ye might have joined your bloody hands—at least,

Unloosed the tie by which I knit you, less

Your guilt if not your hatred were.

Vas. To me

Such death is due. Enormous is my crime—I bore Nabucco. * * * *

My son's the fault if he has wearied fortune

And armed all Asia. Satisfied with glory

He might have been, and empire, on that day Which gave thee to his arms, angel of peace.

* * * *

Ami. The victory be theirs who know to pardon,

Tears' sacred rights who feel.

Vas. What king e'er pardoned?

If to his foes, or to Nabucco fate

Give victory assured, thou shalt but learn

Which is most guilty. * * * *

On him if fortune smile, his boundless pride

Again will hurry him to enterprize

Most rash; war will of triumph be the fruit.

Should victory crown the hostile kings, I see them

Trample upon Nabucco, and seem great,

Exalted on his ruin, whilst their fears,
Cautious as cruel, agonize the earth
With crimes of prudence; to my son——

Amiti. Hush, hush! My fear knows all.

Vas. Would I feared only

The kings of earth. But since the dreadful
day

When great Mitrane, prophet most revered,
Pontiff of Bel, on whom the eyes of Asia
And of the Gods are fixed, was from the Tem-
ple

Torn, undefended by his tears, his age,
Or by the altar he embraced, his God,
Mighty and terrible round the king's steps
Spreads darkness, fills his heart with tumult
wild,

And his uncertain mind with thousand furies."

We shall dismiss the ladies by showing
how Nabucco dismisses his high-born queen,
when, upon his arrival from the field of his
defeat, she tenderly greets him.

"*Amiti.* My husband!

Nabucco. Hide thy grief.—Oh
never, never

Nabucco's wife be seen to weep! Assured
Is now thy glory—Vainly adverse fate
Of me may rob thee; thou retain'st my name;
And from my sufferings, not from the throne,
Or thy forefathers, shalt thou honor reap.
Now to our son—for me embrace him; shortly
I'll visit him."

Our next extract shall be from the scene
between the falling monarch and the enfran-
chised pontiff.

"*Mitrane.* Why loose my fetters? E'en
thy dungeon's peace

Dost envy me? In full security
Tramplest thou not on altars overthrown?
Respect the helplessness of age, oh king!
If thou disdain the prophet. My misfor-
tunes

At least be sacred; or, if thou desire
That every crime should be Nabucco's, slay
me.

Nab. Thou wouldst by death be glorified
—In vain—

More lenient thou behold'st me.

Mit. Leniency
In thee forebodes but cruelty's increase.

* * * *

Nab. Wrathful old man, remember'st thou
no more

Thy former flatteries? Am I not he
Whose brow by thee was with the holy oil
Anointed?

Mit. Did I consecrate thy crimes?
Did I bestow the sword to smite myself,
To smite mankind? No, guiltily didst thou
Delude me, saying, 'I have given peace
To Babylon; she, of her impious madness
Is weary, and Bel's temple shall rebuild.'
Then Asia saw thee, citizen and general,
With steel and wisdom armed, appease dis-
sensions

And tyrants overthrow—morals and laws;
And of innumerable unpunished crimes

The end, she hoped. Singly could I oppose
The wish of Asia. Recollect the day
When in the Temple I awaited thee,
Imploring all the Gods to bless my King—
Arrogant movest thou amidst the shrines;
Th' assembled priests, the present majesty
E'en of the God, contemning—on the altar
Not the eternal volume of the law
Thou seekest, but the crown. Thou waitest
not

Till on thy brow I place it, with rash hand
Clutching it, even on the holy altar.

The pious awe, beseeching well a king
Who undertakes to judge the world, in thee
I see not, but with bitter smile thou say'st,
'This crown is heavy, of a truth 'tis heavy.'
And thou spok'st truth, oh king! for on it
weighed

The tears of earth, our crimes, the wrath of
Heaven,

And what Nabucco was to be.

Nab. Didst think
Nabucco other Gods owned than his sword,
And from the altar would accept his kingdom?
* * * *

My warriors in thine old-wife's tales believe
not;

I'm by their weapons and my gold defended,
Not by thy God; he favors still the strong.

Mit. The just he favors. If his eyes awhile
He should avert, or midst the clouds conceal
His face eternal, He at length unveils
His brow, and thunders 'gainst th' exalted
crimes,

Absolved by fortune."

After sending Mitrane back to his prison,
Nabucco observes:

"I cannot slay that pontiff nor revere him;
He has been too submissive for respect,
Too firmly he resists me for contempt."

But Arsaces is, as we have said, our poet's
true hero, and we turn to a scene between
him and Nabucco, after the latter has thus
contemptuously dismissed the senate.

"*Nab.* Hence trembling slaves, I do not par-
don you,

But scorn to punish. [*The senate withdraws.*]

Arsaces. Murder me thou may'st,
But not debase.

Nab. Thou hop'st such glorious death
In vain—I with thy blood pollute my sword!

Ars. 'Twere for thine arm a novel enter-
prise.

As yet thou hast but shed the blood of slaves.

Nab. And what art thou, Assyrian?

Ars. I deserve
A different kingless country.

Nab. So! A rebel.

Ars. Such were I, midst thy slaves a jocund
flatterer

Thou hadst beheld me, bending low my head
Before the worshipped throne; and in thy
power

I thus might share. Thou with their fears
didst bargain,

That made thee king, and that maintain thee tyrant.

Nab. Bethink thee, if this sword, on which the fate

Of Asia hangs, strike not rebellious slaves, Thousands of weapons wait upon my word.

Ars. Then why delay'st thou? Call them—I believed thee

Worthy to hear the truth—Do thou chastise So gross an error.

Nab. He who on this earth No equal knows may tolerate thy boldness. Say on.

Ars. Wert thou a vulgar tyrant, hung not Assyria's fate on thee, Arsaces then Could slay or scorn thee. I, who in thy ranks

Have fought, have seen thee general and soldier,

And on the battle field a god in arms Admired, upon the throne abhor thee.

* * * * *

Nab. Of liberty what talk'st thou to the king?

In me our country dwells; then speak of me.

Ars. To thee I speak, Nabucco, to thy fortune

Others have spoken. Asia's ills thou seest, Not thine. The sea of blood deluging earth Touches thy throne; it totters; dost not feel it?

For us I ask not pity; on thyself, Nabucco, have compassion.

Nab. Did I prize My power above my fame, I were at peace, And you in chains.

Ars. The founder thou wouldst be Of a new empire, and a high emprise This seems to thy ferocious pride. Thou 'rt great

If thou succeed; if in th' attempt thou fall, Audacious. Well I know that splendid ruins To man yield glory, but not genuine fame.

Nab. I upon victory would found mine empire,

Not owe it to the charity of kings.

Assyria, conquered, boasts not as her monarch Nabucco. On this head my crown must blaze

With all the terrors of its former brightness, Or there be crushed. Wherefore chose not Assyria

Her king amongst th' unwarlike Magi? Then, When to this hand, trained but to wield the sword,

The sceptre she committed, she pronounced Her preference of glory to repose.

Is glory ever bloodless? Would ye now Return to your effeminate studies, ply The distaff, break our arms? Who my reverses

Could not support never deserved my fortune.

* * * * *

If I am vanquished, to unwarlike leaders, To venal satraps, Asia must be slave.

Whom see'st thou on the throne worthy a throne?

Where is the crown on which I have not trampled?

Ars. To me dost thou recall the arts of kings,

And vileness? To Arsaces such a crime Royalty seems, that scarce could he in thee Forgive it, did thy virtue match thy valor. But is't the sole reward of so much blood That we may choose our tyrant, and our sons Be born to a new yoke?

Nab. My reign attests That ye were free.

Ars. Oh direst lot of slaves! Slavery, to him who has lived free, is shame. But why my wounds re-open? I address not The citizen, 'tis to the king I speak— To thee Assyria has given her crimes, Her valor, virtue, rights, and fortune. Rich Art thou through ancient ills, rich in her wealth.

The harvest of the past, the future's hopes Are placed in thee. * * *

The urn of fate God to thy powerful hand Committed, and forsook the earth. But was't Guerdon or punishment? Heavens! Dar'st thou stake

The world's last hope on doubtful battle? now,

When in the tired Assyrian courage flags, And fair pretexts are wanting, other sons Demand of mothers, wrapt in mourning weeds, With tear-dimmed eyes? For what should we now battle?

Cold are our altars or o'erthrown, the Gods Uncertain; slain or prisoners our sons; Not e'en their graves are given to our affliction:

The Scythian snows conceal our brave Assyrians;

And our ancestral monuments are buried Beneath the ruins of our temples. Say, What should th' Assyrian now defend?

Nab. His crimes!

I with my dazzling glory fill the throne, Hiding the blood with which by you 'twas stained.

'Twill redden if I fall, and for revenge Call on your murdered sovereign's servile heir,

Ay, and obtain it. But with minds unstable Ye look for pardon of past crimes, of new ones

For recompense.

Ars. Nor fear nor hope are mine. His sword secures Arsaces from all kings."

These extracts will we think be sufficient for our purpose, which was to exhibit the force that our poet is capable of exerting, and his mode of delineating and treating the distinguished characters here introduced in disguise, not to attempt any thing in the nature of a regular analysis of what we might better denominate a series of dramatic scenes than a tragedy. We must not, however, close the volume without informing the reader of the fate of those distinguished characters, in Assyria at least. And this we will despatch in a very few words. When Paris—we beg pardon, Babylon—is taken, Asfene

having fallen in the battle, a fate which we were not aware had befallen the Duke of Vicenza, Amiri flies to her father; Mitranes takes Vasti with him to Reblata, otherwise Rome; and Arsaces, rescuing Nabucco from amidst the horrors of defeat, offers to assist him to expel the enemy, provided he will abdicate and restore the republic. They argue the point at some length, the circumstances considered; but, as we have given part of their former discussion, we shall now give merely the conclusion of the argument and of the tragedy.

"Nabucco. As victor I might leave my throne, subdued

I on that throne must die. A glorious life
Might still be mine, Arsaces. I behold
'Twixt Asia and myself a stormy sea,
A wide o'erarching sky. The eyes of men
Shall bend, not on the mouldy palaces
Where lies concealed my foemen's hallowed
vileness,

But on the rock where I am bound; and more
Nabucco than the Gods, though with late
vows,

Shall be invoked. But life of what avail,
Now that in blood my fates extinguished are,
That new times dawn? The fragments of my
ruin

Must serve my foes to build with. I'm borne
down

By the world's hate. Kings, I to you be-
queath

The business of mine exculpation. Now,
Thou sword, long Asia's terror, give me rest
Immortal.

Arsaces. Hear me! Hold.

Nab. Even of death
Would you rob him who was earth's lord?

Ars. Thou fallen,
Who shall twixt men and tyrants interpose?

Nab. Arsaces, mine example.

Ars. No, thy blood
Will swarms of tyrants breed.

Nab. Thou hast prevailed,
Arsaces. Other lot I wished. Now listen.
This sword, sole relic left of all my realms,
Take thou, and if a kinder fate permit
My son to ripen into valor, give 't him.
Like me, if he shall know to use it, I
Bequeath him much. Let him in fitting
season

Revenge his father; but ne'er condescend
To strike his foeman with this sword. My
death

Do thou conceal. Amidst these palace-walls
Euphrates winds his course, into earth's
depths

Hence sinking. Be his flood mine unknown
tomb!

Let kings for ever tremblingly expect me!"

With these words Nabucco throws himself into the Euphrates. The allies appear as masters of his palace; and the curtain falls.

And now we take our leave of Niccolini, but only, we feel confident, for a while. We have heard that he has another historical tragedy forthcoming, founded upon the annals of his native Florence, and we should look forward with pleasure to receiving it, did we expect it to be only on a par with the best of those before us. But we have said, and we repeat it, we are convinced that Signor Niccolini is capable of surpassing his present productions. For this he seems to us to want only courage to risk his classicist eminence, and to break the shackles of the unities of time and place, especially of the first, which renders it next to impossible to depict the workings of passion in the human heart. If he does this, we feel assured that he will yet give us such an historical tragedy, as will deserve to be presented to our readers in a regular and minute analysis with copious extracts.

ART. VII.—*Histoire des Franks*, par M. le Comte de Peyronnet. Paris, 1835. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE beginnings of states are by no means the least interesting periods of their history. In the old world those beginnings were generally identical with the beginnings of nations, or at least wrapped up in the same obscurity; but history has thrown a clearer light upon the formation of those states which were built upon the wreck of the western empire of Rome. The "barbarians" were themselves not altogether unenlightened; they had known the Romans under different circumstances, and had learnt something even of their manners and of their civilization; and Christianity, which was immediately and generally adopted amongst them, brought with it learning and literature. The deeds of their forefathers were sung amongst them in songs and ballads, unstable monuments, which were deeply imbued with the romantic character and ideas that must naturally have been peculiar to those with whom they originated, whilst their own were registered in matter-of-fact chronicles, written by the men in whose memory they had occurred. Thus are we enabled to trace, without difficulty, the eventful period of their establishment, the causes that gave them strength or that rendered them weak and sickly in their commencements, the principles and maxims which ruled and guided them. The nearer the site of their establishment to the head-quarters of the Roman

power, and (consequently) the more enlightened the people amongst whom they threw themselves, the sooner does their history become authentic, particularly where, as in Gaul, the conquerors spared the church, and left the bishops, whom they found there, in the quiet possession of their sees.

M. de Peyronnet—the unfortunate ex-minister of Charles X., now the inmate of a perpetual prison, as the reward of his services to a fallen dynasty—has chosen a noble and fertile subject for his pen in the first race of the Frankish monarchs. Had he treated his theme unworthily, the position in which he is placed, and the few resources which he could have commanded, would have been sufficient to disarm our criticism; but we have no need of the excuses which he urges, for we are well satisfied with his book, which is judiciously arranged and well written, full of just and profound views. He has evidently studied the chroniclers with care and in a good spirit, and he has formed upon them a work which is full of interest.

Before we follow M. de Peyronnet, as it is our intention, hastily through his two volumes, we will quote the account which he has given of his method of treating the subject—we will give it simply and without comment, because the observations that it contains are too just and too self-evident to need any.

"There is still one point," he says, "in which I have quitted entirely the forms consecrated by long usage. I could not persuade myself to proceed by reigns in this history, so multifarious and complex, of the Merovingian ages. It appeared to me that a serious and important event, whose effects should be uniformly spread through all parts of the empire, and whose successive returns should have marked boldly a sufficient number of intervals in this period of history, would be a more logical and more natural divisor. I had to find the means of reproducing, collectively and under a common aspect, the things accomplished at the same time in the three divisions of the empire. For it was the history of that empire which I had in view, and by no means the incomplete and mutilated history of one of its divisions. I could not be satisfied with making Austrasia and Burgundy subordinate to Neustria; with sacrificing to the King of Paris those of Orleans and Metz; with introducing these latter only as strangers. Nor would it have been more convenient to represent, one after another, the reigns of three princes living and reigning at the same epochs, and to recount successively facts which were simultaneous and contemporary. In this method there would have been neither fidelity nor simplicity—neither rapidity nor clearness. These considerations led me to substitute for the simple

changes of princes, which are not always events, and which would in all cases have been but partial events, the general transformations which the political organization of France underwent.

"Thus France, considered collectively, as it belongs to my design, having been perpetually subjected during a long space of time to the double tendency of reunion and partition, these two accidents, alternative and always linked together, appeared to me to be of all others best calculated to maintain in my composition the unity which could alone, in my opinion, banish from it confusion. I place the actions of princes at the true epochs of history, and could not consent to take for epochs the lives of princes, indolent, obscure, powerless, where in fact there is nothing belonging to them. They are in my subject, but they do not constitute it; my subject is France. I do not see that Tacitus has divided the books of his history according to the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vitellius."—*Pref.*

On the orthography of the ancient names much might be said, but, in our present paper, we shall not depart from that adopted by M. de Peyronnet. In nothing has there been hitherto observed so little of any thing like established principle. It is to be regretted, that, even when translating from modern tongues, or when writing on modern subjects, no regularity is observed. We have seen the same person write the name of the great German philologist in one place Dr. James Grimm, in another Dr. Jacob Grimm.

The early history of nations is ever uncertain. All that we can assert concerning the origin of the Franks is, that they were a German tribe; their name is first mentioned about the middle of the third century. Various revolutions in the interior of Europe had placed them on the borders of the empire. Merovée, the founder of the race of kings whose history is the subject of M. de Peyronnet's book, with his subjects fought under the Roman banners. During the reigns of one or two of their kings, Gaul was overrun by these adventurers, sometimes the enemies of one people, sometimes of another—fighting alternately against Romans, and Goths, and Allemans, in the character of invaders, but not of conquerors. The reign of Chlovis—the terrible Chlovis—was the era of conquest (486-7). At the age of fifteen he was raised to the throne, and five years afterwards he placed himself at the head of a numerous army, crossed the Rhine at Cologne, and marched directly against the Romans, who were encamped at Soissons. The Romans were conquered, and Chlovis founded on their ruins the state which was one day to act such an important part among the nations of Europe.

The tribes who established themselves

upon the ruins of the Roman empire were by no means the barbarians they are commonly described. Their chieftains, who raised themselves to new thrones, showed at once that they knew how to govern—that they were, to a certain degree, statesmen as well as heroes. When the Franks entered the Roman provinces of Gaul, the people who already inhabited the territory were not chased from the soil, but a share in the lands as well as in the laws, though not an equal share, was given to them. Between themselves they were allowed even to retain the laws by which they had been previously governed, but by the law of the conquerors the person of the Roman or Gaul was worth but half as much as that of the Frank; a crime against the latter was repaired by a composition double of that which was in a similar case adjudged to the former. A similar rule existed among all the Teutonic conquerors—in our own island the common wergeld of a Saxon, by the earlier laws, was estimated at two hundred shillings—that of a Welshman, if he possessed a hide of land, was but 120 shillings, if half a hide, 80 shillings, and, if none, but sixty.* The laws of the first William made a somewhat similar distinction between the Norman and the Saxon. Not only, however, did the Franks leave to them their laws and some of their property—they consented from the first to accept the religion and church-government, and by degrees they adopted the language, of the people they had conquered. At the end of his reign, he who had ascended the throne a pagan was distinguished by the title of *le roi très-chrétien*. In fact, Chlovis entered Gaul not to plunder, but to rule.

Many occasions presented themselves to Chlovis of strengthening and extending his power; none escaped the keen policy of the Frankish chief: like most conquerors he was not nice in choosing the means which he employed in obtaining his end, and he died the monarch of a powerful and extensive kingdom. But he left four sons, Theodoric, Chlodomir, Childebert, and Chlotaire: by the law of the Franks, all the sons must share equally the inheritance of the father; and the kingdom of Chlovis was thus divided into four separate states. Theodoric had for his share the whole of what constituted the kingdom of Austrasia—the provinces situated between the Rhine and the Meuse, with the districts of Auvergne, Rouerque, Querci, the Albigeois, and the country bor-

dering on Italy and the Gothic kingdom of Amalaric. The capital of this kingdom was Metz. Chlodomir, whose capital was Orleans, had the Orleannois, Berry, Maine, Anjou, and Touraine. Childebert had the territories of Paris, Melun, and Chartres, with Perche, Normandy, Bretagne, Poitou, Saintogne, and the Limousin; his capital was Paris. Chlotaire, whose capital was Soissons, had Picardy, Artois, and Flanders as far as the Meuse and the ocean.

The influence of this law gave a distinct and peculiar character to the history of the Franks under their first dynasty. The race of Chlovis never raised any permanently extensive empire—its greatest conquerors, who, by whatever means, had united the empire, were cut off in the midst of their career; the building fell at once to pieces; and if there came a descendant capable of imitating his father, he had to begin again from the foundation; the same series of murders and aggressions must be repeated before the kingdom could be reunited. Thus there could never be any permanent advance in improvement, and nothing can show more clearly the badness of the system than its failure in its application in the highest possible degree. M. de Peyronnet has, therefore, done well in dividing his history according to the two heads of division and reunion—for, as the constant tendency was to union, the result was as invariably separation.

After the death of Chlovis, this tendency, at first latent, soon manifested itself more openly, and its first advance may serve as an example of the means by which the union of the Frankish kingdom was generally accomplished. Chlodomir, the king of Orleans, died at the age of thirty years, leaving three sons; they were placed under the care of their grandmother, Chlotilde, who, herself a pious and noble woman, seems to have governed the kingdom of their father, during their minority, for nine years. It was then that occurred the tragedy which we are going to recite.

“Chlotilde had come to Paris. The young princes were there with her. Childebert, seizing the opportunity, sent secretly to Chlotaire, representing to him the affection which their mother bore to her charge; her perseverance in retaining possession of them, and in maintaining their rights; the necessity that he should come quickly to Paris, and that they should advise together how to dispose of them; whether they should degrade them or put them to death; and how they should afterwards share their kingdom.

“Chlotaire, having received this message, wasted no time in deliberation but hastened to Paris. At the same time, Childebert spread the report that their resolution was taken,

* “Gif Wilisc mon hæbbe hyde londes, his were bið hundtwelftig scill. Gif he ponne healf hæbbe, eahtatig scill. Gif he nænig hæbbe, LX scill.” Ina's Laws. Schmid, p. 21.

and that the sons of his brother were to be immediately proclaimed. The people readily gave credit to the rumor, and Chlotilde herself was persuaded to believe it.

"Matters being thus prepared, the two kings sent to her to demand the young princes, saying, 'Let her send them, that we may raise them to the throne.' Chlotilde, full of joy, made no resistance; she said, 'Let them go, and if they succeed my son, I shall think that I have not lost them.'

"The children were brought. But the moment they arrived, they were placed in confinement, and their servants separated from them. The latter were also confined, but apart from them, and in a distant place. The two kings then sent a second message to their mother. They chose for their messenger Arcadius, a senator of Auvergne, already proved in other treasons. He presented himself to Chlotilde, carrying in his hand a pair of scissors and a naked sword. 'Glorious queen,' said he, 'decide and take thy choice. Which dost thou ordain for the sons of the King of Orleans? Is it thy will that they perish, or dost thou prefer that they be deprived of their hair?' Chlotilde was overcome with profound grief; 'Dead rather than degraded!' were the only words she uttered. And Arcadius, fearing that her magnanimity might still give way to her tenderness, hastened with her answer to the kings.

"They also hastened. The childhood and rank of their victims had no influence over them; the guilt of fratricide stayed not their ambition. Chlotaire, when he had heard the words of his mother, seized the elder of the children, threw him on the ground, and killed him with a stroke of his poignard. The second, witness of the murder of his brother, threw himself wildly at the feet of Childebert, imploring his aid, and crying, 'My good father, save me, that they may not treat me as they have treated my brother!' Strange as it may seem, Childebert was moved, and addressing himself to his brother, 'Give this one to me,' said he, 'and I will buy him at the price thou shalt fix.' But Chlotaire, blaspheming and pushing him away, cried, 'Get thee from me, or thou shalt thyself die in his place. Art thou so ready to withdraw thyself from this enterprise, thou coward, by whom it was planned, and who hast drawn me to partake in it?' Childebert, who was recalled to himself by these reproaches, soon laid aside his transient feeling of compassion. He threw the child to the King of Soissons, who, with a second blow of his dagger, accomplished the second crime."—vol. i. p. 113.

Such was the first step towards the reunion of the empire of Chlovis; the kingdom of Orleans was parted between Chlotaire and Childebert. The death of Theodoric, somewhat later, offered another bait to their ambition; but their designs were frustrated by

the abilities of his son, the young Theodebert. Theodebert's efforts were turned against another quarter. Italy and the western provinces of the Greek empire employed his arms, and his power and reputation protected him from the treasons of his family. But suddenly he died; his son Theodebald died soon after him; the kingdom, which should have been shared between the two remaining brothers, was seized by Chlotaire; Childebert sought vengeance by raising the son against the father; but Childebert also died; the revolt was quelled, and Chlotaire became sole king of the united empire of the Franks.

Chlotaire ended as he had begun. His first aggrandizement had been obtained by the murder of his nephews; his throne was finally established by that of his rebellious son, who, by the order of his father, was burned with his wife and children in a hut where they had sought refuge. The four brothers had, as occasion presented itself, increased their territory by aggressions upon their neighbors—the reign of Chlotaire had been long and prosperous, and at his death the kingdom of the Franks was more extensive and more powerful than it had been even under Chlovis. But Chlotaire also had four sons, and the empire was again dismembered.

This second partition of the empire of Chlovis was distinguished, like all the others, by its crimes, but in this instance deeper, as they arose out of a more implacable cause—the enmity and jealousy of two extraordinary women. The influence of the weaker sex among the Teutonic tribes often gave rise to great events. Old German song tells us the misfortunes which fell upon the family of the Nibelungen by the jealousy of Brunhild and Chriemhild;—one of the Frankish queens, whose story we are going to tell, bore the same name as one of the heroines of the Nibelungen Lied, but the misfortunes of that family were nothing in comparison of those with which the Franks were visited by the rivalry of Brunehault and Fredegonde.

The sons of Chlotaire were Charibert, Gontran, Chilperic, and Sigebert. On the death of his father, Chilperic seized by force the kingdom of Paris, the share which he coveted; but he was besieged in the capital by his brothers, and was compelled to accept the lot which fell to his share—it was Soissons. Charibert had Paris; Gontran, Orleans; and Sigebert, Metz. Charibert soon died; and his kingdom was divided amongst the other three.

Chilperic only concealed his resentment against his brothers so long as he had no opportunity of indulging it. While Sigebert was engaged with the Ogars, a Tartar tribe,

* Long flowing hair was among the Franks, the mark of, and the claim to, royalty.

who had reached his frontiers from the East, Chilperic invaded his kingdom. But the Ogars were defeated; Sigebert returned in haste, repelled the attempt of his brother, and would have carried the war into the kingdom of Soissons, had not peace been established by an armed interference.

At this period, the king of the Wisigoths was Athanagild, a rich and powerful prince, who had two daughters, Galsuinthe and Brunehault. Her contemporary, Gregory of Tours, gives us a high notion of the beauty, wisdom, and prudence of the latter; she was sought in marriage by Sigebert, and the nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence.

"Chilperic took umbrage at this union. He discovered all the consequences, and foresaw clearly that the ascendancy of his brother would be increased by it. Unwilling to yield him this advantage, and unable to deprive him of it, he tried to render it harmless by balancing it.

"All the passions of this prince were rash; his affections as well as his ambition. He had passionately loved Audovere, an obscure and simple maiden, but mild and good, chaste and pious. He had married her, and she was queen. This union was troubled, and yet fruitful. Audovere had had three sons, Theodebert, Chlovis, and Merovée. At length she had Childesinde.

"Chilperic, detained on the other side of the Rhine, was not present at this birth. When the day of baptism arrived, the absence of the god-mother, who was too late, caused an unexpected alarm and embarrassment. Among the women who attended upon the queen, there was one, the fatal splendor of whose beauty and wit had already gained the favor and love of the king. This woman was Fredegonde; and from this day commenced the terrible chain of her artifices and her furies. The occasion, which seemed by no means favorable, became so by her boldness and address. "She conceived the hope of persuading Audovere herself to present her daughter at the font, and, what was still stranger, of obtaining the consent of the bishop who celebrated the baptism. She dared—and she succeeded. Soon the king returned, and she hastened before him, to finish the plot which she had woven so wickedly and so boldly. 'There is no longer a queen,' she said to him, 'and thou art free.' And she erred not far from the truth. For Audovere, by her imprudent credulity, had just established a religious affinity between herself and the king, and, by the canonical law, the force of this new tie was such, that, in creating a nearer proximity, it had caused every other proximity to become criminal. The result was such as Fredegonde had expected. Chilperic, whom a blind love interested in the treason, seized the pretext with eagerness, and repudiated Audovere. He sent her to an abbey at Mans, where she was doomed to

await the day of the other misfortunes which were reserved for her."—vol. i. p. 229.

Just at this period occurred the marriage of Sigebert with Brunehault. A sudden project entered the mind of Chilperic; he sent his ambassador to the king of the Wisigoths to demand the hand of his other daughter, Galsuinthe; the alliance was accepted, though reluctantly; the sister of Brunehault became queen of Soissons, and for a while Fredegonde was neglected. But she soon regained her influence over the king. Galsuinthe was first neglected, and afterwards secretly murdered by the orders of her husband, and Fredegonde herself, who had hitherto been but concubine, became queen.

The infamous conduct of Chilperic created a just and general feeling of horror; with Brunehault, the sister of the murdered queen, who in her affectionate solicitude had counselled her to mount a throne which had been so fatal to her, the first feeling of astonishment and grief was succeeded by the bitter implacable desire of revenge. She excited her husband Sigebert to attack the murderer; she persuaded Gontran to join him; the kingdom of Soissons was invaded, and Chilperic was reduced to the last extremity of despair, when the anger of the King of Orleans was appeased: he made himself the mediator between his brothers, and saved Chilperic and Fredegonde from the wrath of the queen of Austrasia, who, however, gained by the war the five cities of Bearn and Aquitaine, which had been the dower of Galsuinthe. The hostilities between Sigebert and Chilperic were scarcely ended, when an accidental misunderstanding excited war between Sigebert and Gontran; and the King of Soissons, thinking the occasion favorable for revenging his recent disgrace, invaded the territory of the former. But his expectations were disappointed; Gontran again joined Sigebert, and, after several changes of fortune, Chilperic, deserted by his own army and subjects, shut up with Fredegonde in Tournai, was on the point of falling into the hands of his enemy. A new treason changed his fortune; Sigebert fell in his own tent by the hand of an assassin; the murderer had been sent by Fredegonde.

The success of their treasons raised high hopes in the minds of Chilperic and Fredegonde; to save their own kingdom was not enough, they resolved to add to it that of their enemy. Every thing seemed to favor their enterprise. The army of Sigebert disbanded itself, the nobles of the kingdom of Soissons returned to their allegiance, most of those of Austrasia suffered themselves to be easily seduced to concur in the designs of

Chilperic ; that part of Paris which belonged to Sigebert was compelled to submit to him, and, what was still more important, he captured there Brunehault and her infant son, Childebert, the sole heir of the kingdom of his father. The fortune of Fredegonde prevailed everywhere. But the scene again changed ; and the prospects of Chilperic fell not less rapidly than they had risen. Among those nobles of the kingdom of Austrasia who still adhered to the family of Sigebert, was Gondebaud, who formed a sudden and bold project ; having corrupted or deceived the guards of the prison in which Childebert was confined, he succeeded in carrying the child to Metz, where he was received with unbounded demonstrations of joy. The enthusiasm of the people of Austrasia was universal ; the nobles who had sworn fidelity to Chilperic turned again and joined in their vows of devotion to the son of Sigebert ; and the designs of the former upon his kingdom were entirely overthrown.

Astonished and mortified by the escape of his captive, Chilperic resolved to send the mother to a securer place of confinement. Brunehault was accordingly carried to Rouen, but here a new perplexity was reserved for her enemy. Merovée, the son of Chilperic by Audovere, foresaw that the ambition of Fredegonde would one day endanger the life of himself and his brothers, and his presentiments not less than his hatred drove him to seize the first occasion which might hold out hopes of safety and revenge. He came to Paris and saw Brunehault ; his heart was moved by her misfortunes and captivated by her beauty, and he aspired to her hand. Brunehault at once saw the good fortune which was thrown in her way. Merovée suddenly repaired to Tours ; the bishop, Pretextat, who had always regarded the young prince with affectionate fondness, immediately celebrated the nuptials ; and Brunehault became the daughter of her enemy—the crown of Fredegonde was promised to her. But Chilperic, mad with rage and disappointment, arrived suddenly at Rouen. Brunehault and Merovée, unprepared, had not time to escape ; they sought asylum in the church of St. Martin, and only left it on a solemn promise by Chilperic that they should not be separated. Their plans, though deeply laid, were entirely disconcerted by the vigor of their enemies, and Brunehault was again a captive, when a new turn of affairs came to effect her deliverance. Austrasia, bold by the recovery of its king, though an infant—bold, too, by the friendship of his uncle Gontran—demanded also his mother and his sisters ; the alternative was war, and Chilperic, unequal to a contest with the two kings, was

obliged to submit. Brunehault and her daughters returned to Metz, but the regency who governed during the minority of her son, prospectively jealous of the influence she might recover, forbade Merovée to enter the kingdom. The sight of their injured queen raised still more the enthusiasm of the Austrasians ; the cry for vengeance was universal, and Chilperic, thinking to forestall the danger which threatened him, invaded their territory, but he was driven away with disgrace, and, in his weakness, sought to gratify his rage in the degradation of his son, whom he doomed to pass the rest of his days in a monastery. Merovée fled from his prison, was betrayed, and, barbarously murdered, became another victim to the insatiable fury of Fredegonde. But he was not the only victim she sought ; Pretextat, the bishop of Rouen, was marked for an object of her vengeance ; he was dragged before a tribunal, but the inflexible courage and virtue of Gregory of Tours, the historian of those times, saved him, and he was only half condemned. The fury of Fredegonde was ill satisfied. Gregory himself was accused, but the hatred which had dared to call him to be judged dared not to condemn him ; the Church had, in those days, power enough to throw over him a shield which the rage of a king could not penetrate. That power was a blessing which God bestowed upon the middle ages—where every thing would have been darkness, and bloodshed, and disorder, that alone guarded and perpetuated order, and justice, and light. Among the Franks, the noble virtue of their clergy often affords a glorious contrast to the savage barbarity of their princes.

Misfortunes were also reserved for Fredegonde. A contagious disease, which spread devastation over the kingdom, carried off all her sons ; the only affections which perhaps she possessed were blasted. But her grief, far from bending her vindictive spirit, served but to add fresh fuel to her fury, to furnish new pretences for gratifying her cruelty. Chlovis, the last of the sons of Chilperic and Audovere, was sacrificed, and, as was ever the case, his blood flowed along with that of his friends and servants.

“It might have been supposed that the queen was at length satiated with murders. She was not ! Her provident and indefatigable hatred awaited, before reposing itself, the death of her last enemy. Audovere had not yet sunk under her long griefs. The mother of Chlovis and of Merovée doubtless nourished some hope of avenging herself and her children. Who could engage that fortune would not one day give her the power ? Fredegonde sacrificed this other victim to her own safety ;

she despatched messengers into the district of Maine, who caused the gates of the monastery to which Audovere had retired to be opened to them, and put her to death. And they did more; another crime, greater perhaps and more detestable, followed. Childesinde, the daughter of Audovere, was shut up in the same place with her mother. Too young to be guilty of plots which might have justified her death, she was young enough to excite some day the love or the ambition of Chilbert perhaps, or of some other prince, whom she would doubtless excite to revenge the wrongs of her family. How was this fear satisfied, or how are we to tell it! Our readers will remember the daughters of Sejanus; Fredegonde imitated Tiberius. Childesinde was not put to death, she was only deprived of the life of the world; her enemies were satisfied with consecrating her to the service of religion. But she was first violated by the executioners of her mother. She was permitted to live, but stained. And this horrible precaution was taken against those who might have had the idea of delivering her from her cloister and of associating her with their fortune. The daughter of Chilperic suffered this outrage during the life of her father; she suffered it by the order of the wife of Chilperic! Fredegonde seized all the riches of Audovere and Childesinde. Greedy of the blood of her enemies, she did not disdain their spoils."—vol. i. p. 332.

Long civil wars agitated the kingdoms of the Franks. Austrasia itself was torn by internal dissensions, which were only in part appeased by the exertions and wisdom of Brunehault. In the midst of these contentions, Fredegonde gave birth successively to two sons, Theodoric and Chlotaire. The first lived but a year, and his death was made the pretext for the murder of Mummolus, one of the oldest of Chilperic's servants, but whose services had not saved him from the hatred of the queen. Another murder followed—it was that of Chilperic, the manner and the cause and the author of whose death are equally uncertain, though rumor laid it also to the charge of Fredegonde.

The death of Chilperic threw every thing into confusion. The nobles of Neustria took different parties—some would have introduced Chilbert—some were faithful to Chlotaire, the son of Chilperic and Fredegonde—others attempted to raise to the throne a stranger, Gondovald, who claimed a place among the family of the Merovings. Fredegonde at first fled with her child to Paris, where she sought sanctuary in the cathedral, and was supported by the bishop. She then adopted, as the safest resolution, that of demanding for herself and her son the protection of Gontran. He accepted her proposal, suddenly entered Paris with his army, and overthrew the designs of Chilbert. Fierce

enmities followed between the kings of Burgundy and Austrasia, which however gradually subsided, as mistrust arose between the former and Fredegonde. Gontran received into his favor Pretextat, who had returned from his temporary exile to be restored to his see; he sought the bodies of the young princes, Chlovis and Merovée, and gave them an honorable sepulchre; he took from Fredegonde the care of her son, and gave him tutors of his own choice, to whom also he entrusted the regency of Neustria. These were all grave offences in the eyes of the queen. What is more, he obliged her to quit Paris, and the domain of Rueil, in the territory of Rouen, was assigned for her residence. Here she prepared new plots and new murders. Her first impulse was to join the party of Gondovald, but she was too late, and she laid aside her immediate hopes of regaining power, to meditate solely the indulgence of her revenge. One assassin hired by her sought the presence of Brunehault, but her prudence and vigilance frustrated his design; he was discovered, and sent back to Fredegonde, who wreaked upon him her rage at the ill success of his enterprise. Others sought the life of Chilbert, but chance discovered their errand, and they suffered an ignominious death. A similar attempt against Gontran was equally unsuccessful. The first successes of Gondovald drew closer the ties of friendship, ever fluctuating, between Gontran and Chilbert, whom he solemnly adopted as his successor—the hatred of Fredegonde to both tended for a time to perpetuate it.

Meanwhile new murders stained the guilty hand of Fredegonde:—

"She had quitted Rueil, and was come to Rouen. There a bitter and violent altercation arose between her and the bishop. 'There will come a time,' she said to him, 'when thou shalt return to thine exile.'—'Be I in exile or free,' replied Pretextat, 'I shall not cease to be bishop. But for thee, there will come a day when thou shalt have ceased to be queen. We, with God's aid, shall be raised from exile to a heavenly kingdom; thou, by his justice, shalt fall from thy earthly kingdom to the bottom of the abyss. Hadst thou repented, and stripped thyself of the pride which ferments in thee, perhaps thou mightst have obtained the recompense of the saints; and mightst have conducted to the age of manhood the son to whom thou hast given birth.' These words, which covered Fredegonde with confusion, completed at the same time the fulness of her hatred.

"The festival of Easter arrived. Pretextat, early in the morning, had gone to the cathedral, to perform the service. Whilst he was chanting the psalms, seated in his chair, an assassin glided unperceived to the spot,

and struck him with his knife under the arm. The bishop raised a sudden cry; the astonished clerics hesitated; the assassin, profiting by their amazement, fled. Bleeding, dying, and scarcely breathing, the bishop nevertheless crept to the altar, and offered to God, with an affecting resignation, the sacrifice of his life.

"His servants quickly rushed to the spot, and he was carried to the episcopal residence. Fredegonde dared to come thither; Beppolene and Ansovald were with her. 'Our grief is profound,' said she to the bishop. 'We regret bitterly, along with thy people, this detestable profanation. May God make known to us the perpetrator, that we may have at least the consolation of inflicting upon him the punishment due to his crime!' But the bishop, who was not deceived by this audacious hypocrisy, said to her: 'Yea! who has committed it, this criminal action, but she who has so often shed the blood of the innocent, and who has not even spared that of kings?'—'Thy wound is not desperate,' said Fredegonde, interrupting him, 'trust to the skill of the physicians we will send thee.'—'God calls me to him,' continued Pretextat. 'Thou, with whom have originated all these crimes, thou shalt be accursed for ever, and thou shalt pay to God the price of my blood.'

"The consternation at Rouen was universal. Leudovald, the bishop of Bayeux, ordained that all the churches should be closed, and divine service suspended, until such time as the authors of the crime should have been discovered. Some individuals were arrested; they unanimously accused Fredegonde. But the zeal of Leudovald placed him also in peril. Assassins were sent against him, fortunately without success.

"The chiefs of the Franks were not less irritated than the clergy. One of them went to Fredegonde, and said to her: 'Thou hadst already committed many crimes, but this exceeds them all. May God revenge quickly the blood of his priest! We will eagerly pursue the chastisement of this murder, for it is time to put an end to thy cruelties.' Having said these words, he quitted her presence, and was leaving the palace. But Fredegonde, affecting great indifference for his reproaches and for his threats, sent after him, and invited him to her table. The chief refused. The queen sent again, begging more pressing that at least he would not leave the royal residence without having drunk of her cup. This time he allowed himself to be persuaded, and yielded. Immediately was brought a cup full of a mixed beverage, after the Frankish manner, of wine and wormwood and honey. Scarcely had he finished the draught, when he was seized by excruciating pains. Perceiving that he had drunk poison, he cried to those who accompanied him, 'Fly, and let not your lips touch this drink. They have poured death into the cup.' They fled; himself, remounting his horse with difficulty, tried to follow, but at a short distance he fell: he was lifeless.—vol. i. p. 442—444.

Gontran, on receiving the intelligence of this

event, was furious—he was eager to pursue the murderer, and to avenge this sacrilegious deed—he summoned a council of bishops to examine into it. But new jealousies and new plots arose, which frustrated his designs, rendered Fredegonde the close associate of the governors of Chlotaire, and restored her to all her former influence in the kingdom of Soissons.

Gontran and Chilbert remained faithful to each other; and Brunehaut, who, during the minority of her son, had been excluded from power by the nobles, recovered her ancient influence in Austrasia. The nobles, who were jealous of her and faithless to their king, regretting perhaps the loss of the power which they had held during the regency, laid deep plots. Their object was nothing less than the overthrow of the throne of Chilbert: they were excited and supported by Fredegonde. But a brief period saw all their designs exposed and defeated, and they paid for their treason with their lives. The treaty was subscribed by Gontran, which gave the succession of his crown to Chilbert and his sons. An unexpected event followed—Soissons revolted from Fredegonde, and with Melun, which had set it the example, formed an independent state, which received for its king Theodebert, one of Chilbert's sons. Chilbert was at war with the Lombards of Italy—and, which redounds to the praise of Brunehaut, when the war was ended, she bought with her own treasure the captive Lombards, and sent them home free. Then broke out a war between Gontran and the Bretons, whom Fredegonde excited against him. Two new attempts to murder the kings of Austrasia and Burgundy failed, and Fredegonde wreaked her fury upon her own blood—the victim was her daughter Rigonthe, who died by the hands of her mother. But an accident, which happened soon afterwards, nearly drew upon that mother the punishment of her manifold crimes. Bitter animosities had arisen at Tournai between the Franks and the original inhabitants, and the two opposing parties fought in the streets of the town.

"Fredegonde came, thinking to appease them by her authority or by her counsels. She was mistaken, and her pride was offended. Immediately conceiving new designs, what she had not been able to effect by fair words she resolved to attempt by violence. She invited all the chief people of Tournai to a great feast. At their head were the chiefs of the two families whose quarrel had caused the disturbance, namely, Charivald, Leudovald, and Waldin. These three were placed together on the same bench. On the approach of night, as was the custom among the Franks, the tables were withdrawn; but

the guests still retained their places, and continued to drink the wine which was brought to them in profusion. Soon heaviness came upon them, and the servants themselves, overcome with drunkenness, fell on the pavement asleep. Then entered three men, armed each with an axe, whom Fredegonde had sent. They glided, without opposition, behind the three chiefs, and, striking at the same moment, slew them as it were by a single blow.

"The trouble was great, the alarm general; every one fled. But that which Fredegonde had not foreseen happened. The irritation of the townspeople, already so great, took in an instant new activity and new violence. They arose, flew to arms, seized the gates, and the queen was a prisoner. At the same time they sent to Childebert; they resolved to deliver to him his enemy; they desired him to order her death. She, on the other hand, neglecting no means of safety in this extremity, hastened secret messengers to Champagne, ordering the people to come to her aid. The people of Champagne obeyed, and their promptitude was such, that they arrived at Tournai before the army of Childebert. Thus Fredegonde was delivered, and thus was lost for her enemies the most favorable opportunity for vengeance."—vol. i. p. 486.

Soon after this, Gontran died, and his death was the signal for new troubles and new contentions. The kingdoms of the Franks were hastening towards reunion.

But the first direct attempt at this reunion was not made by the party who carried it into execution. Childebert, unopposed succeeded to the kingdom of his uncle, and now, master of two kingdoms, he resolved to attack the third, and to take exemplary vengeance for the long series of crimes and violences of Fredegonde, which afforded a sufficient pretext for the war. His army ravaged Champagne, and approached Soissons. Fredegonde, however, proved herself equal to the danger: she assembled the army of Neustria, showed to the soldiers their young king, encouraged them by her words and by her example, and led them suddenly and by night against the camp of the enemy, who was surprised and defeated. In the day, the enemy returned; another battle was fought, longer and more obstinate than the former, but Fredegonde again triumphed. Her own loss was immense, but the throne of Chlotaire was saved, and the army returned victorious to Soissons. Yet, though successful in one instance, and for a time, the power of Fredegonde was not equal to the struggle against Neustria and Burgundy united, and she strove to rid herself of her enemy by her accustomed arts. Childebert, having got rid of his other enemies, was on the point of renewing his attack up-

on Neustria, when he and his queen suddenly died—their death was attributed to poison, and common report laid the crime to the charge of Fredegonde.

The successors of Childebert were his two sons—Theodebert had Austrasia, and Theodoric, Burgundy. Brunehaut, the guardian of both, governed with an equal authority in both kingdoms. The occasion was favorable for Fredegonde; she raised an army, and prepared to attack her enemies. Brunehaut was equally active, but an obstinate and bloody engagement ended in the success of the former. The loss in the army of Brunehaut was immense. Yet Fredegonde reaped not the fruits of her victory—she suddenly fell ill and died.

"It was a day of expiation and deliverance. The human race was relieved from an immense opprobrium. We must despair of finding colors warm and vigorous enough to describe this fearful figure of a queen—every passion, every vice, every fury; all the cunning which crime can demand, all the crimes which ambition can solicit, all the ambition which the most unbounded perversity can conceive."—vol. ii. p. 20.

Brunehaut was delivered from her enemy. She was at the height of her prosperity. She reduced to quietness the barbarous nations who surrounded her own—she formed treaties with distant states. It was by her mediation that Christianity was introduced among the Saxons in Great Britain. But the faction which Fredegonde had excited in Austrasia still existed, and with it all its virulence and hatred. For a time Brunehaut triumphed over it. Yet the spirit of the queen was too haughty to conciliate; the factious nobles by degrees gained the ears of their young king, and Brunehaut was obliged to fly into Burgundy. It might have been expected that she would have sought revenge in arming Theodoric against his brother. No: though her injuries were here great, she had still a bitterer enemy—the hatred of Fredegonde lived in the person of Chlotaire. The policy of Brunehaut united again the arms of Austrasia and Burgundy in an attack upon Chlotaire. He was prepared for the war, and even sought the combat; but, in the sanguinary battle of Dormelle, fought in the first year of the seventh century, his army was destroyed, and he was obliged to accept a disgraceful peace. Another battle, four years later, equally fatal to Chlotaire in its immediate results, was the first occasion of disagreement between the two sons of Childebert. Theodoric believed himself to be betrayed by his brother, who had entered into alliance with the King of Neustria; he raised an army to attack

him, and was encouraged by Brunehault. But in Burgundy there were also violent jealousies; the hearts of the soldiers were not engaged in this war, and their rebellious conduct obliged him to make peace with Theodebert. The latter, reckoning too much on the weakness of the King of Burgundy, commenced the war, and by a base deceit succeeded in entrapping his brother, and in wresting from him important concessions. Theodoric hastened to revenge himself; in several engagements Theodebert was defeated, his armies were destroyed, and at length he was himself taken and put to death. His infant son experienced a similar fate. Theodoric became King of Austrasia as well as of Burgundy.

A terrible struggle approached between Theodoric and Chlotaire. But Providence suddenly changed the face of affairs—the former was seized by a dysentery and died, and his army disbanded itself. The result may be told in a few words. Brunehault, aged, yet still haughty and proud, made a resolute but vain attempt to secure the kingdoms of Burgundy and Austrasia to the descendants of Theodoric, though illegitimate. She acted with promptitude and skill; but Chlotaire had a powerful army in the field. Brunehault was deserted by the people for whom she fought; her army left her in the hour of combat; two of the sons of Theodoric were murdered; Brunehault fled, but was betrayed, and fell into the hands of her enemy. We will not describe the horrible degradations and violences which she suffered. The aged queen was brought forth like a malefactor for judgment, and was put to death after having endured all the torments which savage barbarity could invent. The kingdom of the Franks was united in the person of Chlotaire.

The history of the first race of the Frankish kings presents to us throughout a vivid picture of the evils of the Salic law—of that system which was distinguished by the absence of the rights of primogeniture. But the cure of the evil also arose among the institutions of the Franks. The office of mayor of the palace was originally one which was filled by the choice of the king, but after the death of Chlotaire, the blood of Merovée became debased; union and reunion followed each other in quick succession; and, by the ambition and firmness of the mayors of the palace, aided by the weakness of the monarchs, their office was made hereditary. Such an office, it is clear, could not be divided, and in this case, at least, the right of primogeniture came in naturally and necessarily. As the weakness of the kings constantly increased, the powers of the mayors

of the palace increased also; the elder Pepin and his son, the glorious Charles Martel, possessed virtually the kingly power; the race of the Merovings was fast approaching its end; the second Pepin effected the last *reunion*; he united the name with the exercise of royalty, two things which had been entirely separated during the days of his father and of his grandfather. The crown, now, like the office which had preceded it, was inherited by primogeniture, and the struggles of partition and reunion no longer racked and devastated the empire of the Franks.

ART. VIII.—*Philosophie de l'Histoire Naturelle, ou Phénomènes de l'Organisation des Animaux et des Végétaux*; par J. J. Virey. Paris, Baillière, 1835. 8vo.

THAT the study of the works of creation is an almost intuitive feeling in the human mind is strongly evinced, even in the pleasure which children derive from gathering their little bunch of daisies; and the bird's-nesting excursions of the school-boy, and his fishing predilections, are but a stronger development of the same tendency. Natural objects invariably excite in children and youth pleasurable sensations; and it is not until we become the slaves of the utilitarian principles of advanced life, when commerce with the turbid society of cities has sophisticated earlier simplicity of manners, that, before we cordially take up any pursuit, we first ask what we can get by it, and that, unless a satisfactory reply can be made by the chink of the current coin of the realm, we hold the wonderful creations of Nature as idle objects of curiosity, and those who study them in silent contempt.

This might perhaps be explained by the progress of society: having, however, reached its culminating point and exhausted the whole course of sensual and physical enjoyment, and then found how vague and unsatisfactory it is to the inward man, we again resort to the great parent for a toy to amuse our tedium. This we play with for a time, until the intellectual faculties gradually arouse us to its closer contemplation; and in inspecting its structure, other wonders develop themselves, and what originated in idleness and a want of amusement terminates in a rational mental exercise, which evolves, in the course of deeper investigation, a profound reverence for the Author of the created world. And when cultivated properly, the study of Nature will necessarily have a direct moral ef-

fect; as it humbles us, and therefore is a useful discipline; for, until our worldly pride is abated, we must necessarily be wanting in that sympathy with our fellow creatures, which it is both a duty and a pleasure to respond to. It is, therefore, gratifying to us, in every point of view, to find a stronger general inclination to this very laudable pursuit, which, even if it be not carried to the extent of making every individual a perfect naturalist, must however open new beauties and a wider field of inquiry to the mere lover of nature. To the naturalist the scene before him is a book of symbols, the hieroglyphics which conceal the secrets of the created world, and which, as he deciphers them, present themselves as the types and prefiguration of the immaterial world, and are pregnant in results to his well-being, both moral and physical. To the lover of nature the same scene presents itself as one vast buzz of life and hilarity. He can perceive no spot unpeopled and the universal hum is the psalmody of nature—a hymn of praise, lauding the benevolence of the Creator.

Observing nature in its own domain, and not cramped into cabinets, dead, dry, and melancholy, how varied and how vast is the scene that presents itself, both animate and inanimate! We may either, with the mineralogist, dive into the bowels of the earth, studying its innumerable components, and, in conjunction with the chemist, their various commixture, turning our researches to a useful account for the benefit of our not less busy fellow-creatures engaged in the traffic of mankind; or, with the geologist, we may, from the superposition of the strata of these compounds, account for their production and attribute their heterogeneous posture to the intervention of natural phenomena, and thus record the several violent concussions and changes which our globe has suffered, either from internal combustion or the proximity of some comet: or, proceeding thence, building hypothesis upon hypothesis, give the age of the world in good round numbers and say, —it should be much more grey than scriptural record will admit it. But from the probable truth of these conjectures let us go and herbalise with the botanist, and animation begins to be given to the varied features of the face of Nature, which hitherto, like the sculptured statue, was lifeless and inanimate. Solid, substantial matter has hitherto engaged us, which, howsoever the chemist may have succeeded in volatilizing, remains still matter; but the breath of life, that wondrous thing which the curiosity and investigation of five thousand years has not been able to determine, commences here its incubation. We may here shortly define it a growth by

assimilation, through the medium of a smaller or greater complexity of organization, to the power of reproduction, which, when fulfilled to the extent limited to it by certain laws that have not yet been ascertained, resolves into its inorganic elements, returning to the laboratory of nature what it had borrowed for its brief existence. From the several moulds—which form the first basis of a vegetable soil, and which, conveyed by the winds and moist air to the face of the most arid rocks, are the foundation of the future woods that clothe so many islands of volcanic origin—to the lofty palm and gigantic oak, how innumerable are the forms presented to us by the vegetable kingdom, and how grateful to the eye is its green vesture! No branch of nature supplies man with so many necessities and luxuries as this. In the feeble tribe of grasses he has found the “staff of life”—a more valuable gift than the sturdiest tree or most luscious fruit. It is hence that he culls the most valuable medicines to soothe his pain—here he gathers the embellishments of his table, and not its least important additions in the condiments to a luxurious appetite; and from its fermented or expressed juices his temperance determines, whether he shall be enervated by his indulgence or energized by moderate enjoyment. Here the organs of reproduction, which, in the animate world, are unseemly or concealed, are redolent with perfume, beautiful in color, and exquisite in form. Nature is not here ashamed of their important office, but thrusts them forth to notice and to admiration.

Upon passing to the first pool, we observe the first indications of positive sensation. The confines of the animal and vegetable kingdoms are less strongly marked than those which separate the latter from the mineral; so close is their connection, that earlier botanists have arranged among plants many objects which later investigation has ascertained to be subjects of the animal kingdom. It is in the world of waters that we find the first traces of animation; here every drop teems with myriads of beings, and the microscope, in the hands of Ehrenberg*, has opened a new scene to our admiration. From the *Monas*, one species of which varies in size from $\frac{1}{2000}$ '' to $\frac{1}{500}$ '' in diameter upwards, throughout all the infusories, which Cuvier classed under the name of homogeneous infusories, from their having, as he imagined,

* See his extraordinary “*Organisation, Systematik und Geographisches Verhältniss der Infusions Thierchen*,” Berlin, 1830, folio, and its continuation under the title of “*Zur Erkenntniss der Organisation in der Richtung des kleinsten Raumes*,” 1832 and 1834, Berlin, folio.

no viscera,—Ehrenberg has discovered a distinct organization, which he has represented in some beautiful plates; and his investigations have been so minute that he has classed their structure in full detail, and has even compared it with that of the mammalia, which he considers that it equals in perfection; and in these atoms he has discovered a nervous system, teeth, complicated intestines, and also sexual organs. The theory of spontaneous generation, which has successively, by the progress of inquiry, been driven from its stronghold among superior animals, resorted hither as its last refuge. The excessive minuteness of these atoms promised it a safe retreat but these great discoveries wholly chase it from the world, and with it the entire sophistical superstructure founded upon it, of blind chance being the origin of all things. Illimitable wisdom and foresight we find pervading the structure of these imperceptible atoms; for, at the creation, “the waters brought forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life,” all “*after their kind*,” but we cannot do better than cite what Dr. Virey says upon this subject.

“The almost universal uniformity of the microscopic races results from the facile distribution of their germs, the tenuity of which is so inconceivable. If, in the simple distillation of plants, there be raised with their atoms a host of light materials, why may not the evaporation of water in the atmosphere convey with it, as well as dust, the subtle and invisible germs of mould, of the byssus, and of the infusories—for we observe that the winds convey afar clouds of insects, and of the seminal dust of the lycoperdon and of the fecundating pollen of the diœious and other vegetables? Does not rain-water collected in the open country and enclosed in the cleanest glass vessels speedily develope, by means of a gentle incubation, and under the rays of the sun, myriads of animalculæ, little green conserve, and all the elements of protogeneus organisms? We may, therefore, readily comprehend how the winds convey, and the rains precipitate upon the whole surface of entire continents and seas, the innumerable germs of so many imperceptible microscopic races, intermixed and multiplying, sailing throughout the immense ocean and the circumambient air. Hence the earth becomes the theatre of the generation and dissemination of these its primordial and universal inhabitants, without our being able, or even having deigned, to enumerate these hosts lost in the obscurity of their infinite minuteness.

“If the germs of the largest species are originally so delicate, what must be the ovulæ of the microscopic infusories? It is evident that their excessive tenuity secures them from our investigation. Upon observing a green mould, the little byssi present themselves without any apparent cause—upon materials in a state of decomposition—as well as the animalculæ

in stagnant waters; who dares then conclude that they are the extemporaneous produce of a spontaneous generation? Have not these beings their constant determinate conformation, and have not the works of naturalists, which we can compare with the facts themselves, described and figured these species?

“We find that there exists for them a kind of *panspermia*; they everywhere abound in millions in proportion to their destruction. These germs and ovulæ we inhale and we swallow; being totally imperceptible they boldly insinuate themselves, and those which do not perish find opportunity, place and means to develope themselves. They then appear as sprung from nothing, and we refer to chance for their explanation. The ancient naturalists, from not possessing the microscope, referred the generation of insects to this chance, and even those among them which possess sexual organs and lay eggs. Many ignorant persons, or bad observers, still maintain that lice and the mites of cheese are generated spontaneously, although they at the same time admit that apterous insects can also multiply by the usual sexual intercourse.*

“Thus, also, according to many helminthologists, the intestinal worms, even of our viscera, are the produce of spontaneous generation, although the nematoïdea are furnished with distinct sexual organs, and the cestoidæ, according to Bremser, are hermaphrodites, the several articulations of the same worm being able mutually to copulate. Where then is the impossibility that the tenuous ovulæ of these worms may be absorbed in the loose and permeable tissues of children, or conveyed by the circulation and the lymphatic vessels into the most intimate structure of those tissues, and develope themselves in favorable situations; as, for instance, the echinoccus in the liver, the cœnurus in the brain, &c.? It is true that every animal does not exhibit the same species of worm, for they are peculiar to the several ages of the individual; and the different climates of the globe produce different species of these parasites. If even therefore the same entozoa are not found everywhere in similar bodies, this is no argument for their spontaneous formation, though the circumstances may be parallel.

“Thus the intestinal worms doubtless require animal food and heat to promote their development; but who will deny that their eggs may not exist in the water drunk by those animals? Everybody is aware that the fishes and other aquatic races, as well as the inhabitants of damp low countries, are most subject to wormy diseases. For instance, where is the impossibility that the eggs of the tæniæ, that are expelled with the evacuations,

* An instance has been related of a field of wheat being sown in a Swiss valley, and then buried beneath an avalanche for the space of five and twenty years. The snow having melted at the expiration of that time, the vegetation of the wheat, which had been thus interrupted, then went on, and it produced a harvest.

may be dispersed throughout the waters in which they swim, without finding places suitable for their development, until they are swallowed by animals drinking those waters? It is even said that *tæniæ* have been found in the human fœtus and in chickens just discharged from the egg. This is very possible; for the mother may have transmitted with her humors the ovulæ of these entozoa, which penetrate so profoundly into the economy. Besides, the food we take contains the imperceptible elements of our diseases; and every carnivorous animal which laps the blood and devours the flesh of its prey, swallows likewise the ovulæ of the worms that it may contain. Pallas placed within a dog the eggs of a *tænia*, which were developed and propagated in that animal.

"Thus the microscopic world, which plays such an important part in invisible nature (for how many molecules are organized?) remains concealed, like the secret wheels of the machine, the general results alone of which we are enabled to contemplate. Doubtless the entozoa are nowhere met with but in the animals to which they are appropriated. This is the necessary condition of their birth and life; whereas external nature, which is the fertile mother of all germs, is charged with their distribution, as well as with that of such myriads of insects, animalculæ, and moulds, which propagate and insinuate themselves either by the air or by water into the most hidden recesses of the earth.

"And in fact the permanence of their species, the perpetual preservation of their distinct structures, evince a regular law of formation by means of eggs or germs pre-existing in similar parents.—p. 111–116.

We have thought it desirable to adduce here, although it detains us in our progress, the strong proofs that exist of there being no spontaneous generation, though this tenet is still held by many eminent naturalists. The great difficulty of accounting for the production of these minims gives probability to an opinion which, viewed from general principles, is a manifest absurdity. But we consider Ehrenberg's discoveries before alluded to, and Dr. Virey's exposition, as perfectly conclusive.

Let us gradually ascend the scale—this term we use for the sake of convenience, though our subsequent remarks will show its inappropriateness—and leave the *protozoa*, or first animals, which exemplify more than any other class the universal diffusion of animation; for one of them does not even respect the brain of man himself, but intrudes into that very organ which gives him his paramount importance in the creation, while others inhabit equally remote but more ignoble situations, such as the intestines, the liver, the eyes, and even the cellular membrane of man, as well as of animals, and their recon-dite position has chiefly fostered the above

opinions which we think so satisfactorily controverted. We must notice, among the class of zoophytes, the animals that produce the sponges and the corals; the latter, silently working in the depths of the ocean, by their frequently beautiful concretions transform unfathomable abysses into reefs, and bridges, and islands; which we need but mention to show the powerful agency which such apparently insignificant creatures exercise both over man's destinies, and the external surface of the earth. Others of them, as the sea-anemones (*actinia*), decorate the fathomless depths with the beauty and variety of a gay parterre, and others again, which swim upon the surface, embellish the oceanic nights with their pale phosphoric lustre, thereby aiding the imagination of the remote voyager to conjure up fairy scenes and tritonic festivals. It is in this branch of the animal kingdom that we find the strongest reflex of the vegetable world, in form as well as color; and in fact, frequently so deceptive in its effects, as we have before remarked, as to have deceived erudite naturalists and botanists.

We now come to the mollusca, or gelatinous animals, for we consider with Goldfuss, Dumeril, and other eminent zoologists, that they rank infinitely below the annulosa, or articulated animals, above which Cuvier has placed them. It is the shells of these animals which are so universally admired for either elegance of form, contrast or harmony of color, and beauty of sculpture. We reflect but little, when observing them on the mantelpiece or in the cabinet, upon the varied nature of the functions of the animals that produce them, or in cases of great rarity, the profound abysses whence accident has cast them up to excite our admiration. For even the back-ground of the picture of creation is, in its most hidden recesses, as perfectly elaborated as those groupings in its foreground which are most obvious to the human eye and intellect. Hence arises a question in our minds, whether man may justly arrogate to himself the entire dominion of which he boasts—if it be not from the intercalation of these obscure beings, as links of the great chain, and as chords of the general harmony? Some of these, as the argonaute, wing their light way, scudding, impelled by the current, or at will, before the breeze, upon the calm surface of the waves, or momentarily sinking at the approach of danger. Others are affixed to the solid rock, as the oyster, whence nothing but mechanical force can remove them, and others propel themselves by the sudden clapping of the valves of their shells together, and thus by a sort of spring effect their progression; whereas the whole series of univalves and naked mollusca advance, as

the common snail and slug, by the clinging of a muscular foot. Very many of this class are edible, and are as delectable to the epicure as the solitary gem produced by one of them is agreeable to beauty, and to royalty, for it forms a highly valued decoration in the crowns of princes who are not so lavish of their treasures as was the queen of Egypt.

Proceeding onward, we arrive at the *crustacea*, or animals enveloped in a crust, among which the lobster and the crab, the crayfish, the shrimp, and the prawn, are perhaps the most attractive. The habits of many of them are exceedingly curious, especially the migratory instinct of the several species of land crabs; and many of them diverge still further from their typical character of sea-animals, and actually ascend trees,—for instance, that called the tree-lobster, which mounts the cocoa-nut palm for the sake of its fruit. This class comprises an extensive host, as does, also, the next, the *arachnoidea*, or spider-like animals. With these again we quit the water, as the chief receptacle of animated life, and although many of those we shall subsequently notice inhabit it, yet, with the exception of the fishes—not one of which is known to inhabit the land unless for a very brief period—we shall find that the preponderance of life is affixed to the land. Some of the spiders we observe launching their balloon into the wide welkin as *aëronauts*—others descending with their diving bell beneath the waters—others, subterranean in their habitations, with superficial toils spread to take their unwary prey,—whilst others weave their elegant tissues, distended from spray to spray: some are said to capture small birds, but this assertion admits of considerable doubt, and there are others again which leap like tigers suddenly upon their ravin. Attempts have been made, but hitherto unsuccessfully, to apply their webs to useful purposes, although, as objects of curiosity, gloves have been manufactured from them, and, we believe, in one instance, a lady's dress. But the scorpion and the mites, or *acari*, are perhaps the most redoubtable to man; the first by its venom, and the second as being the cause of some of the most abhorrent of the diseases that attack the human race. The next class, the insects, present an almost illimitable host, the most extensive certainly throughout the entire range of the animal kingdom, and perhaps, also, the greatest wonders of all, from their remarkable metamorphoses, and, in many cases, highly developed instincts. Among them we find social tribes almost aping the polity of man, and none among the superiorly organized *mammalia* surpass them—not even the beaver—in this faculty. It

is true that in all the classes we find many tribes which are gregarious, but none are social. There are approximations indeed among the rooks, but, with these solitary exceptions, the rest are heedful only of their own advantage, and do not labor in combination for the common weal. How varied besides are their forms!—how splendid their colors! The greatest poets have borrowed from them some of their happiest similes, and even inspired moralists their most pertinent illustrations.—How variously useful are they to man and yet how despised by the majority! Even the little silkworm gives employment and consequently daily bread, to many millions of the human race, and how many others supply man with luxuries and necessities!

Let us pass onward and observe the fish traversing the ocean in every possible direction, and in every imaginable form adapted to that element—some eccentric in the extreme, others as elegant, and all the most voracious of the animated creation, and, as a compensation, also the most prolific; for who shall calculate their myriads, perhaps more numerous than the sands over which they swim! How noble a gift to man merely as articles of food, and upon which some tribes of savages exclusively exist! In size also, at least in length, some of them are perhaps the largest of animals. The accounts of their excessive longevity are probably erroneous. The ring found in the gill of the pike, at Kaiserslautern, if it was not an heirloom in the family of the fish, was a piece of chicanery practised by some interested party; for, is it credible that it should have attained the age of nearly three hundred years? which is as monstrous as nineteen feet for the length of its body.

We next arrive at the reptiles, all more or less hideous in aspect and habits, and some instinctively abhorrent to us from the primeval curse. It is as denizens of this class, that the most anomalous and gigantic remains of a former creation present themselves.—Here we should arrange the huge *megalosaurus*, supposed to have been 70 feet long and eight feet high, and the *iguanodon* at least 60, did they still exist, and which idea has even been started, hypothetically, by a favorite writer,* from the analogy of a still existing individual of the class being found to inhabit subterranean lakes and pools;† and he therefore conceives it probable, from the universal distribution of animation upon the surface, that Nature has been as active in her operations beneath it; prov-

* Kirby, Bridgewater Treatise.

† Proteus,

ing by the population of these abysses, that no spot which can be inhabited is left unpeopled. Some violent concussion must consequently have intermingled their remains with the upper crust, where accident has exposed them to the researches of the curious, and but for which man never could have arrived at the knowledge of them. Leaving this point in all its uncertainty and improbability, what shall we say to those most anomalous creatures, the pterodactyli, which the majority of opinions concur in considering as having been flying reptiles. Collini conceived them to be fishes; Cuvier, what they are still held to be; Soemmering classed them with the mammalia, where also Wagler has placed them, and, in fact, in a distinct order together with the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, and the existing ornithorhynchus. Wagler also has classed them with the mammalia; but what are thought to have been their wings he treats as fins, and makes them swimming animals. Oken calls them reptiles, among which they are placed by Meyer also, who holds Cuvier's opinion. It is in this class, likewise, that we find the serpents which many nations have deified, and which Scripture makes the type of evil. How elegant are their motions! from which the ancients called their progression the gait of the gods. The enormous size of the boas, their great muscular strength, dilatable jaws, and prehensile tails, enable them to capture deer, and even oxen, and crush their bones by their constriction, and then, covering them with their saliva, to swallow them whole; which, according to travellers, is a lengthy process, and the horns of the animal are left projecting from the mouth, whence by degrees they ultimately rot off. The enormous pythons of the old world yield in nothing to the boas of America. The story of that which is said to have been 120 feet in length, and was killed by the army of Regulus in Africa, is doubtless an exaggeration; but we in these cold latitudes can barely form a conception of the vigor of animal life beneath the prolific heat of the sun, which stimulates their generation, imparting to them vivacity of color, extravagance of feature, and a monstrous size.

Barely mentioning the toads, turtles, and tortoises, let us proceed to the more pleasing scene presented to us by the aerial group of birds—here from the pigmy humming bird, resplendent with all the colors of the most vivid gems, scarcely larger than the bee hovering over the flower, and with distended tongue imbibing its nectar, to the majestic Condor,

how animated are their tribes! This, considered as a whole, is perhaps the most beautiful and gratifying to man of all the classes of the animal kingdom, and many of its species are infinitely serviceable to him. Our groves and fields are enlivened by their songs, and our tables amply furnished by them with choice articles of food; their down supplies us with warmth and comfort, and their quills with the instrument for the communication of ideas.

From them to the *mammalia*, or animals that suckle their young, a link is formed by that most extraordinary creature, the duck-billed Platypus,* which is said to be ovoviviparous, or producing young by means of eggs that are hatched within it. It is one of the most remarkable natives of New Holland, that country so remarkable in the majority of its vegetable and animal productions. Its webbed feet and aquatic habits are common to many of its class, but the extraordinary spur with which the posterior legs of the male are furnished, and which are said to vent a venom in self-defence, is the only instance, we believe, of a venomous organ being found among the mammalia. In this class man finds the greatest approximation to his own form, organization, and intellect. He is here provided with beasts of burden, that lighten his labor, and supply him with multitudes of necessities. Here the sagacious dog is his safeguard against the incursion of the wolf upon his flocks, which furnish him with apparel and with food; the horse is his noble companion in the chase and in the field, and his unwearied servant for the plough and the carriage. The dromedary and camel, patient of thirst, carry him fleetly across the burning desert; and the huge elephant is his irresistible bearer in the field of battle. This class, least numerous in species of the whole animal kingdom, is the most serviceable to man in supplying him with his positive and indispensable necessities; yet here again, as elsewhere throughout the animal kingdom, those that are most serviceable to him are quiet feeders upon vegetables. The carnivorous tribes he finds less domitable, and, as it were from an instinctive abhorrence of cannibalism wherever he may find it, no carnivorous animal supplies him with food. Nature here again rings its repeated changes of form, color, instinct, habits, and uses. We here ascend, by gradational structure and organization, to the keystone of the arch—man himself. It has been strongly argued that man is no animal, but he is closely allied to animals in eve-

"towering in pride of place,"

* *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*.

rything save intellect, and if that wonderful organ which endows him with it places an immeasurable distance between him and even the most sagacious animal, he is still connected with them by earthly ties, which it would be well for the correction of his pride that he had the humility to remember. But it is not even in intellect alone that the human being differs from the animal—by human being we must be understood as meaning the sexes collectively,—for Burdach* has proved physiologically, that in man only the animal nature predominates; but in woman, humanity, as contradistinguished to animality, in form, structure, and development, has attained its zenith, and the moral virtues are more essentially peculiar to her, whereas in man they are superinduced by intercourse and the charms and curbs of social life. Therefore as both sexes only form the complete species, we may even in a system of natural history consistently elevate mankind to a distinct class, superior to the mammalia which it prefigures and typifies, and to which the transition is made by the male. Here, at this point of culmination, systematic natural history makes its stop; it dare not launch into the hypothetical regions of immateriality and spirit, or attempt the classification of virtues, powers, principalities, and hierarchies; for, as Linneus might have said, “they have no teeth,”—yet an ingenious systematist of the present day has insinuated their introduction into his system.

Although we have thus very cursorily mentioned the series of objects and beings which the study of natural history embraces, it is not thus that we find them in nature, where all are intermingled, acting and reacting upon each other, and the apparent discords of nature’s gamut, as we overhear the solitary notes, reverberate collectively in the fullest and most perfect harmony along the stupendous vault of the creation. Partial evil is involved in the general good, and if the insect repine that it is devoured by the bird, let it be grateful that it has enjoyed an existence however brief, for no other necessity called it from the clod. It is from this individual evil that the general good arises; it is hence that such a multiplicity of beings are enabled to inhabit the world; not only species are thus interminably varied, but the numbers of the individuals in each are proportionate to the object for which they were designed, and the amount of destruction among them occasioned thereby is amply repaired by a power of propagation adequate to the loss. Thus no space is lost, and barely

a species exterminated, which is owing to the force of the law that regulates their relative disposal. The relations of the animal with the vegetable kingdom are extremely diversified, but those existing in the animal kingdom itself between its several members are infinitely more complicated. We find the vegetable at the base directly or indirectly supporting all; and in return, in very many instances, it is only through the agency of animals that vegetables are perpetuated, as they serve to render these fertile by conveying the impregnating pollen, or by distributing their seeds. In the animal kingdom all classes are multifariously intermingled, some living, as parasites, upon others, supported in a variety of ways, and some, although enjoying an independent existence, live by means of the rest, if not at their expense; but the most direct relation that we observe is that which destines the herbivorous tribes to be the food of the carnivorous.

Thus we find wheel working within wheel, and the complicated machine presents a sublime view of Omnipresent and Omnipotent wisdom. The vast scheme of creation here unfolds itself imperceptibly to our observation, and the object of that creation, namely, diffusion of the greatest quantity of happiness throughout the smallest possible space, fully and energetically evinces the benevolence that prompted it. What appears exuberance of production is but provision for consumption, in the least proportion required for securing the preservation of the species. We feel astounded at the fecundity of many fishes, insects, and plants; but yet how important is it to the preservation of the balance of existence! For one egg of either that attains its complete development in the power of reproduction, what myriads are consumed in their various stages of growth! Nor can we say that any are abortive, for they have doubtless fulfilled purposes as indispensable as the propagation of their kind by supporting the life of other beings, which, in their turn, either in their fecundity carry this connection still further, or in their several instincts exercise functions concomitant therewith for promoting the general benefit. A few instances will fully illustrate the reciprocity of these interlacings, which bind all to our common parent, Mother Earth.

To commence with the vegetable kingdom—what hosts does it support, from the lichen that grows upon the wall to the cedar of Lebanon! and what does not serve to support the animal kingdom, or individual reproduction, tends to feed the soil. Almost every plant, shrub, or tree consists of a congeries of vegetables, and these, although not independent of each other, are not necessary

† C. F. Burdach, *Die Physiologie als Erfahrungswissenschaft*, T. i. p. 284, § 218.

to their existence; hence they are enabled to feed widely without the danger of destruction. In every part they afford aliment; in the root, stem, leaves, bud, blossom, pollen, seed-vessel, and fruit, what multitudes of insects in all their stages of existence!—what hosts of birds, and animals, and fishes, and reptiles here find their nutriment! many being general feeders, but also very many restricted to certain plants or pollen; and this kingdom in return derives additional fecundity, as well from the decomposition of animal matter as from the stimulus given by a checked luxuriance, which, wheresoever carried to excess, would choke or starve itself. The cryptogamous plants, as the mosses, lichens, fungusses, ferns, are least nutritive, but they either prepare a soil, or promote decomposition, where the elements would be too slow in their effects: still they nourish a variety of insects; and even that buried fungus the epicure's morsel, the truffle, is the destined food of a peculiar little beetle.* The vastly superabundant production of pollen gives nutriment to perfect insects, or pabulum to their young; and, in return, they promote or effect its fecundation. The fruits and seeds consumed by the frugivorous birds disseminate them, and the herbivorous animals manure the soil, and stimulate the growth of the herbage; they then feed by their forcible destruction the carnivorous tribes of all the classes, and which also prey upon each other; and what these leave, or casualties or the course of nature has destroyed, is awarded to the necrophagous hosts, or those that gorge upon dead animal matter. There appears no waste and no exuberance, for the latter finds a timely check before it has power to destroy itself; and what appears a wanton expenditure of animal life, from any insulated point of view, wholly changes its character of evil when observed in its necessary connection with the universal harmony of the entire system. What a fruitful scene of observation and contemplation does not this branch of natural history afford! No phenomenon can be observed without its chain of histories, all intimately interlinked and progressing from one to the other. The human mind in the capacity of its conception ascends from the mortal to the immortal, and terminates its inquiry in worship and adoration.

But, passing from our northern latitudes, where life presents peculiar and distinct phases, proceed we to tropical climates, and survey it there in its gush and glow. Let us imagine a brilliant day in a forest beneath the equator during the rainy season, which

has been sometimes but very incorrectly considered as analogous to our winter, whereas it truly answers to our summer,—for it is then that all is animated. The seasons are not arbitrary periods, but their recurrence is regulated by their effect upon vegetable, and, consequently, upon animal life; and as it is with winter that we associate the idea of torpidity, and a temporary stagnation of existence, we must necessarily from its parallel effects, connect the idea of the same season with the tropical heats. But return we to our forest, and we observe “confusion worse confounded.” The buzz, the whirl, the flutter, the shriek, the whoop, the hum, the chatter, and the song, are all intermingled; the various birds and animals, insects, reptiles, and plants, outvying each other in the splendor of their clothing, and the luxuriant enjoyment of existence, of which those discordant sounds are the emphatic announcement; all revel there in the wildest hilarity, according to their nature, instinct, and habits; and such is the vigor of existence, that even plants have a voice, and the palm proclaims the bursting of its bud by a sound as loud as that of a cannon.

But we must return from this vivacious scene to the sober contemplation of the beneficial effects produced on the mind by the methodical cultivation of natural history.

The immense variety of organic beings which even our rapid survey of them has shown to be so extensive, will be still further evinced by the statement of their numbers already known, as recently computed by Mr. Swainson, and to which we will add his table of the probable number existing throughout the globe, some of which the assiduity of travellers and naturalists is daily bringing into notice. We can merely give his calculation, for we have not space to enter into his argument in support of his assumed probable numbers. But even in the first table of those which are known, perhaps not one half of the gross number are yet described.

| | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| Mammalia | 1,000* |
| Birds | 6,000 |
| Fishes | 6,000 |
| Insects | 120,000 |
| Mollusca | 5,100 |
| Radiata | 1,000 |
| Visible polypes | 1,500 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 140,600 |

We may observe here that the reptiles are wholly omitted; the number of birds are

* *Leiodes cinnamomea*.

* Swainson's Zoology, vol. ii. Lardner's Cyclopaedia.

stated as supposed to exist in the Berlin Museum, and the fishes on the authority of Cuvier, as known to him. But we have here a gross total of one hundred and forty thousand six hundred, exclusively of the reptiles and plants; the latter according to Decandolle amounting to sixty thousand.

Swainson's table of the probable numbers runs as follows*—

| | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Vertebrated animals . . | { Quadrupeds | 1,200 |
| | { Birds | 6,800 |
| | { Reptiles and Amphibia . . | 1,500 |
| | { Fishes | 8,000 |
| 2. Annulose animals . . | { Insects | 550,000 |
| | { Worms, &c. | 2,500 |
| 3. Molluscous animals. . . | { Radiata, Star-fish, &c. . . | 1,000 |
| | { Polypi, Corals | 1,500 |
| | { Naked Mollusca | 600 |
| | { Testacea† | 4,500 |
| | | <hr/> 577,600 <hr/> |

In this table it has struck us as exceedingly singular why odd numbers should be adduced, for it appears very improbable that the scheme of nature should not be perfect, yet why odd numbers cannot be so, would lead us into a discussion too wide for our present purpose, although one of much interest. To the above tables we will add the summary of those formed by Keferstein,‡ and which are interesting for comparison, as he chiefly founds the computation upon described species; and to which he also adds the numbers of fossil species discovered up to the time of his publication.—

| | Recent. | Fossil. |
|--------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Mammalia | 883 | 270 |
| Birds | 4,099 | 20 |
| Reptiles | 1,270 | 104 |
| Fishes | 3,586 | 386 |
| Insects | | 247 |
| Spiders | } | 211 |
| Crustacea | | |
| Xyphosura | | |
| Entomostracea . . | | |
| Isopoda | | |
| Myriapada | | |
| Mollusca | 3,816 | 6,056 |
| Annelides | 102 | 214 |
| Radiata | 187 | 411 |
| Polypina | 816 | 907 |
| Vegetables . . . | 32,000 | 803 |
| <hr/> 46,759 <hr/> | | <hr/> 9,629 <hr/> |

Here we have a gross total of 56,388,

* Swainson's Zoology, vol. ii. Lardner's Cyclopaedia.

† Report of Select Committee on the British Museum. August, 1835, p. 242. It is here stated that more than 9,000 are known.

‡ Die Naturgeschichte des Erdköpers in ihren ersten Grundzügen dargestellt. 2. Bde. 8vo. 1834. vol. ii.

which we may admit as an approximation, although many in the fossil list may be identical with recent species. But here the insects and entomostracea are totally omitted, which, if we add in the round numbers of Mr. Swainson, will increase the total to 180,000. But another computation of the probable numbers of the insect tribes only, makes that class amount to the enormous host of one million.*

It is self-evident, that a knowledge of so great a concourse of organized beings can only be attained by a distribution which arranges them methodically, by certain peculiarities, that reduce the heterogeneous mixture wherein we find them dispersed throughout nature, into an orderly series. The first and most important condition of such an arrangement is, that every individual which it comprises shall have a name whereby it may be distinguished from every other. The series has been framed into groups, which, descending from their more general resemblances into the greatest possible detail of differences, have severally received the titles of kingdoms, classes, orders, tribes, families, genera, and species. This mode, which is rendered indispensable upon general principles, also greatly facilitates the ascertaining whether any individual being, which may casually present itself to observation, is yet known, and has consequently received its place in the system adopted; or, if new and unknown, it has first to be named, while its structure points out its precise situation. The names, therefore, which objects have necessarily received are double,—consisting of the generic name, which shows their situation, and which corresponds, by way of illustration, with our surnames, and, like them, admits of change; and their trivial or specific name, which, analogous to our baptismal names, is arbitrary in the first instance, but when once imposed, remains ever after unalterable. Yet before all this could be done with the accuracy requisite to distinguish individually such a multiplicity of beings, and to prevent the confusion that would ensue from the use of ordinary language, in consequence of its vagueness and want of precision, it was found necessary to adopt, for the description of these objects, certain conventional terms, which should have a definite acceptance.

Hence it is, that natural history has its peculiar language, called its terminology, or more recently, to avoid a barbarism, glossology.

* See Reich, Beitrag zur Lehre von der geographischen Verbreitung der Insekten, Nova Acta Acad. Cæs. Leop. Carol. Nat. Cur. v. 16, part 2, page 836.

gy or orismology. For the foundation of this we are chiefly indebted to Linneus, the father of the modern mode of studying natural history; and to him also the science is indebted for the invention of trivial or specific names, also a vast improvement, and which avoids the necessity of a circumlocution, or a specific phrase, whereby the older naturalists were accustomed to indicate the different objects they alluded to; whereas, now, the name suffices.

It is unfortunately this nomenclature and orismology which have frightened the many from the study of natural history, and certainly without sufficient cause. They ought to reflect that there is no royal road to knowledge; that every thing we wish to know thoroughly has its dry and tedious elements, but which lose their barrenness so soon as we have quitted our leading-strings, and can apply them. They ought also to weigh well the advantage of a clear and distinct idea over a loose and confused one; and this distinctness is only to be obtained by the precision which is given through technical language, that admits neither of synonymy nor periphrase.

Exclusively of the importance that necessarily attaches to methodizing within the mind such a multifarious host of distinct objects, a system of natural history also accomplishes the inculcation of method, and so disciplines the powers of the mind, that they may be made to bear upon any subject with the most advantageous results; it drills it into strictness and accuracy;—but we cannot do better than give Cuvier's opinion upon this subject.

“The habit which is necessarily acquired in studying natural history, of classing within the mind a vast number of ideas, is one of the advantages which this science presents, that has been least noticed, and which will probably become the greatest when it shall be generally introduced into the course of common education. It exercises the mind in that division of logic, styled method, as much as geometry practises it in what is called syllogism; because natural history is the science which demands the most precise method, as geometry is that which exacts the most rigorous reasoning. But this method, once well acquired, admits of very advantageous application to studies the most dissimilar to natural history. Every discussion that requires a classification of facts, every research that demands a distribution of materials, is made by the same laws; and a youth who shall have made this science merely an object of amusement, is astonished when he discovers the facility it gives him in the disentanglement of the most complicated affairs.”*

Besides, method to the mind, innumerable other advantages result from the study of natural history. Let us again hear Cuvier.*

“It is not less useful in solitude. Sufficiently extensive to fill the most capacious mind; sufficiently varied and interesting to amuse the most agitated; it consoles the unfortunate, and calms animosities. Once raised to the contemplation of the harmony of nature, irresistibly regulated by Providence, how weak and insignificant are the resources we have allowed to depend upon the will of man!

“I candidly avow that these views have always weighed deeply with me; and if I have endeavored to promote this tranquil study, it has been because, in my opinion, it is more capable than any other to satisfy that urgent thirst for occupation, which so much contributed to produce the disturbances of the last fifty years.”

There is neither class, age, nor sex, but may participate in the advantages of this study, and it may be pursued within whatsoever limits are desirable; it is so ductile, that it may be made either a recreation or an occupation; and, followed as the former, it is the most innocent, and instructive, and inexhaustible at man's command. Dr. Virey's description of a naturalist and of Nature is sufficient to convert the most averse to this pleasing study.

“The naturalist is a contemplative and simple man, who endeavors to discover and admire the laws of nature and of its Author; and who, elevating himself by sublime thoughts to the First Cause of all, adores the powerful hand which peopled the world, which brought forth wheat and the grape, which created all living species, and settled the laws of their reproduction, preservation, and destruction; he searches throughout the earth the relations and harmonies of all beings, the great chains which connects them together, the faculties which distinguish them, their astonishing properties, and admirable organization; he investigates their utility with reference to his wants and his diseases, to the embellishment of his life, to his supply of food, clothing, and the increase of his comforts. Without natural history, we should have neither domestic nor rural economy, nor would there be any utility in the world. The fields without it would be but a sterile and vain display of glory and magnificence, and a spectacle which would speedily fatigue, did it not also interest us by our own utility, and which would only flatter the soul without filling it with a sweet and agreeable satisfaction; commerce itself could not exist without the productions of Nature; it is she who feeds a crowd of miserable wretches, who would perish atten-

* Cuvier's *Regne Animal*, vol. i. p. 19.

* Ib. p. 20.

uated with hunger, were it not for the indulgence and luxury, which circulates money, and extracts it from the purse of the opulent to buy the bread of the poor. It is Nature which supports the human race; hers is the first bosom we hang to; and if we could take advantage of all her gifts, and, did we study thoroughly her fecundity, and profoundly investigate her beneficent intentions, her wisdom, gentleness, and simplicity, we should live contented and virtuous in the midst of abundance and security.”*

Into systems we cannot here enter, yet we may observe that it is incorrect to say, as some systematists have said, that every species is insulated, and has no connection with any other organism throughout nature. It is not well to start such an hypothesis for the support of any theory, for it is absurd in itself, and baneful in its effects. It contradicts hourly observation and experience; it shivers the harmonious system of nature into millions of independent fragments; and a few days of such a state would destroy the organic world. The apparent insulation of species and individuals is removed, in the first place partially, by the gregarious tribes, and fully by the social ones, especially by those which subjugate others to their dominion. There is nothing so independent as to be able to dispense with the rest; and if the mysterious bands which bind all into one whole be not always evident to the senses, yet sufficient display themselves to prove the existence of the rest. Nor are those ties solitary, but multiplex; and they are even generally far less distinct between two approximate structures than between the most dissimilar. Yet, why should it be attempted to controvert what nature has proclaimed aloud in that gradual divarication of organization which we observe, and which we dare not presume to have been produced for the very idle purpose of variation only! We have not arrived, nor shall we probably soon arrive, at a knowledge of those recondite balancings of instinct and gradual changes of function which are doubtless its object. Else it were a folly to conceive Nature so poor in resources as not to be able, in lieu of creating individuals, to create species; and we should then find a greater balance in their respective fecundity. We generally observe organization and function proceeding side by side, and modern systematists have consequently endeavored to give full value to the entire structure, and to found upon it what they have called the natural system.

Although we have before exhibited the harmonious connection of the whole, and insisted that one is created for the other, yet it must not therefore be assumed that we have implied that Nature absolutely predestined the destruction of the one for the support of the other; for, benevolent in all her arrangements, she has been careful to endow them either with weapons of defence against their natural enemies, or instincts to elude them; and unless accident intervenes, they live to the full term to which their organization is adapted: and yet, should they fall victims to the voracity of others, they must attribute it to casualty, and to the neglect of their own powers of evasion or self-defence, and to no inevitable destiny.

But when even we have formed the entire collection, when we have named the individuals composing it, and arranged them in the order most facile for ready recognition, and according to the most approved system, although much labor is overcome, yet it is not comparable to what remains. What has there been accomplished except merely the index to the book we have to study? Their varied organization, structure and physiology,—their habits, economy and instincts,—their mutual and reciprocal relations and influences,—and, lastly, their final cause, in which is involved the destiny of man, form so many complicated and abstruse inquiries, that we may indeed say the study of natural history is interminable. What a vast source of amusement and employment does it not then present, although its immensity appears discouraging to our pride, from showing us the vanity of hoping to compass the whole; yet how animating and cheering is every step of our progress, from the incessant proofs it affords of the fostering benevolence that presided over the construction of the laws which regulate Nature’s invariable course! The whole scheme is built upon the wisest principles, evident even to the extent of our short-sightedness. What will, then, be the effulgence of that wisdom, when, after casting our pupa case—the psyche—the soul shall become entire consciousness, without the distraction of the senses, and we shall perceive intellectually the full effulgence of all those attributes, the coruscations of which so dazzle us even now, through the dense medium of our senses and earthly intellect,—when the whole train of final causes shall be spread out before us, and what our finite comprehension may have dared to deem imperfect shall and will be viewed in the completeness of its perfection!

The study of natural history is a profound course of rational devotion; it humiliates us by showing us what atoms we are in the

* Virey, *Nouv. Dict. d’Hist. Nat.* vol. xxii, p. 245.

universe; and yet, from the comprehensiveness of the intellect bestowed upon us, the beast, and every living creature on the face of the earth, is subjected to us. But it can only be when we shall have acquired a thorough knowledge of the whole range of Nature, her laws and her productions, and their various individual and combined powers of adaptation to our uses and services, that we may boast of having attained the zenith of human wisdom; for then our dominion will be no longer nominal, but we shall become positively the lords of the creation, and wield a potent sceptre over it. Yet how shall this be effected, if not by its diligent and profound study! for here again we find another illustration of the truth of Lord Bacon's dogma, that "knowledge is power." We may not, therefore, without the charge of presumption or perverseness, despise even the least contribution to that all-important object, the entire subjugation of nature to the intellect of man.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Histoire des Croisades*. Par M. Michaud, de l'Academie Française. 7 vols. Paris. 1818—1828.
 2. *Correspondance d'Orient, 1830 et 1831*. Par M. Michaud, de l'Academie Française, et M. Poujoulat. Paris. 1833—1835. 6 vols.

In resuming our task of reviewing the writers who have undertaken to describe the Ottoman empire, or the races by which it is inhabited, we proceed to notice a class of difficulties of a different character from those on which we principally dwelt in our preceding article.* The impediments in the path of oriental inquiry which we now propose to point out are those which exist in the minds of the writers themselves.

There is, or rather there should be, no difference in the manner of proceeding in the investigation of politics from that pursued in the investigation of physics. The same patience of investigation is requisite; the same caution in reasoning from analogy; the same discrimination between accidental sequences, and the invariable relationship of cause and effect. So similar is the manner of proceeding in every department of science, that Lord Bacon compares it to a tree, "the stem of which is for some space and

dimension entire and continued, before it breaks and parts itself into arms and boughs."

The father of modern philosophy observed in the science of his day all the characteristic features of false philosophy. Theories were first invented, and then facts, partially observed, strained to support them. This state of thought reproduced itself in expression. Names as vague and unmeaning as the ideas themselves became the signs of knowledge and the instruments of investigation. Time was thrown away; energy and talents were expended uselessly, which otherwise would have been devoted to the study of nature. This unphilosophical manner of proceeding tended to establish error, by giving it an appearance of science and system. Besides, unintelligible names being called in on all occasions to account for and explain every phenomenon, the student had no inducement to analyze farther, but rested satisfied with his errors. Bacon perceived the insufficiency of the process of reasoning. Great and wonderful discovery, with few parallels to its profoundness, none to its utility! Dr. T. Brown justly observes, that he was the reformer not of physical but of mental science. To use the impressive language of that eminent metaphysician, "the temple that Lord Bacon purified was not that of external nature, but of internal mind. It was in that innermost recess that he overthrew the idols that had usurped a place in the temple of truth, and, having broken down the images, he left the shrine clear till the time that the real goddess should deign to reveal herself to her devoted and wondering votaries."

To say that we have seriously compared the then state of physical science with the actual state of political science, and found them in some degree analogous, would be to rouse against us the animosity of some and the scepticism of most men; but, at all events, in consideration of an experience in other lands prolonged solely by the allurements of this inquiry, we may venture to say that the words and terms which are applied to things and to modes of existence in our European states do not apply to Oriental countries, and that the use of them almost invariably leads to error. In the preceding article to which we have already referred, we endeavored to point out the errors into which travellers are liable to fall; in the present we propose to show how these errors of the day react upon past events, and, by falsifying history still further, confirm the aberrations of modern opinions.

We select a few instances of terms in use. What definite ideas are conveyed to us when we are informed that the government of a

* See "Characters and Opinions of Turkish Travellers" in No. XXX. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

country is "*despotic*?" Is it that the capricious will of one man is law to the nation? Is that despotism, where there are no laws written in black and white which define the attributes of the prince? Many governments called despotic are not so according to this definition. The laws of Austria as accurately define the power and prerogatives of its Emperor as the constitution of England. It may—it frequently does—happen, that the power of a sovereign is very limited where no express laws define his attributes. In the absence of such statutes, customs or unwritten laws arise, which, however imperceptible in their mode of operation, more effectually circumscribe the power of the prince, more effectually secure to the subjects their rights, than at least those written laws to which public opinion has not lent the force of custom.

If that is to be termed despotism, where the individual has no redress when injustice is done him, we reply that there is no country which we know of, where injustice is not done to individuals with impunity. Is not injustice done under the *sanction of law*? And that is by far the worst species of injustice, because it affects communities, not individuals, and, by wearing the garb of right, excites the feelings of nations against authority, and perplexes and disturbs their notions of right and wrong.

We see the word *despotic* used as the antithesis to *constitutional*. But the word *constitution* is not less vague than the other. Athens, Rome, Venice, &c. all had their constitutions. England, France, the United States, Warsaw, Hungary, &c. have their constitutions; and nothing can be more dissimilar than those constitutions.

Then, as to that word *liberty*. We are told by the French that they alone know or enjoy it; Englishmen declare that the French know little about real liberty; the American asserts that liberty resides only in the United States. We would almost venture to place in the same category the terms *monarchical*, *democratic*, and *aristocratic*. In fact, all terms applied to the art of government are definitions of faction or of party, but not of logic;—they perplex as applied to the discussion of facts with which we are acquainted, but they mislead when used to describe countries which we do not know.

There are two words which are the stock in trade of the writer, whose works we have placed at the head of this article. These are *civilization* and *barbarism*;—words convenient above measure for enabling us to describe a state of things to others which we do not understand ourselves, and to account for facts we are disinclined to analyze:—

above all others have they tended to check the spirit of research, and to contract the circle of our experience. The Roman term civilization lost its original simplicity and value when it was brought into connection with the Greek "*barbarism*." This word, originally derived from the name of some population foreign to Greece, with which the Greeks had come in contact at some early period, and had learned, with what degree of justice who can say, to despise, became a term of disparagement and contempt. Every foreigner, whether Roman or Goth, Scythian or Egyptian, was called barbarian: but, how little it was useful for purposes simply geographical, how much national vanity lay concealed under it, may be gathered from the prayer in which the Greek thanked his gods for having created him a *man* not a *beast*, a *Greek* not a *barbarian*. From Greece the word became naturalized amongst the Romans, as Greek literature became the fashionable study at Rome, and was there furnished with an antithetical companion, "*civilization*;" and these have travelled down, hand in hand, to the present times, through a score of centuries, flattering the national vanity and exasperating the national antipathies of a hundred people, adorning the phrases of the philanthropist, covering the designs of the ambitious, and arresting the inquiries of the philosopher.

Sometimes we find the word civilization used in its primary meaning. Thus we hear of a Greek civilization, a Roman, an Arabic, a European civilization, &c. Sometimes civilization is confounded with a rectification of political abuses and errors, improvement, progress, an approach to some ideal perfection; sometimes with this imaginary perfection itself. Thus we find nations claiming the word as belonging to their own social state exclusively: thus, too, civilization is used in the abstract, and we hear of the nations that are farthest advanced in civilization. Then, as we before stated, we find it used to designate sometimes European usages in general, sometimes only modern European usages; then the countries where ever these usages prevail; and, finally, Europe itself. Hence we hear of the *interests* of civilization. Further, we have the *vices* of civilization, signifying those vices which are to be met with in those several societies into which the European family is subdivided.

However, in our author's "*Histoire des Croisades*," and his "*Correspondance d'Orient*," we find these words on all occasions adduced as *causes*. When he comes to civilization or barbarism, then inquiry is at an end; he seems to consider himself as having arrived at simple elements.

In describing the feelings of the Hungarians respecting the Crusades, when first preached by Peter the Hermit, he says this people, "although Christians, and even boasting of having had a saint among their monarchs, did not partake of the religious fervor of the Crusades, and looked on with indifference at the preparations made by Europe for the conquest of Asia. . . . Because they were separated from the Christian republic by their geographical position,—*because they still retained a portion of their barbarism*" —*Histoire des Croisades*, chap. ii.

A few pages before our author had lamented the follies and extravagances into which Europe was betrayed by a spirit of wild fanaticism. "In the midst of this universal delirium, was there," he asks, "no sage to make the voice of reason be heard?" The Hungarians did refuse to join Europe in her mad and eccentric career, because they followed the dictates of plain common sense,—they acted as a sage, according to M. Michaud's notions, would have recommended them to act! Why they acted so was a point to be investigated, or at least explained, and M. Michaud, not having investigated it, explains, by the one all-powerful word, this—the very reverse of barbarism, by his own account. There was another population which was equally indisposed to be carried away by the current of the movement, namely, the inhabitants of the Italian republics. So far from these being geographically separated from Christendom, they resided in what was then its very centre; and our author informs us that they resisted the movement on account of their "superior civilization!"

Europe, with the exception of the Italian states, was governed according to the principles of the feudal system, which divided men into two classes—proprieters and property. The former (the nobles) were rendered by their position restless and ambitious, loving military enterprise for its excitement. They were necessarily involved in perpetual wars, either of aggression, retaliation or defence. Arms were, therefore, their only study; and, neglecting the arts of peace, they were ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious. The people recognised in the clerical organization their protectors, as the influence of the Church was originally secured by its tendency to mitigate the rigors of feudalism. It was natural then that any warlike impulse proceeding from the Church should spread rapidly over feudalized countries. But the mass of mankind in these countries were only considered as property of the lord of the soil. They grasped at any proposal, by which they hoped by change of place to

change their condition, which might be thus mended, and could hardly be worse. But how different was the condition of the inhabitants of the Italian republics! They had the attachments of freemen and the rights of citizens. Their municipal rather than republican institutions, by giving each citizen a share in the direction of affairs, had raised the whole community in the intellectual and social scale; and thus, though as attached to their church as the rest of Christendom, they were more contented with their state, they were more comfortable in their homes.

When the Council of Placentia was convened, although the most eminent of the clergy attended, and though a large concourse of Italian laity flocked to it, the motives of the laymen seemed to have been simple curiosity. No cries of enthusiasm were raised; no expedition was planned; the council, after settling some matters of local interest, dispersed. Far different were the feelings that animated, at the assembly of Clermont, the stray multitude which was there collected together. The pope successfully appealed to the fanaticism of the whole community; whilst to the nobles he pointed out a foreign field, where they could gratify their passions, and indulge in their favorite pursuits, under the sanction of religion, and under the guidance of the Church. Still, however great was the enthusiasm of the nobles, infinitely greater must have been the migratory impulse of the mass of the population, degraded by its necessities, its obligations, and its *caste*, not less than by its superstition; and indeed, before the nobles had been able to make a movement eastward, four different armies of serfs had already marched. To the Italians, however, no inducement could be held out, till the Crusaders had gained a footing in Palestine, when they contrived to gain over some of the more prominent states, by offers of commercial advantages.

But, as the Italian *republics* did not embark in this expedition, on account of the inducements their institutions gave them to remain at home; so, the non-participation of the Hungarian *monarchy* in the earlier crusades is to be ascribed to the same causes. Consequently, it was not geographical impediments that prevented the Hungarian from being influenced by the excitement that pervaded his neighborhood; but because his mind had been differently formed from that of Europe by the institutions under which he lived,* and because he had as many inducements to stay at home as the western serf had to wander.

* Here, as elsewhere, history, when closely questioned, answers, "*La liberté est ancienne, c'est le despotisme qui est nouveau.*"

We now proceed to another instance of error into which our author is led by the use of this term. The Bulgarians, we are informed, "were barbarians that respected neither the *droits des gens*, nor the rights of hospitality." Of course he feels himself called on to be more severe on this population; for, although Christians, they did not acknowledge the supremacy of the pope, and were therefore still further from the civilization of the Christian republic. Our author has not furnished us with his code of the *droits des gens*. We can only refer to the standard works on international law. In them, we believe, it is acknowledged as a principle, that any nation has a right to exclude an armed mass attempting to march through its territory, no matter on what pretext. So that, had the Bulgarians resisted the crusaders when first they tried to set foot in their territory, we know not how they could be said to have violated any principle of international law, or, indeed, the laws of hospitality, as Europeans understand the term. Still, we do not find any desire manifested on the part of the Bulgarians to oppose their passage at first; and they would have no more molested them than did the Hungarians, had they not been provoked by the mad excesses of the undisciplined mob under Walter. Not only had the Hungarians allowed them to pass quietly through their territory, but they had supplied the wants of that needy multitude, which had little to give in return, though not with the same fanatical enthusiasm as did the Frank nations that constituted the Christian republic. But when the Crusaders reached the small town of Belgrade, "the governor not having sufficient provisions for such an immense concourse, the Crusaders spread themselves over the country, ravaged, pillaged, fired houses, and massacred such of the inhabitants as opposed their violence. The Bulgarians irritated by these excesses, rushed to arms, fell on the soldiers of Walter, laden with booty, and a hundred and four Crusaders perished in a church to which they had fled for refuge." Here, then, the Bulgarians are barbarians, ignorant of the *droits des gens*, and the rights of hospitality, because they defended their property and chastised these lawless invaders. And yet these same inhospitable and barbarous people, when the Crusaders presented themselves afterwards before the walls of Nissa, in the attitude of suppliants, were touched with compassion on seeing their wretchedness, and gave them provisions, clothes, and arms.

A further instance of the use of the word barbarism. Our author, feeling that a history of the Crusaders is in fact an historical

comparison between the Eastern and Western societies in their origin, is led to contrast the different populations most mixed up in these wars. In the course of this comparison, he sets before us three different kinds of barbarism:—the barbarism of the Western nations,—the barbarism of the Greek empire,—the barbarism of the Turks;—which he contrasts thus:—

"However, the barbarism of the people of the West did not resemble that of the Turks, whose religion and habits rejected every sort of civilization and enlightenment, nor that of the Greeks, who were no longer any thing but a corrupt and degenerate people. Whilst the Turks had all the vices of a nearly savage state, and the Greeks all the corruptions of a state in decay, there was mixed up with the barbarous manners of the Franks something heroic and generous, which seemed to resemble the passions of youth and gave hopes of future amendment. The brutal barbarism of the Turks made them despise every thing great and noble. The Greeks had a barbarism learned and refined, which filled them with disdain for heroism and military virtues. The Franks were as brave as the Turks, and valued glory more than the other populations. The sentiment of honor, which produced chivalry in Europe, directed their courage, and stood them sometimes instead of justice and virtue."—*Histoire des Croisades*, chap. i.

What is intelligible in all these unmeaning changes on the word barbarism? And yet, had it not been for the word, our author must have renounced the task of writing on the Crusades; for how, with his limited knowledge of the Turkish character, could he have described the redoubted, and finally successful, antagonists of the Crusaders without it?—how vented his spleen against a people, the furthest removed, so to speak, from the Christian republic? In the first place, we find that it was the *religion* of the Turk which rejected all civilization and light. That religion was Islamism—Islamism which, like Christianity, has been found associated with many shades, not to say with every shade, of civilization and of barbarism. But Islamism has more unity in its character as a worship than the various denominations which, under the general name of Christianity, even in the same nation, and at the same period, exhibit characters of dogma, of practice, and of policy, so totally at variance the one with the other. Was not Islamism more refined and ennobling than the degrading superstitions that passed under the name of Christianity at the period of the Crusades? Perhaps Islamism has impeded the progress of civilization and enlightenment; but that has depended on collateral circumstances,

It was *after* the Arabs had embraced that religion, that they made such astonishing progress in the arts, literature, and the sciences. Nay, more, it was through Islamism that science and literature were communicated to Western Europe. Such expressions respecting Islamism show no less ingratitude than ignorance.

We should recommend M. Michaud to look into some of the Arabic books on legislation and political science,—which, unfortunately for Europe, have been only recently translated into European languages,—and then compare the state of Europe, as it regards these sciences, with what the Arabs accomplished. The variety of subjects they handled, the learning, ingenuity, depth of thought, they displayed in each, and the voluminousness of their literature, suggested to Mr. Turner the title of “encyclopedists,” by which he designates them; and yet he was ignorant of the language which is the sole key to their lore. Von Hammer, speaking only of their historical literature, says—

“He that possesses the advantage of drawing from these Oriental sources, which, for the most part, remain concealed from the western world, will be astonished at the richness of the treasures still to be brought to light. There lie open before him—the sovereignty of the great monarchies emerging from one point; the power of single dynasties, shooting out into a thousand rays; the fabulous chronicles of the most ancient, and the exact annals of the most modern empires; the period of ignorance anterior to the Prophet, and the days of knowledge that succeeded; the wonders of the Persians; the exploits of the Arabs; the universally ravaging and desolating spirit of the Moguls; and the political wisdom of the Ottomans.”

And he subsequently remarks that—

“More than one generation must pass away before the literary treasures of the East can be completed in the libraries of the West, either by the patronage of princes, or the industry of travellers.”

But “there was something in the Turkish character, in their nomade and barbarous habits, that made them repudiate every approach towards civilization and enlightenment.” Now, how do historic facts bear out this assertion? Was it not under the dynasties of the Seljoukians and Karasmiens that the literature of Persia both arose, and her poetry and philosophy reached the highest pitch of glory ever arrived at in that country? Did not Syria produce her greatest geniuses under the fostering protection of the successors of Togrul? Was not the beneficent,

active, and learned Nizamolmulk himself a man of letters, and the enlightened patron and encourager of scientific and literary men, the vizir during the reigns of Alp Arslan and Malek Shah? Were not both these princes distinguished patrons of science and of literature?

The Turk, Nourreddin, is described by the historian as passing his life engaged either in the “*lesser holy war*,” with weapons in his hand, and combating the enemies of Islam, or in the “*greater holy war*,” with fasting and prayer, night and day occupied in political duties and study. He paid the most marked respect to all men of attainments. The most celebrated he rose from his seat to receive at his door; and this was a distinction particularly reserved for men of literary merit, and not conferred on his emirs or princes. Jurisprudence was his favorite study, and he was himself an author. He wrote on policy, morals, and legislation; and, taking the traditions of the Prophet on these subjects, he reduced them to principles. It is needless to bring forward the reign of Saladin; we shall content ourselves with adducing one fact.—When Cairo fell into the hands of this illustrious Kurd, there were in the treasury, besides countless riches, according to the testimony of Aini, 2,600,000 books that had been collected by the Fatimite Sultans. The Maned Ullatafet mentions 120,000 of the rarest description. The other treasures were sold,—part distributed amongst the soldiery, part given in alms, part reserved for political purposes, but the literary treasure was carefully weeded and husbanded by this “*enlightened barbarian*.”

But it may be said, that this love of literature, as exhibited by the Turkish Sultans, was the effect of the study of Arabic authors. To observe the natural bent of Turkish tact, influenced by the Arabs only indirectly, we must turn our attention to the state of literature in Turkey under the earlier Ottoman Sultans, the type and model of the Turkish race. Now we find that, as soon as the Ottomans became a power, their literature arose and developed itself with rapidity. Long before the Turkish power was established at Constantinople, even before it had set foot in Europe, a constellation of literary talent had illustrated that pastoral race. The golden era of their poetry was the reign of Bayazet I. There is not one of their earlier Sultans who was not the patron and lover of literature; not one who, while encouraging the study of letters in others, did not himself set the example, by devoting to literature all the time he could spare amidst the cares of government, the tumult of war, and the distraction of politics and ambition. Mahomet II.

was one of the most accomplished scholars of his day. What was Soliman the Canonist? Did he leave unstudied, as the Franks did before him when they were in possession of Constantinople, the Pandects of Justinian? The error pretty generally disseminated, respecting the Turkish character being averse to literary pursuits, originated from a secret comparison being always instituted between the Turks and the Arabs; but what people of ancient or modern times can bear a comparison with that singularly gifted nation? However, more deliberate and cautious, less daring and versatile, less liable to be carried away by bold speculations and dazzling novelties, than the ingenious Arab, the Turk yields to no nation in a keen appreciation of nature and truth, whether as exhibited within or around us. So far from intellectual progress being repugnant to the genius of the Turkish people, the stagnation of mind observable in later times amongst them is immediately traceable to the introduction of principles foreign to Turkish maxims. Those same noxious political principles, which, originating in the Byzantine government, had formerly quenched the light of literature amongst the Greeks, and had converted the talents of that lively race into a sterile agitation, being incorporated partially into the Turkish system, operated so on the Turkish mind as to render it stationary, and caused it to retrograde in the intellectual career. But every attempt at political, moral, and mental improvement failed as long as the body of Janizaries existed. It was reserved for the happy genius of the present Sultan to overthrow this body. Amongst his other reforms, he has not forgotten the cause of literature. Himself the most elegant writer in Turkey, he is causing all the annals, histories, and poems, in the Turkish language, to be printed. He is gradually getting the most useful works translated out of European and Oriental languages; and has commenced a system for diffusing education universally among the people. Many acts and changes of the Sultan have been both unsuccessful and unpopular; not so whatever is connected with the progress of instruction and the honor of letters: and while in Europe we are fatigued with the nonsense of the Sultan being before his people and forcing on them reforms for which they are not yet prepared (!), we have heard in Turkey the Sultan excused for errors which no one defended, on the grounds of his having done so much for literature. His humble attempts as yet may be beneath the notice of the supercilious European, but philosophy does not disregard such beginnings as these.

But, asserts our author, "the Turks could

appreciate nothing great or noble. Contrasted from the Franks, they had nothing heroic or generous in their nature. They gave no promise of future amelioration. The spirit of honor which gave birth to chivalry in Europe stood the Franks somewhat instead of virtue and justice." The generality of historians that have written on chivalry have labored to discover when and how it arose, and in vain,—because they looked in the wrong place. They imagined that it arose in Europe, whereas its native soil was the deserts of Arabia. It was subsequently transported into Europe, partly through Spain; but it became more universally diffused there after the Crusaders had had intercourse with the Mahomedans in Syria. In Europe it was engrafted on a feudal stock, to which circumstance it owed much of its eccentricities and extravagances. In fact, it never flourished in Europe as it did amongst the Arabs. What with us was only a poetic fiction, lived, breathed, and moved, in Arabia, even before Mahomet arose to concentrate the energies of his people. It was chivalrous feeling, in which was incorporated a high sense of honor and a susceptibility of praise and blame, that nerved the arm and tempered the blade of the Saracen. The Turks inherited this feeling from the Arabs, however divested of its eccentricities, which this simple and sober-minded people could little bear. To this day survives that keen sensitiveness to reproach and disgrace, although concealed under the calm and dignified demeanor, which so strongly distinguishes the East from the West, and which perhaps as strongly distinguishes the Turks from other eastern populations. "They valued not true nobility." Look at the characters of the populations and chiefs that were the antagonists of the Crusaders as portrayed in history, and contrast them with the chiefs and armies of the Crusaders:—look at Malek Shah and his successors—at the Seljoukian princes in Asia Minor, Soliman and Kilidgi Arslan, and see whether these lose by a comparison with even a Tancred or a Godfrey. Take the character of Nourreddin, the redoubted opponent of the Crusaders, the chief of a great people at a period of great excitement and great success, and therefore the type of that people. The Christian historians, even while employed in detailing the mischief he caused them, cannot refuse the praise due to his great and noble qualities. One anecdote we may be suffered to quote. A widow presented herself before the crusading chiefs, complaining that her children had been carried into captivity by Saladin's troops. *They sent her to Saladin himself.* Her petition was granted;—her children were liber-

ated, and Saladin wrote to the Crusaders thanking them for the pleasure they had afforded him. It is not possible to cite the numberless instances of generosity evinced by individual Turks and Arabs during the course of these wars. Our author, however, supplies himself a sufficient number to refute his own charges; but we would beg our readers to compare the anecdote above-mentioned with the massacre of 2,700 Turkish hostages by Richard the Lion-hearted. After this monstrous breach of good faith, Saladin retaliated on the Christian prisoners who fell into his hands, and therefore historians place Saladin on a par with Richard. Compare the horrid atrocities that were committed on the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders with the wisdom and forbearance of Saladin's conduct when he regained it. Did he attempt to interfere with the opinions of the Christians who submitted to him? Did he or his Turks attempt to molest them when exercising the rites of their religion? When Jerusalem was ceded to Frederic Barbarossa by Melik Kamil, an express stipulation was entered into that all Mussulmans should enjoy a free exercise of their religious rites. Every one knows the storm that this excited; how exasperated the Crusaders and clergy were on finding the Emperor disposed to act with good faith; how every thing was done to inflame the passions of the populace; how the Mussulmans in the Holy City were insulted; how frequently the terms of the treaty were infringed; and how zealously the sovereign pontiff preached a new crusade, in order that the whole treaty might be set at defiance with impunity. In fact, look at all the Crusaders, the chiefs and degraded people, and see whether the "vices of a nearly savage state" were not rather to be found in them than in the Mussulmans. It was not till Europe came in contact with the East that that impulse was given to science, of which at this day we experience the happy effects.

We might go on accumulating evidence on evidence, and proof on proof, of the past and present injustice done to history and to truth, in the vulgar abuse of a people whose instincts have ever been simple, generous, and noble; it may suffice to retort the accusation to prove its absurdity; and not the less so that the retort is seriously made by one who from the East looked back on the West. The friend and countryman of M. Michaud, the gifted M. De Lamartine, contrasting Europeans with the Turks, exclaims, "*We constantly make the lowest feelings take precedence of the highest and most ennobling, because we are sons of barbarians, and our manners and ideas still savor of their origin.*"

But it is natural to expect the greatest injustice when our historian is detailing the origin of the causes that first led to these Holy Wars. "It was the brutality of the Turks," he says, "in persecuting Christian pilgrims." Now, had our author looked at the animating spirit of the religion which the Turk had embraced, he would have found, that it was out of the nature of things for him to persecute any religion, unless provoked. The genius of Mahomet soon discovered in his countrymen the elements of national greatness, provided he could combine them, and impart to them national unity. He effected this by preaching to them the grand truth of the Unity of the Godhead. But, the religious teacher being mixed up with the political legislator, he preached conquest not as another leader would have done, who had arrived at concentrating the energies of a mighty nation, by political means as a political maxim, but as a dogma of religion. He inculcated another precept which went hand in hand with that of the extension of dominion—all who professed the religion of a *book*, and who, on submitting, preferred adhering to the faith of their forefathers, were allowed to do so. No coercion was used to make them abandon it, but, instead of being liable to be called on to serve, they were to contribute *financially* to the exigencies of the state, by the payment of an annual tribute. Provided this were paid, the Mussulman could neither interfere with the free exercise of worship nor with the local usages and customs. This principle has survived to the present day; and, however the Mussulman may labor to extend the bounds of his dominion, politically, it is contrary to the spirit of that religion to do violence to the conscience of the Christian, and contrary to his feelings of hospitality to interfere with the religious scruples of the stranger that dwells on his soil. Turkey has been the place of refuge for the persecuted Christians of Europe. The Jews, driven by Christian fanaticism from Spain, found an asylum in Turkey. And now, within the last ten years of transcendent international barbarism, when every treaty or protocol penned by the mighty and enlightened potentates of Christian Europe does violence to the feelings and honor, and injury to the interest and existence of the Ottoman power,—when we, enlightened and liberal as we call ourselves, when *we Christians and Europeans, have stipulated for the disinheri- tance and expulsion of every Mussulman from those provinces that we have wrested from her or over which we* (we use the pronoun as applying to Europe collectively, and of course embracing Russia,) *have acquired diplomatic influence,—*

witness Greece, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia,—at this very time has the Porte relieved the Christians of her empire from such disabilities as they labored under before, and has raised them now to absolute equality with her Mussulman subjects.* And all this while we go on as heretofore despising that people, whom it is no less our interest to know than to support, not through honest fanaticism, but because we are the dupes of a power, that must no less despise our intellect than covet our wealth.

The fiery animosity which had driven these fanatics by tens of thousands across Europe and Asia, must have been damped in its progress eastward by suffering, disaster, and experience, but the flame was blown upon by fresh importations from the West, who were under the impression that the millennium was at hand, that our Lord was about to descend, to establish on earth the reign of the saints. Besides this, there were continually new importations of priests, whose pretensions increased as the papal power extended its political domination, till at last the arrogant Hildebrand had animated the Church with his haughty soul and restless ambition. Consequently the Moslems had a difficult card to play, if they chose not to lose a city which they equally venerated with the Christians. They made a regulation, that each Christian pilgrim, previously to his entering the precincts of the Holy City, was to pay a tax. Now, we think that European historians, before they visited this regulation with so much displeasure, ought to have looked at home at such things as alien laws, *droits d'aubaine*, commercial regulations, &c. Supposing it was only a financial measure, would Europeans be justified in condemning it? But it was a measure of self-defence, to keep out the poorer pilgrims; as experience had taught the Turks that this class, being more ignorant and fanatical, was more liable to have its passions worked on and to be excited to turbulence by artful and designing men. We must, however, not forget that Jerusalem is looked on by the Mahomedan as on a par in sanctity with Mecca. The spot where the prophet of Christianity preached, is as hallowed in his eyes as the city in which the prophet of Islam preached. Mahomet acknowledged his inferiority to Jesus, though he gave out, at the same time, that the revelation which he was charged to communicate was to supersede all previous ones. Jesus is, however, clothed with Divine attributes, and is, according to the Koran, to judge the world.

When Omar, the third Caliph, gained pos-

session of Jerusalem, he was advised by some of his followers to convert the Church of the Holy Sepulchre into a Mosque. But the Caliph declared that he would not infringe the rights of his conquered subjects. He therefore contented himself with founding, on the ruins of the temple of Solomon, to which no people laid claim, the grand mosque which bears his name to this day; and such is its peculiar sanctity, that no unbeliever is allowed even to enter the sacred enclosure. Had no feeling of fanaticism whatever existed in the minds of the Mussulmans, which of course could not be—it must have been awakened by the fanaticism of the Christians, and by their persecuting spirit. Fanaticism became even a necessary bond of existence against the monstrous aggression of the western armies, pushed on by frenzied zeal for the destruction of Islamism. The character of the two churches is epitomized in the following anecdote. One morning, a dead dog was found polluting the sacred limits of this mosque, where it had *intentionally* been thrown. As dead animals of any kind, and dogs particularly, are considered unclean by Mahomedans, and no Mussulman is allowed to touch them, it may be easily imagined what a commotion was excited amongst the Mahomedans by such a wanton insult. The act was distinctly traced to the Christians, and therefore the Christian authorities were summoned and told that, unless the offender was delivered up, they should be held responsible. This anecdote is given by M. Michaud to prove the brutality of the Mussulmans! (These authorities were answerable for any crime committed by the community which they represented, and by whom they were elected.) At last a young man came forward, confessed himself to be the culprit, and suffered capitally. M. Michaud reproaches the Turkish authorities for not recognizing in this confession an act of generous devotion. However, we are not sure whether they could have acted so as to please our author on the one hand, and an exasperated people on the other. We wonder, if the case had been reversed, how the Catholic militant Church would have thought fit to act?

Having now seen the ignorance and the prejudices of our author, as an historian, and the effect these two words, Civilization and Barbarism, have had on him in concealing his prejudices and his ignorance from his own observation, we prepare to follow him in his peregrinations. He went into the East, *after* he had completed and published his history. He allows that he might have done better had he visited Oriental countries before. We are of the same opinion; but our

* The Jews have been equally favored.

reason for coming to this conclusion differs from his. We do not think that he had only to improve his geographical and topographical knowledge. M. Michaud tells us, that it is never too late to learn. Unfortunately, it is but too generally too late to learn, when one considers *one's-self* pledged to opinions, from having published them. The volumes before us teem with proofs of this assertion. In defiance of facts, which must have every where met his eyes, if he used them at all, he did not see any thing to change in his opinions respecting the national character of the Turks. There was nothing noble or generous to be perceived in them. The only thing requiring correction respected the topography of Constantinople. It could not be surrounded by water, as he had stated in his history! But we leave the Crusaders to their own fate; "like the silkworm," he says, "I have spun my silken web, and now I burst my enclosure, and cleave the air with my wings."

At Toulon, previously to his departure, M. Michaud meets General Bourmont, then at the head of an army which was to sail against Algiers. He establishes some analogies between himself and the French marshal, which we do not ourselves distinctly comprehend, but which we quote for the benefit of such of our readers as delight in the solution of riddles. They were both, he says, marching at the head of a crusade; that of the marshal was a crusade of civilization. A few words on this crusade will be sufficient to show how much it was founded in justice, whatever may be thought of the crusades of Christianity. The French government, during the late war with England, had become indebted to a considerable amount to an Algerine Jew, who had contracted to supply Malta with provisions when in possession of the French government, and received nothing but promises. In order to fulfil his contract he had become deeply indebted to the Algerine government, which pressed to be paid. The Jew, therefore, referred the matter to the Dey. The Dey, at a conference with the French Consul, remonstrated, and the Consul replied in language which he must have well known would lead to a rupture of some kind, especially as the insult was in public, in the presence of the Dey's secretaries and attendants. The enraged Turk did not knock him down, as an Englishman probably would have done; did not strike him with his fist, but with his fan. The government of Polignac seized on this golden opportunity as a means whereby at once to cancel a just debt, and to divert the attention of the French public from the consideration of internal grievances, by a *spectacle* of military

bustle, conquest, and glory. In this scheme is to be perceived the finger of a certain wily diplomatist, then in Paris, who foresaw in it a means of compromising the French government in plans of ambition, of implicating them with Russian views of encroachment and aggrandisement, and of securing for his master an easy and conveniently, who would connive at his seizing upon Constantinople, when his plans were ripe. Many a vast design and far-sighted scheme, which we have not leisure to specify, lurked under this "*Crusade of Civilization*." Our modern Godfrey, on gaining possession of Algiers, commenced his holy task by trampling on rights, usages, and property, seizing the money treasured up in the Beit-ul-Mahl, and set apart for the use of orphans and widows, and his crusaders by insulting the feelings of the people, and committing deeds of outrage and violence, of which even M. Michaud would scruple to accuse the Turks. But he left France under dismal forebodings. A fearful presentiment weighed down his spirits that his friends, the Polignac ministry, would gain nothing by their dishonest proceedings. From Alexandria he writes to a friend, on hearing that the prince and his colleagues were standing their trial, that "if the Levant were allowed to plead in defence of the accused, she could show how liberal the prince has been. She would speak of emancipated Greece! of vanquished Algiers!!" and he might have added, of Mahommed Ali instigated to rebel against his sovereign, and to cause the dismemberment of Turkey!!" — "Oh the injustice of revolutions!" The idea of revolution haunts him wherever he goes. No dog can bark without his thinking it in a state of revolution. In the peaceful reforms of the Sultan, during the years 1830 and 1831, he sees, what?—a revolution: and many a simple Turkish peasant he not a little alarmed, by putting to him such questions as these—"How goes on your revolution?"* "Will it succeed?" &c.

Our traveller, *en passant*, visits Greece: touching at Navarin, he lands at Napoli. In Greece he finds that Capodistrias, assisted by the French troops, had succeeded in introducing into Greece two symptoms of civilization, viz. mendicancy and street prostitution. For the former Greece was indebted to the enlightened administration of the president; for the latter, although Capodistrias had done much in preparing the way by the action of his government on the public morals, no small share of praise is due to the French soldiers. The "brutal barbarism" of

* There is no such word in Turkish.

the Turks had steadily resisted all such approaches to civilization as these. At Napoli, our author sought for and obtained an interview with the president, at which he was simple enough to recommend that something should be done effectually to develop the agricultural resources of Greece. Capodistrias parried the attack with his wonted dexterity. The fact is our author had taken a narrow and isolated view of the case. He looked merely to the prosperity of Greece. He did not take into account the effect that that development would be likely to have on the corn-market of *Odessa*!

Describing his coasting voyage from Napoli to Athens, he avails himself of the opportunity to give us a piece of information, which sufficiently illustrates the style of observation of travellers in the East—"that during the Greek revolution, the islands of Hydra and Ipsara had been sacked by the Turks and the inhabitants put to the sword. Hydra particularly suffered, where there does not remain one stone upon another." Thereupon follow reflections quite as worthy of the attention of the moralist and politician, as the *facts* are of the historian's.

At Athens, our author is indebted to the kindness and hospitality of the Turks, as most other travellers are, and which he repays in the usual manner. The Turkish general, or *desdar*, received him with great affability. He recognized in him "a striking likeness to the portraits drawn by the Scotch novelist, which," as he says, "resembles neither the *barbarism* of the Mussulman nor the *civilization* of modern Europe." He was not barbarous as the Mussulmans are generally, because he was kind, courteous, dignified, and hospitable! and, what is more, had no objection to a glass of wine. The Porte, indeed, had recommended him not to be altogether a Turk!!!—to be only "half a barbarian." He was not civilized as the Europeans are, because, although he was originally a Kurdish peasant, he had not, (previously to his leaving his native mountains to seek his fortune in the military career) made himself acquainted with the history of Saladin; who, although he ruled over Egypt and Syria, was "the ancient glory of the nation of the Kurds," so that he was unable to answer the questions that our author put to him on that head. It was well he could not, for he thereby escaped having to unriddle many knotty enigmas, which our author had *in petto* against him, particularly about "one Anacharsis," "who we all know," he says, "came from the north of Asia." Ergo, the Kurds should know every thing relative to his birth, parentage and education!

Our author was not permitted to enter the Acropolis. The detestable barbarians, who prevented him from seeing the Parthenon, except from a distance! After the battle of Navarino, the Porte had issued a general order to all governors of fortresses not to allow Europeans to enter and spy out the secrets of their weakness. This order had not been repealed, although the motive that gave rise to it had expired, and the military commandants did not think themselves authorized to act contrary to the letter of their former instructions, until fresh ones had arrived. He sighs for the time when the *en-sign* of *barbarism* shall no longer wave over the citadel of Athens, that strangers who wish to see the Parthenon may be able to gratify their curiosity. But when this wished-for event arrives, he proposes that "a statue should be erected to the barbarians, for having religiously preserved whatever escaped the cannon-balls of Morosini and the *spoliation* of Lord Elgin. When posterity read the history of Eastern Ruins, they will be astonished at finding that the two great monuments, the Parthenon and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, should have remained standing amidst a general destruction; but greater still will be their surprise on learning that these two monuments, to which are attached the grandest recollections and the noblest thoughts, traditions of the Christian religion and those of philosophy, in a word all our ideas of civilization in modern times, have been preserved by Turks!" Great indeed will be the astonishment of our descendants on learning this fact, if they remain as ignorant of Turkish character as M. Michaud and his western contemporaries.

At Smyrna M. Michaud becomes acquainted with his distinguished countryman, M. Blacque, to whose talents, sagacity, and disinterestedness he does justice. At a time when Europe was led astray by a frenzy somewhat resembling that which carried it away during the period of the Crusades, he raised his voice to set Europe right respecting the nature of the Turkish government. He fairly showed how we were imposing on ourselves in being the dupes of Russia, and abandoning ourselves to the fanaticism of civilization. In a journal which he established at Smyrna, he reviewed "the conduct of statesmen, and the harangues of political declaimers, relative to the East." He particularly turned his attention to the affairs of Greece, and unmasked the system of Capodistrias. "Excepting some few exaggerations," our author remarks, "the *Courrier de Smyrne* is the only journal that has spoken of regenerated Greece as history will speak of her." If this be true, what cause have

not the enlightened governments of Europe to congratulate themselves on their handiwork! M. Michaud laments that a man of M. Blacque's attainments should be thrown away on a country that did not appreciate him; that "the Osmanlis were ignorant of his merits;" that "the Smyrna newspaper was for them a dark-lantern, which they carried in their hands whilst refusing to profit by its lights." Whilst M. Michaud was still in the country, the Turkish government showed how it appreciated the merits of M. Blacque, by inviting him to Constantinople, to assist with his counsels, to aid in the task of reform, and to refute with his powerful pen the calumnies industriously propagated in Europe to the prejudice of Turkey.

At Constantinople our traveller gives us his views of Turkish reform. We should have expected that, before pronouncing an opinion on reforms going on in any country within the pale of civilization, he would have thought it necessary to make himself acquainted with the abuses that called for reformation. But such information is altogether superfluous when discussing questions arising in a land of barbarism. With him the epithets good and bad are synonymous with Turkish and European; consequently he only calls "reform" what appears to him a kind of approach to European practice; he sees nothing but a change of dress, and an attempted imitation, as he says, of European military discipline. Yet these reforms do not please him. He finds fault with the sultan for having *forced all* the Osmanlis to dress in the Frank style, because formerly Constantinople, on account of the variety of costumes and different colored turbans, resembled a garden of tulips; whereas now, (i. e. in 1830,) all, except a few Armenians, Greeks and Jews, wear the monotonous dress of the Franks, surmounted by that eternal red cap; and he complains that the sultan, by prohibiting the turban, has abolished a head-dress handed down to the Turks from time immemorial. Now it happens, unfortunately for the accuracy of M. Michaud's representations, that the Turban is the national dress of the *Arabs*, not of the *Turks*; that the turban did not come into use until at least the reign of Mahomet II.; and it was in consequence of the too servile adoption by the Turks of the forms and some of the noxious principles of the Byzantine government, that an enactment was framed, regulating the form, size, and color, of the turban according to the calling and creed of the wearer.

This enactment led to all those phenomena which Europeans erroneously attribute to religious fanaticism. Now, had the sultan

issued a proclamation ordering all to be dressed alike, abolishing the turban, and requiring all to put on that eternal red cap, it would be merely a direct return to original Turkish habits, excepting that they in old times wore felts, the origin of our hats. But this he has not done; and, had M. Michaud used his eyes when passing through the bazars, instead of listening to his Frank informants, he would have found that the generality of the Turkish population still wear their many-colored turbans, and that Constantinople almost as much resembles a garden of tulips now as it ever did. Whose dress did Sultan Mahmoud then change? He changed his own, adopting one which put him on a par with all his subjects, Christian as well as Turk. He gave a uniform to his troops and his *employés*, took from them the turban, in order that those who had arms in their hands, or who were placed in offices of trust, might be sensible that the day was gone by for looking down on and treating with contempt individuals and populations that differed from the Turks in the matter of religion. We have spoken of this change of dress as fully as the subject demands in a preceding article, to which we refer our readers.* As to the change in matters of military discipline; this, too, so far from being an imitation of European practice, is but a return to old Turkish principles. The Turks declare, with justice, that they are only taking back what Europe borrowed from them originally. They do remember, if we have forgotten, that the first organized, disciplined, and paid troops passed into Europe from Asia Minor under Turkish commanders.†

But there were other changes which the sultan attempted to introduce, which for the most part failed, and, though important in illustrating the state of Turkey, our author does not mention them, either from his ignorance of everything going on in that country, or from thinking them beneath notice, through his ignorance of all the principles of administrative science. The sultan, partly seduced by his zeal for novelty and his respect for Europe, where he saw many things better arranged than in Turkey, partly misled by ignorant or interested counsellors, manifested a desire of imitating the financial system of Europe. His progress in this ill-advised direction has experienced resistance from the practical good sense of his people. That

* See the former article on "The Character and Opinions of Turkish Travellers," in No. XXX, of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

† See in Busbequius the parallel drawn between the discipline and order of the Turkish camps and the disorder of the European hordes of his day.

people, which had ever been docile and submissive to *accidental* violations of right and justice, steadily resisted when, in imitation of European practice, he attempted to introduce principles which would systematize oppression, and to enact regulations which would interfere with those rights which they have enjoyed from time immemorial, viz. of buying where they can cheapest, and selling where they can do so to the best advantage. Thus, in his own capital, the sultan was obliged to abandon an excise on tobacco; the Turks declared that they would give up smoking rather than submit to such an indignity. An excise on dried fruits met with a similar fate. He attempted to establish a monopoly of silk. This too failed. The Turks were jealous of seeing introduced any principle militating against free trade, considering it as a *natural* right, which they are not so ready to part with as Europeans. They will bear no "change in those commercial laws that originated in the Desert;" and we think with perfect reason, seeing that their legislator anticipated all the discoveries of political economy, and *prevented those evils from which that science has taken birth*. This then is the reason why it will be impossible to introduce M. Michaud's civilization into Turkey,—this the reason why he need not have given himself the trouble of bestowing a thought on such a scheme. We think that Turkey is to be congratulated, when we reflect on the constant terror in which M. Michaud lives amidst his civilization, apprehending a repetition of those scenes which he once witnessed in the Temple,—whether we extend our views farther over the pages of history ever since *that* civilization was established, or confine it to the temper of times in the present day.

But our author, wholly ignorant of every thing Turkish, and therefore of the errors to which a Turkish reformer is liable, occupied with his European prejudices, predicts terrible consequences to the Ottoman empire, not from the ambition of Russia, whose designs he informs us are all chimeras (!) not from financial or administrative errors, but from a change of dress and the introduction of European tactics—as if the sober-minded and reflective Ottoman would be driven seriously to quarrel with his sultan for putting on his troops a red cap, and teaching them to form in squares and to march in line, as their ancestors did. As he always judges of Turkey from Europe (things most dissimilar), and as he has seen that the rectification of abuses in Europe, from their being dovetailed into the social system, is an experiment always attended with considerable danger, he seems to come to the conclusion, without examining

whether his analogy holds good, that reform in Turkey, no matter of what kind, must be equally dangerous. To this latent conviction we owe several diatribes upon revolution, one of which we extract.

"All the revolutions in the world have a certain resemblance: I only remark what in that of the Turks is new to us. That which struck me most in all that was told me is the silence that prevails amidst the greatest agitations. Amongst the Turks, disturbance in the minds of the people is often carried to a great height without the country appearing in the least agitated. In our cities of France, factions can do nothing without noise. The chariot of revolution rolls only in the midst of popular clamors. Here anger has no desire to show itself,—feels no necessity to spread itself to satisfy its impulse. With us, madness inflames itself by its own harangues,—seems to fear that it will go out, if it does not stir itself up by imprecations and menaces. The Turks, whom I will call, if you please, the Revolutionists of Barbarism, have been seen to murder each other, pillage, burn a whole quarter of the city, without a single complaint or menace being heard, without the utterance of a single word—a real phenomenon, which would astonish our civilized revolutionists. The capital of the Osmanlis never heard a drum beating to arms at the instant of sedition or insurrection. I need not tell you that it never heard the tocsin or bells. Only some public criers pass through the streets and proclaim the intentions and demands of the government to the multitude, at the peril of being strangled by the malecontents, or those of the opposite faction. To make a revolution at Paris, we must have tribunes, orators, journals, pamphlets, elections. All this would make too much noise, and would be only a waste of time for the Turks. Some inhabitants of Pera, during the mutiny of the 16th of June, who pointed their telescopes towards the palace of the Grand Vizir, thought they saw some furniture thrown out of the windows. They knew thence that there was a revolution at Stamboul; they were sure of it later in the day by the noise of the cannon that sounded towards the barracks of the janizaries. The next day they might know more, by the light of houses burnt down, heads exposed at the seraglio, and dead bodies lying in the streets or thrown into the sea."

Is it a fact, then, that M. Michaud's informants, the Franks of Pera, knew nothing of the storm brewing in Stamboul previously to the memorable 16th of June? Was it really the case that, while the Turkish mind was in such a state of fermentation, the Pera-ites were perfectly unacquainted with what was going on, until the sultan sent a request to the several embassies that none of their subjects (as the Europeans are called) should be allowed to endanger themselves by pass-

ing the Golden Horn? Was it only then that they bethought themselves that some catastrophe was about to happen?—that they pointed their telescopes to learn as well as they could the state of the case, and escape from the anxiety of suspense? Did they not know what was the nature of the contest, till the sound of cannon, proceeding from the quarters of the janizaries, broke on their startled ears? So much, then, for the value of M. Michaud's information. Fermentation and agitation there were—enough to satisfy any reasonable man's desire. The coffee-houses rang with imprecation and menace, as much as they would have done in the heart of civilization. The doom of the janizaries was sealed in the minds of the population, before the sultan pronounced the word "Vur!" Though the janizaries could not discern the signs of the times, being intoxicated with their late successes against Selim III., yet, when the sandjak sheriff was raised, and criers passed through the streets, or from the minarets called on all true Mus-sulmans to arm themselves, in the name of their Prophet to defend their faith, in the name of the sultan to preserve order, no fewer than 80,000 men rallied round their prince and the sacred standard.

However, as this is the last revolution likely to occur for some time in the Turkish empire, in this respect resembling the *revolutions of civilization*, (that is, unless Russia's projects for convulsing society in the East be allowed to proceed unchecked,) it may be of use to point out one remarkable difference which M. Michaud observed, it is true, but in his usual manner. "In Europe, revolution proceeds from the people: in Turkey it emanated from the government." But why is this the case in the former instance? and is the assertion strictly correct in the latter? European governments are, generally speaking, the chief patrons of abuses: possessed of no fixed principles to guide them, statesmen fear changes of any kind; besides, there is danger from the abuses being systematically, as we remarked, dovetailed into the constitution. It is not till the people make a demonstration of their force and determination that any concession is yielded, and then the concession is timid, partial, and temporizing. But this is only what is done by the more prudent statesmen. Most men in that station consider prudence and forethought as weaknesses unworthy of the disposers of the powerful machinery of modern European governments. The people are maddened by resistance, rush on with blind fury, and destroy. Then we have M. Michaud's revolution. In Turkey, the government is the leader and director of the people.

M. Michaud observed as much in a passage in the fifth volume of his *Crusades*: he designates it, "as the generalized expression of the national will"*—"l'expression de toutes les volontés"—and therefore placed in opposition to every organized body whose existence is incompatible with the welfare of the people. We have seen that the people passed sentence on the military oligarchy *before* the sultan carried it into execution. But this, in a manner, civilized revolution, was confined to the capital, and to the capital alone. In the provinces, where the people, from not having seen so many Franks, we suppose, were still barbarians, the revolution was carried on strictly according to the maxims and practice of barbarism. We have before us an account of the manner in which the extinction of the janizary body was managed at Trebizond, furnished by the French consul, which may illustrate our meaning. The pasha of that province received orders to put down the janizaries there. He had no force at his disposal to coerce them. What did he do? He assembled the principal men among them—informed them of what had taken place at Constantinople—confessed he had not the means of putting them down by force. "But," said he, "the orders I have received from my imperial master are imperative; I cannot disobey him: if you choose to resist, you will render me your victim, but dread the vengeance that will ensue." On this the body of janizaries came to the resolution to dissolve itself quietly; and so effectually was it extinguished, and its associations destroyed, that hardly two years afterwards, when the Russians attempted to resuscitate the janizary feeling, they utterly failed. Turkey, then, having got rid of this body, every other reform has been carried on by simple persuasion, by appealing to the good sense of the people; and there is no instance of a judicious reform having miscarried.

Now what were the reforms that M. Michaud had as much an opportunity of observing as ourselves? In the first place, we observe the sultan abolishing the cumbrous court ceremonial, introduced in later times and copied from Byzantine† practice, no

* Suleyman granted the bounty to the Janizaries on the change of the sultan for the purpose of predisposing them to unseat the sovereign should he prove *unpopular*.

† We have been thus careful in showing the connection between the abuses in Turkish and Byzantine practice, because there is scarcely an abuse in Turkey that does not trace its origin directly to that degenerate government; no one that did not arise in consequence of the later sultans adopting its principles; which will appear to any

longer immuring himself or his children in the harem, but placing himself on a par with his subjects, making himself personally acquainted with their feelings, wants, and complaints.

He had long felt the necessity of troops regularly disciplined by and dependent on the crown. This necessity was the more urgent, when the empire was deprived of those who were nominally its defenders. It is true that they are disciplined and organized after the European fashion, but they are not intended for European purposes, not to keep the people in subjection, not to form a body of police, not to repress a revolutionary spirit and a feeling of discontent in the nation; for 40,000 men would be hardly a match for 30 millions of people, if bent on resisting, and many of these, too, familiarized to the use of arms; but as means of discipline, in order the more readily to form an army, whenever the Porte may find it necessary to oppose her foreign enemies.

He also found means to hold in check the pashas, who by gradual usurpations had arrived at power, such as was formerly wielded by the Roman proconsuls. It was necessary to separate the military from the civil department. This was done by the institution of regular troops. Thus not only the pretence was taken away from the pashas for surrounding themselves with armed retainers paid by themselves, but also of detaining the revenue levied in the provinces to pay them, instead of transmitting it to the Porte. The necessity of the pashas having men in arms, dependent immediately on themselves, had induced them to pursue plans of private ambition. Their feuds among themselves endangered the peace of the community and arrested the progress of the empire. To support the expenses necessarily incurred thereby, they taxed the provinces more than the resources could bear. The armed retainers too extorted from the peasantry, and thus a feeling of insecurity was spread through the country. But we must caution our readers from being led to imagine that this state of things in any wise resembled the state of things in Europe during the feudal times. As a proof of this, the subjects of the Porte were seldom brought to desert their homes and wander into foreign lands, no matter what might be the inducements held out to them to do so. In Turkey the degrading doctrine has never been

received of looking on the cultivator of the soil as property; on the contrary, *every man there is a proprietor*. The provincial governor was held considerably in check by the freedom of the municipalities and by the popular organization. Every order emanating from the Porte was received with profound respect by the proudest pashas; and not one, even the most powerful, could do other than bow his head to the bow-string, as soon as the emissary of the Porte succeeded in showing to him publicly, or in the presence of his servants, the sentence of death pronounced against him and signed by the Sultan. No subject of the Porte ever dared to entertain projects militating against its supremacy. Pashas disobeyed, though they never disputed, the commands of the Sultan; but, if they did, it was because the will of the sovereign was not pronounced strongly or was not made public.

All these abuses, however, were swept away by the mere establishment of organized troops. Subsequently, the power of life and death was taken out of the hands of the provincial governors, and for some time their names were changed from Pashas (vice-roys) to Mousselims (civil governors), with less extensive jurisdiction, to break up the feelings of insubordination associated with the name Pasha. And now, when this feeling has been effectually put an end to, whilst some districts are still consigned to the charge of Mousselims, the more important provinces are confided to Pashas, whose character has undergone a considerable change. We of course except Mohammed Ali—the creature and tool of foreign intrigue, and whose power is rapidly on the wane.

The several enactments for putting an end to the feeling of superiority, so long inherent in the mind of the Turk, would have that effect in no country but amongst a people so docile, so easily led by right reason, as the Turks.

But what are the effects? The Christians of all denominations are now the most attached subjects of the Sultan. The Hospodars of Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia, the two latter the nominees of Russia, placed there for Russian purposes, and whom Russia would persuade us to consider as her adherents, partly induced by the conciliatory tone which the Porte has been able to assume, partly from the jealousy and fear of Russia, look with attachment and affection to the porte. Egypt, Greece, Syria, and Candia, which European diplomacy has severed from Turkey, sigh to return to their former allegiance. Tripoli and Tunis, formerly merely nominal dependencies, have of their own accord sought the protection of the

one on analyzing them. Strange infatuation then that the Koran should be called in to account for them! If any religion is to bear the blame, we should say it was that spurious imitation of Christianity, which passes with so many for Christianity itself.

Porte. Shall we hear any more of the decrepitude of Turkey, when she merely put forth her hand and annexed these distant provinces to her empire? But how the internal condition of the country has been ameliorated may be seen by the unexampled increase of the import and export trade;†

* The faults and errors committed at Tripoli are quite another thing. We are dealing with feelings and habits established by the practice of centuries. The errors of Turkey *now* are more our fault than hers.

† "During the same time (from 1827 to 1834) *all* our exports to Turkey, with scarcely a single exception, have increased in a most astonishing manner, to wit:

| Manufactured cotton has, during 7 years increased | | 132 per cent. | |
|---|---------------|---------------|-----|
| Earthenware | do. | 137 | do. |
| Refined Sugar | do. | 170 | do. |
| Woollen manufactures | do. | 335 | do. |
| Iron and steel | do. | 150 | do. |
| Hardware and cutlery | do. | 118 | do. |
| Pepper | do. | 150 | do. |
| Rum | do. | 1038 | do. |
| (viz. from 8530 galls. to 97,108.) | | | |
| Indigo | has increased | 1067 | do. |
| (viz. from 13,053 to 152,430 lbs.) | | | |
| Cassia lignea | has increased | 834 | do. |
| Cloves | do. | 439 | do. |
| Cochineal | do. | 2846 | do. |
| (viz. from 1302 to 38,357 lbs.) | | | |
| Sugar unrefined | has increased | 561 | do. |

"The export trade to Turkey has increased at a rate so rapid, that, although in 1827 its value was only 30 per cent. in comparison to that of Russia, it became almost equal in the year 1834, being then 87 per cent. With such a tendency to increase, it is difficult to foretell what extension this export trade might attain, were we to adopt such commercial regulations as, instead of repressing, might encourage our trade with Turkey. It must also be remembered that our trade with Turkey is carried on entirely in our own bottoms, whereas that with Russia is divided with foreign ships. The table relating to shipping shows a decrease of British tonnage employed in the Russian trade, amounting to no less than 100,000 tons. Our ships, too, go light to Russia, to fetch the produce of that country; but they go to Turkey laden with our manufactures or colonial produce. Moreover, the voyage being longer, the Turkey trade must be more advantageous to the shipping interest. Why then does not our government, which professes and cannot but feel a solicitude for the independence and stability of the Turkish empire, adopt a system, which, by augmenting the riches and the power of that state, would so powerfully contribute to those results, while it would, at the same time, promote the interests of Great Britain?

"However strong the proof afforded by the above extracts of the increase of our trade with Turkey, it must be observed that the picture which those extracts present is still far below the truth; of course, only those goods which are shipped on board vessels which clear for Turkey form items in the tables; but the fact is, that a vast amount of goods is exported to Turkey in vessels which clear for different ports in the Mediterranean and the Levant, which consequently does not appear in the tables; the same observation will apply to the table of shipping. It must also be kept in

by her having exported corn to Odessa during the year of famine, 1834, whereas Turkey formerly imported corn from Odessa; and by the increase of the revenue*—for, the taxes being direct, the revenue could not increase unless the agricultural resources had been developed in the same proportion.

There is one feature in this course of reform, or, if M. Michaud will have it, revolution, which enables us to judge of the nature of the Sultan's power, which shows us that he is powerless (unless Russia succeeds) when he opposes public opinion, and that he only possesses that irresistible power which Europeans misname despotism, when he leads national opinion. This feature is the instrument employed in carrying the later reforms into effect. We before mentioned that M. Blacque had been invited to Constantinople, to assist in the establishment and superintendence of a government Gazette. His coadjutor is one of the highest dignitaries among the Ulema. This journal is printed in French; that *facts* relative to the Turkish government may be known in Europe; and in Turkish, that the subjects of the Sultan may learn his acts and intentions.

The government *employés* are praised or blamed as the government conceives each merits, and the effects are such as may be expected from men who are extremely sensitive to both, and whose ideas are simple and unsophisticated. When any individual is promoted or disgraced, the reason is assigned. But, above all, the Sultan, by giving publicity to his projects, preserves himself from being misrepresented, and allows his measures to be discussed. The pulse of the public is felt, and thereby he learns what measure is judicious, what not. In this paper are published the firmans of the Sultan.—These are written by himself. On their style M. Michaud makes the following remarks in a letter on Turkish literature:

"When we speak of the literature of the Osmanlis, it would be unjust to pass over in silence many documents emanating from their chancellerie. We remark the purest eloquence in a firman—a hatti-sheriff—a manifesto—and even in a diplomatic note. The Turks always mix up religion and morals with their affairs. It is this this that gives to their political language a character of noble-

mind that a large portion of the demand for British wares at the fairs of Germany is from the provinces of Turkey bordering on the Austrian dominions, and that that trade, and the trade even with Asiatic Turkey, has at all times increased very considerably the apparent amount of our exportation to Germany."—*Appendix to Lord Dudley Stuart's Speech on the Policy of Russia.*

* See England, France, Russia and Turkey, p. 101—107.

ness and dignity not to be found in those emanating from European governments. Nothing can be conceived more eloquent than the greater part of the discourses and firmans which accompanied the destruction of the janizaries."

We shall incidentally remark, that the firmans of Sultan Mahmoud are written in the same spirit that characterizes those of all his ancestors. Those simple and touching appeals to the principles on which are founded all natural religion and morals, are according to a custom handed down amongst the Turks from time immemorial. Had M. Michaud reasoned on the style in which the firmans were written by Kilidgi-Arslan, Malek Shah, Nourreddin, and all the Turkish princes contemporary with the Crusaders, what would have become of his assertions, "that the Turks were incapable of appreciating any thing great or noble?"—that "their *religion* and *habits* rejected all civilization and enlightenment?"

But the most remarkable difference relative to the firmans of Mahmoud is, that universal publicity is given to them; whereas those of his predecessors, except on occasions of great interest, were known only to a few. Thus, the reforms of the Sultan stand in proud contrast with the reforms of the monarchs of the 16th century. They overthrew internal abuses by an appeal to the sword; he, in a manner worthy of an age that advocates to itself the peculiar attributes of light, principally by an appeal to public opinion. Thus, M. Michaud may see, that this revolution has not been effected without the aid of publicity, although there may be, "no tribunes and orators,—no journals and pamphlets, publishing contradictory opinions and statements,—no elections to render the public mind still more confused and distracted." "Madness does not seek to inflame itself with its own harangues," because there is no occasion. The system of government is simple and intelligible, and popular opinion undivided.

In Europe the reverse is the case. The system of government is complicated, and opinions are arrayed against each other. Commerce and industry are sacrificed by financial arrangements, and the necessities of life, and consequently labor, are enhanced in price by artificial regulations. Nor is it any easy matter to depart from this system when once entered on, however incompatible with the common welfare. On the faith of such enactments property has been embarked, and a sudden repeal of them is an act of injustice and spoliation. European governments, having been led by visionary and baseless theories into meddling with the ma-

terial interests of mankind—having been mad enough to interfere with the conditions on which their subjects eat, are clothed, and gain their livelihood—must expect all the natural results of such a course, viz. that the sufferers should be driven to crime, to evade their unjust and injurious legislation;* that their tardy attempts at retrograding should not suit the impatience of a people individually progressing in light, science, and power; but that they should have recourse to a thousand wild expedients to rid themselves of the chain that galls them, which they feel but cannot see. Amidst such distraction it is natural that faction should raise its voice; that people should listen to any demagogue who speaks plausibly and promises them a speedy redress of their grievances; till, at last, at the bidding of such a one they madly rush to harness themselves to the car of revolution, which rolls along amidst popular clamors, for the encouragement of those engaged in the work of destruction, and to drown the cries of the victims crushed beneath its wheels. At such a state, however, England has not yet arrived; though we see the effects of legislative interference with commerce on opinion and on our social state. On this subject we extract the words of a most impressive writer:†

"When our unfortunate countrymen were confined in the Black Hole of Calcutta, they complained of intense thirst, and the prison resounded with the cries of 'Water! water!' Water was given, but it increased their sufferings, the thing they wanted was not water but air. Behold an exact picture of England! We are suffering from the effects of caged competition. Already wrought up to agony, some of the victims demand 'One pound notes,' others 'ten shilling guineas!' Others, the incurably mad, propose that more bolts be placed on the prison door. But the thing wanted is 'Bread,' in exchange for woollens, cottons, and hardware; and no other thing can supply the want of that one thing any

* The Third Report on the Poor of Ireland has just appeared: it presents us with the frightful picture of a third of the whole population in a state of pauperism; and estimates the sum requisite to afford the destitute 2 1.2d. per diem at two-thirds of the nett rental, and at one-fourth more than the revenue of the country! The Commissioners recommend *boards* to rectify this state of things!

† The extract is from the notes to the poems of Mr. Elliot. This powerful writer long ago saw that, if Parliament would persist in legislating for the people's bread, anarchy and convulsion would be the consequence; that England would be depressed in the scale of nations; and that, on the ruins of her power, Russia would erect an empire destructive to the liberties of mankind. These extraordinary thoughts he has clothed in the language of impassioned poetry.

more than water could supply the want of air in the Black Hole of Calcutta."

The late Turkish ambassador, on his return to Constantinople, was asked by the Sultan what was the cause of the pauperism which he understood to prevail to such an alarming extent in England. He stated six different opinions on the subject, all of which appeared so unsatisfactory to the Sultan, that he reproached the ambassador for not having inquired the reason from some of the most enlightened and best informed Englishmen. What was his astonishment, when the Pasha replied that the different opinions he had stated, no one of which satisfied his Highness, and which he acknowledged were contradictory to one another, were however those severally entertained by the most eminent English politicians, and stated to him in answer to his questions!

We are much in want of a work on England or on Europe written by a Turk. We have never conversed with a Turk who had resided for some time in Europe without feeling how exceedingly amusing and how deeply instructive such a work would be. But we despair of seeing it done in our day. If Turkey is preserved from Muscovite discipline, the next generation will witness a great change of position, policy, and opinions, from the fusion of the East and the West. This can be the work of time alone. An immense deal has indeed been effected within the space of the last two years towards the extirpation of mutual prejudices; but the examination of points which lie so deep in the breast of man and in the foundations of society is not the labor of a day, and must await the chance of powerful genius and profound research coinciding in the investigation.

Not being able to follow M. Michaud through his six volumes, we take leave of him here. His letters were written in 1830 and 31, and published in the years 1833, 34, and 35, during which period circumstances occurred in the Turkish empire, which refuted the generality of his statements and belied all his anticipations. We thank him, however, for having published them exactly as they were at first written, because they show the public how qualified travellers are to judge of such a subject. We understand that, since he published these volumes, he has somewhat modified his opinions respecting some parts of the Turkish system. Whether our information be correct or not, certain it is, that, in a published letter, written after having paid a visit to the prisoners confined in the castle of Ham, he connects old Turkish principles with civilization in a most extraordinary manner. After stating that he had observed

in Turkey the absence of all state criminals; that no one there was immured for political offences; that, in fact, there were no state-prisons, and that the longest imprisonment was for a few days:—"Strange," says he, "if France has to learn a lesson of civilization from Turkey!"

And, lest national vanity should lead the French to reject a civilization "coming from the Turks," we will remind them that whatever lesson they might derive from a study of Turkey was suggested to them long ago, by a statesman of their own, whom they have hitherto shown themselves little capable of appreciating—the philosophic Turgot.

We cannot conclude this article without reference to that question which renders the state of Turkey at the present moment one of such vital importance to Great Britain, viz. the progress of Russia towards its final subjugation. That progress has hitherto been triumphant solely by the misdirection given to European policy, in consequence of the errors into which European opinion has been led. That opinion has been drawn from the false observation of travellers, and no such powerful auxiliaries have the projects of Russia ever obtained, as the flippant rambles belonging to our great neighbor. The French press has teemed with tours in the East, and we know not of one single French tourist who has not invoked the destruction of the Ottoman empire for the progress of civilization!*

"Latterly," says Michaud, "it has been much the fashion to talk of the ambitious projects of Russia. We are reminded of the policy of Catherine. I cannot examine all these projects in a single letter. I shall confine myself to a single consideration drawn from the character of the Turks. It is not enough to conquer a country, but there must be a possibility of governing it. Now the greater part of the Mussulman population would not fail to abandon a country where the Crescent is not predominant; or, suppose the Osmanlis do not quit Turkey when subjugated by Russia, what is to be made of a people indolent, lazy, poor, and always ready

* A work has just reached us entitled "*Guerre ou Paix en Orient*," by a Saint Simonian. It calls on Russia to march to the East, and proposes a treaty—to secure to her, *inter alia*, "la jouissance de la Mer Noire, la suzeraineté sur Constantinople et sur cette partie de l'Asie Mineure, où domine aujourd'hui son influence." This work, which is wholly in the Russian interest, admits nevertheless the reaction of opinion which we have pointed out. "L'influence russe," says he, "a l'air de s'effacer dans l'empire Ottoman auprès de l'influence Anglaise. . . . La race Ottomane, si profondément humiliée il y a trois ans, a fait effort avec quelque succès pour n'être point platement absorbée."—p. 112.

to revolt? Can one believe that the Czar desires to add to the wildernesses he has already? or that he dreams of extending his dominions over people whom he can never associate in his designs nor submit to his laws? The Greeks will remain, but will they be enough to people the country, or will they be better subjects? Every thing considered, I conceive there is greater glory in protecting, or rather letting live (!) an old empire, than profit in conquering. The accord of cabinets (!) is sufficient to protect Turkey from foreign invasion. But what causes of disorganization and ruin in Turkey itself? He then proceeds to say, that the reforms "endanger the stability of the empire, and run the risk of breaking the ties that attach the sultan to his people, the people to their sovereign. Singular nation!" exclaims he, pathetically, "on the eve of perishing and refusing aid; willing to endure neither the disease, nor the remedy, nor the physician; barbarous, fanatical, blind! In order that it should respect a government, the government must respect itself. The fall of the Ottoman empire," he concludes, "will violently shake and convulse the East and the West; I therefore hope it will survive."

Beside this extract we place the following from Count Pozzo di Borgo, extracted from No. 7 of the *Portfolio*.

"When the Imperial Cabinet examined the question, whether it had become expedient to take up arms against the Porte, in consequence of the provocations of the Sultan,* there might have existed some doubts of the urgency of this measure in the eyes of those who had not sufficiently reflected upon the effects of the sanguinary reforms, which the Chief of the Ottoman empire has just executed with such tremendous violence, and also upon the interest with which the consolidation of that empire inspired the cabinets of Europe in general, and more especially those which were less disposed towards Russia; the experience we have just made must now reunite all opinions in favor of the resolution which has been adopted. The Emperor has put the Turkish system to the proof, and his Majesty has found it to possess a commencement of physical and moral organization which it hitherto had not.†

* "See the Quarterly Review, No. CV., for a luminous exposure of as much of the art as then had been laid bare, by which Russia brought about the war; after driving Greece into insurrection; the Porte into a seven years' war with it,—after causing England and France to destroy Turkey's principal means of defence against the North—her fleet, and after causing them to declare war virtually by withdrawing their ambassadors; and this is termed, in the familiar dialogues of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, the 'provocation' of the Sultan! The following passage will be read with the deepest interest—it indicates the real cause of the war hitherto unsuspected.—Ed."

† "The destruction of the Janissaries and Dêrê Beys, who might be compared to what the Indian

If the Sultan has been enabled to offer us a more determined and regular resistance, whilst he had scarcely assembled together the elements of his new plan of reform and ameliorations, how formidable should we have found him, had he had time to give it more solidity, and to render that barrier impenetrable which we find so much difficulty in surmounting, although art has hitherto done so little to assist nature!*

"Things being in this state, we must congratulate ourselves upon having attacked them before they became more dangerous for us, for delay would only have rendered our relative situation worse, and prepared us greater obstacles than those with which we meet.

"If required to add another proof of this truth, I would seek it in the whole tenor, and in the views contained in the confidential note of the Imperial ministry. Far from lowering the demands and conditions of the peace, I have seen with lively satisfaction that it augments them, after the campaign has afforded it a more correct estimate of the real state of things, and has convinced it of the necessity of multiplying precautions, in order to diminish the dangers of the future."

On this deeply important document the editor of the *Portfolio* makes the following observations, with which we conclude for the present:—

"Compare the views of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, of the nature and tendency of the regenerating movement in Turkey, and of the reforms of the Sultan—with those of tourists and travellers—not then—now eight years ago, but up to the present hour! Compare them with official reports and official

Zemindars would be with a weak central government, are memorable efforts of self-regeneration, which, if Turkey be preserved, will immortalise the reign of Mahmoud, and render it one of the most important in the history of mankind. . . . If the Sultan could be brought justly to appreciate his own position, the merits of his nation, and the faults of his government, he could, by a mere declaration of his enlightened will, effect such a revolution in the fortunes of Turkey as no empire has ever undergone. In fact, the destruction of the Janissaries leaves Turkey, politically, in the state in which she was, with precisely the same extent of territory, as under Suleyman the Magnificent, excepting foreign influence over her councils."—*England, France, Russia, and Turkey*, 62—64.

* "Her allies will always find her ready to concert her march with them in the execution of the Treaty of London; and ever anxious to aid in a work, which her religion, and all the sentiments honorable to humanity, recommend to her active solicitude: always disposed to profit by her actual position, only for the purpose of accelerating the accomplishment of the clauses of the treaty of the 6th of July, not to change their nature or effects."—*Russian Declaration of War*, April 26, 1828.

"Russia has remained constantly a stranger to every desire of conquest—to every view of aggrandizement."—*Russian Manifesto*, 1st October, 1829.

opinions, addressed to and emanating from England and France!—but observation or remark is superfluous. This despatch settles the question of Turkish regeneration.—It has thrown a new light upon Russian intelligence and upon Russian policy, and cast a deeper shade on the incapacity, the ignorance, and subserviency of the cabinets of Europe.

“We cannot conclude these observations without calling attention to the anti-social spirit that characterizes this remarkable document, and to this unparalleled exposure of the destructive principle, which facts had sufficiently proved already to be the leading feature of the policy of St. Petersburg. It is really mockery to talk of the peace and progress of Europe, when the greatest event of the last twenty years—when the sole great European war that has occurred during that period, has been undertaken for the purpose of arresting a great and wonderful movement of internal and peaceable amelioration. What must be the position of Russia, when she must treat national regeneration as a hostile principle!—what the state of the intelligence of Europe, when it is indebted to the disclosure of a secret document for the knowledge of Russia's motives—and that eight years after the event!”

ART. X.—*England im Jahre 1835.* Von Friedrich von Raumer. 2 vols. Berlin, 1835.

THE Letters of M. von Raumer, written during his six months' visit to England last year, are already so generally known, that some of our readers may perhaps be inclined to think that we might dispense ourselves from noticing them. The name of the author having become familiar to the literary world here by his great work on the House of Hohenstauffen, of which we gave an extended review in our sixth number, and by his historical illustrations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, much interest was naturally excited by his visit to this country, and by the avowed object of it—to explore the treasures of the British Museum, the State Paper Office, &c., for the purpose of collecting materials towards a history of modern Europe, of which several volumes had already been published. His official recommendations introduced him at once into the highest ranks of society, and his own character procured him easy access wherever he desired it, so that he possessed opportunities of seeing and hearing, which few foreigners enjoy in the same proportion. As it was known, even while he was still here, that he would publish an account of his visit, and that arrangement

had been made for its appearance in an English translation, and his declared opinion of the state and prospects of the country being highly favorable, the promised translation was impatiently expected, and we have reason to believe that it was much wished that it should appear before the opening of parliament. As the translation is published, and copious extracts in different journals have contributed to make the work known, we shall not fill our pages with long quotations, but rather give a few general remarks upon it, and especially on some points on which the author's views do not coincide with our own.

In the first place, it is evident that the immense mass of new facts and new impressions oppresses the author—if we may use such an expression in speaking of such a man. The tone of pleasantry, which elsewhere relieves the patient explorer of the mines of learning, under the pressure of ponderous folios, is nearly banished from these Letters; and the author himself indicates the point of view in which we are to consider this new production of his indefatigable activity. “Accounts from England *must* differ, both in tone and contents, from accounts from Paris.” In fact, these English Letters are as unlike his much-talked-of Letters from Paris in 1830, as the present state of England is unlike that of France at the time alluded to. A remarkable peculiarity in these Letters is the absence of private anecdote and personal detail. The English reader, indeed, will not find it difficult to fill up most of the names, of which only the initials are given; and will feel grateful to the author for having abstained from anything like scandal or mere gossip, and for endeavoring to impress on his countrymen the decided conviction, which fills his own mind, of the moral and political greatness of the British empire. When we find that he wrote all these letters and political essays, (often of considerable length, and the result of much study and research,) in England itself—that, besides visiting and observing every thing remarkable, he was daily at dinners and evening parties, at the theatre, concerts, the parliament houses, on excursions to the country, studying the English character as exhibited in the modes of life of all classes, we cannot but admire the economy of his time and his activity, especially when we see him day after day in the Museum and State Paper Office, sedulously collecting materials for new works, among which are a history of Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth, and a history of Frederick II. of Prussia. As during his stay in London he obtained access, through his recommendations, to all circles, from the saloons of the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of

Lansdowne to the tables of simple shopkeepers—visiting Sir R. Peel in the morning and O'Connell in the afternoon—so, on his tour through England to Wakefield, Sheffield, Leeds, York, &c. to Scotland; thence to Ireland, and back to Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Oxford, &c., where he explores the immense *ateliers* of English manufacture, we find the same spirit of observation, the same desire impartially to do justice to all parties.

As M. von Raumer arrived in England only a fortnight before the resignation of Sir R. Peel and his colleagues, his official recommendations naturally brought him chiefly into contact with the Whig party, Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, (with whom he had frequent interviews,) &c. We cannot, therefore, be much surprised, if he has adopted, in general, their opinions on many subjects—that he condemns the king's sudden dismissal of the Melbourne administration, after the death of Lord Spencer—that he highly approves of the Reform Bill and the Municipal Corporation Bill—that he advocates the admission of Dissenters to the English universities—that he would have no difference whatever made between the followers of various religious sects and the Church of England—and, especially, that he would have the Catholics in Ireland placed on a precisely equal footing with the Protestants.

Ireland, indeed, and its wrongs, is a fruitful and often-recurring theme in these Letters; and the account given by the author of what he saw and felt in that country shows, in a very affecting light, the misery of the wretched population; and, the existence of this misery being generally allowed, the question remains, how is it to be remedied? On a question so difficult of solution, the opinion of a foreigner, however able and learned, cannot be expected to have much weight; but there is, we believe, little difference of opinion on the necessity of substituting for tithes some other mode of remunerating the clergy. With respect to the real causes of the agitation that disturbs the peace of Ireland, we are convinced that religious motives have nothing whatever to do with its origin; it is, in its essence, its objects, and its means, wholly political, enveloped by artful and factious priests in the mantle of what they are pleased to call religion, but which they take good care to hinder their wretched dupes from examining by the light of divine truth,—which they studiously veil in impenetrable gloom. Till those men are put down, there will be no peace or prosperity for Ireland. Among the remedies which the author proposes for the relief of Ireland, some, such as

the introduction of poor-laws, and a commutation of tithes, will doubtless be adopted, and it may be expected that they will be beneficial. He proposes, also, a heavy tax on absentees, “the complete abolition of the system of tenants at will, and the conversion of all such tenants into proprietors,” a proposal, he says, “which will make the Tories throw his book into the fire, and strike the Whigs dumb with astonishment.”

M. von Raumer frequently recurs to the necessity of educating the Irish. We have “granted twenty millions,” he says, “to abolish slavery, and to secure freedom to some hundreds of thousands; yet, to apply any part of the revenue of the Church or State to giving a sound and religious education to five or six millions of Irish, is called impious and revolutionary.” Begging M. von Raumer's pardon, this is not the question; but what ought a Protestant government to consider as a sound and religious education, and would the Catholic priests permit their flock to partake of it? The English government has endeavored, it is true, to obviate part of this difficulty, by taking a middle course, and establishing schools, in which select portions only of the Bible shall be read; but this plan does not appear to have had the success that was expected from it; and it is, besides, seriously objected to by many persons whose opinions are entitled to respect.

The objections to the admission of Dissenters to Oxford and Cambridge have been so often and ably discussed, that it would be a work of supererogation in us to enter on it, even did our space allow it. Were all sects admitted, we do not see how they could all attend divine worship, or receive instruction in religion, unless of the most general kind, as there could be neither professors nor chapels for all the various shades of religious opinions.

Another point, in which we partly differ from M. von Raumer, is his idea respecting the observance of the Sabbath. We, indeed, agree with him in deploring the desecration of that Holy Day by the vice of drunkenness, but cannot lament that singing, dancing, music, and the theatre are not allowed on that day; nor can we assent to his opinion, that Sunday is so dull as he considers it. In opposition to his opinion, we hope we shall gratify our readers by giving them an extract from the remarks of that eminent scholar and excellent man, the late Professor Niemeyer, Chancellor of the University of Halle, who visited England in the year 1819.

“Almost all travellers protest that nothing

is more melancholy than the observance of Sunday in England. They assure us that everything seems dead, and that every sound of joy becomes mute. They pity the people who are denied every innocent pleasure, and extol the happiness of other countries where this restraint is unknown. I candidly confess that the English Sunday has not appeared to me so dull and joyless; nay, that I even reckon several Sundays passed there among my most agreeable recollections, and cannot refrain from expressing the wish, that we might have among ourselves something more of what we there find, in families as distinguished for intellectual endowments, as respectable for their character. I do not address those whom a religious feeling causes to regard as sinful the most innocent occupation, and who think they ought to keep the Sabbath more in the spirit of the Old Testament than of the Christian religion; but those who would wish that a certain harmony might be observed among us also here in Germany, in the employment of Sunday. I foresee that many readers will be of a different opinion. But how is it possible that all people should be of one mind?

It is not to be denied that the difference between the six week-days and this seventh is more striking in England than anywhere else. It is as if a long continued ebb had set in, which would be followed by no flood; or, as if animated life had quitted the streets and public places, and retired to the back part of the dwellings; or, as if every one breathed more softly, to recover from the fatigues and exertions of a restless activity. The latter is really the case. In this respect alone, the law, which commands repose from usual employment, is a real blessing for thousands of people, who have borne for six days together the burden and heat of the day, or in the bustle of worldly concerns have not been able to rest themselves, or hold intercourse with their family; and that is accomplished which the ancient Mosaic institution of the Sabbath had for its object, Exodus, xxiii. 12. On Saturday, when the clock strikes the midnight hour the curtain in the theatre must be let down, and it is not drawn up again till Monday. Those shops only in which the indispensable necessities of life are sold are open; all others are closed throughout the day, and the shop windows being covered with painted shutters, the city assumes quite a different aspect. Where the law, originating in ancient times in religious dissensions, is observed in all its rigor, even large entertainments, card parties, and private concerts are avoided, and no work done. The streets, however, begin to be animated between ten and eleven, when divine service is about to commence. The number of well dressed persons repairing to church increases in all the streets—the citizens, for the most part husband and wife together, and the children before them, with the Book of Common Prayer and their Bibles in their hands. The churches being so numerous in all parts of the city, the masses soon divide; and here, as well as elsewhere, some places of wor-

ship are more crowded than others. Some of the churches in particular, where evening service is performed, (beginning at six o'clock,) are so exceedingly crowded, that any one coming in late can scarcely obtain a seat, however willing the pew-opener may be to procure him one.

"He who does not consider the *theatre, balls, and games for money*, as *indispensable*, in order, to be *happy* or to keep off ennui, in whom those artificial pleasures have not blunted a taste for the scenes of nature and the pleasures of cheerful society, I really know not what should hinder such a man from spending his Sunday agreeably, either in or out of London. I at least have seen, on fine Sundays, the roads almost more thronged with carriages and pedestrians than during the week. The Thames was covered with boats, conveying numerous parties to the beautiful places, country seats, &c. on its banks. * * * Many indeed, both high and low, who go into the country on a Sunday, do not readily neglect to attend the village churches, before the doors of which you may often see whole rows of carriages from the neighborhood,—but then they enjoy the remainder of the day in the open country or in the elegant environs of their houses. * * Further, it is true, they do not go in England. Even he who perhaps has religion less at heart than the preservation of certain national customs, requires that *Sunday shall maintain its peculiar character*, and that there shall not be too glaring a contrast between its principal destination and the employment of the remaining hours of the day. Thus, for instance, every true Englishman would consider it a most indecent contrast, if the same parents who had in the morning gone to church with their children, and there perhaps heard a sermon on modesty and decorum, could go with them in the evening to the theatre, and there see some laughable farce, or such luscious scenes, drawn after nature, as we find represented in some of our favorite pieces, to the eyes of our youth of both sexes. But so ought, in reason, every one to think and feel, who does not regard the whole of life as a farce. Truly, *decorum* often borders nearer than we believe on *morality*."

M. von Raumer's fifty-seventh letter on the difference between the system of school education in England and Prussia is very interesting, and points out the erroneous notions entertained by some eminent men in England respecting the Prussian system; he is particularly indignant at what he calls "the calumnies of Lord Brougham, who, had he looked beyond the title-page of M. Cousin's work, would know that all he has said (in the Report on the State of Education, 1834) was entirely visionary, and could only serve to mislead those who believe him." In his remarks upon the schools, M. von Raumer argues on the facts which he finds stated in parliamentary and other documents

to show how little is done in England for the education of all classes, in comparison with Prussia. No country in the world possesses so many ancient, venerable institutions for education as England, and yet, with proportionably the amplest means, the least is done. He is much struck with Oxford. "in which city, full of the noblest, the most astonishing monuments of an ancient period, almost every thing modern is but an insignificant accessory." Considering what Oxford has been and still is, he proceeds to show what he thinks it might and ought to be. The colleges are far inferior to the German gymnasia, and the university to those of Prussia; their circle of study is too narrow, for the wants of modern times: "some faculties, as medicine and jurisprudence, are, properly speaking, entirely wanting in Oxford, and those of divinity and philosophy are by no means completely filled, in comparison with the German universities. The professors give so few lectures, and during so short a period of the year, that they appear in comparison with the colleges to be only a trifling addition and subordinate matter. No English university is a *universitas literaria*, in the German sense of the term."

We agree with our author in thinking that advantageous changes might be made in the system of university education, even without violating the will of the founder, which, besides that it does not strictly prescribe every thing, must in some cases be understood according to his real meaning and intention. If he directed, in the sixteenth century, that the best Greek grammar then existing should be used,—will it be acting in conformity with his wishes to retain it, after it has become the worst? But it is equally wrong obstinately to abide by what is antiquated and to indulge in rash innovations. If a judicious middle course be adopted, general approbation will follow. The halls of Oxford are founded for eternity, and the tenants will not suffer themselves to be expelled by the first new comer who might take a fancy to erect in or near them a noisy machine. How then shall the requisite improvements be effected? M. von Raumer thinks that the legislature should interfere,—that no object of private right or private property can be unconditionally withdrawn from its power. Much, he thinks, might be done by the university itself, and where it doubted its power to deviate from the will of the founder, it might apply to the legislature to sanction the proposed change.

We have dwelt on this particular subject, because it has by far the most important claim to general attention. All parties will agree that some education is necessary; and

though some would restrict it within much narrower bounds than others, yet all desire that a good system should be adopted. Our author is decidedly adverse to the voluntary system, and considers it the duty of a government to take on itself the care of providing the means for a general education of the people, as is done in Prussia. How far this could or should be done in England is a different question, which is well worth the sincere consideration of every real friend to the happiness and prosperity of his country.

In conclusion, we must repeat our admiration of the exemplary activity of Professor von Raumer, his sense of justice, his varied knowledge, and the clear insight which he shows into the manifold subjects of which he treats. The English ought certainly to be grateful to him, for having given to foreigners a highly favorable view of their country, their character, and manners,—for having proved by irrefragable arguments, founded on facts that cannot be disputed, that, far from hastening into inevitable decay, it contains within itself the undying germs of constantly increasing prosperity. If he at times points out defects which he thinks capable of remedy, or if he now and then touches too tender a string, let us listen to his counsels as to the voice of a friend who wishes us well, even though he should be mistaken both in the disease and the remedy. Let us ascribe to the difference of feeling, arising from a continental education, an occasional apparent levity of expression, which, though not ill-meant, is calculated to offend those whose views differ from his;—with respect, for instance, to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, which, even those who do not wholly approve of them, can never look upon as fit to be lightly treated, involving, as they do, the dearest interests of the Christian world.

In our review of M. von Raumer's "Letters from Paris, illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," (F. Q. R. Number XXII.,) we have adverted to his great work, "The History of Europe during the last Three Centuries." Of this work five volumes have already appeared. It was intended to be completed in six, but as the fifth comes down only to the year 1660, it seems probable that it will extend to at least ten or twelve.

To the particulars of the author given in the number of our Review just quoted, we may add that he is a man of highly independent spirit, and considerable surprise was occasioned by his undertaking to write a History of the Fall of Poland, in which, though he was receiving a salary from the state, he

admitted that the conduct of the Prussian government had been unjust. For the misfortunes of Poland he has always expressed the greatest sympathy. Another proof of his spirit is his resignation of office, when a member of the Supreme Board of Censorship, because he disapproved the narrow views of his colleagues. On this occasion he expressed his sentiments in an energetic remonstrance, which, finding its way into the papers of South Germany, excited particular attention. He has nevertheless always enjoyed the favor of his sovereign, who has given him leave of absence for his different journeys to France and England; and we learn that his majesty has granted him permission to pay a second visit to England, where he is expected to arrive about the end of April or the beginning of May.

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- ART. XI.—1. *Bericht über eine Reise nach den Westlichen Staaten Nord-Amerikas, &c.* von Gottfried Duden. (Account of a Journey into the Western States of North America.) 1 vol. 8vo. Bonn, 1834.
2. *Europa und Deutschland von Nord-Amerika aus betrachtet:* von Gottfried Duden. (Europe and Germany considered from North America.) 2 vols. 8vo. Bonn, 1835.

THOUGH the first of these works is the account of a visit to the United States, undertaken above ten years ago, and therefore cannot be expected to contain much that is now new, we are induced to notice it for several reasons. In the first place, it caused a very considerable sensation in Germany on its first publication soon after the Author's return, a very large edition having been sold in a short time, and it met in many instances with great opposition, and was very severely criticised. The author, whose object was to prove the great advantages of emigration from Germany to America, was accused of having drawn far too favorable a picture, and even of having falsified and misrepresented facts, in order to promote the purpose he had in view. In this second edition he has made considerable additions of a later date, and has embodied in a preface the various criticisms on his work, the most violent of which he reprints word for word, with his answers to them, many of which show the critics in no very favorable light. But what many may perhaps consider to be more in his favor, is a letter from the celebrated historian Niebuhr, who, having seen, shortly before his death, a

portion of the second work, "Europe and Germany," wrote to him as follows:

"I am extremely obliged to you for the friendly communication of the table of contents of your projected work. Even in the general part, the plan of which you have specially stated, I see many points touched upon, respecting which we agree in differing from the prevailing opinion. But those which will be discussed in the following part excite my expectation in a still higher degree, as your views proceed from the same clear and unprejudiced observation, the same love of truth, and independence of spirit, which render your account of America admirable, nay classic, and as the counsels founded upon your views will be suggested by your practical mind. May those plans of colonization which we have often discussed be carried into effect, and your ideas be duly considered by those who have it in their power to contribute to that object!"

A testimony so honorable is more than sufficient to outweigh the censures of a dozen such critics as those whose observations Duden has himself quoted.

With respect to his own views, the author observes, that, notwithstanding all that had been written on the subject of emigration to America, the question was by no means so fully decided as to render his undertaking superfluous, and that the information which he communicates is not a compilation from European or American books, but the result of his own experience, which he recommends to the attention of his countrymen. Speaking of the impartiality which some would require, he says, if the results of experience bear, more or less, the stamp of the individual, this is particularly the case in matters which so nearly touch upon human inclinations and aversions, and all wishes arising from them. Who will demand a pure testimony from a prejudiced person, and who can pretend to be unprejudiced on such a point? Who can believe himself to be fully impartial, when he visits distant countries, to decide the question whether emigration is advisable? Therefore, as perfect impartiality is not to be conceived, the reporter has no other means, if he wishes his opinions to have an effect corresponding with their value, than first of all to acquaint his reader with the nature of his standard, with the peculiarities of the intellectual eye with which he beheld the subjects of which he treats.

"The resolution of separating from one's native country, and choosing a new home in a distant region, is (except in cases of imperative necessity, or of enthusiasm), in civilized men the result of manifold thoughts and feelings. It is clear enough that, in order to

give advice in such a crisis, it is not sufficient that the counsellor should have seen the counsellor should have seen the country proposed for a new home. He must above all things be able to judge of the situation of those who require relief, and duly to appreciate what part of the blame properly belongs to the native country, in order that the important preliminary question may be decided, whether any advantage is to be gained by a change of residence."

The author, considering the distress which undoubtedly afflicts part of the inhabitants of Europe, and especially of Germany, persuaded himself that it arose from excess of population, and that it could not be remedied, unless this population were reduced; he saw that, as a certain degree of population is indispensable for the development of the individual and of the whole, so excess of population disturbs in a deplorable manner the state of civil society. The ancient states of Asia, Africa and Europe, accordingly provided for the emigration of superfluous numbers, before individuals were compelled to it by famine.

Now though we might concede to those who hold the same opinions as the author, first, that, if a country were really over-peopled, it might be desirable, nay necessary, for part of the population to emigrate, and secondly, that, such emigration being proved to be necessary, it would be better that it should be undertaken on a fixed and well-regulated plan, rather than left to the unconnected operations of individuals; we are very reluctant to believe that *any* country has yet such a superabundance of population, as to render expatriation absolutely necessary. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that many, many years may yet elapse before any part of Europe will be reduced to the melancholy necessity of banishing a part of its citizens, to preserve them from famine. We believe, even without taking into account the vast tracts of uncultivated land which Europe still possesses, that improved modes of cultivation may increase, to an extent of which we have now no conception, the produce of the soil. We think it probable that Science, particularly chemistry, may discover means of rendering land, now barren and wholly unproductive, capable of producing as much as the most favored soils do now. Though Providence doubtless intended that the whole earth should one day be peopled, it does not appear to have been designed that the object should be attained by the distress of those who were to carry it into effect. Surely, if increase of population were so great an evil, we should be reduced to the necessity of changing our opinion of

the merits of individuals who have hitherto been considered as benefactors of the human race, and of looking upon the introduction of inoculation and vaccination, by which thousands, nay, millions of lives have been preserved, as a curse instead of a blessing.

The first, and most considerable part of this volume, consists of thirty-six letters, in which Dr. Duden gives an interesting account of his travels and observations in America, during a period of about three years. This part of the work was highly commended, even by the critics who were most severe upon him; their attacks being directed against the second part—"On the Political Nature of the North American Republics,"—which they considered to be far too partial, and highly colored in favor of the American Institutions. We have so many much more recent and valuable works on this subject, for instance, M. de Tocqueville's "*Democracy in America*," of which we gave a short notice in Number XXX. of this Review, that it would be a work of supererogation to examine the opinions of Dr. Duden. The last part of the volume contains some instructions and advice to persons intending to emigrate to America, whether with a view to agricultural or commercial pursuits.

The object of the second work is stated by the author to be, after having by the first work made the reader acquainted with the situation of the North Americans, to avail himself of the knowledge so communicated, for introducing his opinions to the Europeans, and especially to the Germans. This new work, therefore, is to be considered as a supplement to the preceding, and he accordingly incorporates into it the result of his further correspondence with North America. But he adds, that it would be a mistake to consider it as nothing more, or to believe that he has been guided in the performance by his own favorite views. He declares that he had it always in sight to come to an understanding with every one, respecting the most important interests of their common country, whatever may be thought of his plans of colonization. He proceeds then to describe the state of society in Europe, as it formerly was, and as it is now; and it must be acknowledged that many of his observations are perfectly correct, though the inferences that he draws from them may not be admitted.

"There was a time," he says, "and it is not very remote from us, when the sober countryman minded only his field and his cottage. If he thought, he thought only upon them;—his wishes and his hopes never drew him from the beaten track which had been followed by his fathers, and it never occurred to him to seek the happiness of his life beyond the quiet

narrow circle of his home. The mechanic had not a thought beyond his business; the merchant thought only of his trade; the man of learning of his science; the civil officer of his employment; the warrior of his profession. Strictly limited to such individual pursuits, and without troubling himself about the affairs of his neighbor, every one sought the final object of his earthly existence in the career opened to him, as it were, by the indentures of apprenticeship, considering him to be foolish or worthless who did otherwise. The state went on, as if it were a part of the system of inanimate nature, and people dreamt as little of fundamental changes, as of alterations in the course of the stars. Only he who could not resist the sting of necessity or the impulse of passion, made an effort, always limited to individual particulars, and never embracing the whole. In spite of the many interruptions caused by wars, every one returned, when peace was restored, to his old course, and, if there were exceptions, they were caused rather by accident than by the will of man. *So it was formerly, but now it is quite different!* A restlessness, a struggle, manifests itself among all classes and strata, of which modern history offers no previous example. The wish for happiness in this world still predominates, it is true, in the minds of men, but every one despairs of finding it in the career which education has pointed out to him. Formerly, if any man mistrusted his own pursuits, still the pursuit of another seemed to promise what he sought; thus the peasant praised the lot of the mechanic, the merchant, that of the man of learning. But now, no class believes another to have any peculiar advantage, and, as every one despairs of his own career, he despairs also of that of others.

"In all the countries of Europe the governed, as well as the governments, feel, that both public and private life are surrounded by many embarrassments. Things cannot go on so. All is wrong—there must be a great defect somewhere—in this all agree. But where is the defect? This is the question which now forces itself upon everybody.

"But the old complaint of the weakness and indolence of human nature is too well-founded for us to hope, that many men will give it constant attention, without some more powerful excitement. The defect was perceived long before the days of July; but, whatever may be thought of those events at Paris, they did this good, that they roused an intellectual activity in Europe, which will decide the fate of the world. Now or never is the time when we may venture to propose a general investigation of our situation. The more clear the conviction of the stoppage and disturbance of the political machine, the more powerful must be the wish to explore the nature and the seat of the evil."

Our author accordingly proceeds to explain his views of the present state of society, and the causes which have produced the great change that has taken place, and re-

specting which there is an infinite variety of opinions.

"One party," he says, "considers the change as a corruption. The consequence of which opinion is, that its advocates cannot expect any improvement of our situation, except from the improvement of man himself, and if they do not promise themselves much good from changes in external circumstances, they surely cannot be expected to call such part of our institutions bad as were formerly manifestly good: they are consequently inclined to defend everything established against reform. However, if many agree in calling a great mass of mankind corrupt, they seldom agree in the reason they assign. The party opposed to innovation throughout Europe must therefore consist of many groups, which, for the sake of convenience, may be reduced to two principal groups; for, as the grounds of all complaints of corruption are either of a religious or temporal nature, our attention is naturally drawn to the parties principally interested in these two points of view, namely, priests, and princes."

We have not space, nor do we think it necessary to follow our author in his discussion of those questions. Though he thinks that in general the clergy, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, are adverse to religious reform, and princes to political reform, from motives of self-interest, often ill-understood;—he will by no means have this aversion unconditionally ascribed to selfish feelings. Many priests may defend some dogmas, even against their own conviction, but it may be equally true that there are many who are actuated solely by pious conviction in prying against all innovation. Princes, it is true, have many personal grounds for maintaining things as they are. But as the prince is frequently compared to the father of a family, we all know instances of fathers who obstinately adhere to the old system in the management of their families, disregarding the changes effected by time, or the considerations which the more advanced improvement of the children requires. But nobody thinks of accusing them of being actuated by selfish motives.

Our chief object in drawing attention to these works is not that they contain much that is new to the English reader, who is acquainted with the numerous publications on the United States, but because they afford a proof of the increased consideration that is paid in Germany to general political questions, and the freedom of discussion which is allowed, when they are treated in a temperate manner. The works before us, it is true, are printed in the Prussian dominions, where authors, perhaps, enjoy more license than in some other states, but still the press,

even in Prussia, is under a very strict censorship, and we may therefore consider the free discussion of such subjects as an indication of the liberality of the government.

ART. XII.—*Geschichte der kaiserlichen königlichen Hofbibliothek zu Wien, von Ig. Fr. Edler von Mosel, k. k. wirkl. Hofrath und erstem Custos der Hofbibliothek.* (History of the Imperial-Royal Court Library at Vienna, by I. F. Edler von Mosel, Aulic Councillor and Head-Keeper of the Court Library.) Vienna, 1835. 8vo. pp. 398.

JUST at this juncture, the account of any foreign public library is of peculiar interest. The committee which has been appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the affairs of the British Museum, has manifested a very laudable anxiety to ascertain, from authentic sources, whether they really manage these things better or worse abroad. It is indeed beyond all doubt, that common fame proclaims us much in arrear of all our rivals on the continent in this particular; but that common fame is a common liar, the proverb assures us, and experience often proves. We are much mistaken, if some of the statements we shall extract from the volume now under our notice will not a little astonish the wholesale praisers of the liberal management of foreign public libraries.

In the first place, we find, from the regulations attached to the volume before us, that the persons who make use of the celebrated imperial library at Vienna are divided into three classes. To the first belong only the Emperor, the imperial family, and a numerous train of officials, who all have the privilege of borrowing the books from the library: private learned men are not admitted into this class. It is rather disagreeable, in one's own inquiries at the King's or Georgian library at the British Museum, to find that, after all, not every individual book that is inserted in the catalogue has yet been transferred from the shelves of Buckingham House to those of Great Russell Street; but what are these slight checks to those which a student at Vienna must inevitably encounter, every now and then, by finding that the volume he wishes to peruse is actually in the hands of Majesty or of Metternich? "To the second class," say the regulations, "belong all the studious, whether native or foreign, to whom the use of the Court Li-

brary is permitted, but only on the premises of the same and with observance of the laws of censorship." The third class consists of non resident learned men, who are at liberty to address queries to the librarians, request them to make extracts from books, &c.; it is not stated whether under an obligation to return the compliment with an honorarium or not. It will thus be seen that the second class, which makes use of the reading-room and has not the privilege of taking books out of it, exactly answers to our readers of the British Museum, with but two differences, both in favor of the London student; that here we are under no subjection to the laws of censorship, and that there is no "first class" to annoy us with superior and vexatious privileges. Let us now and then endeavor to ascertain to which of the "reading rooms" the superiority of accommodation belongs.

A description of that at Vienna was laid before English readers fourteen years ago by Dr. T. F. Dibdin, in his "Bibliographical Tour through France and Germany," a work which, with all its defects, (and their name is legion) will yet be found to furnish a fuller account of the public libraries the author visited abroad, than the reader will easily obtain from any other source. "Almost the first room which you enter," says Dr. Dibdin, "is the Reading room. This may hold about thirty students comfortably, but I think I saw more than forty on my first entrance, of whom several, with the invincible phlegm of their country, were content to stand leaning against the wall, with their books in their hands. The room is doubtless too small for the object to which it is applied, and, as it is the fashion in this part of the world seldom or never to open the windows, the effect of such an atmosphere of hydrogen is most revolting to sensitive nerves." Steps it appears have since been taken to remedy these inconveniences. The reader who is impressed with an idea of the liberal management of German libraries will not perhaps conjecture a method "identically the same" with that which was actually adopted in the year 1826.

"The reading room of the Court Library," Mr. von Mosel, its head Custos, acknowledges, "is neither large enough for its numerous visitors, nor light enough for its purpose. It is an oblong square, which at the two small ends has on one side two windows, on the other only one. In the middle is a long table furnished with writing materials, at which about forty persons find room. Partly in the recesses of the windows, partly against the walls around, are the desks for two librarians (custoden) and four clerks (scriptorem), who,

often disturbed by the readers, must pursue their literary labors. The throng of the reading public was so great, that the seats at the table were no longer sufficient, and many persons were compelled to read standing against the walls or before the desks of the officers; while, owing to this overcrowding, the heat of the room was often insupportable, and it became uncommonly difficult to keep the readers under proper survey. To remedy this unpleasant state of things, the prefect, (the head officer of the library,) had a notice put up at the foot of the staircase, that only so many persons would be admitted as could find room at the table. In addition to this, opportunities were taken to refer the students to the University Library, and to get rid of readers for amusement, while the prefect afforded to distinguished men of learning, either native or foreign, a place in his office, though exceedingly cramped for room. Thus at last the number of visitors was brought into a better proportion to the space at disposal, which must however still be acknowledged very insufficient, when it is considered that many learned men, in the course of their inquiries, have need of several works at once for comparison, that sometimes maps and folios are required for study, and that it is here even that amateurs and artists must inspect the copper-plate engravings, which are generally contained in volumes or portfolios of the largest folio size,—all of which, from the close neighborhood of the readers to one another, is hardly possible, and often downright impossible."

This reducing the number of visitors to a proportion with the space at disposal seems to us but a very sorry method of making both ends meet. At the British Museum, although accommodation is there provided for one hundred and twenty readers, the same complaint of want of room is beginning to be made, and is about to be remedied, not by depriving those desirous of knowledge of the means of acquiring it, not by decreasing the numbers, but, simple expedient, by increasing the room! As to the second inconvenience complained of by Mr. von Mosel, the difficulty of keeping under survey some forty students, whose elbows touched, we cannot but regard his mention of it as a very left-handed compliment to the learning of Vienna. In such close contact, they might, one would think, survey one another; and, unless a large proportion of them consisted of downright abandoned characters, there would be very little danger of theft. As Mr. von Mosel speaks of learned men in their inquiries often having need of several works at once, we are rather surprised to find, in the regulations, that to each reader only one work can be allowed at a time, with merely such auxiliary books as may be necessary. At the British Museum the

number of works that may be had at a time is altogether unlimited.

We have no doubt that our readers have now come to the same conclusion to which this work has led ourselves, that admission to the reading room in Great Russell Street is much more desirable than to that at the Imperial Palace of Vienna. We are obliged to add, that in other points the comparison is not so much in our favor;—the Imperial Library, which contains about 300,000 volumes, acknowledges but three equals in Europe, that of the Vatican at Rome, and the Royal Libraries at Paris and Munich. Our own great national collection is not only inferior to that of the capital of Bavaria, but to that of the University of Göttingen; and ranks but eighth or ninth among the distinguished libraries of this quarter of the world. The number of books contained in it, even with the addition of the late king's munificent present, does not amount to more than about two hundred and twenty thousand, or little more than half that of the great depositary of knowledge at Munich.

We hope that one result of the labors of the recently appointed Committee will be to direct a vigorous augmentation of the stores of foreign literature at the Museum, so as to place the national library a little more on a level with our national pretensions. Several of the most distinguished works which have issued from the press on the continent have not yet found their way to it, but we suspect that, after all, foreign public libraries may even be as censurable on this score. It appears, by the work under notice, that Stuart and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens* did not make its appearance at the Imperial Library till 1814, some twenty years at least after it ought. Be that as it may, we cannot help regarding it as a national disgrace, that the richest and most populous capital in Europe should not boast one library at least of the very first rank; and we are encouraged to hope by the signs of the times that many years will not pass before it does so.

Within the last few years, much has indeed been done towards this desirable object. The splendid library-hall at the Museum has been added to the too scanty catalogue of the "Lions of London." Mr. von Mosel speaks of that at Vienna as declared by all the learned men of Germany, England, France, and Italy, as without its equal in Europe. It is true that Dr. Dibdin spoke of it in 1821 as beyond comparison, but we suspect that in our own it has since found its rival. Dr. William Horn, who recently published an account of his travels in Germany and England, speaks of the library at the

Museum as the most splendid building of the kind he ever saw, though he had been at Vienna not many months previously.

We have hardly left ourselves room to add that Mr. von Mosel's work is less of a description, and more of a history, than we could have wished it,—a fuller account of the works contained in the library might perhaps have usefully occupied the place of rather uninteresting biographical accounts of its various librarians, many of whom did nothing worthy of especial notice. A view and a plan of the library are given, which we should not have mentioned, as thinking the reader would take it for granted, had they not been unaccountably omitted in Wilken's otherwise commendable history of the library of Berlin.

ART. XIII.—*Des Meisters Godefrid Hagen, der Zeit Stadtschreibers, Reimchronik der Stadt Cöln aus dem dreizehnten Jahrhundert. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch; nach der einzigen alten Handschrift zum erstenmale vollständig herausgegeben von E. von Groote, Stadtrath.* (The Rhyming Chronicle of the City of Cologne, during the thirteenth century, by Master Godefrid Hagen, Town Clerk at the time. Now first published, with Notes and Glossary, &c., by E. von Groote.) Cöln am Rhein. 1834. 8vo.

THERE is no class of books to which we are disposed to extend a more ready welcome than those productions of the days that are past, whether they consist of the chronicles of the historian, or of the fables of the poet, in which are shadowed forth, as in a mirror, the spirit and tendency of the age in which they were composed. They are the only trustworthy authorities to whom we can apply, when we would learn the animus which influenced the doughty actors of those stirring times. In the imaginative details of the minstrel, and in the quaint records of the annalist, the charms of their narrations are heightened by casual and accessory touches, unwittingly copied by the writers from the busy scenes acting before them, which serve to give an increased interest to their pages, and make those pages faithful pictures of the era in which they were composed, by exhibiting of the very age and body of *that* time its form and pressure.

This Rhyming Chronicle, from the pen of the worthy Town Clerk of Cologne, Master Godefrid Hagen, who perhaps wrote himself

Master from his connection as master-singer with one of the good old guilds of poetry, is one which will justify to the fullest the remarks which we have just made, and to all who admit their justice the publication of this volume cannot but be highly acceptable. Those readers, on the other hand, who would estimate it only in proportion to the amount of *exact* historical information which may be found in it, must also be under obligations to its editor for bringing before the public, an account written by an eyewitness, and one, too, who was enabled by his public situation of Syndicus to collect information from every source, on some of the most important events in the history of Cologne. This chronicle, the value of which is sufficiently proved by the fact that the editors of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*" purpose including it in that Collection, contains nearly 7000 lines, and is, with the exception of about 700 lines at the commencement, in which the writer, in accordance with the fashion of his times, narrates the introduction of Christianity into Cologne, and sundry wonderful circumstances which attended and followed that event, devoted to a history of the affairs of that short but eventful period in the history of the city, which intervened between the years 1250 and 1270.

"One of the most important periods in the history of Cologne," says the editor, "is indisputably that during which the writer of this rhyming chronicle flourished, and the events of which he describes, for the most part as an eyewitness. It is the time in which the city, contending against the repeated assaults of the archbishop and nobles of the archbishopric of Cologne, not only gained its freedom, but fortunately maintained and established it, while many of the neighboring German cities failed in similar attempts; in which, moreover, the class of artizans and tradesmen endeavored by increasing industry and wealth to diminish the ancient, for the most part benevolent, but also oftentimes misused, authority of the aristocratic party; and in which, although not until after many fruitless contests and bloody discomfitures, they still by degrees accomplished their object. Already, in preceding times, had the archbishops frequently endeavored to bring this rich, and, from its extensive population, powerful city under their dominion; but even the vigorous Anno failed in this, partly for that the doughty burghers knew how to protect themselves, partly for that the jealousy of the neighboring princes, and even of the emperor himself, would not allow them to look on indifferently, and suffer the power of the archbishop to receive such an important accession of strength."—*Preface*, p. 1.

This is the language of the editor with regard to the state of parties when the dissen-

sions here described broke out between the archbishop and the city on the right of coinage. At a time when the quantity of currency in circulation was but small, but an active commerce introduced coins of most various degrees of value, there arose in the city of Cologne an officially constituted guild under the name of *Husgenossen*, whose duty it was not only to superintend the coinage of the city, but to ascertain the relative value which all foreign money introduced into it bore to the standard of Cologne, and to make the same known. And, for the more ready discovery of fraud or error, the money of Cologne was always impressed with the same stamp, and a pattern piece was deposited in the sacarium of the cathedral, with which the coin in circulation might at all times be compared. The archbishop had, on the other hand, mints at several places, but the city authorities refused to receive money of his coinage, if it differed in stamp and standard from their own. By an arrangement entered into by Cardinal Hugo and Albertus Magnus, in April, 1252, on the occasion of a dispute between the archbishop and the city, it was agreed that the archbishop should be allowed to coin money of different impress and value, upon three occasions only, namely, when a new archbishop was elected or confirmed; secondly, when he followed the host of the emperor beyond the Alps (against the infidels); and lastly, which is, however, not to be found in the document referred to, although expressly mentioned by the chronicler—

“Dar na als hie zo Rome komet in die stat
Umb syn pallium ind brengit dat,
Dan so maich hie die ander muntze maichen”
v. 714, &c.

when the archbishop should go to Rome to bear his pall there. The archbishop, who had frequently attempted to alter the impress of his coinage and impair its standard, could not forgive the city for the perseverance with which they maintained their ancient rights and privileges; and hence arose those feuds between them and him, which led to his removal from Cologne, and thereby to a long series of disputes and hostile measures.

It is not our intention to analyze the progress of the dissensions here commenced, and of the events which arose out of them; our object has been rather to call attention to the volume than to epitomize it: we shall therefore content ourselves with giving another extract from the preface, and terminate our notice with a few lines from the Chronicle itself, as a specimen of the dialect in which it is composed.

“Remarkable is the resemblance which the events here described as attending the historical development of the municipal constitution of Cologne, in the thirteenth century, bear to those of Florence in the fourteenth, as described by Macchiavelli. The comparison between the cities might easily be carried even to the most minute points, and to the characters of the acting personages. For instance, the second book of Macchiavelli's History shows us how Walter di Brienne, Duke of Athen, sought about 1343 to make himself master of the city of Florence, for which purpose he employed the same means which Conrad von Hochstetten had attempted against Cologne from about 1240 to 1250: both endeavored to win over the lower classes of the people to their side; to divide the nobility into contending factions, and, where the end in view could not be accomplished by open violence, recourse was had to bribery and intrigue. As Engelbert of Falkenberg had the party of the ‘Weisen’ on his side, and had through their breach of faith nearly brought the city under his power; so were there in Florence the Buondelmonti and Cavalcanti, who fought upon the side of the duke; in both cities, however, were treason and perjury punished with banishment. These feuds lasted above a hundred years in Cologne, as in Florence, and a Matthias Overstolz in the one, like a Lorenzo di Medici in the other, will remain for ever distinguished for his great personal energy and virtues as a citizen.”—pp. 10, 11.

As our promised extract from the Chronicle must be a short one, we cannot, perhaps, do better than give our readers the few lines with which Master Godefrid commences, in all his piety, his task.

- “Dich ewige Got van hemelrich,
Dynen sun, de eweliche
Mit dyr is, ind dynen hilgen geist,
Want ir dry vermogit alremeist,
5. So bidde ich, dat ir myr doit volleist
Zo eyne boiche, dat ich wil begynnen
Van dingen, die zo Coelne enbynnen
Der hilger stede sint gescheit.
Nu en byn ich leider so kunstich neit,
10. Dat ich dat boich moge volmaichen
Van alle den dingen ind den saichen,
Die Coelne schade haint gedain,
Ir dry eyne Got ir en wilt myr bestain
Mit vrre helpen also by,
15. Dat is ummer blieve ind sy
Warnynge der vil hilger stede,
Der Kirst durch syner moeder beide
Ind der hilgen die da ynne restent
Zo Gode wert haint so geuestint
20. Dat Coelne ain alle miswende
Ire dinck noch her zo goeden ende
Hait braicht, die ire sint weder waren,” &c.

ART. XIV.—*Le Monde comme il est.* (The World as it is.) Par le Marquis de Custine. 2 vols. 8vo. Bruxelles, 1836.

WE seldom bestow our time or pages upon the innumerable novels incessantly pouring from the French press, unless impelled thereto by extraordinary merit or demerit, or, what to critics is more attractive, by a combination of both. We are, however, occasionally tempted to deviate from our rule, and one of the exceptions even now occurs. Of M. de Custine we know nothing, and his "*Monde comme il est*" displays neither the brilliant talents, nor the pernicious abuse of those talents, which we have had to deplore and condemn, even whilst irresistibly admiring, in the productions of the *soi-disant* George Sand; but there are some two or three points about this novel, that induce us to make brief mention of it. The first point is that we may venture to name it to the fairer portion of our readers without dreading to tarnish their mental purity, or if we are to speak the exact truth, with less apprehension than French Novels usually excite, though it must be confessed that the World as it is, in *M. le Marquis de Custine's* notions and volumes, is a world with which we had rather that our wives and daughters should remain unacquainted. The second point is that the story is essentially original, inasmuch as the heroine, a prodigious heiress, is very ugly; not merely plain, but positively and strikingly ugly, and the whole distress and interest of the book arises from her being unable to believe in the genuineness of the passion, deep if not ardent, with which her intellectual charms and moral qualities have inspired a dissipated young man of fashion and gallantry, with whom she is herself secretly but invincibly in love. The third point is that these volumes offer us a picture of south-western Normandy, physical and social, somewhat comic, and yet more discordant with the boasts in which *la belle France* is wont to indulge, of being in advance of all other nations, England included, in civilization. We should, however, in justice to the author and to Normandy, observe that the tale dates a few years back, prior to the revolution, of the *Three glorious Days*, and when the Jesuits, or the Congregation, their modern title, were endeavoring to entangle France in their cobweb toils; the exposure of which, though assuredly no longer politically important, seems to be one of our noble author's objects.

M. de Custine gives us various sketches of manners. We are at first introduced to *la vie de Chateau* (country-house life); the pretenders to the hand of the ugly heiress,

Jacqueline de Senaer, with their respective allies, being assembled in a Norman chateau, most picturesquely situated, where she is visiting; the cabals and trickery, wise and unwise, of the opposing parties; and the provincial manners of the better class, are well hit off. Hence the hero, Edmond d'Offize, when reluctantly but decisively rejected by the over-prudent Jacqueline, repairs to his own chateau, where he has never resided; and which, though not very remote, is situated in a yet more retired district. We extract part of his journey as exemplifying the physical and moral condition of this part of Normandy—which will perhaps remind the reader of Ireland.

"In this part of France, as in some others, what is called a road of communication might better be called a ditch of separation, especially along the valleys. There the intercourse between different parishes is carried on through ravines or quagmires, ploughed from one end to the other by three ruts, which serve respectively for the passage of the two wheels and the horse of the cart. One journeys for hours over rolling stones, like fragments of a broken wall; and these heaps of ruins are intermixed with rocks, stumps of trees, and logs of wood, and lucky is the traveller who is not brought to a dead stand by abysses of mud, known in the country under the name of *mollières*."—(Are we to translate this soft places?)

* * * * *

"At about half a league from his own house, Edmond was aroused from his reverie by the sudden stopping of his carriage. The nave of the hind wheel rested upon the edge of the rut, while the fellies could not reach the bottom, so deep was the gulf. The horses made an effort to proceed. Traces and harness broke, and the postillion's horse fell with his rider. Edmond, fearful that the man might be seriously hurt, sprang from the carriage and flew to raise him. He was unharmed, and rose, saying,

"I knew we couldn't get through."

(Of course so much of the joke as turns upon the Norman dialect, we must lose.)

"And to whom did you state that the road was impassable?" asked Edmond.

"Me? To nobody. You asked for horses to Offize. I'm the post-boy; I'm no counsellor."

"Are we past the worst of the road?"

"No, sir; your carriage 'll never get through."

"Where are we?"

"Oh! that's more than I can tell you. But this way goes along the hedge of M. le Marquis d'Etang's court-yard."

"Is the marquis come back from his tour?"

"That's more than I can tell you."

"What? Do you not know if he's at home?"

"Nay, he has been seen hereabouts."

* * * * *

"Edmond leaped over the hedge into M. d'Etang's courtyard, and, looking about for the house, was surprised to see nothing but grass, spreading as far as the eye could reach, under a wood of apple trees, through the stems of which might be seen slated buildings for making cider. M. d'Offlize did not know that in Normandy a court-yard (*cour*) means an orchard surrounding a mansion, a farm-house, or often only a barn, or other such building."

After some search he finds the *chateau*; the reader will recollect that a French *chateau* is not quite synonymous with an English castle.

"A vestibule, strewn with fragments of broken windows, led him to a staircase, at the top of which he met a stout servant girl, who, with a bunch of nettles, was cleaning an earthen milk-pan, that she was about to place before her master's fire, the only one in the house; for, when alone, M. d'Etang had his dinner cooked in his own room. The girl with her finger pointed out her master's door to the visiter."

The marquis, however annoyed at being thus surprised, received his neighbor with courteous kindness; sent help to extricate the carriage, and detained the traveller for the night. In the course of conversation he inquires,

"Well, my young neighbor, what political color will you assume?"

"None, I come here to arrange my own affairs, and not to govern the country."

"That answer shows me that you know *neither the country nor the age*. Here, to avoid assuming a color, is to let one be given you; and an odious one, that of *indifferentism*, of egotism."

But as we propose not to spare M. de Custine many pages, we cannot extract the whole of the *liberalist* Marquis's dissertation upon the miseries of political neutrality, or his explanation of how disagreeable M. d'Offlize's arrival will be to his ultra-royalist, lawyer-steward, who, having, as the representative of the Seigneurs d'Offlize, once Suzerains of the district, with the Marquises d'Etang for their vassals, long been the great man of the neighborhood, and must accordingly dislike being supplanted by his principal, or in vulgar parlance, his master. Neither can we find room for the gradual offence taken by M. Lamazure, the said *notaire-steward*, at the simple manners of the man of real fashion, which appear to him supercilious, overbearing, and rude, because not formal. We will rather select, as giving the same

feelings more condensed and more comically, a visit paid by M. le Comte d'Offlize to one of the notabilities of the market-town (*bourg*) of Offlize, which its inhabitants will on no account endure to have called a village.

"The first house at which Edmond called, was that of M. Lecointel, tipstaff, and assistant to the mayor (*huissier, et adjoint*).

* * * * *

"Madame Lecointel was in her kitchen, but not in wooden shoes (*sabots*), because she had just returned from mass. M. d'Offlize entered so abruptly that he caught her before she could rush into the parlor, shut the door behind her, and, unseen, put the room to rights, whilst she sent the servant-girl with a message of excuse, requesting M. le Comte d'Offlize to wait a moment. Being hindered from observing this rustic etiquette was a heavy offence to the good lady.

"M. d'Offlize observing that, by way of doing him honor, she was about to lead him to an uninhabited part of the house, civilly objected, saying the kitchen would do quite as well for him as for Madame Lecointel. Her embarrassment now gave place to resentment. Pale with anger, she paused, said within herself: 'Does he think the kitchen good enough for me? that I am not fit to have a parlor?' and then, speaking with an effort, added aloud: 'Ah, M. le Comte d'Offlize, for a Parisian it's not very civil to want to stay in the kitchen.'

"I do not think of Paris now, Ma'am."

"Do you then suppose that you are amongst savages?" rejoined the lady, sharply. "To be sure we poor folks do not know how to receive great lords, but at all events we don't let them sit down in the kitchen." And, in her wrath, shaking the sugar-loaf shaped cap upon her head, she led him into the parlor.

"There she placed him opposite to that side of the room which was papered with views of Paris. When he was seated, when the window-shutters had, with some difficulty, been successively opened, when, after sundry whisperings with the servant-girl, the leg of mutton and the basket of eggs had been removed, the broken crockery swept away, the cat turned out, and a favorite hen shut up in a dark closet; when all these arrangements were completed, the lady, full of her new paper, asked her visiter, 'Do you recognise your own country?'

"M. d'Offlize, who was not thinking of the parlor paper, supposed she spoke of the valley of Offlize, and answered, 'I had no recollection whatever of it.'

"Humph!" thought the lady, 'these Parisians are not quite so clever as we are taught to believe.'

* * * * *

"Edmond finding it heavy work to make Madame Lecointel chat, asked for M. Lecointel.

"He's out on horseback, sir," she replied. "I am sorry for it, I wished to speak to

him about M. Lamazure, who is leaving me.'

"No answer.

"You know that he is leaving me.'

"Hush!" said his hostess at length, anxiously laying a finger on her lips. "That is the paling of his garden."

"And what of that?" asked Edmond.

"We might be overheard.' The garden paling was a hundred yards distant from M. Lecointel's house.

* * * * *

"Edmond tried a new topic, which he thought might be congenial, and said, 'I find a great charm in country life. It is so unlike Paris—such complete repose.'

"I don't know, never having been there,' rejoined Madame Lecointel, disdainfully.

"Oh, you have never visited Paris?"

"I spoke of the country, M. le Comte.'

"And Edmond recollected he had already been told that Offlize was a town. * * *

* * * * * M. Vatard, the sparkling, airy, elegant M. Vatard (tax-collector of the *Commune*), now entered. To show his fashionable ease, he was scarce civil to M. d'Offlize, stretched his neck in greeting to his fair neighbor, flung himself noisily upon the nearest chair, and tossing back his head thus addressed M. d'Offlize.

"M. le Comte must have been pleased with the vicar's sermon. Ah, ha! He is something different from the curate. He knows the world.'

"Edmond was displeased by M. Vatard's self-sufficient tone and manner; but quietly answered: 'I cannot yet judge of your vicar's talent, but I did not think his subject well chosen.'

"How so, M. le Comte?" asked Madame Lecointel, sharply.

"He preached against luxury and fashion,' rejoined Edmond; 'and I should have thought Offlize safe from such vanities.'

"What, M. le Comte, you think us unfit to profit by the lessons addressed to the inhabitants of great towns! Really, that is holding us rather too cheap. What, can I have no luxury because I am but a poor *bourgeoise*? * * * * * Do you deny us even vanity? What do you take us for?"

But we are running into greater length than we had intended, and shall lay down the pen, satisfied that we have given a sufficient sketch of the Norman *bourgs* and of M. de Custine's talent.

ART. XV.—*The Portfolio; or, a Collection of State Papers, illustrative of the History of our Times. No. I. to No. V.* London. Ridgway.

WE have taken occasion in one of our late Numbers to refer to this publication, respect-

ing which it is but fair to admit that opinions are much divided. Agreeably, however, to our plan, announced in No. XXIX., of giving the opinions of eminent continental critics on English publications, we shall extract a few passages from a critical analysis of the *Portfolio*, by Dr. C. F. Wurm, the able editor of *Die Zeitschrift*, a periodical work, commenced with the year 1835, at Hamburg. It appeared in the "*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*," printed at Leipzig, (Nos. 54—57, for 1836), and as illustrative of the state of public opinion in Germany on some of the important questions touched upon in the *Portfolio*, we conceive that this notice of it will not be uninteresting to our readers.

Referring to the despatches of Prince Lieven, Count Matuszewicz, and Count Pozzo di Borgo, in the years 1826 and 1829, published in the 4th and 5th Numbers of *The Portfolio*, the Reviewer thus remarks,—

"But have we occasion for these despatches to prove that in those years it was the interest of Russia to occupy France with the Peninsula, and that Russia has found means to keep one English administration after another (Tories and Whigs alike) inactive, whilst she was preparing in the East that which is now coming to maturity before our eyes? Even the councillor of state, Nebenius, must, it appears, be content to see his prediction quoted (No. IV. p. 169), that England, if she should soon take a fancy to stand forth again as mistress of the ocean, would find the Black Sea closed against her. The question concerning the Dardanelles is become a vital question for the naval power of England. . . . A crisis is at hand—a serious, nay, an awful one—which threatens to reach the hearths and the homes of far different nations, whose opinions are not even asked, unless the conciliatory policy of Prussia, unless the firm bearing, or—have we not witnessed much that was not to be foreseen?—an imposing resolve, of Austria, should succeed in laying the storm."

The Reviewer then proceeds to notice the Russian memoir published in Nos. II. and III. of *The Portfolio*, in the following manner;—

"There is a very remarkable article (II. 57—92; III. 114—155), which, under the title of a Russian Memoir or a Russian Note, has been mentioned in many German papers, and from which considerable extracts have been given in the Hamburg '*Zeitschrift für Politik, Handel und Handelsrecht*.' But this communication is founded only on such passages as had been published before the appearance of the *Portfolio* in the British and Foreign Review. . . . The only conceivable object of such a paper would be to excite in Germany hatred against Russia, and

in Prussia, in particular, jealousy and suspicion of that power. But in this case there would be displayed, together with much cleverness of invention, too great clumsiness of arrangement; inasmuch as the document lacks all those marks which might contribute to deceive, and to cause it to be considered as a diplomatic communication emanating from the Russian government. It is far more probable that this paper has really been written—no matter by whom—to render the idea of a Russian protectorate agreeable to the second-rate German powers. How far it may contain the views of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, how far the writer and his work may enjoy the patronage of that cabinet, is a matter on which the reviewer feels himself not called upon to hazard any conjectures. But assuredly, it is the affair of every German to concern himself about the star of political salvation which is here announced, about the new guarantee of German freedom which is here presented."

"To say nothing of measures that are already designated as provisional, there arises from the peculiar tendency of this Memoir, a question, on which not a single word is bestowed:—if, namely, Russia is so much better qualified than Austria or Prussia for the Protector of the German Confederation, is it because Russia's principles of intellectual intercourse so far surpass in liberality those of the Austrian and Prussian governments? What the author thinks of the German nation, of the German states, of the German princes, may be collected from the following passage:—

"The princes of the small constitutional German states, oppressed by their ambitious legislatures, as Louis XVI. was by his National Convention, in remembrance of this great warning example, have now themselves acknowledged that, on the further licentiousness of their chambers depend their existence or non-existence. They now offer a hand to Prussia to curb the liberty of their chambers, whilst they willingly submit themselves to the general decrees of the Diet, and only give way, in one common spirit of conservation, to the necessities of the times."

"Further, what is to become of the constitutions? Only the peculiar local and provincial interests need be drawn into the sphere of public discussion. (II. 79.) It may, perhaps, do the author a service, to remind him that Elizabeth of England warned her parliament against interfering in *state affairs*, and that at a time when in Germany not an inch of territory could be alienated, not a treaty concluded, not a sovereignty erected, not a war carried on, without the assent of the states. This may serve for a reply to the assertion that, in the constitutions of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Nassau, Baden, and Weimar, the constitutions of England and France are copied almost *verbatim*, without any regard to the ancient institutions of those countries of Germany (II. 80.) It is, certainly, edifying to see here, in the first place, how English and French institutions are thrown pell mell

into one bag; and in the next, to find it in exulting simplicity affirmed, that the English constitution is described somewhere—(perhaps in the 'Statutes at Large,')—so compendiously, that one may copy it out word for word; and, lastly, that such a total ignorance prevails on the subject of the earliest, the most important, of all German rights, a right that existed before parchments—the right of granting or refusing taxes. After the author has persuaded himself that the German princes have learned to separate their interests from those of their people, he shows them how to separate their interests also from the Prussian, that is to say, as soon as the end which caused them to offer the hand to Prussia has been attained. This point is connected with the principles of material intercourse; and in the above-mentioned spirit, the dissolution of the Prussian custom-house system, calculated for political objects, is predicted."

"The last disquisition," proceeds Dr. Wurm, "treats of the development of the German Confederation, 'under the equal or unequal influence of Austria and Prussia.' An equal influence is not conceivable. Immediately afterwards comes the startling proposition that 'sooner or later the influence of both powers may be paralyzed' (III. 124.) Austria is thrown in every way into the background: but of Prussia, it is said, that she will have in time to expect a much stronger opposition from the Diet than from the cabinet of Vienna; that this circumstance may perhaps induce the cabinet of Berlin to attempt to reduce and to break the political power of the Diet; but, fortunately, Austria will, on the like grounds, strive to uphold its influence and stability.

"Hence it is, that the writer pretends to infer that the independence of the smaller German states cannot be guaranteed, either by Prussia or Austria, and that the guarantee of some great foreign power must be welcome to the Diet. It is, however, difficult to persuade one's-self that this conclusion is actually drawn in this manner. In each of the two great German powers lies the guarantee against the subjugation of the weaker states by the other—therefore, the guarantee of a third foreign power is necessary! England, we are then told, from its insular position, and as a merely naval power, is not adapted for this purpose, consequently there is no other choice but between France and Russia.

"Assuredly, as for England, she would decline the protectorate of Germany. The connection with Hanover has already given cause sufficient for discontent to the nation, and for vexation to the first, second, and third George. England's policy is purely national, or, if you please, selfish—and what policy is not? The German liberals would egregiously deceive themselves if they imagined that England would raise a finger for the preservation of their constitutions. England is no further interested in the matter than in so far as it could not be doubtful, in case of a war of principles, which party the people of the con-

stitutional states would espouse. But even then, the policy of England consists in avoiding such a war. As to the independence of individual states of the Germanic Confederation, England is interested only in a limited degree—in regard, for instance, to the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser. Again, it is a general interest of England's that the German states should not fall under the supremacy, mediate or immediate, of any foreign power; that all Germany should be upheld, without caring much within what limits or in what number of separate states. But, in the interior, indeed in the greater part of Germany, there is no confidence, no cordiality towards England; and it will not be otherwise, friendly political relations will not take place between England and Germany, till England has purified her commercial system and made an arrangement with the German states founded on just principles of reciprocity. After long hesitation, such an arrangement on the part of England will appear, not as some heated declaimers in the states of the Union (*Vereinstaaten*) imagine—as the compulsory result of necessity, but as so completely grounded in the interest of England, that in Germany the proffered hand will be still eagerly grasped, though not with warm-heartedness as that of a friend.

"As a matter of course, the Germans will not solicit a French guarantee of their Confederation any more than a Russian." The anonymous writer has certainly enumerated abundance of services rendered by Russia to German independence. Were we to admit them all without any question, the necessity of a Russian protectorate would by no means follow. It would be superfluous to waste further words on the subject, were not the Germans charged with ingratitude—"the most despicable ingratitude." This accusation demands a brief reply. The author goes back to the time of Catherine the Great and her 'guarantee of the peace of Westphalia.' Was the way in which she supported the Bavarian plan of exchange in the spirit of the peace of Westphalia? It is declared to have been an unprecedented, incomprehensible blindness in the German electors not to have thrown themselves at once, in 1790, into the arms of Russia, as one of them (the Elector of Treves) did in the following year. Do people, then, take the Germans for children, or for imbecile old men who have lost their memory, that they talk to them of such things in such a tone? Are, then, the works of those times annihilated? Are the documents and the facts swept away together? The truth is, that the peace of Westphalia was, as usual, renewed and confirmed at the peace of Teschen, in 1799. Russia guaranteed the peace of Teschen before the emperor and empire acceded to it, and without her guarantee being solicited. Upon this was founded the claim of the Russian cabinet to interfere thenceforward in the affairs of the empire. Was it any wonder if the Germans recoiled from such a foreign interference? But Rus-

sia guaranteed the Polish constitution just as well as the peace of Westphalia. Not Russia's enemies—no, the Russian cabinet itself, drew the parallel in the manifesto of May 18, 1792:—

"C'est ainsi qu'ils ont eu la perfide adresse d'interpréter l'acte par lequel la Russie garantit la constitution légitime de cette nation, comme un joug onéreux et avilissant, tandis que les plus grands empires, et entr'autres celui de l'Allemagne, loin de rejeter cette sorte de garantie, les ont envisagées, recherchées, et reçues, comme le ciment le plus solide de leurs propriétés et de leur indépendance."

We shall not follow Dr. Wurm through his further strictures on the policy of Russia, but merely quote his concluding remarks:—"A state which cannot subsist without foreign guarantee is lost. A nation that cannot preserve its independence without foreign guarantee deserves it not. The German Confederation needs no foreign guarantee, so long as the two great powers are true to the Confederation, the princes to their people, and the people to themselves. In the contrary case, no guarantee can save them."

* * To the inquiry of a correspondent at Hull, the Reviewer of Rossellini's work makes the following reply:—"The argument of Sir William Drummond, that the chemists of Egypt (from the names of which, Cham and Chemia, the names of chemistry and alchemy are derived) had the art of retaining gold in a liquified state, is inferential but fair. Moses possessed the art, as appears from Exodus xxxii. 20, where he is described (and the original Hebrew is more express upon the subject than our translation) as fusing gold, making it portable and causing the Jews to drink of it. This modern chemistry cannot do. Now if Moses possessed the art, the fair inference is, that the Egyptian chemists possessed it too; inasmuch as Moses was an Egyptian by birth, though a Jew by faith;—and inasmuch as he was educated under the sanction of an Egyptian Pharaoh, who united the character of Pontiff, presiding over all the Egyptian and scientific and sacred orders of *Sophoi*, with that of king. He is moreover recorded to have been versed in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" and, finally, a profane authority, viz. Manetho, expressly says, that the Moses who led forth the 2000 leprous Jews out of Egypt was brought up as an Egyptian priest, and was in fact, a *Hierogrammateus*, or sacred scribe, of Heliopolis. The inferential allegation is thus fairly made out.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

NO. XXXIII.

FRANCE.

THE Royal Library at Paris consists of four departments:—1. Printed Books; 2. Manuscripts; 3. Antiques; and 4. Prints, Maps, and Plans. Of the first division, more numerous than all the others put together, there is yet no complete catalogue, though the books are tolerably well arranged according to classes; and a period of four years is required for preparing one. The printed books, which in the general catalogue are confusedly intermixed with the manuscripts, amounted, in 1791, to 153,000 volumes; their number is now nearly doubled, being 351,000. Of others there are special catalogues; and of many the titles are no where specified. These two latter classes include full 150,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets, about 100,000 in number, which are arranged in 7000 portfolios. The typographical rarities, editions of the 15th century, editions on vellum, and other scarce works, with manuscript notes, are at present wholly withdrawn from the public view, and deposited unarranged in a damp place. A catalogue of the editions on vellum was drawn up by Van Praet, and printed at his own expense. Of the editions of the 15th century, there exists no catalogue; neither is there any for the editions of Aldus, Etienne (Stephanus), and Elzevir. There is a tolerably good catalogue of the almost complete and highly valuable collection of Dutch plays, and also for the collection of dramas connected with the history of the Revolution. For the three following classes there is yet no catalogue: 1. The books printed in France which have been deposited here in the way of the *Depôt Legal*, chiefly since 1816; 2. A great portion of those books which have been added to the library by donations and bequests; 3. Many confiscated books, and such as formerly belonged to monastic libraries and emigrants. It may be assumed that, under these heads, at least forty or fifty thousand works are still unspecified; a large proportion of these are theological works. Since

the year 1791, neither a single work on law or divinity, nor a single novel, has been inserted in the catalogue. The deficiencies of this department of the Royal Library call more especially for the procuring of new books, the binding and completion of defective works, and the replacing of such as are totally lost. The number of stitched books amounts to 145,995 volumes; and 80,312 urgently require new binding. The expense of binding the latter is estimated at 150,000 francs, and the former, at 250,000. The incomplete works are not yet inserted in the catalogue beyond the third letter of the alphabet; taking the usual average of each letter, we may calculate the incomplete works at 4,248, consisting of about 23,000 volumes, of which we may assume at least 11,500 to be wanting. Among the works which this library has never possessed, we need only mention the translation of Strabo, to show what important chasms yet remain to be filled up under this head. In foreign literature these chasms are particularly conspicuous. When, in 1811, Napoleon, with the Empress Marie Louise, inspected the library, he was astonished at the great deficiencies which were pointed out to him, and promised to furnish it with a fund of a million of francs to supply those deficiencies. Towards this sum 130,000 francs were actually paid: the reverses of the succeeding years rendered it impossible for the Emperor to fulfil his intentions in regard to the remainder.

The department of manuscripts consists of four sections: Greek, Latin, Oriental, and manuscripts in modern languages, especially French. The first section has a complete catalogue; that of the second is defective; and the two latter have no catalogue at all. The number of manuscripts that need binding is calculated at 10,000. Among the Indian manuscripts are two imperfect copies of the Ramayana, and but one, likewise defective, of the Mahabharat. Of the Chinese books a catalogue is preparing.

The library possesses a rich collection of

the later medals, comprehending more than 10,000. This collection was completely arranged in 1833. Three thousand of them present a series of celebrated personages, arranged chronologically, according to the countries to which they belong. The 7000 others form an historical series of the states of Europe, great and small, likewise arranged chronologically. It is hoped that the classification of the French and other modern European coins will be completed in the course of next year. The loss sustained by the cabinet of antiques is still painfully remembered. Accident has, however, led to the recovery of some of the gold coins stolen in 1831. The cover of the golden goblet of Rennes, the seal of Louis XIV., the medal of Napoleon's coronation, and many other valuable articles, have also been recovered. According to a statement given in a French journal the total number of coins and medals stolen, amounted to 3,889; of these 1136 have been recovered, so that 2763 are lost.

The geographical collection of the library is very far behind the other departments. It is yet in want of the most important foreign maps; though it is said that it would require no more than from 12,000 to 15,000 francs to supply the principal deficiencies under this head.

A fire which occurred at Paris on the 12th of December, in the workshops of Perrotet and Monniet, bookbinders, in the Rue du Pot de Fer, has made great destruction of literary property belonging to various booksellers, who had ware-rooms in the same building. Of the "Archives curieuses de l'Histoire de France, par Cimber et Danjou," alone, 7,400 volumes were burned, together with the whole impression of the 7th volume, which was to have been published in a few days, by Beauvais, senior; who has also lost Galisset's collection of the Laws for the years 1832 and 1833, and two historical works on the 16th century, by Victor Boreau. The loss sustained by the house of Paulin is not less considerable; it includes 500 copies of the "Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution Française," by Buchez and Roux, in 21 volumes, including the whole edition of the 22d, which would speedily have been published; besides the whole edition of the first three volumes of Torenó's "Histoire de la Guerre d'Espagne;" the translation of Ritter's Geography; "Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques," by Libri, &c. Ladvocat lost 600 copies of the translation of General Colleta's "History of Naples," and 1500 copies of one volume of Memoirs of the Prince of the Peace; Mame, the "Histoire du 16me Siècle, par le Bibliophile Jacob," and a new edition of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, in 12 volumes; Aimé André, Malte Brun's Geography; Ambroise Dupont, the whole impression of Edgar Quinet's heroic poem, "Napoleon," which was to have appeared on the following Monday, and of which report spoke most favorably; the third volume of the Memoirs of Fleury the actor, and 6000 volumes of novels. Dumont also

lost 15,000 volumes of novels, besides "Scènes de la Vie Castillane," by the Duchess of Abrantes, which was to have been published the day following; the house of Gosselin, Furne, and Perrotin, 50,000 volumes of translations from Walter Scott and Cooper. Many other houses, and among them Bossange and Co., who had a stereotype foundry in the same premises, have been considerable sufferers. The first volume of a new work of fiction, by Jules Janin, "Les Chemins de Traverse," which had been eagerly expected, Tocqueville and Beaumont's works on America, the Pandects, by Isambert, and several whole years of some periodicals, are also included in the destructive effects of this accident. The loss in books alone is estimated at the sum of three millions of francs, or 125,000*l*.

The minister of public instruction has presented to the king the first volumes of the great collection of unpublished documents for the History of France, for which the Chambers voted a sum of money in the budgets of 1835 and 1836. The works completed are:—1. "Negociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.," 2 vols. par Mignet; 2. "Memoirs relatifs au même sujet," par Devault, revus par Pelet; 3. Journal des Etats généraux de France, tenus à Tours, 1484," par Masselin, publ. par Bernier.

A work attributed to the late Emperor Napoleon has just appeared, with the title of "Précis de Guerres de César." It professes to have been dictated by the Emperor, at St. Helena, to M. Marchand, and several unpublished fragments by Napoleon are attached to it.

From a letter we have just received from Paris, we learn that the old Breton poems, stated in our last to have been discovered by M. de la Villemerqué, are the poems of Gwinglaf, and that the manuscript is the same which was described in the preface to the Breton Dictionary of D. Lepelletier, concerning the antiquity and genuineness of whose contents much doubt has been expressed by different antiquaries and philologists. Our correspondent, who is acquainted with M. de Villemerqué, informs us that the manuscript is again lost—"que ce manuscrit a été aussitôt reperdu que retrouvé."

We have received the first part of the catalogue of the books of the late Mr. Heber, which are for sale at Paris, and which were to be sold by M. Silvestre on the successive days from the 15th of March to the 16th of April. The chief curiosities which it contains are a few early-printed French books. At the late sale in London, Mr. Heber's manuscripts fetched very high prices. The early French and Norman manuscripts were chiefly bought by Sir Thomas Phillips. A few manuscripts were carried away into France, among which were *The Lamentations of the Abbot Gillon le Musit*, a curious and

unique early French poem; a vellum manuscript of the Alexandroid of Philip Gualter; the magnificent and extraordinary *Cancionera* of Juan Alfonso de Baena; the *Roman de Palamon et Arcite*, which is supposed to have been the original of Chaucer's tale. The manuscript of the Flemish *Reynaert de Vos* will return to its own country; it was bought by the Belgian ambassador, M. Van de Weyer, for 131l. 5s. The *Roman de Mont-Saint-Michel*, a manuscript which has been long sought by the French antiquarians, and which was bought by the British Museum, will shortly be published at Paris, under the editorial care of Messrs. Thomas Wright and Francisque Michel.

The *Société de l'Histoire de France* has published its first volume, an extremely handsome octavo, containing an early history of the Expeditions of the Normans in Italy and Sicily, written originally in Latin by Amatus, a monk of Monte Cassino, who lived contemporary with the events he relates, and the Chronicle of the deeds of Robert Viscart, which the editor, M. Champollion-Figeac, attributes to the same writer. They only now exist in an early, and, for the language, from its locality, very curious French version, contained in the unique manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, from which he has printed them. They are there embodied in a large general chronicle from the beginning of the world. They are admirably edited by M. Champollion-Figeac, with learned and profound prolegomena, and the volume is altogether a credit to its editor and to the society which has published it. Their next volume is announced to be an edition of the History of Gregory of Tours, a translation of which will also be published separately.

Techener, of Paris, has reprinted the edition of the early romance of *Berte aux grands pieds*, by M. Paulin, Paris, which is an elegant companion to the *Garin le Loherrain*, by the same editor. We are informed that the French government, which has lately been very emulous of patronizing literature, has had some communications with M. Francisque Michel, on the subject of a complete collection of the romances of the Carlovingian cycle, to be edited by him. This would, indeed, be a grand undertaking.

The third and fourth volumes of the philosophical *History of France*, by Michelet, will appear during the summer. We learn that the fifth and sixth volumes, which will complete the work, are in a state of forwardness.

At Saint-Omer there has lately arisen a serious dispute on the subject of the siege of Calais in the reign of Edward III. of England, and the history of Eustace de Saint-Pierre. We believe it has even been a subject of bitter contention in the newspapers. The *Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie* offered a

gold medal for the best dissertation on the subject, and two were presented, each taking a different view of the question. At the sitting of the fourth of December, 1835, the secretary read an "opinion," in which he advocated that party which viewed the circumstance of Eustace's devotion as an established fact, and naturally recommended the dissertation which favored that opinion; but the Society, by a majority of 14 to 11, gave the medal to the other candidate, with a reserve that "the talent of its author only was crowned, and that no opinion on the question should be attributed to the Society."

Anquetil's "*Histoire de France*," continued from the Revolution of 1789 to that of 1833, by M. Leonard Gallois, is publishing in parts; a part of the History and a part of the Continuation being delivered alternately. The whole will consist of from 55 to 60 parts, forming 16 volumes 8vo.; 9 containing Anquetil's work, and 7 the continuation.

The first part of Charles Lenormant's great work, "*Musée des Antiquités Egyptiennes*," is published. It is to be completed in twelve parts.

Messrs. Didot, of Paris, will soon commence the publication of Jacquemont's "*Voyage de l'Inde*," in 4 folio volumes, containing 300 plates, under the superintendence of the minister Guizot.

Champollion's "*Monumens de l'Egypte et de la Nubie*," the first two livraisons of which are reviewed in our present number, will extend to 4 vols. folio, with 400 plates, some of which will be colored. The price will be about 500 francs.

Of the "*Voyage pittoresque et historique du Bresil, depuis 1816 jusqu'en 1831*," by M. Debret, professor of painting in the Academy of Rio de Janeiro, the first volume is finished, and the second in progress. It will form, when complete, 3 folio volumes. Each livraison contains 6 plates, with descriptive text.

M. Thibaudeau's great work, "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*," is now completed, in ten octavo volumes. We purpose to take due notice of it in an early number of this Review.

M. Monin, professor of history at the College of Lyons, has found among the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, the Chronicles of Jean Lebel, a manuscript which has long been supposed to be lost, and intends to publish a pamphlet on the subject of this discovery.

"*Scènes de la Vie Hollandaise et Belge*," by Alphonse Boyer and Roger de Beauvoir, are in the press, in two vols. 12mo.

It is well known that Chateaubriand is at present engaged in a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In January last, one of the numbers of the "*Revue des deux Mondes*," contained a fragment of the Introduction, in which the author expresses his opinions of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and furnishes evidence of his ability as a critic.

M. de Chateaubriand has at length consented to publish his *Memoirs* during his life. They are to occupy sixteen vols. 8vo., and to appear in *livraisons* of two or three vols. at a time. In their publication chronological order will not be observed. Thus the ministry of 1822, and the war in Spain will appear first. The author is to receive for the copy-right 150,000 francs; 12,000 francs per annum till the work is completed; and an annuity of 25,000 francs for his own life and that of his wife, from the year 1839.

Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, has in the press the first two volumes of his *Memoirs*, which will be completed in six vols. 8vo. If he chooses to speak out, the prince certainly has it in his power to furnish many interesting particulars not yet known, especially concerning the celebrated 18th Brumaire.

Scribe, the dramatic writer, has been elected a member of the French Academy, in the place of the deceased M. Arnault.

The first volume of the "*Histoire de la Réformation du seizième siècle*," by Merle d'Aubigné, just published by F. Didot, is a work advantageously distinguished from many others of its kind, by clear arrangement, and an endeavor to penetrate into the true spirit of that age.

A new weekly paper, on the plan of the English *Court Journal*, is about to appear at Paris under the title of "*La Renaissance*." It will be published in a very sumptuous style, and is produced under the patronage of the government, who have contributed pecuniary aid towards its appearance.

A curious work for the history of Middle Age literature has been just published at Paris, an edition of the *Ancient Catalogue of the Manuscript Library of the Louvre*, made in 1373, with historical and critical notes. What is very singular, it contains no less than two copies of the extraordinary *roman of Eustace the Monk*, both different from the now unique copy from which M. Francisque Michel has published his edition. This shows that that poem must have been once very popular.

The valuable library of the late M. Reina, of Milan, is advertised for sale at Paris, from 27 April to 17 May, 1836, by M. Silvestre. We have just received a copy of the catalogue, which contains most valuable early

Italian books, with early editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, particularly Aldines, and a few manuscripts. There are also many valuable Spanish and French works. The catalogue contains 1900 articles.

M. de Balzac is preparing "*Les Vendéens, tableau des Guerres civiles au 19e siècle*," in 2 vols. 18mo.

M. Cauchois Lemaire is making preparations for the publication of a new periodical work, entitled "*Le Progrès*."

Two new English newspapers have just been established in Paris, the "*London and Paris Courier*," and the "*Paris Herald*." The latter contains some columns in French, and is much approved for its commercial intelligence.

The attention of the Foreign Translation Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel has lately been directed to the state of the French versions of the Scriptures, and the importance of procuring or adopting a standard version in that language. From a communication made by the Bishop of Winchester to the Committee, it appears that no fewer than four different versions are indiscriminately used in the Channel Islands, and that there are altogether at least six distinct versions in use among the French Protestants, a circumstance which occasions much confusion in their churches, schools, and families. His lordship recommends, as a remedy for this inconvenience, that the Committee should publish a new or thoroughly revised edition of the Holy Scriptures in French, taking for the basis the Paris edition of Martin's translation, which approaches nearest to the English version. This recommendation has been adopted, and the Committee are taking measures to carry it into effect. With regard to the Liturgy, the Bishop is of opinion that the French version now in use in the churches of the Channel Islands may be safely adopted by the Society, subject to certain corrections; the portions of Scripture hereafter to be taken from the proposed new version of the Society.

GERMANY.

The tendency of the works of the writers assuming the distinctive appellation of "*Das junge Deutschland*," or "*Die junge Litteratur*," has been denounced by a resolution of the Germanic Diet, as directed "undisguisedly to attack the Christian religion, to degrade all existing social relations, and to overthrow morality and decency." On these grounds the confederated governments engage to use all the means in their power for the suppression of all works proceeding from this school; "to which belong more particularly Heinrich Heine, Karl Gutzkow, Heinrich Laube, Ludolph Wienbarg, and Theodor Mundt," and for the prosecution of the authors, publishers, printers, and circula-

tors of such works. In consequence of this measure, Gutzkow himself has been brought before the tribunal at Mannheim, charged with an attack on the established religion of the grand-duchy of Baden, and sentenced to an imprisonment of ten weeks, reckoning from the day of his apprehension, and payment of one-third of the costs. The works of the writers named above are of course now prohibited in all the States composing the Germanic confederation. Besides these, the two following works have been declared confiscated in Saxony:—"Die Revolution, ein historisch-romantisches Sitten-gemälde der neuen Zeit," by August Schäfer, 2 vols; and "Das Manifest der Vernunft," by Fr. Clemens; and the Bavarian government has prohibited "Fieschi," by Ernst Ortlepp; and the work of Clemens just mentioned.

Ludwig Bechstein, whose fondness for the ancient traditions of Germany has been shown in other publications, is engaged in collecting the Traditions of Thuringia—"Die Sagenschatz und die Sagenkreise des Thüringer Landes," the first volume of which is published.

Brockhaus of Leipsic has commenced, with 1836, a weekly publication, with the title of "Allgemeine Bibliographie für Deutschland," which will furnish as complete a view as can be given of the books published in Germany, with notices of such as are in preparation, and miscellaneous intelligence, literary and bibliographic.

The second volume of G. G. Gervinus' "Geschichte der poetischen National Litteratur der Deutschen," which embraces the period between the end of the 13th century and the Reformation, has appeared. The third and concluding volume will be published in the course of the present year.

Dr. Herman Ulrici of Berlin has published the first volume of his History of Grecian Poetry, "Geschichte der Hellenischen Dichtkunst," in the form of Lectures.

F. H. von der Hagen has commenced a collection of Eastern Tales, translated from the Persian, Turkish, and Arabic, by various hands, under the title of "Tausend und Ein Tag." The first volume is published.

Weber, of Bonn, has in the press, "Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen," by Fr. Diez, a work which promises to furnish as complete a view of all the languages derived from the Latin, that is to say, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Provençal, and Wallachian, as Grimm's well-known work has given of the languages of the German origin.

M. Spazier, who has for a year past conducted the *Revue du Nord* at Paris, is engaged upon a work exhibiting a picture of

the present state of literature in France, with the title of "Lebens und Litteraturbilder aus Frankreich."

Professor Fallmerayer has published an investigation of the Origin of the modern Greeks, read before the Bavarian Academy of Sciences. In this work he enters more deeply into the question concerning the influence exercised by the occupation of Greece by the Slavonians, upon the fate of the city of Athens and the country of Attica, than he had previously done in the first volume of his "History of the Morea during the Middle Ages."

A third volume of Prince Pückler-Muskau's Travels, published with the title of "Vorletzter Weltgang, von Semilasso," has just appeared. It contains a narrative of his travels through the Pyrenees and the South of France, till his embarkation for Africa. Another volume, by the same author, which he calls "Jugendwanderungen," was published at the same time with the above-mentioned work. It consists of reminiscences, extracts from diaries, and travelling observations made in earlier life.

Hammerich of Altona is publishing a "Staats-Lexicon," or Encyclopædia of all the Political Sciences, edited by C. von Rotteck and C. von Welcker. It numbers among its contributors many highly respectable names in German literature. Seven parts have appeared.

Frederick Fleischer of Leipzig, encouraged by the success which his reprint of Bulwer's works met with, has announced a very cheap and handsome edition (in English) of Captain Marryat's works; and Vieweg of Brunswick had, shortly before his death, commenced a German translation of them.

Luden's "Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes" has proceeded to the tenth volume, which is just published, and contains the history of Germany under Lothair the Saxon, and the first Hohenstauffens, Conrad III. and Frederick I.

Ferdinand Wolf of Vienna, in conjunction with Stephen Endlicher, has reprinted a very curious early German metrical history of Friar Rush, that singular personage of middle age superstition, which they have dedicated to the brothers Grimm, and to our countryman Mr. W. J. Thoms, the accomplished editor of the "Early English Prose Romances" and of the "Lays and Legends" of all nations. We believe that Mr. Thoms first pointed out the existence of an early German poem on this subject, a copy of which he accidentally met with in England. Several copies of other editions were afterwards found in Germany. Only fifty copies of this curious book have been printed. It is accompanied by a learned introduction.

A very interesting and well-conducted periodical, or rather as we once heard a somewhat similar undertaking styled at Cambridge, occasional publication, was commenced last year at Leipzig, under the title of "*Altdeutsche Blätter*," devoted to the early literature and language of Germany, and edited by Maurice Haupt and Henry Hoffman. Three parts are to be published every year. We have yet seen only two; the third was advertised for publication towards the end of 1835.

The subscription opened for the erection of a monument at Mentz, in commemoration of Gensfleisch, or Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, amounts to about 15,500 florins; the total expense is estimated at 17,000 or 18,000, and the city of Mentz has engaged to supply the deficiency in case further contributions should not be received. The model was furnished by Thorwaldsen; and it will be cast in bronze by Crozatier of Paris, who undertook the work upon condition that he should only be repaid his own expenses. It is expected that it will be erected in the month of August or September next, and opened with musical entertainments and other festivities.

The well-known bookseller and printer, Karl Chr. Traug. Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, died suddenly of apoplexy, in the night of the 13th of January. He was born in 1761, at Grossparthau, near Grimma, and was bred a printer. At the age of thirty-five he commenced business on his own account with a single press; his establishment soon became very extensive; in 1800 he united with it a letter-foundry and the bookselling business. Sixteen years afterwards, he established a stereotype foundry on Lord Stanhope's principles, and thus introduced into Germany an art that was then scarcely known there by name. This undertaking had an important influence upon the other branches of his trade, and especially upon the collection of classic authors begun by him in 1808, and his editions of the Bible. He was most indefatigable in improving and perfecting whatever he took in hand, for which object he spared no cost—as all the works which he produced and his specimens of types sufficiently attest. Such a collection as his new oriental types for instance exhibit, can scarcely be matched in Germany. It was he too who first attempted to stereotype music. With this indefatigable and enterprising spirit in trade he combined that of active and extensive beneficence.

NORWAY.

Christiania, in Norway, numbers at present six booksellers and eleven printing-offices, which are almost exclusively employed upon school-books, periodicals, and pamphlets. Two Penny Magazines, which are published weekly, and chiefly consist of translations from similar German works, have a more exten-

sive circulation than any other periodicals, the number of which has not increased during the last three years. The "*Norwegian Morgenblatt*," continues to be the favorite newspaper; but it has been lately prohibited in the Danish dominions though no decrease has been perceived in its sale, on account of an article on the Danish provincial states, which involved the proprietors in a suit instituted by the Danish ambassador at Stockholm, that ended, however, in their complete acquittal. The "*Collections for the History of the People and Language of Norway*," a work which appears in quarterly numbers, and has powerfully tended to promote archaeological studies, is carried on with zeal and activity. Justitiary Berg, Captain Munthe, and Professor Lunth, are the principal contributors to this learned publication. It is a remarkable circumstance that at the end of 1834 the first Bible printed in Norway was produced, with considerable typographical elegance, by Gröndhal, of Christiania.

RUSSIA.

In the imperial public library of Petersburg there are more than 6000 manuscript and hitherto unpublished documents for the history of France. Among these there are 255 papers and original letters of kings, queens, and princes, from St. Louis to Louis XIV. in three volumes; a collection of letters and original papers by Henry II. and Francis II., and 144 by celebrated persons between the years 1477 and 1497, principally addressed to Louis XI. and Charles VIII.; 205, mostly autograph, letters from Catherine de Medici, 62 of which are to her son Charles IX., 42 to Henry III., 59 to Marshal Villeroi; letters and despatches from Catherine de Medici, as regent of France, to Count de Cizy, her ambassador at Constance; 137 letters, sketches and instructions by the hand of Charles IX., in two volumes; 46 letters from the dauphin Francis, 1566—1586; 80 letters and other papers by Marshal de Monluc, 1563—1670; 200 original state papers of the years 1561—1688; 353 autograph letters of Henry III., 64 to the queen, his mother, and his brother, Charles IX., 87 from Francis, duke of Alençon, the last prince of the house of Valois; 48 original letters of the Montmorencies, three of which are from the constable and 14 from the marshal; 250 autograph letters of the kings and princes of Navarre and Bourbon, 32 of which are by Margaret, consort of Henry IV.; more than 600 manuscript and mostly original papers and letters by Henry IV., together with upwards of 300 original despatches to his ambassadors in Rome, London and Venice; upwards of 300 original letters and papers by Louis XIII., together with the despatches of his ambassadors and statesmen, especially Colbert, Richelieu, Mazarin, &c.; more than 2000 state-papers, reports, and letters from ambassadors, ministers and the most eminent contemporary literati and artists, addressed to the Chancellor Seguier;

and, lastly, papers by various literary men, which were deposited in the archives of the Bastille, among which are several from the hand of J. J. Rousseau, and 86 autograph letters, poems, &c. by Voltaire. Besides the above, this valuable collection contains other important materials for French history alone too numerous to be specified in the limits of our brief notice. Add to these a very great number of original letters and state-papers by sovereigns and ministers of Portugal, Spain, England, and Scotland, (among them seven by Mary Stuart,) Savoy, Italy, (from Rome alone 93 original bulls and briefs since the 11th century,) Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Poland and Turkey, and it must be allowed that Petersburg possesses a store of historical documents hitherto untouched, nay almost unknown, that can scarcely be matched in any other country.

The privy councillor von Köhler has lately had printed at the press of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, a splendid work in 4to. intitled "Illustrations of a Memoir addressed by P. P. Rubens to N. C. Fabri de Peiresc." This memoir is dated Antwerp, August 3, 1623. Peiresc had sent some gems to Rubens, who took a lively interest in every thing that related to ancient art; upon which the painter replied that he could not explain to his satisfaction the engraving upon one of them. The gem itself disappeared in the course of time, and nothing was left of it but the drawing which Rubens made and inclosed in his letter. The original of the latter is now in the royal collection of engravings at Paris, and bound up with the drawing at the beginning of the first volume of the "Œuvres de Rubens." M. von Köhler has been induced by the figure of the bell or vase-shaped symbol on the gem in question, to have representations of a series of gems and amulets, on which similar symbols occur, and the origin of which is ascribed to the Gnostics and Basilidians, drawn and engraved. Only two of them had been previously engraved and very few described. Almost all these stones are hæmatites, and nearly all have upon the reverse the same mythical inscription. In M. von Köhler's opinion the bell-shaped vessel which is found upon the gems sometimes by itself, at others surrounded by figures of Egyptian deities, is a representation of one of the buckets (*περὶ*) belonging to the Egyptian wheels for raising water to irrigate the land; and these gems appear to have been amulets for averting dangerous diseases, &c., to which the never-failing adjuration on the reverse bears reference. The author considers the stone which puzzled Rubens as spurious, and as a deception of Chaduc's, who is mentioned by him in his letter.

A Russian translation of Ancillon's "Tableaux des Révolutions du Système Politique de l'Europe," is in preparation.

SPAIN.

The Royal Library at Madrid now contains about 150,000 volumes, and, through the activity and judicious management of the new librarian Patino, who was appointed to that office in August last, it has been rendered much more accessible to the public by better regulations, a complete catalogue, &c. New books are also procured from abroad, after a suspension of all intercourse with foreign countries for above thirty years. At the suggestion of M. Patino, the archives of Don L. Salazar de Castro, formerly kept in the dissolved convent of Montserrat in Madrid, have been deposited in one of the rooms containing the MSS. of the royal library. The beautiful collection of coins which, though it does not comprehend 146,000 pieces, as Gonzalez, the librarian, assured the late King Ferdinand VII. in an address to that monarch, is yet one of the most copious and complete in Europe, but had latterly been suffered to get into extreme confusion, has during the last half-year been newly arranged by de Quevedo. It consists of 90,227 coins; 2672 of which are of gold, 30,872 of silver, 51,186 of copper, 366 of lead, 50 of wood; 835 casts in wax, and 4386 in plaster.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Mrs. Davids has completed a French translation of the excellent Turkish Grammar by her lamented and highly-gifted son, Arthur Lumley Davids. When we consider the wide diffusion of the French language, and the utility of the Turkish to the diplomatist, the merchant, and the scholar, we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction that Mrs. Davids has been induced to translate the work. The King of the French has been pleased to follow in the steps of the present enlightened Sultan of the Osmanlis, in graciously permitting the French edition to be dedicated to him. We have no doubt that the admirable preliminary Discourse will awaken considerable interest among the Orientalists of the continent.

Pabst, of Darmstadt, has published in 8vo. "Die Chinesische Sprache in ihren Rechten als Sprache," or, the Chinese Language in its general Formation compared with that of some other Languages of different Nations, by E. Rautenberg.

A volume by Julius Fürst has just appeared at Leipzig with the title of "Perlenschnüre aramäischer Gnomen und Lieder," or Aramæic Chrestomathie, with explanations and a glossary; which forms at once a useful exercise book for the scholar, an interesting work for the lovers of oriental poetry, and an important assistant to the promoters of Sanscrit-Semitic studies.

Mr. F. Nies, type-founder and printer of

Leipzig, in order to remedy the inconvenience felt by all persons engaged in works in which hieroglyphics occur, and which has hitherto compelled them to resort to the assistance of the engraver or wood-cutter, has had a series cut from the best models on steel, and cast them as types, with the greatest success.—They will be employed in a work which he is at present printing.

The last Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for the year 1835, contains an interesting Report of the Foreign Translation Committee. One of the first objects of this Committee, on its appointment, was the state of the Oriental versions of the Scriptures,—especially in those languages which are spoken in the British dominions in India. Its inquiries were assisted by H. H. Wilson, Esq., Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, who enumerates thirty-seven versions of the whole, or of portions, of the Bible, which have been accomplished, and fifteen which are in progress.—At the head of the Bengal versions the Professor places the Sanscrit. When the present version was undertaken, the language had been but little studied, and no standard compositions in it had been printed. The translation is therefore necessarily defective in point of style, and, though generally faithful, it is such as no native scholar could read with pleasure. He therefore considers it very desirable that a new Sanscrit version should be undertaken, not only on account of the extensive circulation which might be expected, in consequence of its being intelligible to Sanscrit scholars from one end of India to the other, but because it might be made a common standard to all the vernacular dialects of the country for abstract and doctrinal terms. He observes that most, if not all, the current forms

of speech in India are dependent upon Sanscrit for words to express metaphysical ideas; and that, if they had a fixed source from which to derive them equally available to all, a uniform phraseology would be established in India, as it has been in Europe. The Committee have authorized the Bishop of Calcutta and the Principal of Bishops' College to take such measures as they may deem proper for effecting a new version of the Holy Scriptures into Sanscrit, upon the principles recommended by Professor Wilson. The other Indian versions which have been recommended by the Professor, and to which the Committee have directed their attention, are Bengali, Uriya, Hinduwi, and Hindustani, for Upper India; Mahratta and Guzeratti, for the West; and Tamul and Telugu, with Kanara and Malayalam, for the South. Some of the versions are expected to require but little improvement to make them suitable for the purposes of the Society. The Committee have also empowered the Bishop and the Principal of Bishops' College to proceed with such Oriental versions of the Liturgy as they may deem requisite upon the principles laid down in Professor Wilson's Report.

A new Arabic version of the Liturgy made at Malta by a learned native of Bagdad, under the inspection of the Rev. C. F. Schliez, is in a state of forwardness; but its completion is delayed owing to the absence of the native translator, who has been engaged to accompany Colonel Chesney's expedition to the Euphrates.

A modern Greek version of the Liturgy is also in preparation. It will be executed by Professor Bambas and Mr. Nicolaides, under the superintendence of the Rev. H. D. Leves, whose knowledge of the language and Biblical learning peculiarly qualify him for such a duty.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM JANUARY TO MARCH, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

- Bibliotheca liturgica studio Pauli Carli. Vol. II. Fasc. I. 8vo.
 Filatete, Istituzioni di Teologia canonico-morale. Vol. I. 12mo.
 Marchetti, G., Critica della Storia ecclesiastica e de' Discorsi dell' Abate Claudio Fleury. 8vo.
 Summa Summae S. Thomae, sive Compendium theologiae r. patris Caroli Bennati Billiard. ord. fratrum praedicat. etc. 4 Vols. Fol.
 Knobel, A., Commentar über das Buch Koheleth. 8vo. 10s.
 Arndt, F., Der Man nach dem Herzen Gottes. Neunzehn Predigten über Davids Leben. 8vo. 5s.
 Klee, Dr. H., Katholische Dogmatik. 1ster Bd. 8vo. 8s.
 Arnheim, H., Das Buch Job, übersetzt und vollständig commentirt. 8vo. 8s.
 Auerbach, B., Das Judenthum und die neueste Literatur. 8vo. 3s.
 Mühlhoff, J. A., Predigten. 8vo. 5s.
 Bleek, Dr. F., Der Brief an die Hebräer. 2te Abtheilung. 8vo. 12s.
 Creaner, Dr. K., Einleitung in das neue Testament. 1ster Thl. 8vo. 12s.
 Tholuck, Dr. A., Kommentar zum Briefe an die Hebräer. 8vo. 9s.
 La Clé, Dr., De Jesu Christi instituendi methodo hominum ingenia excolente. 8vo. 10s.
 Collectio selecta SS. eccles. patr. compl. exquisitis. opera tum apol. et orator. accurant.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

- Naville, F. M. L., De la Charité legale, de ses effets, de ses causes, et specialement des maisons de travail et de la proscription de la Mendicité. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
 Sainte-Chapelle, Elémens de Legislation et d'Administration pour la paix et la guerre. 1re Livr. 8vo. 3s.

Kitka, J., Die Beweislehre im österreichischen Civil-Process. 8vo. 5s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

- Peyronny, Considerations politiques sur la Colonie d'Alger. 8vo. 4s.
 Blanchard, L'École des Moeurs. 2 Vols. 8vo. 5s.
 Saporta, L. de, Esprit politique et social du 19me Siècle. 1re Partie. 8vo.
 Robiano, Abbé Comte de, Philosophie théorique et pratique de la Littérature. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Giorgini, G., Elementi di Statica. 8vo.
 Genovesi, A., Logica e Metafisica. 8vo.
 Schmidt, Dr. E., Ueber Begriff und Möglichkeit der Philosophie. 8vo. 9s.
 Bülow, Fr., Der Staat und die Gemeinde und ihre Behörde. 8vo. 12s.

MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, AND CHEMISTRY.

- Robin, E., Chimie medicale raisonnée, d'après une nouvelle méthode. 8vo. 8s.
 Person, C. C., Elémens de Physique, à l'usage des élèves de Philosophie. 1re Partie. 8vo. 4s.
 Gouré, E., Elémens de Geometrie et de Trigonometrie. 8vo. 7s.
 Wolff, F., Die beschreibende Geometrie und ihre Anwendungen. 1ster Thl. 8vo. 16s.
 Littrow, J. J., Anleitung zur höheren Mathematik. Mit 4 Kupfertaf. 8vo. 10s.
 Gruithnisen, F. P., Neue Analekten, für Erd- und Himmels-Kunde. 2ten Bdes 2tes Heft. 8vo. 3s.
 Buchner, J. A., Lehrbuch der analytischen Chemie und Stöchiometrie. Mit 1 Kupf. 14s.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

- Savi, Paolo, Studii geologici sulla Toscana. 8vo.
 Römer, M., Handbuch der allgem. Botanik. 1ste Abthl. 1stes Heft. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Linnaei, C., Systema, Genera, et Species Plan-

- tar. Uno Volumine. Ed. H. E. Richter. Fasc. I. et II. 8vo. 10s.
 Froriep, Dr. L. F., Notizen aus dem Gebiete der Natur- und Heilkunde. 47ster Bd. 4to. 10s.
 Petermann, Dr. W., Handbuch der Gewächskunde zum Gebrauche bei Vorlesungen. 8vo. 18s.
 Link, Dr. H. F., Propyläen der Naturkunde. 1ster Thl. 8vo. 5s.
 Breithaup, A., Handbuch der Mineralogie. 1ster Bd. 8vo. 12.

MEDICAL SCIENCES.

- Soubéiran, E., Nouveau Traité de Pharmacie théorique et pratique. Tome I. 8vo. 8s.
 Devergie, A., Médecine légale, théorique et pratique, etc. Tome II. 1re Partie. 8vo.
 Teallier, P. J. S., Du Cancer de la Matrice. 8vo. 5s.
 Ollivier, A. F., Mémoire sur les Maladies inflammatoires, etc. 8vo. 2s.
 Riscica, C., Corso di Diritto e di Medicina legale. Vol. I. 8vo.
 Friedreich, Dr. B., Historisch-kritische Darstellung der Theorien über das Wesen der psychischen Krankheiten. 8vo. 10s.
 Funk, Dr. K. F. W., Handbuch der speciellen Pathologie und Therapie der gröss. nutzbaren Haussäugethiere. 1ster Bd. 8vo. 12s.
 Langer, Dr., Der Mensch im gesunden und kranken Lebenszustande. 8vo. 7s.
 Langenbeck, Dr. B., De retina observat. anatomico-pathologicae. 4to. 8s.
 Bönninghausen, Dr. C., Versuch über die Verwandtschaften der homöopathischen Arzneien. 8vo. 7s.
 Buchmüller, A., Handbuch der Chemie für angehende Thierärzte und Oekonomen. 8vo. 7s.
 Stromeyer, Dr. L., Ueber Paralyse der Inspirations-Muskeln. 8vo. 5s.
 Bleekrode, S., Commentatio de Homoeopathia. 8vo. 5s.
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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXIII.

FOR JULY, 1836.

ART. I.—1. *Vorletzer Weltgang von Semilasso—Traum und Wachen. Aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen.* 3 Bände. Stuttgart, 1835. (Travels in Germany and France. By Prince Pückler-Muskau.)

2. *Conversations-Lexicon der neuesten Zeit und Literatur*, 1833. Voce "Pückler-Muskau."

WHEN Prince Pückler-Muskau published his celebrated Tour, which, as our readers will recollect, was most severely and mercilessly attacked by two of our most respectable and influential journals, we thought it our duty to stand forward as the champions of the much-reviled tourist, and to expose the narrowness of those English prejudices which had smarted sore under the sweeping and uncompromising criticisms of a free-spoken foreigner. But our estimate of the German Prince and his Tour was by no means so high, or expressed in such unqualified terms of admiration, as that which appears to have been formed by many contemporary British and continental critics.* We have, since that period, imposed it on ourselves as a duty to keep a close watch over the literary proceedings of the German Prince, and we have now, especially since the perusal of his latest work,—the mystic title of which stands at the head of this article,—come to the conclusion that Prince Pückler-Muskau, so far from being a writer of whom Germany has reason to be proud, (as the author of the article in the *Conversations-Lexicon* seems to imagine,) is a vain

coxcomb, and a frivolous and superficial scribbler of silly sentimentalities, shallow witticisms, and gabbling gossip. This judgment may appear severe; but we hope, before concluding our present observations, to satisfy our readers, that, notwithstanding the undoubted merits of the Tour in England and Wales, such are and ought to be the terms in which the impartial critic feels himself called upon to characterize the author of "Tutti Frutti," and the "Penultimate World-walk of Semilasso." The fact of the matter is, that the "*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*" owed their celebrity in a great measure, though certainly not altogether, to extrinsic and accidental circumstances. In the first place, this work contained the tour of a Prince; in the second place it was the tour of a German prince; in the third place, it was not merely a tour, but a tour made the medium of throwing recklessly about certain theological opinions and speculations, whose novelty, in this country at least, was sufficient of itself to "excite a sensation;" in the fourth place, it was pregnant with gossip of persons in high places, and profusely studded over with those personal charades,—in the shape of Lord B——s and Lady C——s,—which never fail to stimulate the curiosity of even the most dull and apathetic reader; in the fifth place, it was patronized by Göthe; and, in the sixth place, it was, as before-mentioned, most recklessly and unjustly battered down by certain redoubted Aristarchs of periodical literature in this country, whose extravagant censure was with many a reason, *per se*, for no less extravagant eulogium. Four years have now passed away since Mrs. Austin's translation of the "*Briefe*"

* See our ninth volume, p. 290.

was given to the British public; and during that period the Silesian nobleman—ambitious, as it would seem, of literary, as he has already earned military honors—has delivered himself of five supplementary volumes, which, along with the previous four of the Tour, form a sufficiently well-furnished record from which to pronounce sentence on the intellectual and moral character of their author. We have made a patient survey of all the papers that compose this bulky record, and are grieved to express our opinion, that whatever merit of no vulgar kind they exhibit is more than neutralized by the superabundant infusion of vanity, frivolity, and affectation with which they are replete. The Prince, indeed, is a strange compound of an English coxcomb and a German *Bursch*. The qualities of mind which we have just enumerated seem borrowed from the former; add to these the girlish sentimentality, the dreamy imaginings, the wayward whimsicality, and the break-neck recklessness, of the latter, and you are in possession of all the ingredients out of which a Pückler-Muskau may be composed. We do not say that the author of the different works above enumerated is not possessed of qualities of mind, which might, under proper regulation, prove of great service either to the state of which he is a subject, or to the general republic of letters. He does not want imagination, he does not want feeling; but the one is under no control of a strong understanding, and the other is affected in its style and feminine in its tone. He is possessed of considerable general information; but that information is by no means a sound and solid description, and is composed, in a great measure, of such rags, (some of them purple rags to be sure, plucked from the robes of brother princes,) as a man of common abilities, who has employed a great part of his life in wandering idly from country to country, could scarcely fail to have collected. He is neither a man of science, nor a connoisseur in the arts; he can make, and frequently does make, such pertinent remarks on pictures and buildings as a man of common feeling and ideality, who has seen many cities and lounged through many picture-galleries, might be expected to make; pretensions of a higher order he has none. He does not want enterprise, and a certain rash boldness; but these qualities with him do not go beyond the state in which they are developed in the mind of a Jena student, big with the swelling desire, of “renowning.” To scale “*la Brèche de Roland*,” or the “*Pic du Midi*” in the Pyrenees, and Play fantastic tricks before the sun with Mademoiselle Reichard in an air-balloon, are enterprises which seem

sufficiently to gratify the appetite of his ambition, which is merely the ambition of impulse. In the year 1813 he was roused—as who with a German soul was not?—to take a share in the military deeds of glory that achieved his country’s liberty. There was something romantic and chivalrous in the “rising” of that time, with which his erratic spirit readily sympathized; and, to make it yet more romantic, we are informed in his biography that he signalized himself by a Quixotic duel with a Quixotic French colonel of Hussars, in which the Quixotic German came off victorious. Since that period, however, the Prince has not taken any active share in the public affairs of his country, either as a “*bureaucratist*” at home, or as a diplomatist abroad. He appears to be destitute of that solidity of character, and that manly ambition, which fit an individual for distinguishing himself in the public service; and seems to prefer coquetting with Welsh bar-maids, and pirouetting with dark-eyed rustic madonnas of the Pyrenees, to the rivalry of Stein and Hardenberg, as the coadjutor of “the first Reformer in Europe.” The only department of useful activity, in which he has steadily and perseveringly exerted himself, as that of landscape-gardening—and here, to do him justice, his merits are of a high order: here he shows that he can, when he pleases, forget his trifling frivolity and rambling superficiality, and become a serious professional man, instead of a mere gossiping *dilettante*. But the reader will probably agree with us, that the laying out and adornment of pleasure-grounds, however much it may indicate the man of taste and the agricultural martinet, is but a poor foundation on which to build a literary or a political reputation. Besides, this passion for landscape-gardening becomes with the Prince—as with weak and vain minds most passions are apt to become—an absolute mania; he exhibits and parades it on all occasions, and suggests improvements as profusely on the scenery of the Pyrenees as on the garden of the Tuileries in Paris.

But wherefore do we thus busy ourselves at such conscientious length in dissecting the character of Prince Pückler-Muskau? We are engaged in a work of supererogation. The Prince has painted himself at full length *passim* in his writings, and especially in a notable passage, à la Walter Scott, with which the present “Penultimate World-walk” is introduced. Our fair readers, who lost their hearts to the “prepossessing” mustaches, the dark Byronic eyes, and the star-bestudded bosom of the portrait that introduced the third volume of the Tour of the

German Prince into England, will doubtless be much edified by the following "genial" specimen of self portraiture. After describing at considerable length, the fashionable *vis-à-vis* curricula in which he set out on his tour, the traveller himself is minutely depicted as follows :—

"The individual, who sat in the box of this trim vehicle, was a man of high stature, to all appearance a little beyond the middle period of life,* of a slender elegant figure, which, however, displayed more delicacy than strength of physical structure, and more of vivacity and mobility than of compactness and solidity. On closer inspection, it was easy to remark that the cerebral system of this individual was much more complete than the ganglionic, and the intellectual part of his nature more strongly developed than the animal. A phrenologist would have been apt to conclude that the Creator had given him somewhat more of head than of heart—more of imagination than of feeling—more of rationalism than of enthusiasm; and that, therefore, the individual was not destined to enjoy much happiness in this state of existence. Every one, however, who had the least knowledge of the world, could not fail to perceive that the stranger, whatever might be the state of his mind, belonged to that class of society from whom men are accustomed to receive quietly the laws of good *ton*, and the etiquettes that regulate the polished and refined intercourses of life. His features, though far from regular, were delicate and striking—of that kind, in a word, which once seen, are not easily forgotten. If they had any peculiar charm, it lay in their extraordinary activity. The eyes were a perfect mirror of every rapid change that passed in the mind, and, in a few seconds, they were seen to vary from dull and colorless to a brightness that rivalled the stars. But the permanent expression of these orbs was rather suffering than active—a strange middle shade betwixt pensive melancholy on the one hand and sarcastic bitterness on the other, that might well have suited with the countenance even of a Doctor Faust. To this dramatic personage, however, we do not believe that the character of our hero had much resemblance; it appears rather that the feminine element was predominant in his character, whence arose a certain over-refinement and vanity, which were by no means, inconsistent with a great capacity of endurance and self-denial. His great happiness lay in the joys of the imagination, and in the trifles of life. The way, not the goal, was his enjoyment; and when, in the child-like simplicity of his soul, he tumbled motley images together, and played with the many-colored soap-bubbles of his fancy, he was in these mo-

ments at once the most joyous in his own spirit, and the most amiable in the eyes of others.

"While we are thus diligently engaged in scrutinizing our traveller, we perceive that he has laid himself gracefully back, and that he is now looking with his '*lorgnette*' through the wood, as if to detect us in the midst of our criticisms. His bushy black hair—now, alas! not so rich and luxuriant as it once was, and which evil tongues will have to be dyed—discovers itself from beneath a red African *Fez*, whose long blue tassel sports playfully in the wind. Round his neck a motley Cashmere shawl is carelessly thrown, and his high white forehead and pale countenance are in good keeping with this half-Turkish accoutrement. A black military frock-coat, adorned with silk embroidery of the same color, nankeen pantaloons, and light boots, whose lustre vies with polished marble, complete the somewhat ostentatious toilette; and now our fault at least it is not, if our fair readers have not before their eyes a distinct representation of the 'world-tourist,' who hopes that he may never wander far without being accompanied by their good wishes."

We do not know how many self-complacent hours before the looking-glass of vanity the Prince may have been occupied before he fitted himself for penning this most minute and accurate portraiture of himself; but assuredly a more curious, a more perfectly *unique*, specimen of self-admiring self-portraiture has seldom been exhibited to an indulgent and a discerning public. No doubt the ladies in Berlin and Vienna, and the author's fair acquaintances at Almack's, will be suffused with a gentle titillation of delightful feeling, when they recognise in this minute description the same "prepossessing" personage who figured at once so fiercely and so tenderly in the before-mentioned frontispiece to the third volume of the *Tour of a German Prince*. Our author, in this passage, exhibits himself in a double capacity, calculated to captivate the hearts of all his fair readers, from the most sentimental and the most poetical devotees of Byron and Keats, to the most silly and the most trifling "pretty nothings" that serve to furnish and deck out a fashionable ball-room. On the one side, the "strange middle shade betwixt pensive melancholy and sarcastic bitterness" is a composition of the poetic mind, evidently intended to unite all that is most ethereal and most misanthropic in the creations of Shelley and Byron; while, on the other side, the Prince exhibits himself as an exquisite of the first water, whose elegant and imposing exterior would serve as a fit frontispiece to a neat little duodecimo with gilt edges, bound in red silk, entitled "*Hints on Etiquette*," or "*The Whole Art of Dress*." One thing is cer-

* The German scholar will see from the *Conversations-Lexicon* that Prince Pückler-Muskau was born on the 30th of October, 1785.

tain, that, after having penned the above passage, Prince Pückler-Muskau cannot longer call us to account for having given a false representation of his character. He is barred, *personali exceptione*, as the lawyers say, from any claim of dogmas on this score. He has not hesitated to characterize himself, in the above passage, as vain, trifling and feminine, almost the *ipsissima verba* which we felt ourselves called upon to use; our only surprise is that this gentleman should, like Göthe's Philina, so distinctly perceive his own follies, and yet show not the least desire to get rid of them. He seems to sun himself with the most contented self-complacency in the mirror of his own insignificance, and is already so far gone in the fatal malady of conceit and vanity, as to be beyond the reach even of Burn's prayer—

"Oh that some god the gift would gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

So much, perhaps, too much, on Prince Pückler-Muskau's personality. We must now proceed to justify our criticisms by a few extracts from the work itself, which has given rise to the present observations. This work, though ushered into the world with all the quackery and affectation of a pompous and *recherché* title, is in reality, like the author's last work, *Tutti Frutti*, a collection of mere scraps and sketches carelessly thrown together and bundled into a book, in a manner that sufficiently proves the author to have as little respect for the public as he has for himself. But, before presenting our readers with any of those "elegant extracts" which we have selected as the most favorable specimens of the author's powers, we must be allowed to notice a small piece of affectation of which he has been guilty in concocting the titles, or rather the summaries, of his different chapters. Instead of telling us in honest German what we are to expect from each paragraph, and thus saving us, perhaps, the trouble of reading it, the summary of his chapters is composed of such profound witticisms and mystical indications as the following;

"New Bethesda—The Key-hole as an Opera-glass—Descent into Hades—Heavenly Mansions—Will you sleep in the bed of the Dutchess de Berry?—*Plouviance!*—Lord Brougham—Mistress Austin—The Modern Lichtenberg—Milk-brother—How to 'rough it'—Blue Stockings!"

The German scholar who is familiar with the writings of Richter will have no difficulty in perceiving from what model the German

Prince has borrowed this most hieroglyphical manner of superscribing his travelling adventures, but he will not be the less disposed to hold in derision the puny efforts by which the nose of a pug-dog attempts to perform tricks that are only competent to the playful power of the elephant's trunk. If the titles of Jean Paul's chapters be eccentric and far-fetched, they are at the same time pregnant with wit, humor, and satire of the most unique and original kind. But the hieroglyphics of the Prince contain no mysteries which repay the trouble of deciphering them. They are clouds without water—empty, shallow, and unfruitful—as may be seen at a glance by analyzing the elegant specimens already given.

No. 1, The "New Bethesda," is merely the affected intimation that the Prince visited "Carlsbad" in the outset of his "world-walk." No. 2, the "Key-hole as an Opera-glass," is a more intelligible announcement that when the Prince was in Carlsbad an English family happened to lodge in the next room of the same inn, and the Prince, in whose character "the feminine element is predominant," and on whose cranium of course the bump of curiosity is largely developed, could not restrain himself from peeping through the key-hole, and there he beheld—angels and ministers of grace defend us!—a beautiful little lap-dog, and yet a more beautiful young lady, with pale face, black hair, and a countenance like an Italian madonna—"who speaks seven languages, plays the piano like Moscheles, has seen as much of the world as Lady Morgan, poetizes like Lord Byron, and is, with all these accomplishments, only sixteen!" No. 3, The "Descent into Hades," means that when the Prince was in Frieberg he visited the silver-mines there; and, perhaps, as his excellency is a "Rationalist," he means hereby to indicate that the descent of Ulysses, celebrated in Homeric song, is to be explained after the fashion of that learned divine, Dr. Paulus, in Heidelberg, as being nothing more important than a visit to a silver, perhaps a sulphur, mine. No. 4, "Heavenly Mansions," is an epithet applied to the Pyrenean vales by our pious author, who, as the learned reader may recollect, was educated among the "Herrnhuters" in Lusatia, and has retained only so much of the good lessons he received from the Evangelical Brethren as to quote and make allusions to Scripture on all, even the most insignificant and trifling occasions. No. 5, "Will you sleep in the Bed of the Dutchess de Berry?" means nothing more than that when the Prince was in the inn at Gavarny, he was asked by the chambermaid to sleep in the bed where the Dutchess de Berry had slept three or four

years before—a most important piece of information certainly to occupy two or three pages of a tour in the Pyrenees. No. 6, *Plouviance!* implies that, when the said chambermaid roused the Prince from his morning slumbers, she announced in a surly voice that it was raining, by which “untoward event” his excellency was prevented from rivalling the enterprising feat of the said duchess, who it appears, had scaled the “*Brèche de Roland*” upon the backs of no fewer than forty guides! Nos. 7 and 8, “Lord Brougham and Mrs. Austin,” indicate, without allegory, that the Prince had the good fortune to meet Lord Brougham at a *table-d’hôte* in Marseilles; and, though he had not acuteness enough to recognise the said lord by his remarkable physiognomy, he nevertheless ingratiated himself by offering his lordship a little “English mustard and Harvey sauce,” which he (the Prince), being as much of a *gastronome* as a *Francomane*, never fails to carry with him; and further, that his lordship gratified his excellency’s vanity not a little, by sounding the praises of his amiable and accomplished translator, Mrs. Austin. No. 9, “The Modern Lichtenberg,” is a new epithet applied by the Prince to Henry Heine, who, after Lord Byron, seems to be the great idol of our author’s poetical worship. No. 10, “Milk-brother,” is another new epithet, much more suitably applied than the last, with which the Prince commences a most edifying letter from himself to himself, (*Sendschreiben des Fürsten von P——M——, an den Autor dieses Buchs,*) which the curious reader will find in the second volume of *Semilasso’s Weltgang*, p. 115. This letter contains a minute description of all the amiable weaknesses, frivolities, and extravagances of which the character of Pückler-Muskau is composed; and, had we not already done the author full justice, by extracting at full length his initiatory self-portraiture, we should have felt much inclined to present our readers with this second dish of vanity and folly. No. 11, “How to rough it,” is a phrase introduced to show the writer’s acquaintance with English slang, and is an intimation to the fair reader that a delicate object of their “good wishes” is obliged for a few days to leave his princely carriage behind him, and travel in an omnibus, along with mortals of common mould. It is an habitual trick of our author to interlard his pages with English, French, and Italian colloquialisms; and there are many people who have as great a reverence for this miserable foppery, as a man who cannot read is wont to have for a printed book. No. 12, “Blue Stockings,” does not announce, as the vulgar reader may imagine, a satire in the Prince’s most tri-

umphant style against learned and “*übergebildete*” ladies; it is only the symbol of one of those neat little *coquetteries* and rustic flirtations, in the management of which the Prince is known to have displayed such skill as called forth the admiration even of the octogenarian Göthe. It appears that, on the vine-encircled road between Bamberg and Schweinfurt, and while reclining amid the ruins of an old romantic cloister, the Prince, like another Hercules, encountered two rustic graces, both as beautiful as a sculptor’s model, “especially the elder, with chesnut-brown hair, deep blue, clear-shining eyes, teeth like those of a mouse, (*wie ein maüschchen*,) lips like purple, and a tint like milk and blood.” This paragon the Prince, with that air of noble familiarity which is so peculiarly characteristic of persons of high rank, addressed playfully, asking her “*if the neat little feet which were concealed under her light-blue stockings, were as white as her lovely face*;” to which the Bavarian beauty, with the most amiable gravity replied, “Of course they are,—for how can it be otherwise when I wear stockings every day!” On which naïve remark the Prince, who is fond of philosophizing, like a second Werther, profoundly observes, “How delightful a thing it is to behold such maiden souls in all their natural and unsophisticated simplicity!”

We shall now give the promised “elegant extracts,” only premising that they cannot be expected to be more orderly and systematic than the scraps and sketches of which they are a part. Since Heine’s *Reisebilder* gave the “*ton*” in this department, books of travels cannot contain anything that is out of place or foreign to the theme,—their theme is *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis!*—the traveller himself often occupies a much more important place than his travels,—and we think the most proper designation for such medleys would be that which Jean Paul proposes as a title for a modern romance—“Hoppelpoppel, or the Heart!”

From Carlsbad, where, as we have seen, he employed his eyes only in looking through a key-hole, our traveller proceeds to Eger—a place rich in historical recollections, but seldom visited by travellers. We subjoin the short, and not very important, notice which the Prince gives us of this ancient town.

“The blood of a great man is a seed that bears much fruit. The fame of Wallenstein will give immortal memory to Eger when not one stone stands upon another to tell where or what it was. The present inhabitants of Eger, however, do not seem over-sensible of the honor thus conferred on them; they have sadly neglected the holy places of history.

There is a good portrait of Wallenstein in the town-house (*Rathhaus*), but the pictures that surround it, representing his assassination, are ludicrous. The stern general looks like an awkward dancer, who, in attempting to cut an *entrechât* in his shirt, has fallen with his ribs upon his stick.

"In this room we also behold Wallenstein's sword, and the halbert with which he was murdered. These relics, however, are like those of a more sacred character,—they exist double and triple.

"The room where the dreadful tragedy, or, as it is here called, 'execution,' was enacted, is still shown, under the metamorphosis of a *boudoir* for the lady burgomistress, of whose house it is a part—sadly modernised of course, and altogether ruined. The low door through which the murderers entered has alone escaped the whitewashing and papering of modern hands. Who can look on it without emotion! Guilty or not guilty, there can be little doubt that the haughty Friedländer stood in the way, and obscured the reputation, of the emperor. This, if it does not excuse, at least explains the murder. But with what heroism died the man, who, though worn out both in mind and body, without uttering a single groan, opened his garment, and like Cæsar, gave his breast resigned to the stroke of the assassin!

"Of the castle where Illo, Terzky, Neumann, and Kinsky were surprised, only a few ruins remain, enclosing a court overgrown with rank grass and nettles. Adjacent to this, however, are two buildings, which, though of a much earlier date, are in a much better state of preservation. The first is a curious double chapel of the age of Charlemagne, adorned below with massive granite pillars, and above with slender marble shafts, from Italy. Each pillar has base and capital of a peculiar design.

"Still more interesting is the second of these remains—a Roman tower of immense square Saxon stones, which, with its iron strength and black aspect, has, like an immoveable rock, defied the ravages of time. The French, who were here for a short time during the wars of the last century, built an addition to the tower, and planted it with cannon. This plaster-work has already fallen to the ground; while not a single stone of the ancient fabric has followed the frail modern in its descent.

"The whole seemed to me a picture not without a deep meaning. At one view the eye beheld the works of the present age already levelled with the ground; the middle age shaken, but great even amid its ruins; and antiquity proudly surviving and over-looking all. Verily our present age is in many respects an age of patchwork! And of all our mighty doings, what will remain to posterity unless perhaps—books? And yet books are, in one sense, mightier and more important monuments than pyramids and amphitheatres.

"Even my servant was struck with the gigantic nature of this Roman masonry. 'It is

plain,' said he, 'that they meant to make it *cannon-proof*;' and strange enough it is, that the Romans, without ever dreaming of such a power as that of gunpowder, have nevertheless displayed such skill in the masonry of fortification as no science of future and more instructed ages has been able to surpass."—vol. i. p. 69.

After visiting Baireuth and Wunsiedel, the birth-place of Jean Paul, Semilasso proceeds through Bamberg and Wurtzburg, with great expedition to Paris. This nearly concludes the first volume of his tour, but, except the following somewhat ingenious *topological* (not *phrenological*) explanation of Richter's genius, we do not find any thing likely to interest our readers.

Arrived at Wunsiedel, I made a pilgrimage to the room where Jean Paul was born. It is built on the ruins of the *donjon* of an old Rittercastle: from this came his romanticism. Opposite to this building is the church: hence he drew his piety. The house, moreover, was a school, in which his father was teacher; hence his various knowledge, and a slight sprinkling of pedantry. As a *point de vue*, on one side was a wine-cellar: here we see the origin of his passion for Bavarian beer."

Paris, that Babylon the Great of modern life, has been so often, so thoroughly, and so recently, discussed by the Heines, and the Börnes, the Raumers, the Bulwers, the Morgans, and Trollopes of the day, that we may be excused from troubling our readers with any of the Prince's very profound observations on that theme. His excellency is too self-satisfied a mortal to feel any deep sympathy with the political excitement of that volcanic atmosphere. "It is terrible, it is too terrible," says Börne in one of his maledictory letters, "to think how many human corpses a king requires to march over them to his throne!"—but Prince Pückler-Muskau finds nothing terrible in the matter, and partakes of the hospitalities of Louis Philippe in the Tuileries with as much ease and with as much indifference as when he feasted with that king of patriots, Daniel O'Connell, at Derrinane. Our tourist was invited to dine with Louis Philippe and his lady; and as the "dinner-piece" is not less characteristic of the vanity of the entertainer than of the magnificence of the entertainer, we subjoin it.

"Shortly after my arrival in Paris, I was introduced at the Tuileries, which has been lately much beautified by the king. The separation of a small portion of the great gardens, forming a ring immediately round the palace, which was so loudly declaimed against by the public prints, is a decided improvement. The king's palace is not now

subject to the rude proximity of what was not much better than a common highway.

"The ceremony of the presentation to the citizen-king is not encumbered with much of court-etiquette; but the apartments through which we were led, and the saloon, where we were graciously received by his majesty, are not devoid of a certain royal magnificence. The queen, with the members of the royal family and some ladies of the court, were seated at a round table covered with green cloth, and occupied with female handiwork. A few gentlemen, none in uniform, were grouped round the table, or dispersed about the room. After the usual introduction, I entered into a lively conversation with the queen, a woman of that class whom it is impossible to know without esteeming: Madame Adelaide, the sister of the king, is full of vivacity and amiability; and the young princes and princesses are well educated, natural, and simple, without being destitute of that dignity which is the prerogative of their high station.

"Afterwards, the king did me the honor to converse with me, *privatim*, for a considerable time, and, in the allusions which he frequently made to England, displayed a great deal of information with regard to the peculiarities of that country; he, at the same time, took occasion to drop not a very few flattering notices of my English Tour, and was so condescending as to favor me with several useful hints in reference to my intended trip to America. It is impossible to manage conversation in a more attractive style than his majesty, and the greatest attachment to his person is visible among all those who are about him.

"Among these deserves particular mention General Gourgaud, so honorably known by his faithful adherence to Napoleon, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make a few days after I had marked him out on the parade of the Feast of July as the most elegant and dignified officer of the army.

A few days afterwards, I was invited to dine with his majesty. According to an innate trick of my nature, which I fear it is impossible to cure, I came too late. I suspect I was the last, for the queen immediately gave me her arm, that I might squire her into the dining-room. A party of forty sat down to dinner; and, as I had read not a little in the Carlist papers of the excessive economy said to prevail in the citizen-king's family, I confess I was more observant than I should otherwise have been of the festal arrangements. I found, however, quite the contrary of all that the newspapers had asserted; and, except George the Fourth's courtly domesticity, I have found none better organised than that of Louis Philippe. Behind each guest was stationed a servant in splendid livery, and beside him a pure and sparkling *vaisselle*, which, in many of our German courts, from sheer want of polishing, is as dull as tin; kitchenery and wine were very good, and in great profusion, and the attendance ready and nimble, in the best English *genre*, which has now become

quite universal in all the best houses in Paris. The king and queen helped some dishes with their own hands, and animated the entertainment with all the kind offices of a royal hospitality.

"After dinner the company retired to the open terrace which overlooks the noble garden of the Tuilleries. This terrace, however, is doomed; and must I fear fall before the rage for symmetry, to which our modern architects sacrifice every thing. I ventured to expostulate with her majesty on this subject, and suggested how suitable a greenhouse would be in such a situation, but I am afraid the symmetry-system will celebrate an ovation over more influential schemings than mine. I had here also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two ladies of the queen, Mesdames de Dolomieu and de Montjoie, who surprised me with their bilingual powers, and spoke German as amiably and as sweetly as French."—vol ii. p. 16.

If the reader thinks this twaddle tiresome, we agree with him. Perhaps the following *aesthetical excursus* on the French romancers may prove more interesting. It appears to us to contain *ethical* doctrines which might have proceeded—the Prince will take this as a compliment—from the *pure* pen of the "modern Lichtenberg."

"Say what you please of this new French literature, there is life in it—it may be a distorted and a convulsive life, but it is still life,—a life not foreign or borrowed, but born of the age, and like unto that of which it is the offspring—characterized, too, by an originality which is sought for among our German books in vain. Quite intolerable to me are the English criticisms of these romances. The petrified pedants who have there assumed the critical sceptre, cannot, by any exertion, wind themselves even for a moment out of their own shells. We have seen with how little understanding they have set about praising Göthe—not less silly is their censure of the French. They have but one measure for every thing—their own one-sided morality, and morbid religion. But Nature is wide enough to contain many things that are not within the Thirty-nine Articles; and what the poet seizes with the eye of intellect, reflects and invents in his work, that can never want its own worth, be it nectar or poison, according to human ways of viewing things—good or bad.

"But, admitting for a minute that a romance must, like a sermon, always boast a moral tendency, how, for example, can Janin's "Dead Ass" be considered to have any other tendency, and what ground is there for denouncing it as an ethical monster? I, for one, find most instructive moral lessons in it, and ten times more honesty than in the collected tales of Marmontel, *et hoc genus omne*, in which morality is always found parading upon the title-page. There is another poet, however, about whom it may be difficult to

form such a charitable judgment,—I mean *Eugène Sue*. In the works of this writer, one seems to detect a secret tendency to debase virtue, and to show, in the character of his favorite heroes, how a certain unfeeling egotism, united with prudence and lightheartedness, produces more real happiness and practical enjoyment of life than the boasted morality of the schools and pulpits. But who is there that sees not in the background of these pictures a deep irony (N. B. The Germans have lately got a cant of explaining all literary phenomena by what they call *eine tiefe Weltironie*!) that sets forth this bespangled image of egotism—the curse of our age—as the idol of the multitude; while, at the same time, it takes care, at proper intervals, to draw aside the glittering veil, and expose the lifeless skeleton in all its hollowness.

“It may also be that Mr. *Eugène Sue* is of opinion, with many others, that, after all, our much bepraised virtue is not a little one-sided, and, if so, cannot of course, of itself, lead to true happiness. The virtue of the ancients principally consisted in courage and enterprise; but our modern virtue seems to delight itself in the opposite of this, and to be closely allied to weakness and fear. Shall we be obliged here, also, to go in search of a *juste milieu* because our ideal is unattainable? That ideal consists in a perfect equipoise of all the intellectual and physical powers. This alone could make us truly virtuous, truly wise, and truly happy.” But, from such a thoroughly sound state of body and soul, I fear we are at the present day as far removed as ever; and we must not, therefore, be too severe on such a writer as *Eugène Sue*, if he holds our consumptive virtue a little cheap, and strives to show us how far we are as yet from the true goal. The contrast, certainly, which he exhibits is any thing but pleasing—the indifferent egotist, with whom every earthly plan succeeds, and who even, after drinking every enjoyment of life to the dregs, can enjoy at last a calm and happy death. But when we look a little more narrowly into this masterly portraiture, we shall find that the author gives to his creature nothing higher than the existence and the happiness of a mere *animal*, and makes it to appear that even the sigh of a soul endowed with noble aspirations is preferable to the rude, unlimited enjoyment of a creature so low in the scale of existence. On the same principle, every one who has a soul would prefer a chastisement from God to a reward from the devil. But with all this, it may very well be, that *Eugène Sue* is one of those whose very genius makes them melancholy, and to whom a sad voice seems to come from the desert, saying, *tertium non datur*—and this hopeless thought perhaps it is that lies at the bottom of so many French romances.”—vol. i. p. 138.

Many of our readers, who know not even the name of Prince Pückler-Muskau, will peruse with pleasure the following notice of the veteran of Acre, Sir Sydney Smith.

“At times I pass a few hours with Sir Sydney Smith, who, in defiance of the many years and many laurels that weigh him down, still continues pregnant of new projects and original ideas. Thus, for instance, he believes that the land may be navigated with sails as well as the sea, that the power of cannon may be altogether weakened by a contrivance for hanging up hides before fortifications, and is of opinion that Africa was originally divided by a belt of the sea into two halves, and that the Phœnicians or Egyptians who are said to have circumnavigated it, passed through this belt, and not round by the Cape of Good Hope; and a thousand other strange opinions, which he defends with great ingenuity and with great enthusiasm, and which perhaps he will one day make better known by means of the press. His darling project, however, is the restoration of the Maltese order,—not on the ancient chivalrous, but on an industrial, basis. A French marquis read out the whole plan to me one morning at breakfast; and, so far as I can trust my memory, it is as follows. The bigotry and exclusiveness of the ancient order are to be changed into the universal liberality of modern times,—all religions are to enjoy equal civil rights,—and the order, by special privilege on the part of Europe, is to have the sole right of purchasing slaves for the purpose of civilizing them, which indeed is to be one of the chief ends of the association. Trade and commerce come next in importance. The civilized negroes, as soon as confidence can be placed in them, are to be sent out as missionaries (of industry, not of religion) to reclaim their brethren and call them all into the industrial fold. A capital of sixty millions is calculated as necessary for commencing this undertaking. As soon as the sum is subscribed, the society will begin its operations; the grand master and dignitaries are already named. In the mean time, however, this apparently so simple article of sixty millions seems to be the rock on which the whole project will split. Unless Herr von Rothschild interferes, it is difficult to see whence the said millions are to come. But, be this as it may, the idea is great, and worthy of the man; and now that the French have taken possession of Algiers, there will be no great difficulty in finding Maltese knights who will feel no scruple in complying with the condition as to the toleration of all religions. The multitude of observations that Sir Sydney has made during his long life render his conversation as instructive as it is entertaining. He lately enlightened me at great length on the subject of the currents in the Mediterranean Sea, which he assured me were now (and not a little by his own exertions) so completely understood, that one might send letters in a bottle from one port to another as safely as by post, and calculate the time of their arrival with as great certainty as if they had travelled in a steam-boat.”—vol. ii. p. 93.

From Paris the Prince proceeded by Bor-

deaux to Tarbes, and from this latter place made several romantic rambles through the Hautes Pyrénées. Perched upon those grotesque snow-clad peaks, where the astronomer Plantage, fixing his last look on the laughing vale beneath, died, with the exclamation in his mouth, "*Grand Dieu, que cela est beau !*"—it is not surprising that such an excitable person as the Prince should have felt himself already in the heavenly mansions which are promised to the blessed ; but the manner in which he expresses his delight is in that *exaltado* opium style which may be admired in Germany, but would be apt to be condemned as the *ne plus ultra* of bad taste in England. Besides, the gastronomic imagery of truffles and pasties with which the description is wound up—*finis coronat opus*—will be disapproved of by many who are willing to take the rest of the passage as the quintessence of descriptive sublimity. We translate the following letter to the writer's sister, as a specimen of the 179 pages (*German* pages) of descriptive rhapsody with which the greater part of the third volume is filled :—

"Argeles, in the Pyrenees, 3d Nov. 1834.

"Now, my dear Lucy, have I at length found the land where I will live and die ! Here may we—when I have for a few years longer been a wanderer in the wide world—here may we build our cottage—in this land that unites all the convenience of a campaign with the picturesque beauty of a mountainous district, whose inhabitants are Germans in their honesty and good nature, and Italians in their vivacity, and who possess a patriarchal simplicity that belongs to neither ; a land whose climate is so fine that vineyards and maize-fields flourish in the greatest luxuriance, though enclosed by snowy walls thousands of feet high, where sunny meadows shimmer green through the dark groupings of trees, like the harness of a gold beetle, and where to-day, on the 3d of November, (in Germany the beginning of a raw winter,) I can sit under the shade of a majestic chestnut-tree, and breakfast in the open air, while over the old garden-wall a fig-tree spreads its fruitful branches, and blushing roses wind themselves around its stem—a land full of historical recollections and monuments of the olden time, where, far removed from the commotion of the capital, the most undisturbed peace reigns, and no spirit of political strife has as yet corrupted the best enjoyments of society—wherein, besides this, you may live three times as cheap as in Germany, and with a revenue of ten thousand francs, one may sport an equipage and maintain a respectable country establishment ; where all the refinements of luxury and all the delicacies of the table are at command ; where Spain, Provence, and the ocean, reach you the hand—the land of Henry the Fourth—

the land of romantic beauty, of truffles and Bordeaux wine, of snipes and of trout, of terrines de Nérac, and pâtés de Toulouse. O to this land would I wend with thee, my beloved !"

Hoppel-poppel ! or the heart !—Mignon's song and pâtés de Toulouse ! This is certainly a strange mixture, and yet we have no doubt that this rhapsody was intended to be the most sublime passage in the "Penultimate World-walk ;" and that as such many a German Lucy and Julia will ecstatically receive it. In our humble judgment, it can be likened to nothing so fitly as to a dish of whisked cream, or a plate of soaped water, blown up into bubbles by a child.

The title of the present work, "Penultimate World-Tour," indicates that the ultimate tour is yet to come. The princely author, indeed, (after having served Lord Brougham with the Harvey sauce and mustard, as above at length narrated,) proceeded straightway to Africa, where (unless he has made a second descent into Hades, not figuratively) we believe he is at this present moment.* From thence he travels onward, taking of course his "elegant curricule" along with him, to America ; and here, in the new world, will be concocted that "ultimate tour of Semilasso" for which the German publishers and public are at present so impatiently waiting. Of this threatened "*LETZTER Weltgang*," we devoutly say, with Lord Byron,

"Tours of such princes, may they be the last !"

for, unless the forthcoming volumes be more edifying than the present, we shall think ourselves justified in passing them over without any further notice. In the mean time, that the Prince may have no reason to complain of our having given to the English public garbled extracts from his penultimate tour, we transcribe his expedition to the celebrated amphitheatre of Gavarny at full length, in which the discerning reader will have occasion to remark the truth of an observation already made by us in reference to a certain *genus* of travelling sketches now fashionable in Germany—that the traveller is generally the most important figure in the sketch.

"Gavarny, 19th Nov. 1834.

"With sun-rise—that is to say, in this locality at ten o'clock—I found myself mounted on my good steed, and on the road to the famous amphitheatre of Gavarny. The road is most picturesque. For the first half hour we

* The last account of the author that we have seen left him at Constantinople.—EDITOR.

ride uninterruptedly along the course of the Gave, whose waters are enclosed on both sides by overhanging rocks, and rush fearfully down 600 or 800 feet beneath the path of the traveller. The way is extremely narrow, and yet is not provided with any sort of fence or parapet. The guide generally acts as a living *garde fou*—to-day, however, I performed both offices, *du fou comme du guide*, and felt an inexpressible pleasure in galloping along the brink of the precipice upon my trusty steed, and looking down on the milk-white Gave, foaming beneath me. Habit takes away the edge from danger, and apprehension is soon changed into a reckless carelessness, which ever and anon demands an offering. It is only a very few years since a luckless traveller was precipitated from this very road 300 feet into the rocky bed of the Gave. On this occasion the prior of Gavarny, who happened to be on the spot, gave a beautiful example of true Christian feeling. He let himself down, at the great risk of his life, by means of ropes, and found the unfortunate traveller still breathing and sufficiently sensible to receive the consolations of religion from the pious father, and die comforted in his arms.

"The bump of caution, with which I am largely endowed, happily prevents me from running such risks; for, though I often venture, I never venture without consideration. At the same time, this bump, however useless it may be, is to us anxious mortals the mother of many sorrows. 'Cursed caution!' said the Corsair Trelawny, 'to what purpose art thou, unless to turn joy into anxiety! But such is our lot. Every thing in this world has an element of evil to counterbalance the good.'

"After a hundred charming prospects of all sorts of rocks strangely thrown together, clad with the most luxuriant vegetation, variegated here and there with some not inconsiderable waterfalls, and in one situation rendered yet more interesting by a very clear and distinct echo, the rich forest-trees begin to diminish, and the rocks remain, where any soil is left, covered only with rhododendron and box-wood. As we advance higher, even these sturdy Alpine shrubs disappear; and here—on a spot where some overpowering gush of water has evidently overturned a huge mountain-colossus, and which is therefore fitly designated the *Chaos*—I found the most striking similarity in character between the Pyrenees and the grotesque mountains of North Wales, although the former surpass the latter in grandeur, almost in the same degree that St. Peter's at Rome does the church of St. Paul's in London, of which it is the archetype.

"After emerging from 'the Chaos,' we behold the marks of four hoofs of Roland's horse impressed on four different rocks, for this is the famous spot where the winged steed alighted, when it made its gigantic leap from the valley of Roncesvalles in Spain into France, while Roland, in a fit of blind rage,

cleft the intervening wall of rock (300 feet high) in twain, which to this day bears the memorable name of *la Brèche de Roland*.

"In such a country as this, one would be apt to forget the civilized world altogether, were we not reminded of its existence in the most disagreeable manner by the line of *douaniers*, who are posted in this quarter. Such men in such a place are like devils in paradise, and to the devil I heartily wished them. Much more in keeping with the scene was a band of Spanish smugglers, as I supposed, most romantically habited, whom I soon afterwards encountered. These were men of athletic appearance, and as haughty in their bearing as courteous in their address. I knew from experience that a Spaniard will thank you for nothing so heartily as a cigar; and accordingly I offered one of my store to him who appeared to be the leader of the cavalcade. He seemed much pleased with the present and thanked me, but like a king.

"Without waiting at the inn of Gavarny, and preparing myself for my task by a good breakfast, I hastened impatiently to the amphitheatre, which is about two or three miles further on. But in this sight I was much disappointed. The descriptions of it are all highly exaggerated; and, notwithstanding my love for the Pyrenees, I must confess that Switzerland possesses many scenes of the same class, but infinitely more sublime. The waterfall, also, is much inferior to those in Switzerland, and, though it could boast ten times as much water as it has, would still remain so. A French writer has happily characterized the cascade of Gavarny by calling it a 'woven wind,' while the worthy Gascon who is the author of my printed '*guide*,' without the least discrimination compares it at once with Niagara—Tom Thumb with Goliath!

"Nevertheless, it were no very difficult affair to add by the labors of art to the natural beauty of this imposing spot, and render it in some degree more worthy of the extravagant laudings with which travellers have eulogized it. Nothing more is necessary than to collect together the many petty waterfalls and streamlets that run down into the Gave, and lead them into the cauldrons that are enclosed by the amphitheatre, thus changing them into lakes, as they were originally. An expenditure of a few thousand francs would be sufficient to dam up the stream at the place where it has broken through, and effect the projected metamorphosis of the landscape. A new road might also be made on the right side, which would afford a much more favorable view of the whole; and the snow-crowned '*pics*,' doubling their heights in the clear mountain water, would then actually exhibit that magical effect which is at present ascribed to them only by the generosity of pedantic travellers.

"I hope it may not be considered presumptuous in me to hold forth schemes to the attention of the prefect of this department, who, if I am not misinformed, is no less a person than the celebrated author of the Campaign

in Russia, Count Segur; and, should he succeed in carrying it into effect, and adding to the scenery of the Pyrenees that in which it is most defective, a good lake, he will thus have executed a second work—or if he is not the famous Segur—a first work, that will secure him the gratitude of universal Europe. I should even feel inclined, did it not appear forward and impertinent, to mention the scheme to the noble King of the French personally, to whom nothing is unimportant that contributes to the adornment and improvement of his country.”—Vol. iii. p. 62.

One observation we feel ourselves called upon to make before we dismiss Prince Pückler-Muskau on the present occasion. Most of our readers are doubtless aware that the Tour of a German Prince was ushered into this country under the special patronage and protection of Göthe. We owe it therefore to them, and to that reverence which we have always professed for the name of Göthe, to reconcile, as far as we are able, the contradiction between our present severe judgment of *Semilasso's Wellgang* and the laudatory criticisms of the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* that proceeded from the pen of the most liberal and comprehensive critic in Europe. The matter is easily explained. The very mildness and kindness of Göthe's criticism, which is its greatest beauty, led him astray at times from that just medium between unprovoked severity and unmerited eulogy, in which the true tone of criticism lies. It was a weakness of Göthe's mind, both as a critic and as a moralist, that he could not be severe. The consequence was, that such careless, frolicsome, butterfly existences as our German Prince, often received from him a plentiful meed of praise, which, to more energetic, but less amiable natures, was denied. Besides this general bias, we may remark several special circumstances that may have operated not a little to tune down Göthe's soul into a momentary consonance with that of the Prince. The Prince (though always as a coxcomb) is a lover of nature, and lavish in descriptive writing—so also was Göthe. The Prince mixes up with his love of nature a light, playful, we had almost said a coquettish, sort of religion—of which cast Göthe's religion also was. The Prince, moreover, so far as manners and polish are concerned, is an aristocrat; and the *'Vornehmthun'* of Göthe has always been the object of Heine's and Menzel's bitterest satire. Add to all this that Göthe only lived to see the first flashing *début* of Pückler-Muskau; whereas, we have seen him progressing, like the crab, backwards, during a period of five years, and there will be little left to explain in the apparently superficial criti-

cism which the octogenarian sage of Weimar passed upon our most frivolous and most coxcombical tourist.

ART. II.—*De l'Education des Mères de Famille, ou de la Civilisation du Genre Humain par les Femmes.* Par L. Aimé-Martin. 2 tom. Paris. 1834.

AMONG the yearly prizes founded by the benevolent Count de Montyon is one, to be appropriated to that book which mostly tends to promote the morality and improvement of mankind. The French Academy, who award these prizes, have bestowed several thousand francs on the work now before us, and we have been told, that it has created much favorable sensation in Germany and Belgium. We therefore opened it with a strong prepossession in behalf of its merits, and we have closed it with a feeling that is truly refreshing: it is like an oasis in the present impure state of French literature; and, amid licentious novels and dramas, triumphantly expressed infidelity, or fanatical division of sects, we hail, with the utmost satisfaction, a production which teems with morality and real religion, and we congratulate France on its having been appreciated by even a portion of her inhabitants. From the title, we expected a treatise on education, which would enter into the details of learning and accomplishment; but it takes higher rank and teaches women not only how and where to look for the formation of their minds, but shows them the importance of their conduct, as mothers, over the future character of a nation. We have thus translated the intentions of the author from his own declaration. “Those who hastily or inattentively turn over these pages may accuse me of a wish to revive the *femmes savantes*, but let them rest assured, that genitives and datives, as Montaigne says, are not the object of this work. Setting aside all the acquirements of memory, those mechanical attributes of professors, I call upon women to fulfil their destiny by undertaking that superior education which stamps itself upon the soul. To develop the souls of women, that they may become something more than the plaything of our rude passions; to develop the souls of women that they may become those celestial beings of which we dream in our youth; to develop the souls of women that they may awaken ours,—this forms the subject and the object of my book.”

In fact, if we consider the subject properly, we shall find it one great source of the misery or happiness of all civilized nations ; for in what Christian country can we deny the influence which a mother extends over the whole life of her children ? The roughest and the hardest wanderer, while he is tossed over the ocean, or while he scorches his feet upon the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the cares which maternal affection shed over his infancy ; the reckless sinner, even in his hardened career, occasionally hears the whisperings of those holy precepts instilled by a virtuous mother, and, although they may in the fulness of guilt be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience, that they have led to a deep and lasting repentance ; the erring child of either sex, will then, if a mother yet exists, turn to her for that consolation which the laws of society deny, and in the lasting purity of a mother's love will find the way to heaven. How joyfully does a hard-working child labor for the comfort of a poverty-stricken mother ! how alive is a son to her honor and high-standing in the world ! and, should that mother be deserted by her helpmate, does not the son stand forth as her protector ? In short, the more deeply we reflect on the subject, the more entirely are we convinced, that no influence is so lasting or of such wide extent, and the more intensely do we feel the necessity of guiding this sacred affection, and perfecting that being from whom it emanates. "The future character of a child," said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother ;" and he delighted in recollecting that to his parent did he owe much of the greatness of a mind, which possibly grasped at too much, but which afterwards enabled him to bear years of privation and exile with fortitude and dignity.

"History," says M. Aimé-Martin, "justifies these words, and, without dwelling on such remarkable instances as Charles IX., and Henry IV., the one the pupil of Catherine, and the other of Jeanne d'Albret, was not Louis XIII., weak, ungrateful, and discontented like his mother, always rebellious and always submissive ? Do we not, in Louis XIV., recognise the passions of a Spanish woman, those sensual yet romantic gallantries, those bigoted fears, that despotic pride, which required prostration before the throne as well as before the altar ? But," continues the author, "the two great poets of our age, perhaps, offer the most striking examples of this saving or fatal influence. To the one, an unkind fate had given a scoffing, unfeeling mother, whose proud, capricious, and narrow mind, expanded only to vanity or hatred—a mother who unsparingly ridiculed the

natural infirmity of her child, irritated, galled, and mortified him, caressed and flattered him, and then despised and cursed him. These corroding passions of the woman were deeply engraved on the heart of the young man ; hatred and pride, anger and disdain, fermented within him, and, like the burning lava of a volcano, suddenly burst forth upon the world, in torrents of infernal harmony. The happier destiny of the other poet bestowed on him a mother who was tender without weakness, pious without severity, one of those rare women who are born to be models to their sex ; this beautiful and enlightened creature shed over her son all the light of love ; the virtues with which she inspired him, the prayer which she taught him, spoke not only to his intellect, but sinking into his soul, made him return sublime sounds, a harmony which mounts to the skies. Thus, surrounded from his cradle by examples of the most touching piety, the gracious infant walked in the ways of God, under the wings of his mother ; his genius is like the incense which sheds its perfume over the earth, but which only burns for heaven."

In directing the attention of our readers to M. Aimé-Martin's work, we must however premise, that it is exclusively written for the French nation, and, consequently, the handling of the subject is totally different from that which we should employ ; no Englishman would write so argumentative a book for his own people, and (we mean not to be presumptuous) no Englishman would make such appeals to his countrywomen on the score of conduct or religion. We have faults and sins enough to answer for, it is true, and which ought to prevent us from setting ourselves above our neighbors ; we dare not lend ourselves to the conceit of fanatical reasoners, who, in the midst of their groans and mock humility, yet calls this a nation peculiarly under the care of the Almighty, and the only spot on earth where true religion is taught and cherished ; but we hope that many of the suggestions of our author would be superfluous, and we cannot think that the efforts which Rousseau and Dessessarts made to restore French wives and mothers to their duty were ever required in this country. M. Aimé-Martin himself says :

"What indifference on the part of women towards important affairs ; what ardor for frivolities ! their minds, unceasingly agitated by the fashion of the day, turn with passion to the nothings of the moment ; for the sake of these do they feign a character different from their own, do they torture themselves, suffer heat, cold and hunger, destroy their health, and risk their lives. Alas ! we give to our daughters the manners of courtizans, to our wives the instruction of a child, and

then ask for glory and happiness from Heaven. What is the result? The frivolity of one sex necessarily influences the habits of the other: women become trifling to please us, and we must become frivolous to find favor with them."

We suspect that this is too hard upon French women, but, saving some unfortunate exceptions, we challenge the whole world to pass such a censure on the daughters of Great Britain, and to found their opinion on truth. But there is yet ample room for improvement in the education of our females, and we feel certain, that they will reap much profit from M. Aimé-Martin's suggestions, though they are chiefly addressed to another nation, and that mostly a nation of Catholics. Something must be asked, in the way of indulgence too, for the heaviness, we had almost said prosiness, of several portions of these volumes, but to those who like ourselves will wade through the dulness, and seriously consider the excellent, wise, and liberal principles inculcated in them, we promise an ample reward. To induce our reflecting readers to undertake the task, we shall now proceed to make an analysis of the book, and give several quotations, chiefly in English, but selecting a few of the most eloquent passages in the original words.

The first chapters are devoted to a brief examination of the two great writers, Des Cartes and Rousseau, who shed an influence over the women of France; the errors of their systems are pointed out, and the good they effected is duly acknowledged. The power of women and the effects produced by marriage are next treated of, and the succeeding chapter begins as follows:—

"Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our passions. But this influence is more or less salutary according to the degree of esteem which is granted to them. Whether they are our idols or companions, courtezans, slaves or beasts of burdens, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our happiness with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice—man cannot degrade women without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women there are loved and honored."

In summing up the history of female influence, M. Aimé-Martin says,—

"That which has been done to lower women, and that which they have done towards our civilization, offers, perhaps, the most moral and dramatic part of our history. There was a time when their beauty alone wrestled against barbarism. Shut up in castles, like prisoners, they there civilized the warriors who despised their weakness, but who adored their charms. Accused of ignorance, and deprived of instruction, disgraced by prejudice, and deified by love,—feeble, timid—seeing around them nothing but soldiers and the sword, they adopted the passions of their tyrants; but in adopting they ameliorated them. They directed combatants towards the defence of the helpless. Chivalry became a protecting power; it repaired injuries, and paved the way for laws; and, at last, after having fought in order to conquer kingdoms, it was softened into fighting for the beauty of women, and civilization began by gallantry. A great revolution was accomplished in France, on the day when a noble knight drew off his men, in consequence of hearing that the castle of which he was just about to commence the siege, had become the asylum of the wife of his enemy, and that this wife was about to become a mother. At a later period, some glimpses of science began to pierce through the shades which covered the world; all eyes were dazzled by it, and it was then that the destiny of women was pitiable. While men only believed themselves to be superior from the strength of their bodies, and the force of their courage, they had ceded to the power of feebleness and beauty; but scarcely had they acquired a smattering of science, when pride seized them, and women nearly lost their empire. But the worst period for them was the age of scribes and doctors; for at that time all the impertinent questions concerning the pre-eminence of men, and the inferiority of women, were brought forward. Even the existence of their souls became a matter of doubt; and theologians themselves, amidst these agitating discussions, forgot for a moment, that our Saviour was made human by his mother. These disputes led to this deplorable result, that the ignorance of women became a moral system, as the ignorance of the lower classes had become a system of policy. Our forefathers long confounded ignorance with innocence, and thence came all their troubles; they wished women to be silly for the sake of their husbands, and the people to be ignorant for the sake of power. Women, thus assimilated to the people, like them did not receive any species of instruction. Every thing was against them; science, legislature, and theology,—that theology which was then mistaken for religion, and which only was virtuous under the lash of discipline, and in the austerities of penitence. It was by depriving them of their souls, by subjecting them to mean and vulgar habits, which stupify the mind, that they hoped to preserve them in

spotless purity. In the time of Louis XIV., when women busied themselves with affairs of state, the Abbé de Fleury declared that girls ought to be taught something besides their catechism, sewing, singing, dancing, how to dress, to speak civilly, and make a good courtesy. But the progress he wished them to attain consisted in knowing how to read, write, and cipher—to know when to ask advice in matters of business, and enough of medicine to take care of the sick. Then came Fenelon, who wished them to read ancient and modern history, to understand Latin, to peruse works of eloquence, literature, and poesy; and yet such was the prejudice belonging to a period when women exercised an almost romantic power, and gave grace and politeness to society, that the archbishop was obliged to add certain restrictions, and to justify himself on theological principles. 'Women,' said the venerable ecclesiastic, 'are half of the human race, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and like us destined to eternal life.' Thus, to teach them other things than dancing, singing, and courtesying, it was necessary to invoke the merits of the Redemption, and cover them with the blood of Christ."

A part of the following passage may perhaps be well applied to other than French women.

"Since the time of Rousseau and Fenelon, great progress has taken place among men, and consequently the education of women has in some measure profited. The question is no longer asked whether it be advisable to instruct them; we consent to the development of their understanding, and lessons are given to them by artists and masters of languages; they skim, as it were, a general course of study, but in this study nothing leads them to think with their own thoughts: it is chiefly the school routine which gives occupation to their brains, and thus, at an age when the passions are awakened, those passions to which the habits of virtue and the principles of religion ought to be opposed, they find in themselves skill for the piano, a memory for words, and a soul which sleeps. Such is, with some rare exceptions, the woman of the present day, with her forms of devotion, her school morality, her mechanical talents, her love of pleasure, her ignorance of the world, and her desire to love and be loved. It is not that this education has no bright side; on the contrary, it gives grace and tone to society: the duchess and the commoner's wife rival each other in the cultivation of first-rate talents; some compose poems, which are sold for the benefit of the Greeks and Poles; others paint pictures, the price of which is devoted to pious purposes; all write correctly and elegantly; and the pens of Sévigné and Lafayette are become almost vulgar."

Upon this M. Aimé-Martin observes that, if women were to pass all their lives in stu-

dios and fêtes, if it were only necessary for them to dazzle and to please, the great problem of education would now be solved; but the hours of pleasure are few, and hours of reflection will come—what is there, then, he asks, in all this, to teach them the duties of wives and mothers? In this same chapter the vanity of modern education is admirably exposed: the appearance for the reality, the toiling at that which ought to be only a relaxation, and the forms of religion without the substance, are all touched upon; and, disregarding the opposition of mothers and school-mistresses, he calls it all vanity, and, following the young girl into the married state, when united to a husband as frivolous as herself, he ends the picture by a description of their mutual disgust. We give the closing paragraphs in the original.

"Après un pareil tableau, est-il besoin de le dire, ce n'est plus la femme qu'il faut endoctriner par le mari, c'est le mari qu'il faut régénérer par la femme. Que faire donc? Rendre les femmes au sentiment complet de leur dignité, et leur apprendre à distinguer le véritable amour des fureurs qui usurpent son nom. Le premier point, c'est qu'elles veuillent être aimées et respectées; c'est qu'elles ne consentent, à aucun prix, au déplorable rôle que nos passions brutales leur imposent; c'est qu'elles apprennent, enfin, tout ce qu'il y a d'avilissant dans ces hommages qui les transforment en instrument de caprices et de volupté. J'oserai le dire, il n'y a point de progrès possible, pour la civilisation, tant que les femmes ne nous auront pas fait rougir de ces assimilations grossières que la bonne compagnie résume ainsi: le vin, la table, les femmes, les chevaux; triste catalogue des plaisirs de la brute, où l'homme flétrit jusqu'au sein qui l'a porté!

"Mais comment nous en feront-elles rougir si elles n'en rougissent elles-mêmes? Que la délicatesse la plus exquise soit donc dans une jeune fille la lumière de sa pudeur, comme elle est dans une jeune femme la marque de sa dignité. Ce ne sont pas les grimaces de la prudence, c'est la vertu que je demande. En rendant la séduction plus difficile, je rendrai l'amour plus idéal et plus pur, je lui laisserai les illusions qui viennent enchanter notre adolescence, et l'introduisent, pour la première fois, dans le monde du beau et de l'infini!

"Ainsi doit s'accomplir l'éducation des filles. Et quant à l'éducation du mari, pourquoi nous en inquiéter? elle se fera simplement et naturellement par les vertus de la femme."

After a brief description of the present moral, literary, and scientific state of France, and public instruction, M. Aimé-Martin closes his first book with a passage which applies to all countries.

"It is therefore religion which ought to vivify nations; they will be just in the eyes of God who love their brethren; they will be powerful among men who love God. Here is revealed the true mission of women—placed among all people, and in all classes, the laws of policy do not reach them, and, pure from our fatal passions, they alone, in the bosom of society, are left to the laws of nature. Nothing need taint the character of women; the cares of business do not tarnish the freshness of their thoughts; they are neither warriors, magistrates, nor legislators: they are wives and mothers; they are such as God wished them to be. They form one half of the human race, and by their very weakness have escaped from the corruption of our power and our glory. Let them cease to regret that they do not share these passions; let them leave to us the tribune, thrones, and war, for, if they partake of our violence, who on earth can soften it! Such should be their influence, their kingdom; they bear within their persons the nations to come, they bear in their souls the destinies of those nations. Let them send through the whole earth the words of humanity and liberty; let them create an impulse towards one common feeling for the love of God and our neighbor, and their destinies will be accomplished. Armies are necessary for conquering the world; one single moral feeling can civilize and save it."

The metaphysical chapters of the second book are intended to give us an ampler knowledge of mankind, and are full of quotations from Kant and other authors; but we will no further pause over them than to extract the two following passages, which appeared to us to be worthy of remark.

"But what is infinity? All my efforts to conceive it are useless; it is equally impossible for me to deny or to comprehend it; all I can know is, that beyond infinity there is nothing. Guided by this faint light, I place a cipher before me to which I constantly add others; I fill an immense space with my calculations; useless toil! eternally increasing, but composed of finite things, the two extremes only meet my eyes, the beginning and the end. Then I look all round me; no end, no beginning; that which the cipher always seeks without obtaining it, that which is before, that which is after, that which is every where and for ever, that is infinity. The feeling of infinity gives an idea of all things which we cannot perceive by means of the senses; it realizes to us that which is unknown. The infinite is God. It is God that thou seekest, O my soul! since nothing of that which is finite can detain thee here below. Thou detachest thyself from all earthly joys, because these joys have an end; thou shrinkest from all limits, because all limit is non-existence. Within thyself alone dost thou repose in this infinity, which passes beyond our passions, and which is at once thy hope, thy light, and thy fulness."

The second passage is from the chapter on the immortality of the soul.

"Mais, dis-tu, je n'ose croire à de si hautes destinées. Dieu ne m'en donne la pensée que pour adoucir les maux de la vie, et cette pensée, ne fût-elle qu'une illusion, est encore le plus magnifique des présents. Qu'est-ce donc que Dieu pourrait me devoir au-delà? Eh bien! jette les yeux autour de toi, au milieu de tant de bienfaits prodigués, tâche de découvrir une déception. Il s'agit de savoir ce qui a été promis et ce qui a été donné, si les dons égalent les besoins, si les jouissances manquent aux désirs. Cherche un animal qui ait soif, et qui ne puisse découvrir une fontaine; une plante attachée à la terre, et sur laquelle le souffle du matin n'apporte de douces rosées; une pensée humaine qui ne puisse s'accomplir; un sentiment d'amour qui ne puisse se réaliser! Dieu dit à chaque intelligence: Ce que tu conçois, je te le donnerai; et sa magnificence se montre jusqu'aux limites de la nature. Vois ce frêle moucheron! sa tête est couronnée de diamans, ses ailes sont couvertes des nuances de l'arc-en-ciel; c'est pour lui que le zéphyr balance les fleurs, que la lumière y dépose ses parfums, et que le ciel y laisse tomber une goutte de son ambroisie; pour lui la terre est un banquet magnifique, et la vie une aurore radieuse toute consacrée à la volupté. Et cependant, au milieu de tant de richesses, au sein de tant de plaisirs, aucune voix n'éveille sa reconnaissance, rien ne l'occupe au-delà de ses appétits, rien ne l'inquiète au-delà de son horizon: il vit, jouit, et meurt; son destin est rempli. Quoi! le moucheron n'a pas été trompé, et l'homme le serait! Il y aurait en nous un sentiment sans but, une inquiétude de la vie céleste sans nécessité, des désirs sans accomplissement, des prévisions éternelles sans avenir, le supplice du néant en présence d'une immortalité promise et refusée! Promise! puisqu'elle est montrée.

"Mais la douleur! mais la mort! Tu te plains de la mort comme si tu ne portais pas en toi le sentiment qui en triomphe! Hélas! ces grandes leçons ne nous sont pas épargnées; elles se mêlent à la vie de tous les hommes. Dieu nous envoie le plaisir comme un messenger céleste qui nous invite à venir à lui, et le malheur comme un maître sévère qui nous y force. Ici, près de moi, il y a peu de jours encore, j'ai vu périr dans sa fleur un enfant, l'unique pensée de sa mère. Hélas! avec quelle anxiété elle cherchait la vie dans ces yeux éteints pour jamais! J'entends encore cette voix déchirante! je vois encore ces regards douloureux! Toutes les consolations venaient se briser contre ce mot: Il n'est plus! Tout-à-coup son âme s'exalte, une joie céleste brille dans ses yeux inondés de larmes: elle invoque le nom de Dieu! elle se ressouvient de ses promesses! un sentiment immortel lui rend tout ce qu'elle a perdu. Cette mère inconsolable, qui ne voulait rien entendre, s'abîme maintenant dans les inspirations de l'infini! Ce n'est plus sur la terre, c'est dans le ciel, qu'elle contemple son enfant!

"Ah! si elle ne devait plus le revoir; quelle infernal dérision! Dieu manquera-t-il de pouvoir ou de justice? Il y aurait magnificence et vérité dans la vie instinctive du moucheron, artifice et mensonge dans la vie morale et religieuse de l'homme! La vertu persécutée sur la terre, et tournant ses regards vers le ciel; les deuvements à la patrie et au genre humain; l'héroïsme, qui n'attend plus rien ici-bas; tous les sacrifices faits au devoir dans le seul but de plaire à Dieu, ne seraient donc que des erreurs de l'humanité! Ton âme, O Socrate! aurait eu des pensées plus vastes que la création! Toi! l'ami de la vérité, tu serais mort pour un mensonge! Un Dieu aurait trompé Socrate! L'être créé serait-il plus magnanime que son Créateur?"

"Non! Non! la Providence ne répond pas par une sentence de mort éternelle aux sages qui l'invoquent, au genre humain qui l'atteste. Ce n'est pas sur les tombeaux qu'il faut lire sa réponse, c'est dans notre âme, d'où s'échappe ce cri sublime: Dieu, éternité!"

"Quand l'homme jette ses regards sur la terre, que voit-il? la création, qui, de toutes parts, s'élève jusqu'à lui. Et quand il ramène ses regards sur lui-même, quand il s'étudie et se contemple, que trouve-t-il au-delà de ses passions terrestres? un sentiment instinctif de l'infini, une conscience qui tend à la perfection idéale, une raison dont la lumière se projette vers le ciel, une âme enfin dont toutes les facultés rayonnent vers Dieu: intuition mystérieuse de la Divinité, qui annonce un autre monde aussi sûrement que les sens révèlent celui-ci!"

The second volume, including the third and fourth books, is wholly devoted to religion: the first chapter treats of error and truth, and we strongly recommend its perusal; it would injure it to make copious extracts from it, and our limits will not allow us to give more than the opening and conclusion, which are as follows:—

"Que puis-je savoir? Que dois-je faire? qu'ose-je espérer? * J'élève la voix, j'interroge toutes les philosophies, toutes les religions, et toutes me disent, Venez à nous! Alors, prêtant l'oreille, j'entends les unes me proposer de ne croire à rien, les autres de croire sans examiner. On commence par exiger le doute, et l'on finit par me demander la crédulité. Si je parle de vertu, j'entends donner ce nom au crime; si je parle de Dieu, j'entends donner ce nom à la matière. Plus j'avance, plus ma raison se trouble; je finis par n'être sûr de rien, pas même de la substance de mon âme, pas même de la matière de mon corps: la métaphysique ne me laisse que mes sensations; la logique, que l'incertitude entre deux raisonnemens contraires. Ainsi je touche à tous les systèmes sans arriver à aucune conviction, et, plongé dans ces ténèbres philosophiques et religieuses, après avoir tout étudié, tout approfondi, je m'arrête, effrayé de ne comprendre que mon néant!"

* These are well known expressions of Kant's.

"What light will guide us in this shadowy path?" (the search of truth.) "It is the great business of life, and it must be confessed that which seems to disturb us the least. It is sometimes discussed in colleges, but, having once entered into the world, we hasten to forget it. Lectures on philosophy are so managed that they do not teach us to philosophize, for their object is to make good scholars, and not good philosophers. For women it is still worse; no one dreams of developing their souls; and for 6000 years they have led the world, without the world thinking that in the exercise of such a power the truth is of any consequence to them. The researches we are now about to make will recompense them for this neglect; for them we shall trace a few pages of human wisdom; then, abandoning those arid paths which philosophers will plant with abstractions and syllogisms, we shall enter into a new road, where Nature herself shall serve as a guide,—where all is easy, all is beautiful,—where the soul, restless about its future state, finds the termination of its fears and uncertainties,—where wisdom is love, and truth produces ecstasy."

These are bold words on the part of our author, and we will endeavor, by selecting a few passages, to show how far he fulfils his great undertaking, again impressing on the mind of the reader that he speaks to another nation, where education varies from our own, inasmuch as we profess, at least, to give to both sexes a knowledge of God; where the great mass consists of Catholics, and where there are consequently wide differences in manners, customs, and feelings. We hope, however, that we do not err when we venture to assert that Protestants may also derive much profit from an attentive perusal of M. Aimé-Martin's pages.

The fallacy of metaphysical reasoning, taken as a whole, (however applicable we may find certain isolated passages,) is thus handled.

"How can it arrive at a single positive truth, when even existence is to it an insoluble problem? The bodies which surround me, the soul which receives the impressions of these bodies, are denied by metaphysicians, without my being able to refute the denial. For them there is neither matter nor mind,—not a perceptible being, nor a perceptible object: whether we see a city, a river, the sun, the firmament, the marvels of the earth or skies; or whether we see a man who sees all these things, there is not a single sensation within us which can prove their reality. 'Bodies do not exist,' says Berkeley. The soul, a spiritual substance, then remains. 'Spiritual substances do not exist,' says Hume. Then the sensations remain. 'What does feeling mean? Am I certain that I feel?' says M. de la Mennais, (a celebrated modern writer). Thus the highest

efforts of the understanding lead us to the last degree of absurdity. Man cannot affirm anything about his own being; he can neither say I am, I feel, or I think. Show me after this what remains of creation. But astonishment is felt because these metaphysics, which refuse to us the proofs of our own existence, cannot afford us proofs of the existence of a God. How can man prove that God is, by reasoning which cannot even prove to him that his own material body exists? Kant places on two parallel lines the metaphysical arguments for and against the existence of God; then he weighs them and shows their equality. Argument having decided nothing, doubt appears, and the truth remains unknown. Thus one of the noblest of human understandings has employed all the strength of abstract reasoning to establish that this abstract reasoning is powerless when seeking for principles. But, instead of complaining of such want of power, we ought to be thankful for it. What would become of truth, that truth which ought to be universal, if nature had placed her demonstration in reasoning which is unintelligible to three-fourths of the human race?

We were about to say that the able chapter on the authority of learned theologians would probably apply more to Catholics than to Protestants; but we glanced around us, and we paused. The thronging of our countrywomen to the churches of their favorite preachers; their restlessness and discontent when forced by circumstances to attend any other; their enthusiastic and tender praise of these their holy men; the infallibility with which they clothe them; their blind submission to all they enjoin, in defiance of the authority of the most sacred ties of family and gratitude,—of that decorum which in all other cases they would cherish more dearly than their lives; that influence which they allow their confidential priest to possess, not only over their consciences, but over the most trifling occupation in their domestic arrangements; that sweeping clause of condemnation which they cast over all who presume to differ from the Reverend Mr. A. or Mr. B.—all this, we say, started before us; and we would fain ask them also to pause, and, looking at the number of popes which they thus create, ask themselves how nearly they approach to the errors of that great division of the Christian religion which they profess to abhor. But we must not write a religious discussion, when we are only called upon to give an account of a published work; and, affirming that we are most sensible to the well-directed efforts of zealous and benevolent clergymen,—that we have witnessed with tears the consolation, the soothing, which Holy Writ has imparted, when falling on the ears of the afflicted and the dying from their lips,—that we hail with

joy the appearance of the true minister of God among his suffering or thoughtless congregation,—we conclude this passage in the words of Aimé-Martin himself: "No one more than ourselves respects the Holy Scriptures, but, at the same time, no one more fears the interpretations given to it by" (bigoted) "man."

The succeeding chapter is, perhaps, quite equal to that of which we have just spoken, and has for its subject the refutation of the infallibility of the mass of opinion. We reluctantly pass over the chapters treating of the Unity of God—the influence of one single truth over the world—the attributes of the Divinity—the study of God in the soul of man, and in nature—the laws of creation—the sociability of the human race—physical and moral love—marriage—maternal affection—the propriety of keeping all things in their proper places—and the absence of all design to raise women beyond their own sphere of duty—till we come to the assertion that reaction is always in proportion to the action, on which our author says:

"The action does not always come upon us in a direct manner; sometimes it strikes the actor, sometimes those who surround him. These proofs of justice may appear to us to be slow and capricious; they overturn a throne when we only see a guilty populace; they destroy a nation when we see but the tyrant to be punished. Then come those exceptions which irritate us or strike us with terror. All this proceeds from the weakness of our own sight, and sometimes also from the greatness of our pride. We form our judgment according to the laws of human justice, and not according to those wide and profound views of universal justice which form the justice of God."

In closing this chapter, which is intended to prove that the natural bent of man is towards that which is excellent, we shall use the forcible words of the author.

"Vous venez de voir les astres se multiplier, comme les sables de la mer; montez, montez encore! Plongez avec Herschel dans ces abîmes de lumière et de feu! Le grand homme aspire à ce qu'il y a de plus beau; son âme pressent que toutes ces étoiles qui rayonnent dans l'espace doivent avoir leurs êtres animés, leurs êtres intelligents. Qu'est ce pour lui qu'un soleil qui ne ferait qu'éclairer? Dieu s'est donné partout des spectateurs. Plein de cette pensée, il observe l'astre dont la présence donne le jour, et bientôt il découvre que cet astre est une planète opaque, ténébreuse, assez semblable à la terre, et non un charbon ardent, que la lumière n'émane pas de son sein, mais qu'elle nage dans son atmosphère comme les nuées dans la nôtre; qu'elle s'y forme perpétuellement pour ray-

onner sur les mondes, et sans doute aussi sur le soleil lui-même, qu'elle éclaire, qu'elle féconde, et qu'elle aurait cent fois consumé, si, par des moyens qui nous sont inconnus, l'ardeur dévorante de ses feux ne se trouvait sans cesse adoucie. Et il en conclue que le phénomène de la vie se produit dans le soleil comme sur la terre, mais sous des formes et avec des conditions différentes. Ainsi, dépassant les profondes conceptions d'Huygens, qui, en peuplant les astres, n'avait osé peupler le soleil, le jeune Herschel s'élève d'un degré de plus vers le beau; il sent que l'intelligence est partout, parce que partout il reconnaît un Dieu. Dès-lors tous les points lumineux du firmament s'animent par la prière et par l'amour; chaque planète, chaque étoile, chaque soleil, chaque voie lactée, est un autel qui flamboie et d'où s'élance l'hymne vainqueur du néant; et l'ensemble de ces planètes, de ces étoiles, de ces soleils, de ces voies lactées, c'est le temple de la Divinité; et les chœurs sublimes qui retentissent de monde en monde, c'est le culte éternel, incompréhensible, étendu de Dieu seul, au milieu de l'harmonie des astres, à travers l'espace et le temps."

With respect to the possible perfection of man, we cannot quite agree with M. Aimé-Martin, and many other learned and good men: that we may be, can be, and shall be, much better, we do not doubt,—nay, we even admit that we are better; but the experience of all ages, the contemplation of mankind only since the Christian era, make us fear that in this life our fallen nature can never reach perfection. In all times there have been examples of brilliant virtue, but that virtue has at best been human, and is mingled with weaknesses which depend on the material structure with which God has enveloped our souls.

The chapters on death, and the application of the laws of nature to those of man, are, perhaps, not so powerful as many others; but in the latter we could not help being struck with some of the remarks on the ancient writers, for they proved to us that in all times fanaticism has made use of similar means. Those writings of St. Jerome, which are especially addressed to the novices in convents, are but the first edition of certain books, which are now put into the hands of young women, in order to warn them against sins and inclinations of which we feel sure that nine-tenths of our females would remain in ignorance were it not for these warnings. The only difference lies in the words, and in the much more pernicious excess of the second edition.

In treating of our hopes for the future, M. Aimé-Martin thus writes:

"Before the Gospel there was but little hope for humanity; since then, all else has

been reduced to nothing. Reckon the followers of each religion: give 147 millions of souls to Confucius, to Sinto, to Magism and to Fetichism; 170 millions to Bouddha and his five apostles; 60 to Brama, and 96 to Mahomet. Amid this censorship of mankind Jesus Christ is found to possess 270 millions of disciples. Whatever may be their communion, Greek or Roman Catholicism, Lutheranism or Calvinism, the Gospel has but one object—the enfranchisement of all nations; but one future—the triumph of virtue and humanity."

Having thus prepared the reader for his ultimate object, M. Aimé-Martin, in his fourth and last book, proceeds to the religion of a mother of a family, and he thus commences.

"I am now about to treat of religion in presence of its three greatest enemies—incredulity, indifference, and fanaticism—taking reason for my guide, and only seeking the truth, a difficult task, which I am anxious to fulfil without wounding the conscience of any one. For this purpose, I declare that my object is not to change the modes of worship, or to overturn dogmatical rules. Over every one of the special and changeable tenets of each sect reigns an immutable religion, which enfolds them all, as the sky surrounds the earth. My object is to borrow from that religion, which is summed up in the Gospel, those eternal principles which agree with all creeds; to introduce them gently by means of female influence, and thus gradually to advance towards the triumph of Christianity, or, in other words, the civilization of the world. . . The more sublime the religion that is given to our mothers, the more vivid will be our own impressions; to neglect to instruct our teachers would be to renounce our own instruction. May proper thoughts of God descend upon us at the sound of our mothers' voices,—may these thoughts penetrate into our souls,—may their light surround us,—may they be the joy of our childhood, the science of our heart, the life of our soul, and our support at that period when the last beams of innocence tremble before, and cede to, the passions!"

While speaking of the religion of the human race, our author further says:

"Before His coming (and I intentionally dwell upon this thought) political institutions alone traced the duties of the citizen; morality depended on religious worship only as far as its material interests were concerned; nothing united man to God; he was virtuous for the sake of his country,—the Gospel teaches us to be virtuous for the sake of humanity and of heaven. In thus combining morality and religion, the love of God and man, Jesus at once showed the insufficiency of the religion of philosophers, which preached morality without religion, and the fatality

of that religion without morality, which belonged to the Pagans."

In a comparison of the Christianity of other times and that of the present day with the true doctrines of the Gospel, we find the following beautiful passage :

"How has such love for mankind been changed into persecution and damnation? How has the God who came to seek the stray sheep, the God who calls all men to him, become the God of anathemas and exclusion? If these doctrines are the work of Jesus Christ, we must reject them as entirely pernicious; if they are the work of man, our faith must be purified. The fault lies in our recognizing the man in our religion, when we ought only to recognize God. . . . It is the general spirit of the book which must be taken; some sentences, some pages, scattered here and there, may favor violence; but if the whole book condemns it, how can we justify it? Two books verify each other—the book of the Apostles and the book of nature. I study them, I reflect upon them, and I compare them. In this magnificent examination the book of nature interprets the Gospel, and the Gospel teaches me to read the book of nature. In each I discover the same laws,—in each I recognize the same hand,—and when they cease to agree, I pause and I doubt."

Passing over the chapters treating of celi-bacy, sanctity, the Romish priest, hope and faith, and the true Gospel priest, we shall only further cite the concluding address.

"Oh women! if you could only see one of the miracles promised to maternal influence, with what noble pride would you enter upon that career which has so generously opened future ages to your endeavors! That which it is not in the power of any monarch or any nation to accomplish, it is given to your will to execute. You alone can unite the scattered flock, and give it one common impulse. That which I have not been able to trace on this cold paper, you can engrave on the hearts of a whole people. I offer to you a feeble image of the truth, and you can bequeath the truth itself to the whole world. When, in our public walks and gardens, I see on all sides the noisy crowds of children, diverting themselves with the sports suitable to their age, my heart trembles with joy at the thought that they yet belong to you. Let each devote herself to the happiness of her own children, for in each individual happiness God has placed the promise of general happiness. Young girls, young wives, tender mothers, it lies in you, much more than it lies in the laws of a legislature, to confirm the future destiny of Europe and the destiny of mankind!"

ART. III.—1. *Le Roman du Renart, publié d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi des XIII^e, XIV^e, et XV^e Siècles.* Par M. D. M. Meon. 8vo. Paris. 1826. 4 tomes.

2. *Le Roman du Renart, Supplément variantes et corrections. Publié d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi et de la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal.* Par. P. Chabaille. 8vo. Paris. 1835.

3. *Reinardus Vulpes. Carmen Epicum seculis IX. et XII. conscriptum. Ad fidem Codd. MSS. edidit et adnotationibus illustravit Franciscus Josephus Mone. Reinhard Fuchs aus dem neunten und zwölften Jahrhundert. Herausgegeben und erläutert von F. J. Mone.* 8vo. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1832.

4. *Reinard Fuchs.* Von Jacob Grimm. 8vo. Berlin. 1834.

TWICE already has the *world-renowned* Reynard the Fox figured in the pages of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*;* and we certainly should have denied him the honor of a third and last appearance, had he not come recommended to us by introductions from such accomplished scholars as Mone and Jacob Grimm. But could we, who have already admitted his universal popularity in one or other of his protean shapes, refuse to notice the hitherto inedited Latin Poem, "*Reinardus Vulpes*," which its learned editor unhesitatingly pronounces to be the archetype and prefiguration of all those "*Famous Histories and right merry Adventures*" in which the crafty courtier of the king of beasts plays a part? Could we refuse to notice a volume in which Jacob Grimm communicates to the world of letters the results of his investigation into the history of Master Reynard? Certainly not. We have therefore determined to call the attention of our readers once more to the subject, and to include in our notice Meon's edition of the "*Roman du Renard*," and the indispensable supplement to that edition, lately published by M. Chabaille; because our doing so will enable us to exhibit a tolerably complete sketch of the literary history of this very popular and widely circulated cycle of romance.

As an introduction to this sketch, we must however beg leave to say a few words touching the nature and spirit which pervade those numerous stories in which Reynard figures as the hero. Tom Hearne, whose judgment cannot be pronounced, like his industry, unquestionable, said, when speaking of the English version of this romance, "*It is an admirable thing;*" and so far Tom was

* Vol. VIII. p. 215 and p. 381.

right. But when he follows up this assertion with another, viz. "and the design, being political and to represent a wise government, was equally good,"—poor Tom, with all deference be it spoken, was confoundedly mistaken. The design is not a political one, neither is it, as others have erroneously characterized it, satirical. Jacob Grimm, in the very first chapter of his introductory Essay, enters into a discussion upon this point, and shows very clearly the impossibility of the popular stories, in which animals are the actors, being in their nature satirical. We regret that we are precluded by its length from extracting this chapter, in which the learned author displays a critical acumen that can only be excelled by the indefatigable research manifested in the succeeding pages of his work.

The stories in question had in fact their origin in times far different from this *rail-road* age; in times when men were in daily contact with the world of animals, either in tending their peaceful flocks, chasing the wild deer, or hunting down the beasts of the forest. The peculiarities of the different animals were brought by one or other of these causes constantly before their eyes, were constantly becoming the subject of their speculation; and the consideration, that, in many respects, the living creatures which they saw around them resembled the human race; that, in some, as in sharpness of sight, quickness of hearing, and fineness of smelling, they far excelled them, gave rise to numerous suppositions as to the relationship which they bore to man; and these form the foundation of all those fables in which animals enact their parts. Concerning the two great requisites for the construction of these fables, Grimm speaks as follows:

"In the first place, the fable must exhibit the animals as being endowed with human reason, and initiated into all the customs and conditions of our mode of living, so that their behavior has nothing at all odd in it. The murdered hen is carried on a bier, with cries of murder, before the king, who orders the service of the dead to be performed and an epitaph to be placed over her. The men of the fable do not hesitate to recognize the tone of the wolf, who speaks their language, when he prays to be received into the monastery. The peasant enters into a formal contract with the fox on the subject of his poultry, and in his trial with the animal recognizes the lion as the common judge between them. But then, on the other hand, the peculiarities of the nature of the several animals must be brought into play, and made of good effect. Thus, the cock sings standing upon one leg, and shutting his eyes—a characteristic trait, entirely copied from nature. So, in his battle with the wolf, does the fox avail himself

of all his natural cunning. In like manner, the cat's deeply-impressed propensity for mice, the bear's fondness for honey, are necessary *levers* of the fable, from which the most taking situations arise. Without this uniting into one of two in reality opposing elements, the animal fable (*Thierfabel*) cannot exist. Whosoever would invent stories in which the animals merely comported themselves like men, but were occasionally gifted with the names and forms of animals, would fail as completely in catching the spirit of the fable, as he who should attempt to exhibit the animals with all the truth of nature, without human address and without the aimed-at action of men. If the animals of the fable be without any smack of humanity, the fable becomes absurd; if they are without traces of their animal nature, it becomes wearisome."

Thus much of the nature of these fables. As we have already observed, Grimm denies that there exists in them any tendency to satire. He doubts moreover, and with good show of reason, whether their object was didactic. "Fable," says he, "is now entirely instructive, yet I believe its first beginning not to have been instruction." But we must leave his speculations upon this point, and his shrewd criticism upon the claims of La Fontaine and Lessing to be considered as successful fabulists, and commence our view of the rise and progress of the far-famed adventures of Reynard the Fox.

Initiamus ab initio is a good rule, and, though we cannot point out the precise moment when the events recorded by the historians of Reynard are supposed to have happened, we shall not greatly err, if we ascribe to that interesting period spoken of by the venerable chronicler of St. Denis, as "*ce tans que les bestes parloient*,"—an epoch likewise referred to by the sagacious Bertoldo as one "*quando le bestie parlavano*." What was the language thus spoken by animals in the olden time, is a matter hard to decide, but we may fairly presume that it was one of the learned languages, since we have competent authority for asserting that Latin was formerly employed by birds:

"Li oisiax dist en son Latin,"

says Li Lais de l'Oiselet.

But though the question as to when Reynard flourished is involved in obscurity, the labors of modern antiquaries have thrown considerable light upon the next question, namely, when was his name chosen, like that of the great Gustavus,

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Grimm produces a host of witnesses to show how widely spread and how favorably received was Reynard's History in the days gone by. Gautier de Coinsi, one of the best

poets of his age, who, as a pious ecclesiastic, held in slight estimation all the profane materials of poetry, maintains, when speaking of his "*Miracles de la Vierge*," which he completed in 1233, that

"Plus delitous sont si fait conte
As bones gens, par saint Omer,
Que de *Renart*, ne de *Roumer*,
Ne de *Tardiu* le limeçon ;"

and further observes that even churchmen were more desirous of having representations from this fable in their chambers, than images of the saints in their churches :

"En leur moustiers ne font pas faire
Sitost limage Notre Dame
Com font *Isangrin* et sa fame
En leur chambres ou il reponent."

Another proof of the early popularity of this story may be found in Saint Foix's "*Essais Historiques sur Paris*," where we are told that Philip le Bel, probably to mortify the Pope (Boniface VIII., who died in 1303), with whom he was on bad terms, caused the "Procession Renart" to be solemnly represented, in which a mummer, clothed in the skin of a fox, over which he wore a priest's robes, performed mass, and then ran after and devoured the poultry ; and it is probable that such exhibitions were frequent.

The Provençals, as far as we at present know, never selected Reynard for the hero of any poems. Nevertheless, it is obvious that, from their intercourse with the Normans and their acquaintance with the literature of their rivals, they soon became familiar with his exploits ; and the consequence is, that amongst the lyrical compositions of the Troubadours we find allusions to this story older than any poem by a Trouveur now extant on the subject ; older than the lost Norman-French poems of this cyclus, however, they cannot be.

For instance, our own monarch, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in a *Sirvente* which must have been written between 1169 and 1199, has an allusion to this story—

"E vos juoastes ot moi,
E men portastes tiel foi
Com *Naengris a Reinaert*."

Gavaudan, who wrote about 1195, Peire de Bussinac, who according to Raynouard flourished before the end of the twelfth century, and many other celebrated writers among the Provençals, likewise allude to it.

In Spain and Italy the history of Reynard seems however to have been but little known ; while, on the other hand, the story is shown to have been highly popular in Flanders at

the beginning of the thirteenth century. Subsequently to 1229, but before 1250, a canon of Liege (whose work forms properly the third book of the "*Vita S. Odiliæ Leodiensis*," printed in the second volume of Chapeville) when relating the victory of his countrymen over Duke Henry of Brabant, says, "*Dux autem, (Brabantinus) suorum videns interitum, fugit ad ipsum comitem (Ferrandum, Flandrensem), quærens inducias et veniam de commisso. Super cujus palliata hypocrisi Flandrenses indignati proceres, 'Eya,' inquit, 'Rainardus factus est monachus.'*"

Shortly before this, in 1204 and 1206, occurred another event recorded in the history of Flanders, which shows how widely spread was Reynard's reputation at that time. Mathilda, the widowed countess, was at open war with a party of her subjects. The adherents of Mathilda assumed the name of Isangriner (*Isangrini*) ; those who were opposed to them being designated Blaufusser (*Blavotini*). Such is the statement of a contemporary, Ricordus, in his history *De Gestis Philippi Augusti* (Duchesne, v. 54), and his testimony is confirmed by Guilermus Brito, and the later evidence of Philip Mouskes (from 1274 to 1282 bishop of Tournai), who, in his partly printed Rhyming Chronicle, says

"Et grant douaire tint vers Ippe,
En cele tiere des *Isengrins*,
Qui haoient les *Blavotins*."

Jacob Meyer, in his *Chronicon Flandriæ*, mentions the circumstance, and explains the allusion to the wolf in the name of the Isangriner, but is unable to do the same for that of the Blavoter. Grimm, however, and the circumstance of its being the name of the opposite faction calls for some such explanation, assumes that the epithet is connected with the history of the fox, who, as he shows very clearly, was sometimes designated by the coaxing name of Blaufuss (Bluefoot) and Schwarzfuss (Blackfoot).

But the earliest testimony to the existence of popular stories in which the fox and the wolf exhibit those peculiar traits by which they are characterized in the Reynardine fables, is that which is afforded by the Abbot Guibert de Nogent in his *Auto-biography*, and which proves them to have been as familiar to the natives of Picardy at the commencement of the twelfth century as the passages we have quoted above prove them to have been to the Flemings a century later. Guibert, or Wibert, a native of Beauvais, was elected Abbot of the Monastery of Nogent, near Coucy, in 1104, and died in 1124. He wrote three books, *De Vita Sua*, which were published among his collected works at Paris,

by Lucas d'Achery, in 1651; and in book 3, cap. 8, p. 507, he relates the murder, in 1112, of Gualdricus, or Waldricus, Bishop of Laon, in Picardy, who had made himself hated by his crimes and offences. The insurgents sought everywhere for the bishop, who had concealed himself at their approach; at last they examined the cellar, "cum itaque per singula eum vasa disquirerent, iste (Teudagaldus, the chief of the murderers) pro fronte tonnulæ illius in qua latebat homo, substitit, et retuso obice sciscibatur ingeminando 'Quis esset?' Cumque vix eo fustigante gelida jam ora movisset, 'Captivus' inquit.—Solebat autem episcopus eum *Isengrimum* irridendo vocare, propter lupinam scilicet speciem: sic enim aliqui solent appellare lupos. Ait ergo scelestus ad præsulem, 'Hiccinne est dominus *Isengrinus* repositus?' Renulfus igitur, quamvis peccator, christus (i. e. unctus) tamen Domini, de vasculo capillis detrabitur." In this remarkable passage, obscure as it is towards the conclusion, in which we should probably read *Renardus* instead of Renulfus, we see that in 1112 this fable was so well known that the name of Isengrim was satirically applied to a wild-looking man, and moreover that every one of the common people understood the allusion. From which we may reasonably infer that in the North of France this characteristic fable was then one generation older at least; that it might, in short, date its rise from the middle of the eleventh century.

We have thus historical testimony to the fact of the story being current at the commencement of the twelfth century. The names of the chief actors afford philological evidence of its existence in still earlier times. We will not follow Grimm through the eight-and-twenty pages occupied by his chapter upon the *Thiernamen* (names of the animals); but as we have long felt that the very name of the fox in the French romances upon the subject served to prove, not only that those romances were not of French origin, (for had they been so the old French appellative of the fox *Goupil*, and not the Teutonic Reinard, would have obtained, as the name of the hero), but that the German writers had reason on their side when they claimed the credit of this favorite narrative for their countrymen; we shall content ourselves with extracting one passage, important for the etymological grounds which it affords for supposing that stories of the Fox and Wolf were known to the Franks as early as the 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries. After showing that the names applied to the several animals, far from being vague and unmeaning, were originally strictly significant, Grimm proceeds to specify the several classes into which these

epithets were capable of being divided, and then to make those observations on the name of the fox, which form the passage to which we have alluded.

"*Renart, Reinhart*, in its earlier form *Reginhart*, still earlier *Raginohard, Ragnohard*, is a proper name of frequent occurrence in documents of the 7th, 8th, and 9th centuries, the meaning of which has long ceased to be thoroughly understood. Smaragd, a Benedictine monk of Lorraine, who, about 816, or still earlier, completed a Donatus which has never been printed, explains *Reinhart* by 'nitidum consilium,' erroneously taking *rain* for *hreini*, (purus, nitidus). But how did he come by 'consilium,' which can in no wise exist in *hart*; is it through transposition in *rât*? has he confounded with it the somewhere acquired proper meaning of the first word? it appears so, for *ragin, regin*, is without doubt 'consilium' in the Gothic language throughout. (Philem. 14, *ragineis*, consiliarius senator. Mark 15, 43. Rom. 11, 34.) In the later dialects the word began to disappear and to exist only in combination. Probably the Frankish has preserved it longer, for the well known *raginboron* were—the before the tribunal giving counsel, the advising, the deciding; Anglo-Saxon *rædboran*, Frisian *réd-jewa* (Rechts Alterthümer, 774, 787); the writing of the Lex Sal. *racin, rachin* (and before *b, rachim*) is of no consequence, because, for example, *lacina* is written there for *lagina*. Thus *Raginhard* is expert in counsel, adviser, and we have before seen that, throughout all these fables, the fox was actually the adviser. Moreover the French poem seems to exhibit a knowledge of this fact, probably from following closely its incomprehended original source:

'Si ai maint bon conseil doné,
Par mon droit non ai non Renart,'—l. 15876.

"'I have much good counsel given, by my right name I am called Reinhart.' From this it is clear that the name of Reinhart in these fables was a characteristic one, and that it was originally applied to the fox on that account. It is therefore not to be wondered that a so deeply contrived name of an animal became firmly rooted in the Frankish tongue, that it could even supplant the French appellative *goupil*, and from *Renart* at last become *renard*. But what appears more important, the first application, or finding of the name, must be traced up to a period at which the sense of the word *ragin* was generally perceptible, consequently our fables (*Thierfabel*) go back far beyond the twelfth century. I venture to maintain that this name alone justifies the supposition—that the Fables of the Fox and the Wolf were known to the Franks in the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries, when they used the yet unalloyed German tongue, dulled by no influx of the Gaulish language—that they took the fables with them from Germany across the Rhine."—Introduction, pp. ccxi—ccxlii.

The next question for our examination is the locality in which the Renardine fables now possessed by us took their rise. This will not take us long, for the ground on which they sprung is not widely spread, nor indeed should we have alluded at this place to their local origin, but that we were anxious to call attention to the extraordinary fact, that this peculiar cycle of popular poetry should have acquired its popular and long enduring form, in those very regions in which that branch of the painter's art which may be pronounced of a cognate nature with the works under consideration—we mean, of course, cattle and landscape painting—has been cultivated with fond perseverance and pre-eminent success. For it is in Flanders, and the countries immediately adjoining to it—the north of France and the western parts of Germany—that these poems have flourished most luxuriantly, as we shall take the opportunity of showing when we bring these various compositions under the notice of our readers.

Before commencing this division of our labors, we have a few preliminary remarks to make on the fact of the lion, a stranger, in our days at least, to the forests of the European continent, appearing in these histories as the acknowledged king of beasts. We had thought of noticing the peculiar fitness of the fox and the wolf, formerly the most populous denizens of our coverts, for the parts which they are called upon to perform. We pass this by, however, that we may examine the probable cause of the lion's being invested with regal authority. This circumstance would seem, at once, to contradict the German, or indeed European origin of the fable. But, setting aside our knowledge that lions were formerly brought into Europe from their native wilds, to be exhibited as important features in royal and princely pageants—that proof of their being indigenous to Europe might be adduced from those poets who tell us that Sigfrid was wont to hunt lions in the Burgundian forests—both which circumstances might be considered sufficiently explanatory of the motives which induced the writers of these fables to invest the lion with sovereignty over all the other animals who figure in these narratives; another and more satisfactory explanation is afforded by the fact, that there is good reason for believing, that the lion has, in comparatively modern times, usurped the crown which the bear originally possessed, both *de jure* and *de facto*. The bear is, indeed, the strongest and the largest of all our indigenous animals—the true king of our European forests; and Grimm, after showing that, in the old German language, the roaring of the lion and the growling of the bear were both expressed by

one and the same word, viz. *bremīn*,—and further (which is very remarkable with regard to this point) that in the old Norse tongue, the highest authority was expressed by *bersa leyfi* (licentia ursi), adduces satisfactory evidence, the particulars of which we shall not attempt to follow, that in Germany, in the tenth century, and earlier, the kingly authority over the beasts of the forests was considered to belong, not to the lion, but to the bear; who, in the works now handed down to us, is still exhibited as second only to the lion in power and influence; and the bear is, in fact, next to the fox and wolf, the most important personage in these oft-told tales.

But it is time that we proceed from these introductory and general observations to a more particular examination of the several literary productions, to which the popularity of Reynard's history has given rise. The oldest of these is a Latin poem, now printed for the first time by Grimm, from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved at Berlin. "Isengrimus," as this poem is designated, contains 688 verses, and, though of considerably less extent than the Latin poem published by Mone, it is not only obviously of greater antiquity, but surpasses it in the power of description which it displays. It comprises, however, only two stories—the first is, "The Sickness of the Lion;" and the second, which is very skilfully combined with it, relates "The Pilgrimage of the Goat." It commences as follows:

"It whilom chanced so sick the lion lay,
He could nor sleep by night, nor feed by day;
A die, of life or death, the fate did bear,
And hope fast faded 'fore increasing fear;
The season too, his ills to increase strove,
For Phœbus then through fiery Cancer drove."*

He had been removed, for the sake of coolness, to the shady coverts of the wood, and ordered a general court, proclaimed a solemn peace, and summoned before him all the beasts of the forest, that he might secure their allegiance to his wife and children, and during his lifetime nominate his successor. Reynard is the only one who absents himself; he waits for a special summons. Isengrim, the wolf, his inveterate enemy, who is

* "Contigit arreptum forti languore leonem,
Nil dormire, nichil sumere posse cibi,
Alea judicium vite mortisque trahebat.
Et spe liberior ceperat esse metus;
Quin morbi rabiem sors tempestatis alebat,
Cum traheret Cancri Phœbus in arce rotam." v. 1—6.

greatly rejoiced at this, thrusts himself ostentatiously forward, and, having attracted the attention of the lion, slanders the fox, and tells the royal invalid that it would much conduce to his recovery to eat the livers of the ram and of the goat, and, when convalescent, their flesh. But the manner in which this is told deserves an extract :

"Even the lion smiled, as thus he said,
(While his harsh voice filled every beast with dread)

'Good Isengrim, near me a seat secure,
I think thou wouldst relate what would me cure.

If so, out with it !' Straight the wolf obeys,
Sits, slightly hems, his pulse then feels, and says

'Fear not, great king. Sound health will soon be thine,

To pay each traitor off in his own coin.' "

But to proceed : Joseph, the ram, and Berfridus, the goat, who had listened with great indignation to the suggestions of the wolf, give him such hints with the points of their horns, as are not to be mistaken, that he must leave the throne, and take his place among the cats, for that his knowledge of medicine was nothing worth :

"'Scis nichil, Isengrime : fuge hinc,' ait omnis, 'abito.' "

Gusthero, the hare, is then despatched with a summons to the fox, who is called upon to display his skill in leech-craft ; he is, however, desired by Reynard to return forthwith to court, and say he could not find him. He accordingly does so, and is, after a while followed by Reynard, who appears laden with a quantity of healing herbs, which he had previously collected, and a number of old worn out shoes. The lion making no reply to his thrice proffered salutation,

"'Pulcra,' ait, 'hic merces pro pietate datur ;' "

and then, in answer to the questions of his sovereign, he explains that, upon the announcement of the lion's illness, instead of merely presenting himself at court, as all the other nobles of the land had done, he had taken a wearisome journey to Salerno, to find an effectual remedy for his disease, and

in doing so had worn out an incredible number of shoes—producing these in proof of the accuracy of his statement. He then goes on to explain, that only one thing further is required to ensure his sovereign's recovery, which is that, when he takes the medicine, he must promote copious perspiration by enveloping himself in the thick and grey hide of a wolf three years and a half old, and suggests that Isengrim may lend his for that purpose, and, when the cure is effected, it can be returned to him. Isengrim, upon hearing this, seeks to effect his escape, but, being prevented from doing so, pleads that he is an old wolf, and not a young one. Reynard does not admit this excuse, but proves, from his being just two years and a half old when a certain event took place in the goat's house a twelvemonth before—that he is just of the right age. The ass, the goat, and the ram are called, and confirm the truth of Reynard's statement, who however decides at last that any wolf's skin, be it young or old, will answer the purpose. The lion accordingly commands the bear to flay the wolf, which he does, helping him off with his tunic after the French fashion ;—

"Ut tunicam France deposuisse queas"—

but leaving the shaggy covering on his head and paws.

This circumstance, as well as the redness of his bleeding limbs, gives rise to many bitter jests ; such as taunting his disloyalty in not always wearing his gay red dress in court, instead of the old grey wolf skin which he was accustomed to appear in ; and when the poor beast stretches forth his paws, and bows his head that his implacable antagonist may tear away the skin from them, Reynard upbraids him, that it became a suppliant to appear bare-headed and with naked hands, and not with his head covered and with gloves, as if he were insolently going to challenge his sovereign to a combat. At length the wolf is allowed to escape, with the understanding that his skin will be taken care of for him until he thinks proper to reclaim it. The lion then takes the medicine prescribed by the fox, and ensconces himself in the wolf's hide—

"A copious sweat the fever straight subdued :
He woke refreshed, nay more, he asked for food ;

Then better slept, and ate, until at length
His former health returned in all its strength."*

* "Ipse parum ridet Leo, sicque profatur : eratque Vocis ad horrorem concio tota tremens.

'Ysengrime comes, prope me sessurus adisti :
Credo, referre paras quod michi prestet opem.
Exere si quid habes.' Propius sedet ille, parumque

Tussit, et ut veniam palpitat, inquit ita.

'Pone metum, rex, pone. Vales, virtute reversa :
Redde suam fidei perfidieque vicem.' "

—v. 49-56.

* "Jamque fluunt febres largo sudore solute :
Evigilans surgit, poscit et ipse cibum ;
Tunc, melius meliusque valens, dormivit et edit,
Dum rediit pleno robore prisca salus."

—l. 511-514.

Rich gifts marked the obligation which the lion felt under to his physician.

"The king an honor to the fox ordained,
Which 'fore or since no other beast obtained,
Fearless to cross the marks his tail did leave,
The bear and boar no grant like this receive."*

During the king's progress towards convalescence he is entertained by the fox in relating to him the particulars of that adventure of the wolf, to which he had before alluded; these are as follows:

Bertiliana, the she-goat, went forth upon a pilgrimage. At first she was alone, but was afterwards joined by seven companions, to each of whom some peculiar duty was allotted. Reardus the stag, Joseph the ram, and Berfrid the goat, being furnished with horns, formed the van-guard. Reynard is the quarter-master; the ass is the janitor, and carrier of the baggage; Gerardus the goose keeps watch at night, and Sprotinus the cock is the time-keeper. An old wolf, who was lurking close by, had overheard the treaty, and determined, as he was very anxious to make one of the party, to creep in amongst them on the very first opportunity. Reynard had however spied him out, and laid his plans accordingly. For having found a dead wolf hanging upon a tree, he cut off his head and gave it to Joseph, with special directions how he was to act, should the wolf intrude among them. Night approached: the travellers seated themselves to their evening meal. In his anxiety for his supper the ass neglects to fasten the door—

"asinum furor urget edendi"—

and Isengrim bursts in upon them exclaiming, "Peace be with you!" The party are at first greatly alarmed, but soon recover themselves. Bertiliana inquired, "What shall we place before our guest?"—"There is nothing but the grey head of an old wolf," replied Joseph. "Bring that in then," said the fox. Joseph brought in the head accordingly, at the sight of which Isengrim clapped his tail between his legs, and wished himself far enough away. "This head won't do," quoth Reynard, "take it away, and bring a larger one!" Joseph went out and brought the same again. "That won't do either," said Reynard; "the large heads are in the other corner. Fetch in two of the seven very big ones; or, stop, bring that fine one that is

stretched open with the hazel-twigg, that is just fit for eating." Joseph went out and brought in the same again, but with its jaws stuck open with a bit of wood. The wolf trembled violently, and the several animals pretended to comfort him. Gerardus the goose thought he was suffering from ague, or perhaps from fear of himself. "Be of good cheer," said the goose, "I have no wish to terrify you; not but what I could if I wished, for the wolf whose head you see there, and which I snapped off, was a great deal stronger and more cunning than you are."—"Our guest had better eat," cried Joseph, "he need not care for the expense, we have enough for this nine or ten nights, if he only stay with us."—"I am very ill," said the wolf, "and what is more, very much astonished, for who ever saw a party of pilgrims carrying with them so many wolves' heads?"—"We never catch any but wicked wolves," said Reynard; "we never meddle with our dear guests."—"I am expected at home," continued the wolf, "my wife and children are waiting for me."—"Won't you go with us?" the stag cried out after him; "on our way we lay hold of all the wolves we find in the forest, and either hang them up in the trees, or starve them to death. You shall help us and be the hangman!"—"I am too young for so great an honor, I am only two years and a half old," replied the wolf, and so saying he took his departure.

"Ille refert, 'decus hoc mea non sibi vindicat
etas
Dimidians lustrum,' sicque solutus abit."

Such are the contents of "Isengrimus," a poem written, as is evident from various circumstances, in South Flanders, during the first half of the twelfth century, probably earlier, for the "Reinardus," which is certainly not so old, was composed about the middle of that century. And this affords additional proof, if such were necessary, that the Reynardine fables were in general circulation during the whole of the eleventh century; for we may be sure that, when an ecclesiastic (and that this work was the production of a writer of that class is obvious from the traces of classical learning which it exhibits) took it into his head to relate in Latin verse detached stories selected from a whole cycle of romance, that cycle was one which had long been current in the songs and traditions of the people.

The poem which we have just examined forms a portion, or rather is engrafted in that more extensive work containing 6596 lines, the 'Fabella Lupina,' as it is designated in one of the three manuscripts from which it is printed, which was published some years

* "Precipuo vulpem Renardum donat honore,
Quem nemo meruit postea, nemo prius,
Intrepidum transire sue vestigia caude.
Non hoc contigerant ursus aperque decus."
—l. 516-520.

since by Mone, under the title of "Reinardus Vulpes." This publication, the third in the list prefixed to this article, has certainly been of considerable service, as the poem in question is undoubtedly one of the most valuable monuments of the literature of the middle ages which have of late been given to the world; and it cannot but excite our surprise that so extensive and highly interesting a work should have remained so long entirely unknown, and indeed not have been published till our own time: a fact which can only be explained by the supposition that the clergy, to whom some parts of it must certainly have been peculiarly displeasing, took every means in their power to suppress it. While we thank the editor for the publication of the text, we cannot but express our regret that, in his notes to it, he should have thought fit to indulge in so many fanciful and unfounded views, not only with regard to the age of the poem, which he asserts without a shadow of evidence to have been originally composed in the ninth century, and afterwards interpolated by a more modern hand in the twelfth; and to contain under the semblance of a romance an allegorical history of the affairs and quarrels of various well-known personages; among whom he supposes Zwentiboldus, who was King of Lorraine, and son of the Emperor Arnulf, and who flourished towards the close of the ninth century, to be represented by Isengrimus the Wolf, and his minister, Reginarius, by that of Reinardus the Fox.

Before we analyse the poem it will, therefore, be as well to demolish, as we trust to do with a very few words, these "*grillenfangereyen*" (as his countrymen very characteristically designate such whimsical speculations) of Professor Mone, whose peculiar notions on the subject of the poem generally were first made known in a series of papers in the "*Morgenblatt*" for 1831 (No. 222-6), to which the purchaser of the book is very coolly referred, if, as is most likely, not being contented with the opinions set forth in the Professor's notes to the poem, he wishes to learn (which he ought to do from the preface) the Editor's detailed opinion of the work in question. But let us proceed. In the first place, there is not the slightest ground for attributing any part of the poem to a writer of the ninth century. Portions of it certainly appear to be in a somewhat earlier style, but there is nothing in them to justify in the least the supposition of their being the production of that early period. Reinardus is obviously not a piece of pure invention; the style in which it is related, and the oftentimes uncalled-for instances of book-learning which it exhibits, are the author's own. But he himself refers to some written authority:—

"Gavisam *scriptura* refert his lusibus illam." v. 1879.

This *scriptura* was probably some earlier and more simple Latin history,* which, if it contained all the materials of the present poem, (which it most probably did, the Isengrimus forming perhaps a portion only of some more extensive work, the rest of which is lost,) that fact must tend greatly to diminish the value of Reinardus in our opinion. It is possible, however, though much less probable, that an earlier poem in the vernacular tongue, and current among the common people, formed the basis of the present work.

This was written between the years 1148 and 1160, as is very clearly proved by the author's apostrophising (book iii., line 1501-84) two ecclesiastics who were personally friendly to him. These were Walter, prior of Egmond, and Baldwin, prior of Lisborn, in Westphalia. Walter was a native of Flanders; in the year 1129 he was at the head of an ecclesiastical establishment at Lens in Artois, attached to the Abbey of Ghent. In that year the bishop of Utrecht and the Countess of Holland wished to nominate some worthy ecclesiastic from Ghent to the Abbey of Egmond; Arnold, abbot of Ghent, recommended Walter, who was accordingly appointed and filled the situation from 1130 to 1161 with the highest credit. About the same time another Benedictine, named Baldwin, was called from the same school to be abbot of the newly established monastery at Lisborn. His inauguration took place in 1130, and he held the office until 1161, when he was succeeded by Franco. From this circumstance, and from the fact of the poem containing internal evidence of its having been written in North Flanders, we may reasonably conclude that its author was a countryman of Walter and Baldwin, that is to say a Fleming, and probably an ecclesiastic attached to the monastery of Saint Peter at Ghent. The writer, whoever he might be, was undoubtedly a churchman; this is shown not only by his learning, all of which was at that time in the hands of the Church, but also by the monkish spirit which pervades the third fable of the third book. The fact of his indulging in bitter derision upon the downfall of the Church, and sparing neither the supreme head of it, nor St. Bernard, whose fame then echoed throughout Europe, does not at all militate against this opinion; for, at the period when he wrote, the divided state of parties would

* Probably the older Latin poem, of which we have been informed Dr. Jacob Grimm discovered two manuscripts in the library at Brussels, subsequently to the publication of his admirable volume.

fully account for such an act. The writer, whether monk or layman, was, however, no freethinking scorner, but a man who honored the clergy when their conduct justified him in doing so, as his praise of Walter and Baldwin sufficiently attest;—his calling them his friends and confidants affording additional evidence of his connection with the Church. If to this we add that he was probably a Benedictine, rigidly observant of the ancient rules of the order, and as such one to whom the rapidly extending innovations of the Cistercian monks could not but be highly objectionable, his vehement opposition to Saint Bernard, who was the head of the Cistercians, and to the Crusades, to the promotion of which that distinguished prelate had lent all his influence, is then easily accounted for.

We think we have now proved very satisfactorily that *Reinardus* is a production of the twelfth century. Having done so, it seems almost a work of supererogation to overthrow the theory recently advanced by Mone, of its containing an allegorical version of the history of Zwentibold; for the idea of composing a work of such a nature would hardly suggest itself three centuries after those events had occurred which were to form the subject-matter of the allegory. Eccard was the first to broach the theory of the historical origin of Reynard's story in his preface to Leibnitz's *Collectan. Etymol.*, and he imagined Isengrimus to represent a certain Bavarian count, named *Isanricus*, who at a somewhat later period opposed the Emperor Arnulf, in Bavaria, Austria, and Moravia. Unfortunately for Eccard's case, although in the fable the wolf and the fox are continually coming in contact one with the other, history not only does not afford a single instance of Reginarius and Isanricus being connected in the slightest degree; but, which is still worse, lays the scenes of their adventures in widely different places. Mone, in editing *Reinardus*, adopts Eccard's theory with certain amendments, such as making King Zwentibold the original of the wolf, instead of the above-mentioned Isanricus, and seeing in the name of the lion, Rufanus, an anagram of that of King Arnulf (*Arnufus*),* and many other things equally curious and equally imperceptible to common-place people like ourselves, who do not pretend to be able to see further into a millstone than our neighbors. But history treats the editor of "*Reinardus*" as scurvily as it had before treated the editor of Leibnitz. It demolishes

his nicely balanced theory. Its records prove the characters of Zwentibold and Reginarius to have borne no resemblance to those which the wolf and the fox exhibit in the poem; and, what alone is quite sufficient to decide the question against Mone, represent Reginarius as the subject of Zwentibold, whereas, in "*Reinardus*," the fox is ever free and independent of the wolf.

But it is time to give our readers some notion of the poem which has called forth these remarks. It is divided into four books; and, from the manner in which it opens, Isengrimus being named without any explanation on the part of the author that the wolf is thereby intended, and no reason being given for bestowing the epithet of Reynard upon the fox, it is obviously either the continuation of some other poem, or a new branch of one, which was, at the time when this was written, already popular. It commences as follows:—

"At early dawn, one summer's morn, as Isengrimus hied
Unto the wood in search of food, Reinardus
he espied;
Who thither brought by selfsame thought, by
which the wolf had been,
Had hoped that he the wolf did see, before
himself was seen.
But finding straight, although too late, he was
in piteous case,
Cut off from flight, the cunning wight put on
a good bold face;
And willingly, so feigned he, he was the first
to speak—
'Oh quick be thine, dear uncle mine, the prey
which now you seek.'
He called him so, but well did know that un-
cle he was none,
Thinking wolf must repose his trust upon a
brother's son.
'Rejoice, thy prayer is heard I swear,' quoth
Isengrimus grave,
'The present hour puts in my power the food
for which I crave:
Thou pray'dst that I might quick descry some
fitting prey for me;
Food to my mind in thee I find, so thou that
prey shalt be.'"

Reynard objects to travel after the fashion of the prophet, (Jonas,) that is to say, in the

* "Egrediens silvam mane Isengrimus ut escam
Jejunis natis quæreret atque sibi,
Cernit ab obliquo Reinardum currere vulpem,
Qui simili studio ductus agebat iter;
Prævisusque lupo, non viderat ante videntem,
Quam nimis admoto perdidit hoste fugam.
Ille, ubi cassa fuga est, ruit in discrimina casus,
Nil melius credens, quam simulare fidem.
Jamque, saluator veluti spontaneus, infit;
'Contingat patruo præda cupita meo.'
(Dicebat patruum falso Reinardus, ut ille
Tanquam cognato crederet usque suo.)
'Contigit,' Isengrimus ait, 'lætare petisse,
Opportuna tuas obtulit hora preces;
Ut quæsitâ mihi contingat præda petisti.'
Contigit in prædam te exigo, tuque daris." l. 1-16.

* "At some future time," says Grimm, "a much better anagram may satisfy the world that *Meon*, the editor of the '*Renard*,' and *Mone*, the editor of the '*Reinardus*,' were identically one and the same person."

bowels of his uncle, and while they are arguing the point, which they do at considerable length, a peasant goes along carrying a ham. Reynard makes his uncle a proposal that they should rob him; his uncle agrees to do so; and accordingly Reynard approaches the peasant, feigns lameness, and allows himself to be hunted by the countryman, who, that he may the more readily make him his prize, throws down the ham. This is speedily snapped up by Isengrim, who had been on the look-out for it, and carried off to the forest; where the wolf is soon after joined by Reynard, who demands his share of the prize, whereupon Isengrim gives him the string by which the ham had been carried.

Reynard afterward induces Isengrim to accompany him to a store pond, where he assures him he will be able to catch lots of fish. Reynard tells him if he dips his tail in the water, and allows it to hang there a sufficient time, he will be rewarded by an ample prey; and, advising him to catch only eels and perch, and not to bother himself about the larger fish, leaves him and robs the priest's hen-roost of a cock. The priest upon being made acquainted with the robbery leaves off saying mass, and, accompanied by his congregation, who arm themselves with the crucifix, candlesticks, &c., gives chase to the fox. Reynard, finding the pursuit growing hot, betakes himself to the spot where the wolf is kept prisoner by his tail being frozen fast in the ice. Reynard advises him to escape, and leaves him to the tender mercies of the priest and his companions. They fall upon him, tooth and nail, with the sacred weapons which they had seized. Amongst the most active is Andrada, the priest's wife, who, intending to kill Isengrim, aims a violent blow at him with a hatchet. By great good luck however the blow only cuts off part of his tail, so that he is thereby enabled to escape and reach the forest, where he vows to be bitterly revenged upon Reynard.

The fox soon after joins him, and endeavors to convince his uncle that his loss is really a gain; but offers, by way of making amends for his supposed ill conduct, to point out to him four rams whom he may readily capture. Isengrim accordingly goes to them, and demands from them the tribute of hides and wool, which their fathers had been accustomed to pay him. They deny his right to such tribute, and form an effectual plan of resistance, for they all four attack him at once from the different sides of the field, in the middle of which he happens to be standing, and he falls to the ground half killed by the blows given him by the very animals in

anticipation of whose capture he had exclaimed—

"As knives cut butter, will my teeth their bones."*

The second book contains the history of the lion's falling sick; and includes the first portion of the earlier "Isengrimus;" the conclusion of which poem, with sundry alterations and additions, constitutes according to its present arrangement the third book of "Reinardus." That what is termed now the fourth book ought, at all events, to be placed directly after the second, is shown from its commencement, in which we are told "that, the court being greatly rejoiced at the lion's restoration to health, the several members return to their respective homes: and that on his way through the forest Reynard encounters the wolf, who is still smarting under the loss of his skin—an explanation which shows very clearly that the third book, in which the wolf and the fox repeatedly encounter each other without the slightest allusion being made to this particular injury, is very improperly thrust into the place which it now occupies. But to proceed. Reynard, after a long discourse with Isengrim, persuades him to wreak his vengeance upon the ram. The wolf agrees to do so, and is accordingly conducted by Reynard to the spot where he is feeding. The ram succeeds, however, in beating off his assailant, who is glad to escape with no worse treatment than a hearty drubbing. When he is somewhat recovered from the wounds inflicted on this occasion, Reynard determines to play him another trick, and accordingly invites the lion, whom he meets and who is desperately hungry, to visit Isengrim. The lion does so, to Isengrim's great astonishment. The whole party then proceed together to the forest, where they have the good fortune to capture a young heifer, which Isengrim is commanded by the lion to make a division of. In obedience to these directions he does so, and divides it into three equal portions—intending one for the lion, one for himself, and one for the fox. The king of beasts is, however, sore displeased with the wolf's manner of sharing the spoil, and therefore calls upon the fox to divide afresh. Reynard thereupon divides it into three shares, certainly of equal size, but of very different degrees of value. The first share contained the very choicest parts of the heifer, and was in fact worth the other two put together; the second share a good deal of meat but no fat;

* "Ut butyrum culter dentibus ossa ceco."

"The third all bones, but little flesh was there."*

He then takes the feet of the heifer, adds one of them to each of the three shares, and lays the fourth on one side. Being then called upon by the lion to allot the several shares to the parties for whom he intended them, he says—the first is for his royal master, the second for the lioness, and the third for the lion's whelps. The lion inquires what is to be done with the fourth foot. "It is for me, or to be added to your majesty's share," replies the fox; whereupon he is graciously permitted to retain it, as a reward for the skill which he has displayed in affecting so equitable a division; a skill which he professes, in reply to the inquiries of the lion as to who had taught him to divide so well, to have acquired from Isengrim.

"Me docuit . . . patruus iste meus.†"

Our limits, however, admonish us to bring our notice of this poem to a close. We must therefore pass over Isengrim's perjury, and the punishment which visited it, together with the particulars of his death, from an attack made on him by a herd of swine, and of his being partly devoured by the old sow. One short extract and we have done. Reynard is told that his uncle Isengrim will never sin more :—

"No wicked schemes now form his dreams,
his mind no treasons fill,
He never more will, as of yore, do ought
that's wrong or ill.

* "Est ossosa parum tertia carnis habens."

4. v. 258.

† Mone says that in this part of the poem the lion no longer represents the emperor Arnulf but his son Lewis of Germany, and that the division of the heifer is intended to typify the partition of Lorraine. Unfortunately for this statement, the story is one of the commonest of middle age fables. We have now before us a MS. of the latter end of the thirteenth century, containing a collection of Latin stories for the use of the monks, and which was assuredly compiled in England, in which we find a similar story told so smartly and so briefly as to justify our adding it to this note.

"Leo, lupus, et vulpes, venantes, ceperunt vacam, ovem, et aucam; et cum hora fuisset partiendi, dixit Leo, 'Luppe (sic), partire predam nostram.' Lupus dixit, 'Quia tu es rex noster et dominus, tu habebis vacam; ego, quia minor te sed major vulpe, habebo ovem; vulpes vero habebit aucam.' Leo autem hoc audiens, protenso pede, pellem de capite lupi unguibus extrahit et caput totum fecerat cruentatum. Dixit vulpi, 'Vulpes, nunc partire tu.' Dixit vulpes, 'Domine, quia tu es dominus et rex tu habebis vaccam; et domina mea leona, uxor tua, habebit ovem, et domini mei, pueri tui, habebunt aucam.' Cui leo—'Dic mihi vulpes, quis te docuit sapienter parti?' Ad quem vulpes—'Domine, iste socius meus cum rubeo capite'—ostenso lupo."

'Then sure he's dead,' sly Reynard said,
'dear uncle art thou gone?'
Alas! I'm here, oh uncle dear, thou in thy
tomb alone!'"

We now come to the oldest High German poem on the subject of Reynard. This unfortunately has not been handed down to us in its earliest shape; while even the version which we do possess is preserved in very faulty manuscripts. The first edition of it appeared in 1817, and it is now printed by Grimm from a different manuscript, which has however been compared with the printed edition.

"Reinhart," the poem in question, contains no fewer than 2266 lines; in the course of which the author twice names himself *Hienreich der Glîchesære* according to the one MS.—*Glîchsenære* according to the other. This last is not properly a family name, but rather to be considered a characteristic one, signifying a counterfeiter or feigner (from the old German *gelîchesen*) and corresponding with the modern German *Gleissner*, a dissembler. Grimm—and his opinion on matters connected with the early literature of his fatherland, has all the force of a law—concludes from various circumstances that the author was a Suabian living in German Switzerland, who flourished about the middle or rather towards the latter half of the twelfth century. His work, however, has been handed down to us only in the shape into which it was fashioned by an unknown writer, who lived some fifty years later than Heinrich; in whose version we find that a considerable number of verses have been suppressed, altered, and introduced; but in which the cramping metrical laws of the elder poet are preserved in a most remarkable manner. The contents of Heinrich's poem contribute remarkably towards the earlier history of these fables; for it must have been from the French sources, although not to be found in any of those now known to exist, that he was enabled to mention, not only Salerno, but the name of the physician of that place. Master *Pendin* or *Bendin* is no imaginary person, but Magister Pontus, a Greek, who is recorded as one of the first founders of the school. On the other hand, the elephant's being invested with Bohemia must have been the work of *Heinrich der Glîchsenære* himself, for it is little likely such an incident should be mentioned by the French authorities.

* "Desiit esse malus, mores projecit iniquos,
Nil sceleris faciet postmodo, nilque doli.'
'Ergo obiit certe? proh, patruæ dulcis, obiisti?
Heu, tumultum sine me, patruæ care, tenes?' "

iv. 1073-6.

We shall not attempt to give an outline of the whole story contained in the "Reinhart;" but, as one of its peculiarities consists in its being the only work which tells how the sickness of the lion was occasioned, we purpose confining ourselves to that portion of it; and thereby completing that chapter of Reynard's History, of which our notice of "Isengrimus" and "Reinardus" have already furnished some particulars.

The lion proclaimed a general peace, but, the ants having refused to recognise him as their sovereign, he trod down their hillocks, killing thousands of this tiny race and wounding as many. The lord of the ants was absent when this outrage was committed, but on his return vowed to take bitter vengeance for the injury done to his people:—

"So spake their chief, then hunted round
After the lion, whom he found
Under the linden fast asleep.
Close to him the ant did creep,
With an angry spirit fraught;
'Lord God of the Good,' he thought,
How shall I my serfs avenge!

* * * *

After thinking many things,
Right into his ear he springs."*

The pain which he caused the lion was so intense, and so little capable of being relieved, that he looked upon it as a judgment of heaven for neglecting his duties as a king and judge. A court is therefore summoned, at which Isengrim complains against Reynard, and the cock and hen bring in upon a bier the dead body of their daughter, whom the fox had bitten to death; at which misdeed the king becomes so enraged that he frightens the poor hare into a fever. The dead pullet is buried with all fitting solemnity; and the hare, having laid himself down to sleep upon her grave, awakes quite recovered from his fever, which being looked upon as a miracle, the pullet is in consequence pronounced a martyr.

Messengers are now sent to summon the fox to court; who, however, regardless of their authority, plays them sundry survy tricks. At last his friend the badger goes to him, and Reynard thereupon promises to appear before the king. He does so, and

* "Sprach in hære, und huop sich sâ ze hant
Nâch dem Lewen, biz daz er in vant
Under einer linden, dâ er slief.
Der amcise zuo im lief
Mit eime grimmigen muote,
Er gedhâhte 'herre got der guote,
Wie sol ich rechen mine diet?"

* * * *
Er hâte manegen gedanc
Mit kraft erm in das ôre spranc."

v. 1291-1300.

tells him he has brought him a remedy from Master Penden, the physician of Salerno, which he must take, then sweat himself in the wolf's hide, and wear a bearskin, and a catskin hat. These are speedily procured from Reynard's enemies. Reynard next asks for food, and names a fowl and a piece of boar's flesh. The poor hen, Pinto, who had complained against him, is instantly killed, and a steak is as quickly cut from the haunches of the boar who had supported her cause. In the mean time, the king takes a bath, wraps himself in a wolf's hide, throws the bearskin over him, and puts on his catskin hat. The warmth of this last draws out the ant, who creeps from the lion's head into the fur. The physician takes the hat, lets the sun shine upon it, and thereby discovers the little animal which had occasioned all the king's sufferings. He is violently incensed against the ant, who at length obtains forgiveness by promising the fox dominion over a thousand castles. Meanwhile, the king having recovered, Reynard, who has already been revenged of his enemies, knavishly seeks to reward his friends, the elephant and the camel, with gifts which carry vexation with them. The king, at Reynard's solicitation, gives the elephant Bohemia, where, however, he gets most piteously maltreated. The camel receives a nunery, but when she goes to take possession of it, the nuns rise up with one accord and beat her out of the place. At length Reynard gives the lion poison, and then he and the badger beat a retreat. By the time the fox had reached his castle in safety, the king had grown seriously ill, and, owing to the distance of the much-desired physician, a fatal result was expected. At length the poison does its work, and Lion the king dies lamented by all his subjects, who threaten vengeance against the traitor Reynard.

If the story of Reynard had its origin among the Germans, as it undoubtedly had; among whom it has moreover preserved its popularity to this day, undiminished either by the influence of time or the changes of literary taste; still, if we would point out the soil on which, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was most assiduously cultivated, and most abundantly fruitful, we must place our finger on the north of France. In the Norman French poems we find the richest veins and purest streams of this dearly prized romance: in number and extent, although the oldest of them are not preserved, they far exceed all the other works to which the story of the fox has given rise.

Meon, therefore, did good service to middle age literature when he published "Le Roman de Renart;" and M. Chabaille, his

successor, has added considerably to the value of Meon's publication, by the supplementary volume to that work which he has given to the public. The "Roman du Renart" which Meon has published contains no less than 30,362 lines; and if to these we add "Le Couronnement Renart," and "Renart le Nouvel," which are contained in the fourth volume of his collection, this number will be increased to 41,748. Our readers will see, therefore, that any attempt to epitomize this work for their amusement would be totally incompatible with the space which we could apply to that purpose. Nay more, we could hardly hope to give them a satisfactory analysis of one of the twenty-seven 'Branches,' or divisions, of which it consists. These branches, it must be understood, do not, like the several adventures of the *Reinardus*, form one general and perfect whole; on the contrary they are frequently directly the opposite of one another, which is never the case with the stories in the Latin poem. The wolf and his injuries form the main action of this last work; while, on the contrary, in the French poems, taken as a body, the fox always appears, and that very justly, as the chief actor; although there is frequently not only no connection between the several histories, but oftentimes positive contradictions. The object of the more recent writers appears to have been, to represent the other animals as obtaining the advantage over the fox, while he at the same time gets the upper hand of the wolf. In the Latin poem the cock is the only one by whom Reynard is outwitted, but in the French works he is so by the raven, the cat, and the sparrow.

It is most likely that the greater part of these French stories, and, besides these, many other similar to them, were generally current among the common people; and only required to be adopted and put into rhyme by the poets. Many that were formerly in existence have been lost, such as the story of the ant, that of the death of the lion, and many others which now exist, in other forms, but not in the old French, from which they are known to have been derived.

Pierres de St. Cloot is considered to be author of the oldest existing branches of "Le Roman du Renart." He likewise wrote Le Testament d'Alexandre, a part of the great romance on the subject of Alexander, and flourished about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Pierres, who refers to a book as his authority for what he relates—

"Que se li livres nos dit voir,
Ou je trove l'estoire escrite"—v. 4938—9.

avows himself as the historian of Reynard, both at the beginning and at the end of the seventh Branch of Meon's collection; which is certainly one of the earliest but not one of the best told divisions of the work. The branch in question commences:—

"Pierre who was born at St. Cloot,
Has taken pains and trouble too,
Prompted by his Friends' intreaty,
In verse as best he may to greet ye
With a mery jest and wile
Of Renard, who is full of guile."*

Whether Legrand d'Aussy and Raynouard have any grounds for also attributing to him the first, second, and third Branches appears extremely problematical, inasmuch as the affair with the cock related in the seventh Branch is told likewise, but in a very inferior manner, in the third. That he was the author of other portions of the work may reasonably be concluded from a passage in a later writer, who charges him with leaving out the best parts of his subject:—

"Perroz who plied his wit and art
To tell in verse tales of Renart,
And of Isengrim so stout—
The best part of his tale left out."†

From which it appears that we are certainly acquainted with the name of one of the least important authors of "Renard;" and know nothing as to who was the author of the most remarkable parts; to say nothing of those oldest branches which seem to have perished, or which at least have not yet been discovered. The German *Heinreich der Glischenære* preceded Pierre by twenty or thirty years at least, and he alludes to French poems which must have appeared soon after the middle of the eleventh century: in fact there is no doubt that, at the time when the Latin works were written, there existed compositions in the French language on the subjects of Reynard and Isengrim, the loss of which is greatly to be lamented.* It

* "Pierres qui de Saint Clost fut nez,
S'est tant travailliez et penez,
Par proiere de ses amis,
Que il nos a en rime mis
Une risee et un gabet
De Renart, qui tant set d'abet."—v. 4851—6.

† "Perroz qui son engin et s'art
Mist en vers fere de Renart,
Et d'Ysengrim son chier conpere,
Lessa le miez de sa matere."—v. 9649—50.

* It is not too much to expect that some of these earlier French poems on the subject of Reynard may yet come to light. If lost, they were probably in existence up to a later period than is generally supposed; some of them being perhaps contained in one or other of the numerous MSS. of

ought to be added that two other writers of later date than Pierre avow themselves authors of parts of these poems—Robert de Lison as the author of the twenty-third, and a "Presires de la Croix en Brie" of the twentieth Branch.

But it is time to refer to what has been produced in Flanders, on the subject of our hero, and in doing so we have a pleasant duty to perform, inasmuch as we shall be instrumental in awaking public attention to a poet whose extraordinary merits have been hitherto, through the influence of fortuitous circumstances, entirely overlooked; the credit due to his skill and ability having been bestowed upon a later writer, who was in fact little more than a translator. We allude to the clever author of the Flemish poem entitled "*Reinaert*," which was originally published by Grater, in 1817, and is now reprinted by Grimm.

The name of this heretofore disregarded votary of the Muses, appears from the first line of his poem to have been *Willem*:—

"*Willem die vele boeke maecte,*"

says the Comburgh MS., the only one which has yet been printed. The Amsterdam MS. on the other hand has—

"*Willam die Madock maecte,*"

from which we gather that his name was *Willem die Matoc*, (from the old Flemish *Mate*, *socius*, likewise *pauper*, *miser*, with the diminutive *oc* therefore *sociolus*, or *pauperculus*); a piece of knowledge which explains the hitherto unintelligible passage at the termination of Jacob van Maerlant's *Reimbibel*.

"Want nit nes niet *Matoc's* drom
No *Reinaert's*, no *Artur's* boerder."

"*Wiliam die Matoc*," says Grimm, "must without doubt be looked upon as the author of '*Reinaert*.' It is most probable, that he was an earlier poet than Maelant, and not merely a contemporary; I believe he must be placed soon after the year 1250."

The accuracy of Grimm's opinion has however been doubted, but, as it appears to us, upon very insufficient grounds. In a modernized Flemish version of his work, entitled, "*Reinaert de Vos, naer de oudste*

"*Renart*," mentioned in the lately published catalogue of the Ancient Library of the Louvre. *Inventaire de l'ancienne Bibliothèque du Louvre, fait en l'Anne 1373 par Gilles Mallett, Garde de la dite Bibliothèque, &c.* 8vo. Paris, 1836. We omitted to state in the notice of this work in our last number, that its editor is the venerable Van Praet of the Bibliothèque du Roi.

beryming," which was published at Eecloo, in 1834, its editor, Mr. J. F. Willems, asserts that *Willem van Utenhoven* was the real author: adding, that *Madoc* was not the author, for that the name of such a writer cannot be found—that, in the passage where *Madoc* occurs, it cannot be the name of a man, as Maerlant observes (Hoffmann's *Horæ Belgicæ*, part 1, p. 21,) and merely designates a poem; and lastly, that the article *de* is never used before the Dutch proper names.* Notwithstanding these objections, we still believe that Grimm is perfectly right. The argument that *Madoc* cannot be the name of the writer, because no poet of that name is known, applies as directly against its being the title of a poem; for no poem so designated has been handed down to us. And, with regard to the article *de* never being used before Dutch proper names, we can only say that, in the very volume of Hoffmann's, which has just been referred to, mention is made of Jan *de* Clerc, Nicolaes *de* Clerc, Andreas *de* Smit, and Jan *de* Weert van Ijpre.

Be the author of the Flemish "*Reinaert*" Willem van Utenhoven, or Willem die Matok, a point which further investigation can alone decide, his work, which contains 3474 verses, is one displaying considerable genius and spirit, and may justly claim the merit of exhibiting a number of the most pleasing and spirited adventures in Reynard's history, skilfully worked up into one connected, well arranged, and perfect whole. Willem, who states his work to have been undertaken at the solicitation of a lady, whose name however he does not specify, confessedly employed for his purpose French materials, such certainly as have not come down to us, but which were no doubt current at the time he wrote in French Flanders and Artois, whence he could have little difficulty in procuring them. But, whatever those materials may have been, the manner in which he has employed them justifies to the fullest his claim to the character of a skilful and successful writer. In his work, the history of Reynard is told in light and agreeable language; the narrative is well sustained, there is nothing omitted, there is nothing unnecessarily intro-

* Our notice of this new Flemish Reynard, for we have not seen the book itself, is derived from *Bosworth's Origin of the Dutch* (8vo. London, 1836, pp. 18 and 19), in which mention is made of MSS. of '*Reinaert*' at Stutgard and Antwerp, and where it is further stated that there was also one at Amsterdam, which a few years ago was sold to an Englishman. *Query*. Was this the late Mr. Heber, at the recent sale of whose manuscripts, M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister, purchased a copy for 125 guineas? It ought to be added, that Grimm's knowledge of the Amsterdam MS. was derived from the Flemish periodical, *Konst en Letterbode*, for 1826.

duced, but the incidents appear to spring naturally one from another, and the interest which we feel at the opening of the poem keeps gradually increasing as we approach its termination.

To this poem of Willem's, a continuation (consisting of upwards of 4000 verses, and of which a fragment comprising 1038 lines is now first printed by Grimm) was subsequently added by some writer whose name is entirely unknown. The effect of this addition which relates a number of adventures of very different degrees of interest, told too in a very inferior style, tends, as may readily be conceived, to weaken the impression produced by Willem's well-contrived history. Nevertheless, the two works appear to have been regarded very soon as one only. The transcribers probably united them as a matter of course; and after the invention of printing they were both, to the entire suppression of Matok's fame and name, reduced into prose: which version was on its appearance received with such universal favor, that in a short time the older poems from which it was derived were entirely forgotten. It is not known who was the adapter of this prose version, the first edition of which was published at Gouda, by Gheraert Leeu, in 1470; the second at Delft, in 1485.

Some opinion may be formed of the success which attended this publication from the fact that, two years after its appearance, that is to say in 1481, Caxton published a translation of it* into English, in which the Flemish text is very closely followed. Caxton's edition is divided, like that of Gheraert de Leeu, into forty-three chapters; of these, the first twenty-two correspond with Willem's original poem, of which we have not offered any analysis, seeing that such of our readers as desire it, may find the means of ascertaining how Willem told his story, either by consulting his poem in Grimm's inestimable volume, or by examining one of the many English editions of "Reynard the Fox."

This translation must not however be regarded as the earliest introduction of the Reynardine Fables into the Literature of England, for there is good reason to believe that they had been popular in this country

in far earlier times. To say nothing of Chaucer's Nonnes Preeste's Tale, in which we learn, how

"Dan Russel the fox stert up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,"

and which is obviously a genuine Reynard history, we have far earlier and more decisive evidence of that fact. In the volume of M. Chabaille, for instance, to which we have before alluded, there are to be found two extracts from the writings of Anglo-Norman Poets, communicated to that gentleman by M. Michel from the MSS. in the British Museum, in which distinct references are made to them. The first, from Chardri's Poem, '*La Vie de Set Dormanz*,' is as follows:—

"Ne voil pas en Fables d'Ovide
Seinnurs, mestre mun estuide;
Ne jà, sachez, ne parlerum
Ne de Tristram, ne de Galerum,
Ne de *Renard*, ne de *Hersente*
Ne voil pas mettre m'entente."

The other is from Benoit de Saint-More's '*Estoire e la Généalogie des Dux qui unt esté par ordre en Normendie*':—

"Dunc vout quens Herluins parler;
Ausi li prist talant d'usler
Cume fist à dan Isengrim.
Un chevalier de Costentin
Conuit qu'il aveit jà veu."

The Harleian MS. (No. 219) of the Latin Fables of Odo de Ceriton was assuredly compiled in England, as the introduction of English verses into the moralizations clearly proves, and we there find several of Reynard's Histories related, with the names of the actors, Isingrinus, &c., a fact which serves to show that these stories were as familiar to the inhabitants of this island as to those of the continent. Another manuscript in the same library (No. 913), which was obviously written in the fourteenth century, contains a political ballad, in which is introduced the following curious allusion to the same cycle of fable. The author is complaining that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and he illustrates his case by the following 'spelle':—

"The lyon lete cri, as hit was do,
For he hird, lome to telle,
And eke him was i-told also,
That the wolf didde nogt well.

And the fox, that lither grome
With the wolf i-wreiid was,
To-for har lord hi schold come
To amend har trepas.

* We have heard that a republication of Caxton's '*Historie of Reynart the Foze*,' with an Introduction and Notes, is at this moment in contemplation. We are glad that it is so; for, without caring to manifest our liking for old Caxton's story, in the same manner as a late distinguished antiquary, who regularly read it out to his wife every Christmas—(of course, as Friar Tuck said, "*exceptis excipiendis*")—we are still sufficient admirers of his quaint and racy style to hail with satisfaction the prospect of procuring his book, at a somewhat less price than 184l.: 16s., the sum produced by Mr. Inglis's copy.

And so men didde that seli asse,
That trepasid nozt, no did no gilte,
With ham bothe i-wreiid was,
And in the ditement was i-pilt.

The voxe hird a-mang al menne,
And told the wulf with the brode crune,
That on him send gees and henne,
That other geet and motune.

The seli aasse wend was saf,
Pör he ne eete nozt bote grasse,
None ziftes he ne gaf,
No wend that no harm nas.

Tho hi to har lord come to tune,
He told to ham law and skille;
Thos wikid bestis luid adune,
'Lord,' hi seiid, 'what is thi wille?'

Tho spek the lyon hem to,
To the fox anone his wille,
'Tell me, boi, what hast i-do,
Men beth aboute the to spille.'

Tho spek the fox first anone,
'Lord king, nor thy wille,
Thos men me wreiih of the tune,
And wold me gladlich for to spille.

'Gees no hen nac ic nozt,
Sire, for soth ic the sigge:
But as ic ham dere bozt,
And bere ham up myn owen rigge.'

'Godis grame most hi have,
That in the curte the so pilt:
Whah hit is so, ic vouche save,
Ic for-give the this gilte.'

The fals wulf stode be-hind,
He was doggid and ek felle,
'Ic am i-com of grete kind,
Pes thou graunt me, that ou nigt ful welle.'

'What hast ido, bel ami,
That thou me so axest pes?'
'Sire,' he seid, 'I nel nozt lie
If thou we woldst huer a res.

'For ic hinted up the doune,
To loke, Sire, mi bizete,
Ther ic slow a motune.
Ire, Sir, and fewe gete.

'Ic am i-wreiid, Sire, to the,
For that ilk gilt:
Sire, I chul skere me,
If ne gef ham dint no pilt.'

'For soth I sigge the, bel ami,
Hi nad no gode munde,
Thai that wreiid the to mei,
Thou ne diddist nozt bot thi kund.

'Sei thou me, asse, what hast i-do?
Me thenchith thou cannist no gode:

"Nu gaet hier op ene claghe.
Isengrin ende sine maghe
Ghinghen vör den coninc staen:
Isengrin begonste saen

Whi nadistou as other mo,
Thou come of lether stode.'

'Sertis, Sire not ic nozt,
Ic ete sage alnil gras,
More harm ne did ic nozt,
There for i-wreiid ic was.'

'Bel ami, that was mis-do,
That was aze thi kund,
For to ete such gras so,—
Hastiliche ze him bind:

'Al his bonis ze to-draw,
Lok that ze nozte lete,
And that ic give al for lawe,
That his fleis be al i-frette.'"

* * * *

But the space which we have already occupied, we trust not unsatisfactorily, in sketching the literary history of one of the most popular emanations of human fancy ever conceived, admonishes us to bring our labors to a close. We cannot do so, however, without referring to that version of Reynard's History to which we have already alluded, as one which, through its borrowed charms, had for too long a period usurped a place in public estimation to which its own merits by no means entitled it. This is the Low German "Reineke de Fos," attributed by some to Heinrich van Alkmar, by others to Nicolaus Baumann, whose yet unsettled claims to the authorship of it have proved a fruitful source of literary controversy, but need not now detain us. Great, indeed, is the sensation which this book has created; much has there formerly been written about it; more, we can very safely prophesy, than will ever be again. The bringing to light of the Flemish "Reinaert" will pull it from the throne which it has so long unjustly occupied. Yet it cannot be denied that Reynard's fame has been greatly extended by means of this version, which has been looked up to for centuries, as by far the most important and valuable production to which his history has given rise. The most popular it assuredly has been. Not only have there been innumerable editions of this Low German poem, but no less than two translations of it into High German, which have been reprinted again and again. It has been translated into Latin by Hartman Schöpfer, into Danish, and into Swedish; and yet, after all, is itself only a translation. A few lines from the Flemish "Reinaert," and the Low German "Reineke," printed in juxtaposition, will prove the truth of our assertion.

"Isegrim, de wulv, begunde de klage.
Sine Fründe, syn slägte unde mage
De gungen al för den koning stän.
Isegrim, de wulv, språk also ersten an,

Ede sprac : 'Coninc here,
 Dor du edelheit ende dor du ere,
 Ende dor recht ende dor ghenade
 Ontfaerme hu miere scade,
 Die mi Rainaert hêft ghedaen :
 Daer ic af dicken hebbe ontfaen
 Groten lachter ende verlies :
 Vôr al dandre ont faerme hu dies,
 Dat hi min wif hevet verhoert,
 Ende mine kindre so mesvoert,
 Dat hise beseke, daer si laghen,
 Datter twe noint ne saghen
 Ende si worden staerblent :
 Nochtan hondi mi sent.
 Het was sint so verre comen
 Datter enen dach af was ghenomen
 Ende Reinaert soude hebben ghedaen
 Sine onsculde : ende also saen
 Also die heleghe waren brocht
 Was hi andersins bedocht
 Ende ontfoer ons in sine veste.'"

v. 61—85.

But we must conclude, not from lack of materials, for, whatever the patience of the reader may be, our resources are far from being exhausted. In Grimm's book alone, there is much that we have not yet touched upon. What we have gathered from it will show the extraordinary combination of patient research, unwearied industry, and inexhaustible learning, which it every where exhibits. But we may have occasion to speak yet again upon this point. Much there was that had escaped even his searching eye, until after his book was published. Much, we believe, has since been discovered and forwarded to him by friendly hands; so that we expect to have to thank him for further illustrations of the History of Reynard the Fox: a subject on which we feel that our readers will not consider us to have dwelt at too great a length, when they remember that it has been deemed worthy of employing the pen of one of Germany's profoundest scholars—Jacob Grimm; and the poetic fancy of Germany's greatest bard—the illustrious Göthe.

Owing to various circumstances, we have only just received a copy of "*Reineke Vos. Nach der Lübecker Ausgabe vom Jahre 1498. Mit Einleitung, Glossar und Anmerkungen von Hoffmann von Fallersleben.*" Breslau, 1834. 8vo." This volume—containing as it does an accurate reprint of the Lübeck "*Reineke Vos*," edited by the learned author of the *Horæ Belgicæ, Fundgruben, Williram*, &c.—forms, in conjunction with the works which have been under our consideration, a perfect collection of all the published materials necessary for the illustration of Reynard's history. The text appears to have been most carefully formed; and, as such, this reprint is far superior to any that have preceded it—not excepting even the cele-

Un sâde : 'Hoggeboren koning, gnädige here,
 Dorg juwe eddeligheid, und dorg juwe ere,
 Beide dorg regt und dorg gnaden,
 Entfarmet ju des groten shaden,
 Den mi Reinke de Fos häot gedân
 Dar ik faken fan hävve entfân,
 Grote shande un swâr forlës,
 Fôr alle sake ent farmet ju des
 Dat he myn guve wyf hävt gehoned
 Unde miner kindred ok nigt geshoned.
 He bemêg un besieghede se, dâr se legen
 Dat der dre ni sodder en segen
 Un worden darav al stârblind.
 Nogtan honede he mi nog sind ;
 Went it was eins so ferne gekomen,
 Dat ên dag word upgenomen,
 Men sholde dusse sake rigten efte sheden,
 Do bod sik Reinke to den eden.
 Do ik den êd wolde hävven to lâsten
 Entkwam un entfôr he uns in sine fâsten.'"

Scheller's Reineke de Fos, Brunsw. 1825.

brated Wolfenbüttel reprint of 1711—which was edited by the eccentric *Hackmann*; over which it has, moreover, the great advantage of possessing an admirable glossary—that one thing needful in all publications of early literature—and many very useful and curious illustrative notes. While on the subject of illustrative notes, we will take the opportunity of furnishing *Grimm* and *Hoffmann* with a passage which proves *Grimm* (Introd. p. cxxvii.) to have been fully justified in doubting whether, by "*Mertif's vogelin*," Saint Martin's bird—the crow was intended. In *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 345, we find the following fable, taken from *Odo de Ceriton*.

"There is a kind of wren named after Saint Martin, with very long and slender legs. This bird, sitting one day in a tree, in the fulness of his pride, suddenly exclaimed: 'It matters not to me though the heavens fall; for, with the aid of my strong legs, I shall be able to support them.' Presently a leaf fell upon the foolish boaster, who immediately flew away in great terror, exclaiming, 'O, Saint Martin, Saint Martin, help your poor bird!' The moral compares Saint Peter denying Christ to this wren; which it also assimilates to certain pot-valiant soldiers, who boast, in their cups, that each of them can beat three of the stoutest Frenchmen."

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- ART. IV.—1. *Mémoires sur le Consulat, de 1799 à 1804, par un ancien Conseiller d'Etat.* 8vo. Paris, 1827.
 2. *Le Consulat et l'Empire, ou Histoire de la France et de Napoléon Bonaparte, de 1799 à 1815, par A. C. Thibaudeau,*

Membre de la Convention et de l'ancien Conseil d'Etat, Auteur des *Mémoires sur le Consulat*. 10 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1835.

EVER since we first saw Thibaudeau's "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*," which came out as a continuation of his "*Mémoires sur le Directoire*," we looked upon them as one of the best, or, to speak more correctly, one of the few good books which have been written concerning the history of Napoleon. Thibaudeau's personal character, the independence of his opinions, and the part which he had acted throughout the early stages of the revolution, served to enhance the advantages of his subsequent position as councillor of state under Bonaparte, to whom he had familiar access, and who appears to have often conversed with him in a free, confidential manner. The sensible, modest tone which pervades his memoirs, is of itself a sufficient guarantee for the authenticity of his narrative. We find in it none of the dogmatism or political intolerance of the imperial régime, for Thibaudeau appears to have passed unscathed and unscarred through the trial of that dizzy period which turned the brains of so many others, and to have remained to the last a sober, sensible French citizen, and an honest man. The particular department of contemporary history on which he wrote was also happily chosen: it was "the civil life of Napoleon." Napoleon's military life is described in a multitude of works; concerning his private life we have Bourrienne, and the memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes; but his civil career, as administrator, legislator, and statesman of a great empire, which is in our opinion the most important, though perhaps the least studied, part of his character, could only be described by a man in Thibaudeau's position.

"The most faithful history of governments," says the Preface to the *Mémoires*, 1837, "is written in the registers of their deliberations. A collection of those of the council of state, and of the private councils and ministers, under the consulate and the empire, would form a more instructive history than all the books that have appeared on those epochs. But if a hand, in a manner invisible and unknown to Napoleon, his councillors, and ministers, had taken down, as they spoke, their opinions and expressions, that indeed would be a still more useful collection than that of the official reports and resolutions. Such is the character of the fragment which is now laid before the public; it consists of speeches of Napoleon on important questions, delivered to his council of state or in the privacy of his cabinet, and also of conversational dialogues, held by some of the councillors with him or with Josephine, relative to great political events."

Thibaudeau's original memoirs terminated with Napoleon's assumption of the imperial power. It was known that he had left materials for continuing them through the period of the empire, and we were expecting their appearance with some curiosity. At length the whole work, including both consulate and empire, appeared last year. We confess we have been disappointed by its perusal. That excellent little volume of the "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*" has been recast and swelled into three volumes, followed by not fewer than seven thick volumes on the Empire. The original matter appears to be diluted, having lost in interest what it has gained in bulk; the arrangement of the heads or chapters is totally altered, and, as we think, not to the advantage of clearness or graphic effect, and the rest is made up out of the pages of the *Moniteur*, and of Las Cases, Gourgand, O'Meara, affording, as it may be expected, very little novelty of information. The tone is likewise altered; the sensible, modest, unbiassed tone of Thibaudeau's original memoirs can only be traced here and there, in those passages which are given entire from the former work, while the remainder exhibits much of that style and spirit peculiar to the imperial school, and which is now becoming obsolete even in France. We shall, therefore, in the following pages, refer, as much as we can, to the original work, or to those passages in the new and larger one which are evidently from the same pen.

The "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*" began at once by introducing us to the First Consul installed at the Tuileries. The larger work begins by a retrospect of the various stages through which the revolution had passed, and of the events which led to the organic change of the 19th Brumaire. We shall not dwell upon them, as the facts are notorious. We shall only quote the following passage. After observing that the success of Bonaparte depended on the mere cast of a die; that, if the republican majority in the council of five hundred, instead of listening to Lucien and Chazal, had at once passed the decree of outlawry; if Augereau, Jourdan, Bernadotte, instead of remaining mere spectators, had not hesitated to risk in a civil debate that life which they had so often risked in battle; it were difficult to say what the result might have been, as the Jacobins had great chances in their favor.

"Considered legally, the 19th Brumaire, like several other memorable days of the revolution, was a violent attempt. The authors of similar violences obtain at first a bill of indemnity through their success; but afterwards it is the use they make of their victory, which either absolves or condemns them be-

fore the tribunal of public opinion. Previously to the 18th Brumaire, the republic was certainly in a state of imminent crisis, not so much from foreign attack, for the victories of Zurich and Bergen had checked the allies, but from its internal dissensions and disorganization, which paralyzed its strength. The *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, we must acknowledge it, imparted a salutary shock to the machine of the state. What were its ultimate consequences on the national independence, representative government, equality, liberty, the principles, in short, of the revolution? The history of the consulate and the empire must answer this question."

By a law passed on the 19th Brumaire, a commission of fifty members, twenty-five from each of the two old legislative councils, was to prepare certain alterations in the constitution of the year III. But under the word alterations, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and their friends, meant a totally new constitution. After some time, Bonaparte sent for the commission to assemble at his residence at the Luxembourg. "Several of the members felt this summons as derogatory to their dignity and independence, *but they all obeyed.*" Bonaparte from that moment assumed the presidency of the commission. He asked Sieyes for his plan; Sieyes explained it to the members. "Very fine!" exclaimed Bonaparte, "but there are objections also to this system. We must reflect upon it. Adjourn till to-morrow." The next morning, the discussion began. It was easy to perceive that Bonaparte was no great admirer of Sieyes' plan, and that he was much more solicitous for the strength and independence of the executive than for the national liberties. At last, "Citizen Daunou," said he, "take up the pen and sit down there." The discussion then assumed a more regular form, and was resumed day after day. Bonaparte took part in it, made objections or suggestions, put each article to the vote, and Daunou wrote down the resolutions. It was clear that two opinions divided the commission: one party supported Sieyes' plan, thinking that they were defending the national liberties; the rest, and these formed the majority, sided with Bonaparte, and were lavish of the powers to be conferred upon the executive, for they well knew that he would be at the head of that executive. The discussion between Bonaparte and the defenders of republican institutions sometimes grew warm. He said one day to Matthieu, "Your discourse is suited for a club." This threw a coolness over the assembly. Bonaparte, however, soon after seized an opportunity of apologizing to Matthieu for his vivacity.

The first important question was that of the electoral franchise and the mode of exercising it, which is the true enigma of all representative constitutions, and which no one yet appears to have solved. Universal suffrage seems only suitable to small democracies, such as the Swiss cantons, or to new states, in which there exist no very great inequality of rank and station, such as the states of North America, and even there the various states are far from following one uniform principle in their electoral franchise. In some a voter must be a freeholder, in all he must be a payer of taxes; in some he must have resided two years in the state, in others one; in almost all the black population, even the free blacks, are excluded. Besides, it ought to be observed, that the qualifications required for a representative are also higher than those for a voter in most states; and that, of the twenty-four states of the union, which form each a separate republic, only three exceed one million of inhabitants, and only four more reach to half a million. They may therefore be classed among small democracies. But, in a single state of thirty millions, like France, of which more than one half are or were illiterate and poor, and had no clear conception of political rights, the qualifications required for voting at elections become a subject of very serious consideration. The law of the constitution of the year III. was found not to answer. At one time a number of royalists were returned, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor drove them away. Then the Jacobins came in, and were ejected by violence on the 22d Floréal. By the following elections they came in again, and disputed the ground with their antagonists; the 18th Brumaire dispersed them. Every year witnessed the triumph of some party or other, accompanied by a violation of the constitution. Sieyes proposed to obviate this evil, by taking away from the people the right of choosing their representatives in a direct manner, and he proposed, therefore, that the people should merely appoint candidates, from among whom the senate should choose the representatives. And who was to appoint the senate? Why the consuls, that is to say, the executive. This was the legerdemain by which the people were tricked out of their sovereignty, that sovereignty in the name of which they had fought for ten years, and for which, nominally at least, a million of men had lost their lives. It is true that this sovereignty had ever been for the immense majority of the people a mere name, a sort of political fiction; still this nominal right, and the forms by which it was consecrated, ought to have been treated with somewhat

more respect by men legislating in the name of the republic. The system of trickery and mystification, thus once begun, was enlarged upon in every successive year. Lists of persons qualified to be elected as members of the legislature, were made out in each department; they amounted to 5000, all over France. This was called the list of national eligibility. There was an inferior list, called departmental, which consisted of 50,000, out of whom the executive was to choose the judicial and administrative officers. Lastly, there was a third or communal list of 500,000 out of whom the inferior or municipal employments were to be filled also by the executive. All the rest of the people, namely, twenty-nine millions out of thirty, were neither electors nor eligible.

"Such was the political organization of France, under the consulate, and such the exercise of the national sovereignty. The constitution of the year VIII. having thus taken away from the people the direct election of all its magistrates and representatives, the forms of election became a matter of indifference, as they were merely for the purpose of presenting candidates for the choice of a senate, which was itself dependent on the executive. The discussion of this law by the tribunate was smothered; in the legislative body the law was adopted by a great majority."—(*Consulat*, art. ix. chap. xvi.)

Complaints being made against the formation of some of the lists, the subject was afterwards discussed in the consular council of state. Bonaparte acknowledged that the plan was bad, that it was trifling, ideology, &c.

"Fifty men," said he, "assembled in a time of crisis to frame a constitution, have not the right of disposing of the liberties of the people. . . . But the nation cannot remain without some sort of organization. Better a bad one than none at all. The government must have intermediate bodies between it and the people. It is better perhaps for the government to have to deal with 5000 individuals, than with the whole nation."

The senate, called conservative, was to watch over the maintenance of the constitution against the encroachments of the other authorities; the tribunate publicly discussed the projects of law laid before it by the executive, and made its report to the legislative body, which voted upon them, but without discussion. The latter now received the nickname of "the mutes." Lastly, a council of state, at which the consuls presided, framed the projects of law to be laid before the tribunate.

Thibaudeau combats the assertion that

Bonaparte had little influence in the formation of the constitution, and that he trusted to Sieyes and Daunou; the fact is, that he quickly perceived all the articles and provisions which could check the power of the executive, and insisted upon their modification in his favor. The institution of the senate being one of the first of Sieyes's plans which was proposed and adopted, became a lure for several members of the commission, who, flattered by the prospect of becoming senators or councillors of state, gave up their opposition, and formed a majority for Bonaparte's amendments. And to show that the First Consul's opinions on these matters was formed long before, Thibaudeau refers to a remarkable letter written by him to Talleyrand in September 1797, while general of the army of Italy, from his head-quarters at Passeriano, in which he explains pretty clearly his ideas of a constitution.

"Notwithstanding our vanity," thus said that letter, "our thousand and one pamphlets, our never-ending speeches, and our eternal babbling, we are most ignorant in the science of moral politics. We have not even defined what is meant by executive, legislative, and judiciary. There is only one thing we have defined, and that is the sovereignty of the people; but we have not been successful in fixing the meaning of the word constitutional, nor the attributes of the various powers. The government ought to be considered as the true representative of the nation, and ought to govern conformably to the constitutional charter and organic laws; this government, as I understand it, divides itself into two very distinct magistracies. One is the executive; the other ought to watch, not to act,—it should form the great council of the nation, into which no one should be admitted without having previously filled some of those offices which impart to men a practical knowledge of government affairs. This legislature should be impassible, without rank in the republic, without ears and without eyes for all things out of doors; should have no prospect for ambition, and should not overwhelm us with a thousand laws of circumstances, which become annulled through their absurdity, so that in the end we are a people without any legislation, but with 300 folio volumes of laws. It is a great calamity for a nation of 30 millions to be obliged to have recourse every now and then to the bayonet in order to save the country, (alluding to the days of Thermidor, Vendémiaire, Fructidor, Prairial, &c.); violent remedies are evidence against the legislators; a constitution which is given to men, ought to be suited to men." (See Bonaparte's *Correspondence*, published by Panckoucke, letter of the 19 Sept. 1797.)

The institution of the senate corresponded in a great measure with Bonaparte's ideas of

a great magistracy, impassible, and without ears or eyes; it became therefore his favorite body, and he ever afterwards held the tribunate and legislative body in little favor,—he looked upon them as drags, and soon got rid of the former, and reduced the latter to a nullity; and, when at the end of 1813 the “mutes” at last recovered their speech, his amazement and indignation at their presumption knew no bounds; he told them plainly that they were not the “representatives of the nation, but merely a council of administration, much inferior to the senate, and to the council of state, and that he himself was the true representative of the nation.” In this angry speech we may recognize still his old notions about the nature of “a government,” which he had expressed in his letter to Talleyrand sixteen years before,—the notions in fact of a military chief, of a conqueror in every age.

The formation of the executive was the last and finishing stroke of Sieyes's plan, and the one on which that metaphysical legislator most prided himself; it was called the apex of his pyramid. A grand elector, a sort of president for life, was to be chosen by the senate, with an income of six millions, a guard of 3000 men, and having his residence at Versailles; all the acts of government were to be proclaimed in his name. His only functions, however, were to be limited to the appointment of two consuls, one for peace and the other for war, the former consul to have under him the ministers of justice, of the home department, and of finance; the other, those of foreign affairs, and of the war and naval departments. The grand elector could dismiss the consuls and replace them, but, if he abused this prerogative, the senate could also remove him by *absorbing him*, that is to say, receiving him among its members, when the office would become vacant. It seems very probable that Sieyes himself aspired to be grand elector, and that he intended Bonaparte and Cambacères for the two consulships under him. This, however, did not suit Bonaparte, who immediately fired a volley of sarcasm and ridicule at the whole plan. “The grand elector was merely the ghost of a *fainéant* king of the Merovingian dynasty. What man of spirit would condescend to act such a mummer's part? Do you think the nation would see with pleasure a mere *hog* at Versailles receiving six millions a year for doing nothing.” The ridicule thus thrown upon the project at once put an end to it. The commission, discarding the plan altogether, substituted that of a first consul, chosen for ten years, with two assistant consuls whom he should appoint, and who had only a consultative

vote in his deliberations. Some of the republican members of the commission endeavored to limit the prerogatives of this supreme magistracy, but Bonaparte insisted upon giving it the greatest independence and all the prerogatives of royalty. It must be observed that the commission which was thus disposing in secret conclave of the whole sovereignty of the nation, were themselves parties implicated in the illegal acts of the 19th Brumaire, and had therefore no safe position to fall back upon; they were obliged to push on the car of him for whose benefit they had violated the constitution; his success was the only chance they had of safety. Accordingly, whenever they made any attempt at resistance, Bonaparte, who felt his advantage, stopped their mouths by saying; “If so, I will have no more to do with your plans; a civil war will be the consequence.” The prerogatives of the first consul were greater than those of a constitutional king; for he had the initiative of the laws, he appointed to all official, administrative, and municipal situations, made war and peace, commanded the armies, militia, and navy, and held in his hands all the strings of the state. Sieyes proposed to establish great departmental and municipal councils, independent of the executive, who should manage their own local affairs. “A constitution,” said Bonaparte, “ought not to enter into all these details, which must be provided for gradually and by especial laws!” It was, therefore, merely stated in the project of the new constitution, that the local administrations, whether in the communes or districts, were subordinate to the ministers.

The history of the municipal and *communal* administration in France is very curious. Under the old monarchy, the communes, whether urban or rural, had their councils of notables, elected their officers and magistrates; the *maire*, however, in most places was chosen by the king from a list of candidates presented by the notables. With regard to financial administration, the communes were considered as under guardianship; every contract of exchange, purchase, or sale, above 3000 francs, was laid before the intendant of the province, upon whose favorable report the king authorized the contract by the issue of *lettres patentes*, registered in the respective parliaments. In matters of less amount, the contract was to be sanctioned by one of the principal courts of the province. In course of time, the crown encroached upon municipal independence, as it did in Spain and other monarchies, and in many places the *maires* were appointed or removed direct by the king. The constituent assembly, by a law of December, 1789,

established the municipalities on a broad and uniform principle. The right of election was given to all citizens paying a certain amount of direct taxes. A council general was formed in each commune, for the financial and economical administration, besides a municipal body, at the head of which was the *maire*, having the direction of the police, subject, however, to the administration of the district, which last was subject to that of the department, subject in its turn to the royal authority. This system fell with the overthrow of the constitutional monarchy. The republican constitution of the year III. destroyed the independence of the communes by merging them into cantons or districts, excepting the communes having a population of 5000, which retained a separate administration. The municipal administrators of the canton were elected one by each commune, but were subordinate to the administration of the department, which could annul their acts and supersede the members. Lastly, the directory or executive could cashier the administrators, and, by a law of the 22d Ventose, year IV. it obtained the right of appointing the municipal administrators of all the communes of or above 5000 inhabitants. Any one who will take the pains to follow the progress of any particular department of the state throughout the complicated changes of the French revolution, will find that the march of that revolution, from the proclamation of the republic, has been a continued progress towards centralization of powers in the hands of the executive and in the ministerial offices of the capital, destroying one after another every individual or local guarantee or franchise, which could protect the people against the sweeping acts of any faction that succeeded in getting possession of Paris. In other countries, such as Switzerland, England, the United States, Holland, &c. the liberty of the whole nation has been considered as resting upon the liberties of the parts, fractions, and individuals, of that nation; in France it was made to rest upon the destruction of every local and individual liberty. Hence, the little opposition that the successive governments, terrorist, directorial, consular, and imperial, met with to their usurpations among the great mass of the people, for all the elements of resistance had been previously annihilated. Hence conscriptions, maritime inscription or forced levies of sailors, contributions, forced paper money, special courts, arbitrary arrests, proscriptions, measures which have hardly a parallel in the worst times of the old monarchy, were all enforced in the name of liberty, and submitted to with the most abject

compliance. This contradiction between words and facts, between professions and reality, is found to prevail throughout the whole system and progress of the French revolution; throughout its domestic and foreign relations, during 25 years, there was a want of candor, sincerity and plain speaking; and it will require a long season of peace, and wise government, and a new political and moral education of the people, to do away with the habits and language of mystification long engendered and fostered, by which the minds of the generation grown up in those times have been in some measure affected. We have only to look at random among the popular literature of any of the epochs of the revolution,—their histories, biographies, their journals, &c.—to find most of them stamped with a perversion of reasoning, with a total absence of fairness towards their antagonists, whether domestic or foreign, of which defect the writers themselves seem unconscious, but which most forcibly strikes a dispassionate observer.

It may be easily imagined that Bonaparte's views were not more favorable to municipal independence than those of the directory. The law of the 28th Pluviose, year VIII. which was framed under his auspices, directed that every commune should have again its municipal council, the members of which should be appointed by the prefects,—that the *maires* and the *adjoints* should be named by the chief of the state, or by the prefects. The prefects inspected the accounts of the communes delivered in by the *maire*. All contracts by the municipal councils were to be sanctioned by the legislature, to which soon after the sanction of the chief of the state, namely, the first consul, was substituted. Things came at last to the point that not a church, nor a bridge, nor a cross-road, could be repaired without permission from the bureaux of Paris. (See the interesting report by M. de Martignac as a preamble to the project of a new communal and departmental law, proposed to the chamber of deputies in February, 1829, a project which failed through the joint opposition of the two extremes, ultra-royalist and ultra liberal. We must now return from this digression to the consular constitution of the year VIII.

The plan of that constitution being completed, as far, at least, as it suited Bonaparte, it was ordered to be printed and published previously to its being laid before the people for their acceptance. In the preamble or introductory part, Boulay de la Meurthe, taking a cursory view of the former constitutions, stated that "they had all failed because there had never been a really constituted govern-

ment, owing to the violence of two extreme factions, the royalists and the demagogues." In answer to the alarms of the republicans, who saw that there was not the least guarantee left for the liberties of the people, the members of the commission pithily observed, "We are now come to this pass, that we can no longer think about saving the principles of the revolution, but our sole care must be to save the men who have made the revolution and their personal interests." What a comment on the history of revolutions!

The so-called constitution of the year VIII. was merely a regulation of political organisation; it was not Sieyès's constitution, of which Bonaparte borrowed merely the outer frame, which he filled up at his pleasure. Unlike the former constitutions, that of the year VIII. said nothing concerning the freedom of worship, or of the press; or the publicity of justice; these were left to future legislation, which the first consul could dictate at his leisure. The only popular right recognised by the constitution was the right of petition.—(*Le Consulat*, An. VIII. ch. 3.)

Bonaparte's opinion of this constitution has been stated by himself.

"It was at best a temporary measure, a sort of transitory state. There was in France a total absence of aristocracy. If it is difficult to establish a strong republic without aristocracy, the difficulty was still greater for a monarchy, and Napoleon was convinced that France could only exist as a monarchy. To frame a constitution in a country without aristocracy, is like attempting to direct a vessel by means of one element only. The French revolution had undertaken the solution of a problem as difficult as that of the direction of air-balloons. The ideas of Napoleon were fixed, but in order to realise them he was obliged to wait for time and occasion. The consulate introduced unity, and this was the first step. This step once taken, Napoleon felt very indifferent as to the forms and denominations of the various constituted bodies. Wisdom consisted in moving on day by day, without losing sight of the polar star by the aid of which Napoleon was to lead the revolution to the harbor which he had intended for it."—(*Gourgaud's Mémoires.*)

"My reign," said he on another occasion, "began from the day on which I was made first consul." And that the more clear-sighted people at that time understood it so, is proved by the addresses which accompanied the promulgation of the constitution. Garat in his address to the council of the elders said, in his usual academical style, that they "had entrusted one man with the powers and the destinies of the republic, but the extraordinary influence of that man, his genius, and his glorious name, would of themselves set

boundaries to the power of the executive,—boundaries the more effective, because they were not laid down in a charter, but in the heart and in the passions even of a great man; for Bonaparte's ambition could not be a vulgar one, &c." This is a fair specimen of the reasoning, of the logic, which prevailed among public men in France for about a quarter of a century. So that, observes our author, "things were come to the point that the only security against the despotism of the first consul was the will of Bonaparte. Luckily, nature which gave him the thirst of power did not make him a tyrant." By tyrant, our author means a cruel, capricious, vicious man; a Tiberius or Nero, which Napoleon certainly was not. The various generals, Moreau, Brune, Massena, &c. announced the new constitution to the troops under their command. "The constitution," said Moreau to the army of the Rhine, "guarantees to the French the full exercise of their rights without depriving the government of the necessary force to maintain public tranquillity, and to supply the armies with the means of conquering." The names of the first magistrates appointed by the constitution are of themselves a security, &c." In the camp such logic will pass current; and there it is much more excusable than in the senate.

The new constitution was to be sanctioned by the people at large. The former constitutions had been laid before the primary assemblies of the various districts, but, on the present occasion, registers were opened in the chief towns of each district, where the citizens were come to register their votes. The scrutiny of these registers gave for result three millions and eleven thousand assenting votes, and one thousand five hundred and sixty-two dissentient. In a nation of more than thirty millions, three millions of voters did not constitute a numerical majority, nor one-half the citizens of age, yet the number was much greater than those in favor of the former constitutions. It is well here to observe, that the establishment of the republic on the ruins of the constitutional monarchy in 1793 had been sanctioned only by one million eight hundred thousand votes, and the subsequent constitution of the year III. (1795), by one million and fifty-seven thousand alone. So much for the usual assertion that these constitutions, and all the acts which emanated from them, had been sanctioned "by the majority of the French people. Why did not the real majority express their wishes? Because either they apprehend personal danger in doing so, (especially in the two first instances,) or because they were too ignorant or too indifferent about these matters. In the case of the consular

constitution, it is but fair to admit that the great mass of the French people acquiesced in it, if not by positive assent, at least in their hearts; for they were weary of agitations, and factions, and proscriptions, and panted for security and tranquillity, which they hoped to find under the strong arm of Bonaparte. "For the first time, perhaps, since the beginning of the revolution," says Thibaudeau, "the national assent was the result of reflection and experience, rather than of blind enthusiasm." The generality of people look to present exigencies rather than future dangers—the question of drags and checks, of a balance between the various powers, the niceties of the machinery of a representative constitution, are things too abstruse for them.

Before, however, the suffrages of the people were collected, the constitution was proclaimed at Paris, and Bonaparte appointed Cambacères and Lebrun second and third consuls. They were both men of education and considerable information, "moderate in their sentiments, and in their hearts inclined to monarchy, enjoying a good personal reputation, prudent, flexible, useful supports of the supreme power, but incapable of opposing it." The first consul appointed the councillors of state, a measure which was within his jurisdiction, but then without waiting for the lists of candidates from the departments; he appointed also, *on the urgency of the occasion*, and for the first time, one-half of the senators, and the senators thus appointed named the members of the legislative body and of the tribunate. So that, in fact, Bonaparte appointed the whole of the legislature and executive. It is impossible here to repress a smile and a sigh at the incorrigible, neverceasing, and astounding credulity of those who really believe that revolutions are made by the people, and for the people at large.

Bonaparte in his choice adhered to his professed principle of amalgamating all parties:

"I will not govern," he said, "by means of a party. I have opened a wide road for all capable men who choose to walk on with me. I have in my council of state moderate constitutionalists, or Feuillans, as they were called in the first national assembly, such as Rœderer, Regnier, Regnaud, Defermon; I have also some roylists, such as Devaines and Dufresne; lastly, I have some jacobins too, such as Brune Réal and Berlier.* I like honest men of every color and party."

* The author of a *Précis Historique de l'Ancienne Gaule*, and of a very good translation of Cæsar's Commentaries—*Guerre des Gaules*—with excellent notes. By Jacobin, Bonaparte must, in his case, have meant a republican, for certainly Berlier did not deserve the appellation in its odious sense.

The council of state was divided into five sections: legislation, interior, finances, war, marine or naval department. The ministers were: Talleyrand for foreign affairs, Abrial for the department of justice, Berthier for that of war, Gaudin for the finances, Lucien for the interior, in the room of Laplace, who was a great mathematician, but incapable as a minister. The following passage introduces us at once into the consular presence:—

"During the constitution of the year III. the Tuileries, the ancient palace of the kings, was occupied by the representatives of the people, and the executive directory resided in the little Luxembourg; this was a sort of homage paid to the nation. On the 19th Brumaire, (10th November, 1799), the representatives having been previously removed to St. Cloud, the new consuls, on being appointed, went so sleep in the apartments of the directors, which, however, were soon found to be too humble for the head of the executive. The new constitution, of the year VIII., had raised the first consul above all other national authorities, and had made him, in fact, the representative of the French people. On the 19th February, 1800, Bonaparte took possession of the Tuileries, where he fixed his residence. A file of carriages set off from the Luxembourg, escorted by the military, and with music playing. The consuls and their retinue were in full dress, but the private carriages were few, and the rest were hackney coaches, the numbers of which had been hastily covered over with paper. The first consul had scarcely entered the splendid apartments of the Tuileries, when he came out again, mounted on horseback, and reviewed the troops in the court below, thus announcing that military affairs were always foremost in his mind. After the review he received the various ministers of state, each of whom presented to him in succession the secretaries and other officers of the department."

The first magistrate of the republic was now installed in the palace of the kings, surrounded on every side by recollections of the old monarchy. By a remarkable coincidence, the news of Washington's death had just reached Paris. He had died on the 14th December, in his modest country house in Virginia, at the age of sixty-eight years, after having been conqueror, legislator, and magistrate, but having remained, at the same time, a citizen of the country which he had raised to the rank of a nation. The first consul announced his death to the army by an order of the day; in which he said that Washington's memory ought to be ever held dear by all freemen in both hemispheres, "and especially by the French soldiers, who, like the American soldiers, were fighting for equality and liberty." And he ordered that for ten days the flags and camp

colors of the republic should be bordered with black crape.

Three days afterwards, the first diplomatic levee took place. The councillor of state, Benezech, who was charged with the internal administration of the palace, acted as master of the ceremonies, with an usher's rod in his hand; he introduced the foreign ambassadors into the cabinet of the consuls, who were surrounded by their ministers and the councillors of state. The minister of the interior received the ambassadors at the door of the cabinet, and the minister of foreign affairs presented them to the first consul. The ambassadors of Spain and of Rome, the ministers of Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Baden, and Hesse Cassel, and the ambassadors of the new Cisalpine, Batavian, Helvetic, and Ligurian republics, composed the diplomatic body.

It was soon after found that a regular court, with its officers and its etiquette, were required at the Tuileries. The organization of this new court took about two years; it was effected by degrees, slowly but without interruption. The old regulations of the monarchy were carefully examined; the former courtiers and valets of the kings were consulted and flattered. When Bonaparte was made consul for life in 1802, his court, as well as his power, were on the same footing as those of a king. Josephine was of great use in these matters; her amiable and really graceful manners captivated the company, and succeeded in taming many a bluff and restive spirit. The choice of the ladies who composed the society of Madame Bonaparte was made by himself, and he was particular with regard to character; he wished, above all, for propriety of manners, and a strict regard to appearances.

The costume was gradually altered also. The Greek and Roman fashions were discarded, and gave way, first, to the military costume, with boots and sabre, afterwards replaced by a civilian costume, with silk stockings and the long sword. With regard to head-dress, it was still in a state of fluctuation, which drove the hair-dressers to despair. Some wore a bag, others a tail, a few wore powder, and the question of powder was seriously discussed in a court conclave. The first consul himself was against it, yet it was signified to the frequenters of the palace that the bag and powder, and lace frills, were most becoming and acceptable. Josephine was opposed to hair-powder, and feared, with some reason, that the next step would be to restore the hoops. She disliked stiffness and parade, and would often exclaim—"How tired I am of all this! I have not a moment

to myself. I was intended for the wife of a laboring man."

At the head of the acts of government, a vignette represented the republic under the figure of a female seated and clad in an ancient drapery, with a rudder in one hand and a crown in the other, with the legend—*République Française, souveraineté du peuple. Bonaparte premier consul.* This legend was, after a while, altered into the following: *Au nom du peuple Français, gouvernement Français.* The "liberty, equality, and sovereignty of the people" disappeared in form, as they had long since disappeared, or, to speak more justly, had never existed, in substance.

After the occupation of the Tuileries, it was thought that the country-house of Malmaison, which had been the favorite retreat of General Bonaparte, was too humble for the chief of a great republic. Among the former royal residences near the capital, St. Cloud was the nearest and most convenient. The inhabitants of the commune of St. Cloud were induced to present a petition to the tribunate, praying that the chateau should be offered to the first consul. Bonaparte, however, declared to the committee, which was to make a report on the petition, that he would not accept any thing from the people during the period of his office and for a year after its expiration, after which, if a reward should be voted to him, he would gratefully receive it. Two years after this fine speech, being consul for life, he took of his own authority, the chateau of St. Cloud, which became thenceforth his favorite residence.

Duroc then signified that every Sunday there would be mass at St. Cloud, after which the first consul would give public audiences; that the levees at the Tuileries would only take place once a month, on the 15th, and that in the interval the great apartments would be shut up. The audiences of St. Cloud became much requested; three times a week there was a dinner of fifteen persons, and in the evening Madame Bonaparte received company. The first consul appeared at these *conversazioni*, in which card-tables were laid out, and Bonaparte at times played a game. The mass which preceded the audience was a terrible bugbear to many of those who wished to repair to St. Cloud in the morning. It is well known how Berthier contrived to lead the old generals of the republic to church for the first time. He invited them to breakfast, and thence took them to the levee of the first consul, whom they found starting for church, whither they could not well refuse to follow him.

We must now cast a glance at the course

pursued by the various branches of the legislature under the consular government.

The two houses of representatives, the legislative body, and the tribunate, opened their first sessions in January, 1800. Public attention was wholly turned towards the tribunate, the only relic of popular representation. The moderate republicans, even among those who had sanctioned the revolution of Brumaire, mustered strong in the tribunate: that was their last stronghold. Daunou, Benjamin Constant, Ginguené, Mathieu, Thibaut, Chénier, Ganilh, and others, whom Bonaparte described as metaphysicians and ideologists, formed the opposition. The executive proposed through its orator a project of law concerning the mode of proceeding and communicating between the various bodies which were to concur in the formation of the laws, namely, consuls, the council of state, the tribunate, and the legislative body. How was a project of law to be transmitted from one to another of these various authorities, and what forms were required before it could obtain a final sanction? This very first requisite of legislation had not been provided for by the constitution. The amendments proposed by the opposition in the tribunate were: first, five days at least to be allowed for the discussion of a project of law, and five days more to state and support their report before the legislative body; secondly, that the executive should preface the projects of law by a statement of the motives for which the law was required; thirdly, that the legislative body, and not the executive, should fix the day for opening the discussion; fourthly, that the executive should, if it chose, withdraw its project of law altogether, instead of requiring the indefinite adjournment of the discussion; fifthly, that an especial law should determine the cases of urgency, which ought to be very rare, in which a law was required to be passed without the customary delay. These very modest amendments were considered by the government party as a facious opposition. The orator in favor of the government ridiculed the amendments, inveighed bitterly against Benjamin Constant, for which he was three times called to order, made a fulsome panegyric on the first consul, and at last the project was adopted by 54 votes against 26. This triumph ought to have been sufficient for the executive, and yet the government journal, the *Moniteur*, spoke in a peevish tone of "petty passions having an influence over the debates, of 'the friends of order' not being alarmed by seeing 26 individuals among 80 disposed to thwart the government in the most simple and innocent of measures, of certain minds aiming at a perfection incompatible with human institutions,

&c." In the legislative body the project was passed by 203 votes against 23.

The place of meeting allotted to the tribunate was in the Palais Royal, which was then called Palais Egalité. In the preparatory arrangement of the premises, several leases were annulled by a mere act of authority; and some gambling-houses and brothels were shut up to make room for the representatives of the people. Some of the members complained of these arbitrary acts, and alluded also to the indecency of choosing such a locality, as if to degrade the assembly in the eyes of the public. A member then rose to order, and congratulated the veterans of liberty on being assembled on the spot of their first triumphs (the revolutions in Paris have generally begun in the Palais Royal), and appealing to the recollections of 1789, said, that if any one should think "of raising an idol of a fortnight, they would remember that they had overthrown a worship of fifteen centuries." The allusion was deeply felt, and the *Moniteur* published an article headed, "On the Roman tribunes and those of France," in which the latter was smartly lectured on their temerity, on the respect that was due to the warrior who had saved the country, on Coriolanus, Camillus, the Tarpeian rock, &c.

A project of law for continuing the existing taxes, direct and indirect, for another year, gave occasion to a warm debate in the tribunate. The principal objection was by no means of a nature hostile to the government; it was that the ways and means did not appear sufficient for the probable expenditure of the following year. The project, however, was adopted by a majority of five.

The law for the formation of the court of cassation came next; it passed the tribunate by a majority of two only, and was thrown out by the legislative body. This was not in consequence of any jealousy towards the government, but owing to many faults of form and detail in the project. The executive then brought forward a law for the complete organization of the whole judiciary system, in which the former plan of the court of cassation was reproduced with some slight modifications, and the whole passed by great majorities! There were to be a tribunal "de première instance" in every arrondissement, a criminal court in every department, and twenty-nine courts of appeal in the chief towns. Thibaudeau here reflects "on the influence which habits of laziness exert upon deliberative assemblies, so that it is often easier to make them swallow an entire code in the lump, than a project of law technically defined in a dozen articles." Another law, by which the government proposed to

exact a toll on the bridges *constructed by private individuals*, was rejected, as was also a law to restore manorial or land rents, which had been confounded with feudal rights in the sweeping decrees of the revolutionary convention. The state was possessed of from thirty to forty millions of these rents, and therefore was interested in re-establishing the payment of them. The tribunate rejected the project by 59 votes against 29, on the plea that the property subject to such rents had passed through many hands since their abolition, and that their re-establishment would open the way to innumerable reclamations, and "endanger the interests of the revolution." This was at the best a plea of indemnity for past spoliation in favor of the purchasers. Another law was proposed to restore, under certain restrictions, the faculty of disposing of part at least of one's property by will or by donations *inter vivos*. This faculty, which appears inherent in man, had been long and eloquently discussed in the constituent assembly, in one of the last debates in which Mirabeau took part. The revolutionary convention had by the famous law of the 19th Nivose, year II., actually abolished the faculty of making a will, for fear, it was said, that the aristocracy should re-establish thereby the inequality of inheritance. According to this beautiful principle, which is still held by some in our own days, no man can dispose of his own property, and as by another principle of the same school no son has a right to his father's inheritance, the obvious consequence is, that at a man's death his property ought to revert to the whole community. The project of the government for restoring to men the faculty of making a will passed by 53 against 35 votes.

The government presented a plan for the division of the territory and the administrative organization. The departmental councils of administration were suppressed. A prefect in each department, a sub-prefect in the arrondissement, and municipalities all dependent on the executive, were established. Roederer, in the preamble to the plan, observed laconically, "The administration is the business of one man, to judge is that of many." The plan passed the tribunate by 71 votes to 25.

These were the principal laws discussed by the tribunate in its first session. The opposition was by no means of a nature to alarm the government. We have said that the people had the right to petition. Most of the petitions sent to the tribunate were referred to the ministers without discussion. Some members reproved the carelessness with which this remaining constitutional right of the citizens was treated. Benjamin Con-

stant spoke in favor of organizing a committee of petitions. The tribunate passed to the order of the day. Petitions have seldom met with much attention in a French assembly.

The session of the legislative body lasted four months, but the tribunate was permanent, or, if it adjourned, it appointed a commission charged with convoking it again when it was necessary. The tribunate was not a convention, it was not the legislature, it did not originate the laws, it did not even sanction them ultimately: it was a body intended to watch over the other constituted authorities. The tribunate made a very modest use of its right of permanence during the eight months' vacations of the legislative body. It resolved upon having two sittings in each month, the 1st and 16th. These sittings were little more than *pro formâ*.

The executive, having established the prefects in every department, thought next of organizing the police. This is a word that has become famous in contemporary history. The ministry of police was a creation of the Directory. There had been of old a police for the great cities; we find a police of Paris established by the Prévôt Etienne Boileau, as far back as 1269, under the reign of St. Louis. This police issued ordonnances for the cleanliness, the good order, and security of the streets and places of public resort. Afterwards, there was a lieutenant-general of police for Paris. The police made a part of the local administration of each town, and the offences against public order and decency were tried by the local magistrates. There was, therefore, an administrative police and a judicial police. But it was reserved for republican France to invent a third kind of police, called a state police, high police, or secret police, a separate and irresponsible branch of the ministry, without definite attributions, extending over the whole state, watching the motions of every individual, and which has been called the eye of the government. The minister of police, established by a law in the time of the Directory, had no ostensible agents under his orders; he corresponded with the ministers of the interior and of justice. The constitution of the year VIII. said nothing about the number or functions of the ministers. The consular government found a minister of police and kept him. The law concerning the new administration of the departments said that the *maires* and their assistants exercised the police of their respective communes, but it added, "that in every town of 100,000 inhabitants and above (only four, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux), there should be a commissary-general of police, having under him commissaries for each

district, and that he would receive orders direct from the minister of police, and that at Paris there would be a prefect of police, having under him commissaries in each of the twelve municipalities or districts of the capital." The gendarmerie was placed at the disposal of the minister of police, Fouché. This minister thought of extending the action of the police beyond all precedent, and his ideas found favor with the first consul, who had a weakness upon this point. As for the prefect of police of the city of Paris, Dubois, he told the citizens in a sort of proclamation, that he would watch over their security, their lives, their properties; "that he would protect the liberty of worship, the liberty of dress, and, above all, the liberty of pleasure."

All the branches of the administration received a fresh impulse under the consular government. The finances, which had been left by the Directory in the most confused state, were totally re-organized by Gaudin; strict order and economy, and regularity of payment, were enforced; the treasury began to fill again; the bank of France was established; all the public securities rose. The arbitrary measure of forced loans was abandoned. The first consul had already, soon after the 19th Brumaire, proposed and obtained of the legislative commission the abolition of the cruel law of the hostages passed in the year VII., by which thousands of individuals were in prison and their property sequestered because they were related to emigrants; and he immediately sent couriers to cause their prisons to be opened, and their property restored with interest. He himself went to the Temple, and told the hostages there confined that, "an unjust law having deprived them of their liberty, his first duty was to restore it to them." This was one of the finest moments of Bonaparte's life. The priests were next relieved from *surveillance*; those who were exiled were allowed to return, upon the mere declaration, before the local authority, that they promised fidelity to the constitution. Some of the priests refused to make this declaration, and the government took the pains of explaining to them, in the official journal, that this declaration "was a simple civil act, that it was not a religious oath; that they were not required to approve, support, or defend the actual institutions, but merely not to oppose them." The honor of a funeral and of a sepulchral monument were ordered to be given to the remains of the late Pope Pius VI., who had died at Valence the year before. "It became the dignity of the French nation," Bonaparte said, "to bestow these marks of consideration on an old man, respectable by his misfortunes, who had filled one of the high-

est offices upon earth, and who had been for a moment the enemy of France, because he was led astray by those who surrounded him, and who had taken advantage of his weakness."

La Vendée was pacified. The chiefs of the Vendéans, Bernier, D'Autichamp, Bourmont, &c., made their submission; Georges Cadoual laid down his arms, but refused to pay allegiance to the consular government: he was allowed to leave France and repaired to England. France was now internally at peace for the first time for eight years.

Of the astonishing campaign of Marengo it is not our business to speak, for we are following with Thibaudeau's original *Memoirs* the *civil* administration of the first consul.

The number of the political journals in Paris was fixed at thirteen, and the minister of police was ordered not to allow any more. All journals which should insert any "article contrary to the social contract, to the sovereignty of the people, and the glory of the French armies, or offensive to the governments and nations, friends and allies to the republic, even if such articles should be extracted from foreign journals, should be immediately suppressed." Under such vague terms the government might find at any time a pretence for suppressing any journal that it chose. The *Moniteur* proclaimed itself the only official journal.

"The first consul made the *Moniteur* the soul and the force of his government, its organ of communication with public opinion at home and abroad. It was the most dreaded of all tribunals. Its political articles were often virulent against the enemies of the first consul; they expressed what the government wished to be believed. It was the business of sound criticism to find out the object aimed at, to distinguish truth from falsehood; for, if vulgar readers understand to the letter all they see in the official journals, discerning persons know that in most cases those journals contain nothing but mutilated truths or positive falsehoods, which the cabinets think useful to their policy."—(*Le Consulat*, vol. i. pp. 403, 404.)

This is a frank confession, and yet we find Napoleon at St. Helena saying that there was not a single sentence in the *Moniteur* which he should wish to see struck out.

A journal called *l'Ami des Lois* was suppressed on the report of Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the interior, because it had ridiculed the Institute, or Scientific Academy of France. This was a curious sort of offence. The minister of the interior exercised the police over the theatres; no play could be performed without his authorization. A play called *Edward the Pretender*, by Duval, was performed with great success. Bonaparte

went to see it on the second day ; he disliked the allusions ; the play was suppressed, and the author was advised to travel ; he went to Russia. Another play, in which three valets appeared together, was reported by some officious person to be intended as a caricature of the three consuls ; Bonaparte, in a passion, ordered the author to be sent to St. Domingo : it was found, however, that the play had been written before the epoch of the consulate, and the author, after having been sent to Brest, was recalled to Paris, where Bonaparte made him amends for the mistake.

The re-establishment of the church forms an important event in the history of the consulate. Bonaparte took frequent opportunities of declaiming against the philosophers of the eighteenth century, whom he called ideologists. In his Italian campaign of 1800, and just before the battle of Marengo, having taken possession again of the city of Milan, he ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung in the cathedral, which he attended himself with great ceremony. He had written the day before to the two consuls, his colleagues, at Paris : "Let the atheists of Paris say what they please, I shall attend to-morrow the performance of the *Te Deum* in the cathedral." He afterwards summoned the parochial clergy of Milan, on the 5th of June, 1800, and told them in a long speech that he was attached to the Roman Catholic religion ; that he would protect it ; that the vexations which they had experienced at his first entrance into Italy in 1796 were not sanctioned by his approbation ; that he was then but the agent of the Directory, who did not care about religion ; but that now, having full power, he was determined to use it for the protection of the church.

"The modern philosophers," he said, "strove to persuade the French that the Catholic religion was the implacable enemy of all democratic systems ; hence that cruel persecution which the French republic carried on against religion and its ministers ; hence all the horrors which weighed upon that unfortunate people. . . . In any state of society, no man can be virtuous and equitable without knowing whence he comes and whither he is to go. Mere reason cannot fix our ideas on the subject ; without religion we must be groping continually in the dark ; there can be no good morality without religion. A society without religion is exposed to all the shocks of the most violent passions, and falls a prey to internal discord, which must infallibly produce its ruin. France, instructed by its own misfortunes, has at last opened her eyes ; she has discovered that the Catholic religion is the sheet-anchor which can keep her steady in the midst of political agitation ; she has therefore recalled it to her

bosom. I do not conceal from you that I have mainly contributed to this good work. I can certify to you that the churches are again opened in France, that religion has resumed its ancient splendor, that the people see with pleasure their old pastors in the midst of their flocks. . . . As soon as I can communicate with the new Pope (Pius VII.) I shall, I hope, complete the work of reconciliation. . . . I wish that this expression of my sentiments should be perpetuated in your memory, and I approve of its being made public through the press, in order that my intentions may be known, not only to Italy and France, but to all Europe."—(*Le Consulat*, vol. i.—*Pièces Justificatives*, at the end.)

This address was accordingly published, not only in Italy, but in Coutances, in France, by Agnès, official printer to the *arrondissement*, year IX. On the same day in which this speech was delivered, Berthier, in a proclamation to the people of Lombardy, said that "their enemies, while boasting of their zeal for religion, had called heretics, and even infidels, into Italy," alluding to the Russians, the English, and the Turks, who had joined Austria in the coalition of 1799. Such was the language held by Bonaparte to the Catholic clergy of a country essentially Catholic, for Italy had ever remained so, notwithstanding the first French conquest. Public worship had never been proscribed or interrupted there as in France. The situation of the latter country was essentially different, and required greater caution ; accordingly we find Bonaparte's language after his return to Paris considerably modified. The Catholic clergy themselves were divided into "constitutionalists," who had sworn allegiance to the republic, and "refractory," who had refused to do so, and been persecuted in consequence. The bishops of the latter party had mostly emigrated. These two sections of the clergy were at open hostility with each other. The consular government protected the persons of both, allowed the constitutionalists to perform service in the churches, and winked at the refractories performing theirs in oratories or chapels, but did not recognize officially either party as forming a church.

In the larger work before us we find the following statistical summary of religion in France at the time, including Belgium and the departments of the Rhine :

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Catholics who followed the constitutional priests - - - - - | 7,500,000 |
| Catholics who followed the refractory priests - - - - - | 7,500,000 |
| Persons born of Catholics parents, but following no mode of worship, either through indifference, or on account of the interruption and persecution of religion over | |

| | |
|--|------------|
| a great part of the country - - - | 13,000,000 |
| Persons belonging to no religion whatever, by their manner of thinking or acting - - - - - | 4,000,000 |
| Protestants of various communions, Jews, &c. - - - - - | 3,000,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 35,000,000 |

"We must not be deceived," observes the author of this statement, "by the votes and testimonials which are held forth by the organs of the consular government in favor of the re-establishment of public worship. The government well knows how to give the impulsion in such cases. The truth is that, as in an infinity of parishes all over the country there had been no religious worship performed for many years, religious ideas had become very much weakened in the minds of the people."—*Le Consulat*, vol. ii. p. 169.

After the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte invited the pope to enter into negotiations on the subject of religion and the church in France. At the same time, he ordered General Murat to restore Rome and its territory to the papal authorities. The pope sent the prelate, Spina, and Father Caselli, a theologian, to Paris, in order to confer with the first consul, who appointed, on his part, Joseph Bonaparte and Cretet, councillors of state, and Bernier, the Vendean curate. The negotiations for a concordat commenced; but numerous difficulties presented themselves. The first consul became impatient, and threatened; the others raised scruples, quoted precedents, wrote to Rome, and the affair made no progress. At length Cardinal Consalvi, the pope's secretary of state, set off for Paris; and, on his arrival, had several long interviews with the first consul. The principal points of the concordat were now discussed in earnest. The first consul insisted on the right of appointing the bishops; but the pope was to bestow the canonical institution. The French negotiators wished to fix a term, beyond which the pope should not refuse the *investiture*; but the court of Rome was determined upon the full prerogative, and the first consul was obliged to yield. The bishops were to appoint the parochial clergy, subject to the approbation of the government. A new division of France into dioceses and parishes should be made, and the existing bishops, whether constitutional or refractory, should vacate their seats, if required to do so, in consequence of these new arrangements. The churches which had not been sold were to be restored to the bishops. The government would take care that the bishops and parochial clergy should have suitable salaries; and pious persons should have liberty to make foundations in favor of

the church. The Roman Catholic faith was acknowledged to be that of the consular government, and of the majority of Frenchmen, its worship to be public, but subject to the police regulations which the government should judge necessary. The pope, on his part, declared, "for the sake of peace," that neither he nor his successors should disturb the owners of church property which had been sold during the revolution. The bishops were to have a chapter in each cathedral, and a seminary in each diocese; but the government was not bound to provide for them. No mention was made of the re-establishment of monastic orders, to which the first consul was decidedly hostile. During these negotiations, which were carried on with great privacy, Bonaparte elicited the sentiments of several of the councillors of state on the subject of religion. With one of them, perhaps Thibaudeau himself, he had a long and curious conversation, which is reported in the *Mémoires*.

"On the 21st Prairial, the councillor of state, N——, dined at Malmaison. After dinner the first consul took him alone into the park, and led the conversation to the subject of religion. He spoke at length against the various systems of philosophers, on public worship, on deism, on natural religion, &c. All that, said he, was nothing but ideology. He repeatedly styled Garat the leader of the ideologists. 'Listen,' said he: I was walking about this solitary spot last Sunday evening; every thing was silent around me, when the sound of the clock of the church of Ruel all at once struck my ear; I felt strongly affected; for such is the power of first impressions and of education. I then said to myself, what influence these things must have upon simple and credulous men! Let your philosophers, your ideologists, answer that. There must be a religion for the people; but this religion must be in the hands of the government. At present fifty bishops, emigrants and in the pay of England, lead the clergy of France. We must destroy their influence; and for this the authority of the pope is required. They must vacate their sees, or the pope will supersede them. We will declare that, as the Catholic religion is that of the majority of Frenchmen, the exercise and worship of it must be legally organized. The first consul appoints fifty new bishops, the pope gives them the canonical institution. The bishops appoint the curates, and the state pays them. They must take an oath of fidelity; those who refuse shall be transported. The pope confirms the sale of church property; and thus consecrates the republic. They will sing in the churches *Salvum fac Rempublicam*. The bull is now arrived, and there are only a few expressions to alter. People will say that I am a Papist: I was a Mahommedan in Egypt; and I shall be a Catholic here for the good of the people. I do not believe

in religions. . . . But the idea of a God. . . . And then raising his hands towards heaven, 'Who then made all this?' he exclaimed. N— now spoke in reply, after having listened in perfect silence. 'To discuss the necessity of religion would be foreign to the present question. I will even grant the utility of a public worship. A worship must have priests; but priests can exist without forming an embodied clergy, without a hierarchy animated by one spirit, aiming at the same end. A hierarchy constitutes a power,—a colossal power. Were the hierarchy to have for its head the chief of the state, it would not be half so formidable; but, as long as it acknowledges for its head a foreign prince, it is a rival power. There never was so favorable an opportunity as the present to effect a great religious revolution. You have the constitutional priests, the apostolical vicars of the pope, and the emigrant bishops in England, and many shades in each of these three divisions. Citizens and priests, all are disunited; and the great body of the nation looks on all this with total indifference.'— 'You are mistaken, the clergy exists; it will ever exist as long as there is a religious feeling in the people: and this religious feeling is inherent in the people. There have been republics, democracies, all that we see, but never a state without religion, without worship, without priests. Is it not better to organize the public worship, and put the priests under proper discipline, than to leave every thing at random? The priests now preach against the republic; ought we to transport them? No, let us bind them by proper regulations, let us then win them over to the republican government.' 'You will never win them over sincerely. The revolution has deprived them of their honors or their wealth,—they will never forgive that; they will always be in a state of war against the new institutions. Scattered as they are, they will be less dangerous than when organized and united.' 'Shall I do the very reverse of what Henry IV. did.' 'Those were different times. For my part, if there is to be a national religion, I should prefer Protestantism. We are much more favorably placed than England or Germany were at the time of the reformation. In the present state of minds, you have only to say a word, popery is overthrown, and France becomes Protestant.' 'Yes, one half of it, but the other half remains Catholic; and we shall have quarrels and contentions without end. Why provoke resistance on the part of the clergy and the people? Enlightened persons will not rise against Catholicism, because they are indifferent. I avoid therefore much opposition at home; while abroad I may, by means of the pope' and here he stopped. 'Yes, but at the cost of other sacrifices which will make you dependent on him. You have to do with a skilful antagonist, who is always stronger against those who keep on terms with him, than against those who have broken with him altogether. Now every thing appears smooth and fair; but when

you think that you have done with the pope, you will find yourself deceived.' 'My dear friend, there is neither sincerity nor belief among men. . . . There is nothing more to take from the clergy. . . . It is now a purely political affair. . . . Things are too far gone, and the part I have taken appears to me the safest.' 'Why, certainly, as the bull of the concordat is arrived, all that I can now say is perfectly useless.'

Thus the conversation ended.

On the 26th Messidor (15th July, 1801) the concordat was signed by Cardinal Consalvi, and was ratified by the pope on the 14th August following. Some days afterwards, the first consul communicated to the council of state assembled the articles of the concordat, and said that there would be fifty bishops and about six thousand curates; that he had regulated also the concerns of the Protestants. "The Calvinists have their metropolis at Geneva, and there is no difficulty about that. The Lutherans shall have a synod at Strasburg. As for the Jews, they form a nation apart, which interferes with no other sect, and they are in too small a number to meddle with them." He then broke off the council, without having asked a single opinion upon any article of the concordat; indeed he had clearly hinted that he stood not in need of their assent. The concordat was considered as being within the attributions of the executive. A project of law, however, was laid before the tribunate and the legislative body to regulate the execution of the articles of the treaty as well as the organization of the Protestant worship. But the first consul waited first for the renewal of one-fifth of the members of the tribunate, when most of the opposition were turned out. In April, 1802, Portalis, after a long preamble, in which he spoke of the necessity of religion, of the advantages of Christianity, assertions which few would have thought of disputing, said at last, with great frankness, "The Catholic religion is a powerful spring, which the government must make use of, for fear that others should take possession of it." He also said that a change of religion had become impossible in France, "not because the clergy and the citizens had any extraordinary attachment for Catholicism, but because there was no church property left to offer the priests in order to induce them to give up their hierarchy and their discipline." The project of law passed without discussion; 78 voted for it, and 7 against it. Lucien Bonaparte and Jaucourt carried the vote of the tribunate to the legislative body. Lucien spoke zealously in favor of the project, which was adopted

by 228 votes against 21. The concordat thus became law.

On Easter Sunday the law of the concordat was solemnly proclaimed. On that day the consuls, senators, councillors of state, the diplomatic body, and all the chief authorities, civil and military, repaired to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where pontifical mass was celebrated by Cardinal Caprara, the pope's legate. The new bishops took the oaths, and a *Te Deum* was sung for the general peace of church and state. On his return the first consul asked General Delmas what he thought of the ceremony. "It was a fine mummary," gruffly answered the other; "it wanted only the presence of a million of men who have been killed in destroying that which you are now re-establishing." Delmas, having repeated his strictures on other occasions, was at last exiled. The first consul asked his aid-de-camp, Rapp, who was a Protestant, whether he would now go to mass. "No, General." "And why?" "These things may suit you best After all, provided you do not appoint those people to be your aides-de-camp or your cooks, I care not a straw about it." Rapp had the privilege of speaking bluntly on account of his known personal attachment to Bonaparte.—(*Mémoires*, p. 164.) The military were always the most averse to church ceremonies.

The first consul had numerous difficulties to encounter in the execution of the concordat, but his firmness, his irresponsible power, his iron will, and the perfect indifference of conscience with which he regarded the whole arrangement as a political measure enabled him to surmount all. Constitutional priests, refractory priests and bishops, papal legate, the court of Rome itself, all were obliged to bend before his determination. He would be obeyed by both priests and laymen in all ostensible matters, although he protested that he did not interfere with their belief. But not a word must they utter in disparagement of his government, or do any act in disobedience to the regulations prescribed. The Abbe Fournier, an old emigrant, having made some allusions in a sermon against the actual system, was arrested; and, as other offensive sermons were found among his papers, he was sent by the prefect of the police to a madhouse. He was afterwards exiled from France, and removed to the citadel of Turin, until Cardinal Fesch obtained his liberation. The curate of St. Roch, having refused to perform the funeral service over the body of an opera dancer was severely reprimanded, and the Archbishop of Paris ordered him to be suspended from his functions for three months.

"The civil authority was often at variance with the ecclesiastical authority, which by degrees attempted to call in question all that had been done during the revolution, and tried to enforce again old institutions and rights abolished by the laws, and to revive rules of conduct and usages no longer suited to the state of opinion in France. The first consul had much to do to maintain the equilibrium between the state and the church. With any other man the clergy would soon have resumed its former preponderance, and brought on fresh calamities; for, although there were many prelates and priests really animated by a spirit of peace and charity, there was also a considerable number of ambitious men, fanatics and intriguers, who would have proceeded to any extremes."—p. 166.

In order to prevent the spreading of any address in which politics might be mixed up with religion, the minister of the interior wrote circulars to all the prefects, not to allow the publication of any writing addressed to the people by any authority whatsoever, without their approbation. The pastoral instructions and *mandemens*, or charges, of the bishops to their diocesans, were not excepted from this order. With such means it was certainly easy to keep the clergy in total submission, and we do not wonder at Napoleon asserting at St. Helena that he had never regretted having signed the concordat. Why should he? His power was so absolute, so overwhelming, so omnipresent, that any attempt at mutiny or resistance was crushed in an instant. The clergy as a body, proved ever after docile to him in the extreme. They assisted him in raising the conscription; their addresses to him on different occasions were sufficiently laudatory. Even when he afterwards quarrelled with the Pope, most of the French bishops ranged themselves on the side of the temporal power.

The *Moniteur*, 9th Thermidor, An. X., extolled the concordat "as the most glorious act of the consular government, which has gathered together the scattered branches of the Christian religion, and has restored the altars of the Gospel overthrown during ten years of barbarism. That eternal morality of nations has again found its ancient cradle. The Christians of Rome and those of Augsburg are again become brethren at the voice of the chief of France. Religious intolerance, as well as political fanaticism, after being by turns persecutors and persecuted, have disappeared for ever, together with the conspiracies and the sacrileges of revolutionary times. The law which protects and the Gospel which consoles mankind, have joined hands for the happiness of France. . . . True philosophy has again found its natural auxiliary, and the atheist, driven away from

the temple, has still time left for repentance. False philosophy has no more influence, and the system of abstractions has vanished before the appearance of truth. 'If I had a province to chastise,' said Frederic the Great, 'I should put it under a government of philosophers.' The philosophers whom that great man here meant, shall no longer chastise France, because France has also a great man who has assumed the direction of her destinies." Leaving aside some of the flattery and flourish of the above passage, we certainly think that the concordat was a prudent and beneficial act of Bonaparte's government. Supposing even that only one-half of the French people were still attached to their religion, was it not wise and just to quiet their consciences, to quell controversy, and to remove scandal? The consular government satisfied the religious wants of those who were religiously inclined, while at the same time it did not force any one to join a church of which he might not approve. It kept that church subordinate to the state, and certainly Bonaparte's power was never after endangered by the clergy. He therefore did for once an act of justice and benevolence, without the least danger to himself or to any one else.

In the session of the legislative body for the year IX. (1801), the proportion between the opposition and the government party continued nearly the same as in the preceding year. Of ten projects of law presented by the government, three were rejected, but they concerned minor matters of administration. The law for the establishment of special tribunals in criminal matters excited a warmer debate, as it affected the personal security of individuals. It was proposed at the same time to reduce the number of the justices of peace, to take away from them the judicial police of their respective districts, and give it to special magistrates appointed *ad hoc* by the government. The numerous parties of outlaws, or *brigands* as they were called, who infested several provinces of France, were alleged as the motive of a project of law which annihilated the institutions of the jury, and left the citizens without guarantee against arbitrary imprisonment. The law, however, passed the tribunate, though by a small majority. This was not enough for the first consul, who was irritated by the tone which the discussions had assumed in the tribunate. He could not bear publicity in such cases. He had repeatedly told several of the members, that, "instead of declaiming in the tribune, they would do better to come to him in his cabinet, and discuss the projects of law in familiar conversation, as he was wont to do in his council of state,

where he allowed the greatest freedom of speech." In an audience he gave to the senate on the 9th Pluviose, after the debate on the special tribunals, he vented his spleen against the tribunate in that coarse guard-room oratory to which he was accustomed to resort whenever stung by personal opposition. "Ginguené," said he, "has given the ass's kick. There are in the tribunate twelve or fifteen metaphysicians fit to be thrown into the Seine. I feel the vermin about my clothes. . . . They must not fancy that I will let myself be attacked like Louis XVI. ; I shall not allow it."

The third session of the legislative body was opened in Brumaire, year X. (November, 1801.) The two first projects of law concerning the civil code were rejected by the tribunate. The first consul held a long and warm conversation on this subject in his council of state. He said that the declamations of the opposition tended to degrade the government in the eyes of the French people, always prone to ridicule; that an opposition in France was a very different thing from the opposition in England, or in ancient Rome; that where there are no patricians there ought to be no public deliberative body; that the government in this case was the representative of the people. The first National Assembly was right in making the king subordinate to the representatives, because there were still a nobility and a clergy; but now every thing was changed. The constitution had created a legislative power composed of three branches, but each of these branches had not the right of organizing itself; that ought to be the subject of a law. We must, therefore, make a law to organize the mode of deliberation in each of these branches. The tribunate ought to be divided into five sections. The discussion of the laws will take place secretly in each section, where they may babble as long as they please. The section may discuss the projects with the corresponding sections of the council of state. The reporter alone will speak in public, and we shall then hear something reasonable. There must be unity of purpose in the great authorities of the state, otherwise we cannot go on, and a general uneasiness and want of confidence will spread through the nation. In so numerous a nation as France, the majority are incapable of judging soundly of public affairs. France is not yet a republic; it is yet a problem whether it will be able to constitute one. In five or six years this question will be solved. If the authorities remain in harmony together, we shall have the republic; if not, we may go on for ten or twenty years, and the aristocracy must return. It is the natu

ral tendency of men and things. Once more, we must have no opposition. What can we do with such men as Ganilh and Garat-Mailla? (the nephew of Garat the senator). All those who surround Sieyes go on badly, and it is chiefly through his fault. He regrets not being grand elector.—*Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 224—231; *Le Consulat*, vol. ii. p. 411—416.

By the constitution of the year VIII. both the tribunate and the legislative body were to be renewed by one-fifth in the year X. (1802.) The senate was to choose the members of the new fifth. But nothing was said about the manner in which the members to be removed were to be picked out. This important question was discussed in the council of state. Some were for the ballot, others by scrutiny. The first consul of course was for the latter. The choice was left to the senate, which of course adopted the scrutiny. By this means the principal members of the opposition were removed from the tribunate, such as Chénier, Daunou, Benjamin Constant, Insard, Chazal, Ganilh Garat-Mailla, &c. Among the members chosen to replace them were Carnot, Daru, and Lucien Bonaparte. The tribunate thus renewed framed a regulation for its deliberations, by which it divided itself into three sections. After this the first consul convoked a new session of the legislative body in April, 1802. All the projects of law presented by the government in this session on the concordat, the conscription, public instruction, &c. were passed with scarcely any opposition, except those on the administration of the colonies, and on the establishment of the Legion of Honor. These last require some notice. By the treaty of Amiens, France had recovered her colonies both in the West and East Indies, and in Africa. In the discussion held in the council of state on the administration of the colonies, the first consul supported the project of establishing chambers of agriculture among the colonists, which might petition the government of the mother-country, and have their agents at Paris. "It was the only means," he said, "of making the sentiments, wishes, and wants of the colonists known to the government." He defended the conduct of the French colonists and Creoles, who were accused of being the cause of the disturbances which had broken out in several colonies. With regard to the Blacks, he spoke vehemently against the measure of emancipation decreed by the convention. The horrors of St. Domingo furnished him with a plausible text.

"After that experience," he said, "it would now be mere obstinacy to talk about the lib-

erty of the Blacks. The Whites have been sacrificed and murdered, and you will not allow them to complain. I am for the Whites, because I am white myself; I have no other reason, but that is a sufficient one. Without going any further, would you have allowed Frenchmen to be made dependent on the Italians, on the Piedmontese? We should have been well served for it; they would have treated us as the Blacks have treated the Whites. We have been obliged, on the contrary, to use great precautions, and to keep them in dependence; and, if I had had to choose between sacrificing two soldiers of my army, or dooming all Italy to perdition, I should have sacrificed all Italy, because I am, above all things, of my army, and for my army. Even now we must keep a sharp lookout upon that country, and yet they are Whites like ourselves; they are civilized people and our neighbors."—*Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 116—121.

He did not, however, limit himself to re-establishing slavery in the colonies, for which, perhaps, much might have been said at the time, but he re-established also the horrid slave-trade, which was carried on under the tri-colored flag during the period of the peace of Amiens, and afterwards, whenever their ships could escape the vigilance of the English cruizers. This was one of the greatest stains of the consular government. Bonaparte's exaggerated notions of the importance of colonies to France, and his eternal anxiety to rival England in maritime power, contributed no doubt to the adoption of that measure. And yet he had moments in which he saw matters connected with statistics and political economy with a clearer eye; but they were only lucid intervals, soon overcast by the mists of passion and wilfulness. In a discussion in the council of state, about the maritime inscription, which is in fact a regular conscription of sailors instead of the occasional impressment of the English, he argued on the necessity of such a measure, on account of the great geographical difference between France and England. "England," said he, "has an immense extent of coast, which furnishes her with plenty of sailors whenever she wants them. France, on the contrary, even with her recent acquisitions, has a dense body, and less coast in proportion. Nature has not been favorable to us in this respect. England is like a bump on our nose,—nature is for her. We must then substitute the force of legislation," &c.; as if legislation should strive to conquer nature, instead of adapting itself to the capabilities and natural advantages of each country. That was his usual foible, the weakness of a powerful but uncontrolled mind. The law upon the colonies and the slaves passed

the tribunate by a majority of 54 against 27, and the legislative body by 211 against 63.

The discussion concerning the establishment of the order of the Legion of Honor was remarkably interesting. In the council of state, Dumas, although favorable to the project, proposed that the order should be exclusively military. Bonaparte opposed the idea. It was good for the feudal times, when the military qualities, force and bravery, were every thing. But the invention of gunpowder had changed the whole military system, and now the principal qualities which distinguish a general, intelligence, calculation, knowledge of men, administrative science, are all civil qualities. "I have told some military men that a pure military government would never suit France, unless the whole nation were first brutified by half a century of ignorance. All such attempts will fail, and their authors will fall victims to them. The mere military man knows no other law but force; he refers every thing to himself, and to his corps. The civilian, on the contrary, sees the general good of society. The former wills every thing despotically; the latter appeals to reason, discussion, and truth. The national honors and rewards, therefore, are due to the civilian, even in preference to the military."—(*Mémoires*, pp. 76—80.) What a comment this on his own subsequent headlong career of the empire! when every thing was carried by military force; when he acknowledged that he regulated his conduct chiefly by the opinion of his army, and boasted that with 800,000 men he could treat Europe as he pleased; when the populations subject to his iron sway were divided into two classes, *militaires* and *pékins*! But at the former period he still felt like a citizen; and he was not yet at the head of the armed forces of one half of Europe. Several councillors of state objected to the institutions of the Legion of Honor, as an *order*, an organized body, a new aristocracy,—in short. Berlier mentioned the Romans.

"It is very strange, said the first consul, that, in speaking against civil distinctions, you should quote the history of the very people among whom they were most marked. All their constitutions, social, military, civil, and religions, were based upon distinctions. When the distinctions between classes gave way, after that fine patrician body was destroyed, Rome was torn to pieces; the people were nothing but the lowest populace, and the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Cæsars, succeeded each other. People are always quoting Brutus as the enemy of tyrants: well! Brutus was nothing but an aristocrat who killed Cæsar, because Cæsar wished to curtail the authority of the senate in or-

der to increase that of the people. But ignorance or party spirit have disfigured history. Where is the republic in ancient or modern times without distinctions? You call them gewgaws, but men are fond of gewgaws or toys, and are led along by means of them. I do not think that the French people care much about *liberty* and *equality*; the French have not been changed by ten years of revolution; they are still what the Gauls were, high-spirited and changeable. They have one feeling, that of *honor*; we must then administer food to that feeling, we must give them distinctions. See how they bow before the decorations worn by foreigners, how they seem struck by them!* What have the revolutionary governments done? They have destroyed every thing that had a hold upon men's minds, and substituted nothing instead. We have a government, we have constituted powers, but all the rest of the nation, what is it? a sandy level. We must throw upon this level some masses of granite, or we shall never have a republic."

After several sittings, the question of sending the project before the legislative body was put to the vote. It was carried in the council of state by fourteen votes against ten, who voted for the adjournment, under the plea that the session of the legislative body was drawing to a close. The project of law was strongly opposed in the tribunate; Lucien spoke violently in support of it, apostrophized the opposition as criminal, called the nation *pitoyable*, and by his violence increased the number of the opponents of the measure. It passed, however, by 56 votes against 38, and the legislative body by 166 against 110.—(*Consulat*, vol. ii. p. 484.) The opposition on this occasion was one of the strongest that the government had experienced. But it was also the last. The *senatus consultum*, which proclaimed Napoleon consul for life, reduced also the tribunate to fifty members, being one half of its original number. From that moment the last relic of representative government disappeared, and the projects of laws, instead of being discussed freely and in public, were examined in private committee of the respective section, or in conferences between two or three delegates of the section, and as many councillors of state, under the presidency of the second or third consul.

It was on the occasion of congratulations for the conclusion of the peace of Amiens,

* When the Marquis Lucchesini, the Prussian minister, came to the audience of the first consul at the Tuileries, he was covered with ribbons and crosses of numerous orders. Bonaparte, who was standing at one of the windows, observed how the people gazed at them on his alighting from his carriage, and how impressed they seemed with a sense of the importance of the diplomatist who wore so many brilliant decorations. This is said to have first suggested to him the idea of the Legion of Honor.

that the president of the tribunate proposed to that body to send a message to the senate to give to the first consul a splendid mark of the national gratitude. Lacepede in the senate proposed to extend the period of Bonaparte's consulate for ten years more after the expiration of the first ten. Another senator, Despinasse, proposed next to make him consul for life, but the president of the senate, Tronchet, put at once the previous question, which was adopted by sixty votes against the single vote of Lanjuinais. But this was not what Bonaparte expected. When the *senatus consultum* was brought to the first consul, he thanked the senators for their mark of esteem, but said he would not accept the prolongation of his consulship unless the suffrages of the people confirmed the act of the senate. The council of state was summoned for the 20th Floréal; the second and third consuls and all the ministers, except Fouché, were present. Having read the *senatus consultum* and the answer of the first consul, Rœderer said that a mere prolongation of the consulship gave no pledge of stability, that a stronger measure was required, which the senate, however, could not take upon itself; that therefore the question to be submitted to the suffrages of the people ought to be,—“whether the first consul should be confirmed for life, and should have the right of appointing his successor.” Portalis, Bigot de Préameneu, Dubois, &c. spoke in support of the motion. Portalis described Bonaparte as “a man on whom the destinies of the world depended, and before whom the earth stood in silence.” The consulate for life was adopted, but, upon the right of nominating his successor, five councillors, among whom were Thibaudeau and Berlier, did not vote. The next morning, the *Moniteur* contained an *arrêté* of the consuls, by which, “considering that the people when consulted upon their dearest interests should have no limits put to their determination,” it was decreed that the French people should have to decide upon the question, “whether Napoleon Bonaparte was to be consul for life,” and that registers be opened in every commune for the citizens to inscribe their votes. The question of the succession was dropped as premature. Bonaparte declared that he was not aware of its being proposed. In a conversation he had at Malmaison with a councillor of state, apparently Thibaudeau, he discussed familiarly the subject of the consulship for life, and said it gave him great consideration, especially abroad. “I am now on a level with the other sovereigns, for, after all, they are themselves for life only. They and their ministers will respect me more, because they see that my authority is no longer precarious.”

And then he went on with one of his tirades against the ideologists, the liberty of the press, Sieyes, &c.

On leaving Bonaparte, the councillor went into Josephine's apartments; she took him into the park, and spoke to him, with great emotion, of her uneasiness and her fears, on account of the intrigues with which her husband was surrounded. She told him that Lucien wished absolutely to establish the hereditary succession, that he had proposed to her to adopt a surreptitious child, that Talleyrand had framed a plan of a new constitution with the hereditary succession, that Rœderer, Lacepede, Laplace, &c. supported the scheme, that Bonaparte listened to all, and, as nobody contradicted these projects, he would be at last carried along. “I often tell him,” said Josephine, “that weakness and ambition are the two main causes of the ruin of men. He then tells me to mind my own business. I don't speak for myself, for I don't pretend to any thing. But it is a great pity that a young man, who has so many claims to the homage of his contemporaries and to the admiration of posterity, should be led away by flatterers. It would be well to expose them in some journal, for that is the only thing that has any effect upon Bonaparte, who is extremely sensitive to the sarcasms of the English newspapers. It is for this that he declaims so much against writers and lawyers. And yet I believe his father was a lawyer.” Poor Josephine lived to see her fears realized, her predictions fulfilled, though not exactly in the way, nor so soon, as she expected. It is remarkable that she looked upon Fouché as one of the few real friends of her husband.

The registers of the departments being examined, 3,577,885 votes were found registered, of which 3,368,259 were in favor of the consulship for life. Then came various changes in the organization and attributions of the tribunate, legislative body, council of state, electoral colleges, etc. which in fact constituted a new constitution. Centralization of powers was the order of the day. The step from the consulship for life to the empire became a very easy one. Bonaparte's conversations with Thibaudeau and with Josephine upon these never-ending alterations are very curious.—(*Mémoires*, pp. 309—320.)

The character of Josephine appears to have been amiable and mild; she seems to have suffered greatly in her mind, not from her husband, who was kind to her, but through her fears of futurity, and her being tormented by the idea of her having no children. This made her dread the question of hereditary succession, which she heard agitated by those around Bonaparte. Chapter

XV. of the *Memoirs* treats of the military opposition, the only one that remained, of which Moreau and Bernadotte were at the head. Moreau, though a good general, was evidently a weak man, and was led by his mother-in-law, who had much vanity and ambition. His influence in France at the time appears to have been greatly exaggerated. There is also an account of Fouché's dismissal from the ministry of police, which was effected by his being made a senator, and which seems to have given fresh cause of anxiety to Josephine.

Chapter XVII., which treats of Bonaparte's mediation in the affairs of Switzerland, is highly interesting. There is a tone of real frankness pervading his conversations with the Swiss deputies, which, joined to the good sense and sound views he expressed on that occasion, give a very favorable idea of his character when not under the influence of ambition or vanity. His mediation of Switzerland was a beneficial act, and one of the few transactions of his foreign policy in which he appeared truly equitable, conscientious, and disinterested. We must regret that we have no space for extracts.

The discussions in the council of state concerning the civil code occupy Chapter XIX. It is well known that Bonaparte took a great part in these discussions, although on a subject which he could not know scientifically. Thibaudeau attests, and we fully believe him, that on these occasions he spoke with a freedom, a soundness of judgment, and a total absence of pretension or dogmatism, which produced a most favorable effect on the assembly, and that his speeches, such as they appear in the *procès-verbal* of the discussions which has been printed, are exactly his own, and not made up afterwards, as it has been asserted, by Locré, secretary to the council of state. This was again a subject on which Bonaparte found himself perfectly unbiassed by personal views or *arrière-pensées*; and he therefore gave full scope to his natural sense of justice and quickness of penetration.

The peculiar importance of Thibaudeau's *Mémoires sur le Consulat*, in an historical point of view, consists in the insight they afford into Bonaparte's political views and sentiments at the time, as expressed by him in confidential conversation to Thibaudeau himself and others of his councillors. And the value of these revelations is increased by comparing them with the statements Bonaparte made to Las Cases at St. Helena, which, when divested of all coloring and sophistry, serve so corroborate the truth of his former confessions, and to prove that his political opinions on the most material points had undergone very little change from the

time of the consulate to that of his captivity. One of the most important of these points is that discussed in Chap. XVIII. of Thibaudeau's *Memoirs*, entitled "War and Peace." Bonaparte's sentiments, as expressed by him during the short period of the peace of Amiens, clearly settle, in our opinion, the long disputed question, whether the rupture of that peace was mainly owing to England or to himself. We extract the following familiar dialogue between the First Consul and a councillor of state, designated, as usual, by the initial N., and who, we take it for granted, was Thibaudeau himself, which took place soon after the ratification of the treaty of Amiens. This dialogue, we cannot tell why, has not been inserted in the larger work before us.

"'Well, citizen,' said the First Consul, 'what do you think of my peace with England?' 'I think, citizen consul, that it does much honor to your government, and that it is very acceptable to the French.' 'But do you think that it will last long?' 'I should wish that it might last at least four or five years, to give us time to reconstruct our navy, but I doubt it.' 'I don't believe it either; England fears us, and the continental powers do not love us. How could we expect a solid peace? But, besides, do you think that a peace of five years or more would suit the form of our government, and the circumstances of its position?' 'I think that such a period of rest would be very suitable to France after ten years of war.' 'You don't understand me: I don't question whether a sincere and solid peace be an advantage for a state whose government is solidly established; but whether ours is so established as not to stand in need of fresh victories?' 'I have not sufficiently reflected upon so grave a question; all I can say, or rather what I feel, is that a state which cannot consolidate itself except by war is in a very unfortunate position.' 'The greatest of all misfortunes would be not to judge correctly of one's position, for when one knows it, one can provide for it accordingly. Now answer me, do you believe in the feeling of persevering enmity of those governments who have just signed treaties of peace?' 'It would be a difficult matter for me not to believe it.' 'Well, now draw your inferences. If those governments hold still *in petto* the thought of war, if they mean to renew it some day, better it should be soon than late, for every day weakens in them the impression of their late defeats, and in us the enthusiasm of our late victories; all the advantage of gaining time will, therefore, be on their side.' 'But, citizen consul, do you reckon as nothing the use you might make of peace for the organization of our internal affairs?' 'I was just coming to this point. Certainly this important consideration has not escaped my mind, and I have shown, even in the midst of war, that I did not neglect that which concerns our internal institutions and good order, and I

don't mean to stop there, for there is yet much to do; but are not military successes also as necessary as ever in order to dazzle and to restrain the people of the interior? You must consider, that a First Consul does not resemble those kings by the grace of God, who look upon their states as an inheritance, and whose power is supported by traditional habits. With us, on the contrary, old habits become obstacles. The French government of this day resembles in nothing the governments by which it is surrounded. It is hated by its neighbors, and is obliged to restrain in the interior several parties of discontented men; in order, therefore, to overawe so many enemies, it stands in need of brilliant actions—of war, in short.' 'I acknowledge, citizen consul, that you have much more to do in order to consolidate your government than the kings our neighbors in order to maintain theirs; but, it may be said, also, that Europe knows already, by experience, that you can conquer, and she does not require fresh proofs of it every year in order to remember it, and that, on the other side, the labors of peace are not always obscure, and you may still command admiration by effecting great national works.' 'Old victories, seen from a distance, strike the mind no longer, and great works of art make no great impression except upon those who see and inspect them, and these form but a small number. It is my intention to multiply this kind of works, for which posterity, perhaps, will give me more credit than for my victories; but, for the present, there is nothing that can command attention so much as military successes: that is my thought; it is a misfortune in my position. A new-born government like ours, I must repeat it, is obliged in order to consolidate itself, to dazzle and astonish the rest.' 'Your government, citizen consul, cannot, I think, be called new-born. It assumed the *toga virilis* at Marengo; and directed as it is by a strong head, and supported by thirty millions of people, it holds already a rank sufficiently conspicuous among the governments of Europe.' 'And do you consider that, my dear friend, as enough? *It must become the first government of all, or it will fall.*' 'And in order to obtain this result do you see no other means but war?' 'Yes, citizen I will bear with peace if our friends know how to keep it; but if they oblige me to take up arms again before our swords get blunted by effeminacy or long inaction, I shall look upon it as an advantage.' 'But, citizen consul, what period will you assign to this state of anxiety which would make us wish for war even in the bosom of peace?' 'My dear friend, I do not see clearly enough into futurity to be able to answer that question; but I feel that in order to expect solidity and good faith in treaties of peace, either the governments that surround us must become in their forms more like to ours, or our political institutions must be a little more in harmony with theirs. There is always a spirit of hostility between old monarchies and a republic totally

new. This has long been the root of European discord.' 'But might not this hostile spirit be checked by recent recollections and by the attitude which you can assume?' 'Palliatives are not remedies; in our position I consider all treaties of peace as mere truces, and my ten years' consulate (he was not yet consul for life) as a period of almost uninterrupted warfare. My successors will do as they can. For the rest, you must not suppose that I shall be the first to break the peace; oh no! I shall not act the part of the aggressor. I feel too well the advantage of leaving the initiative to foreigners. I know them well; they will be the first to resume hostilities, or at least to furnish me with just motives to resume them myself. I shall keep myself ready for all events.' 'If so, citizen consul, that which I said I feared some months hence is precisely what you wish.' 'I am waiting; and my principle is, that war is much better than an ephemeral peace; we shall see how this will turn out. Peace is just now of great value, for it seals the confirmation of my government by the acknowledgment of the power which has opposed it the longest; that is the most essential point. The rest, that is to say, futurity, will be according to circumstances.'—*Memoires sur le Consulat*, p. 389—395.

Having faithfully translated the above conversation, we leave it to every reader whose mind is unbiassed to draw his own conclusions from it. To talk after this about Malta being the real cause of the rupture appears to us mere trifling.

By a *senatus consultum* of 24th Fructidor, year X., Piedmont was united to France, and formed into six departments. The First Consul issued what he styled an amnesty for all political crimes of which the natives of Piedmont might have been guilty against France! By this curious amnesty he allowed those who had absented themselves from their country or had followed their former sovereign to Tuscany or Sardinia, till the 1st Vendemiaire, year XI., to return; after which those who still absented themselves should be declared as banished, and *their property confiscated for the benefit of the national domains*. What would the liberals of our day say to such an amnesty? The editor of the *Histoire de Napoleon* cannot help remarking that this was creating emigrants in Piedmont, at the same time that those of France were struck off the criminal list.—(*Le Consulat*, vol. iii. p. 83.) It is certain, that the crime of voluntary emigration figures very strangely in the penal code of a state calling itself free. By another *senatus consultum* of the same month, the island of Elba, on the coast of Tuscany, was likewise united to France. Spain had already given up Louisiana to France. Hol-

land was still occupied by French troops. Bonaparte gave a new constitution to Liguria and to Switzerland, of which he became the protector. The equilibrium contemplated by the treaty of Amiens was thus completely destroyed. And when the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, in his famous interview with Bonaparte, alluded to these topics, the First Consul answered, that "the annexation of Piedmont, Elba, &c. were mere trifles! that they ought to have been foreseen by the English cabinet during the negotiations for the peace, that it had now no right to speak about them."—*Ib.* p. 234. And the editor finds this reasoning perfectly just, and throws all the blame of the rupture upon England, because she did not choose, in the face of all these new encroachments of Bonaparte, to deliver up Malta? But it is absolutely useless to attempt to reason with those who admit as a principle Bonaparte's already quoted profession, that *his government must be the first in Europe*, which is saying that he had in fact the right of doing as he pleased on the Continent. This reduces the whole question to the very simple argument of the right of the strongest. Were the advocates of Bonaparte frankly to acknowledge this at once, it would save a vast deal of words and paper.

The indemnities, which by the treaty of Luneville were to be given to the German princes, were another source of Political scandal. France and Russia became joint mediators in this business.

"Most of the German princes who claimed indemnities, being aware that the granting of them depended more upon France than upon the Germanic Diet, addressed themselves to that power as well as to Russia, which last showed an ambition to interfere in the affairs of Germany. From the beginning of 1802, the transactions concerning the indemnities were transferred from Ratisbon to Paris. The German princes flocked thither to solicit the protection of the First Consul, and the good graces of his minister Talleyrand. Germany was put up to auction in the offices of the department of foreign affairs."—*Histoire de Bonaparte, Le Consulat*, iii. 95.)

Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria, however, did not wait for the result of the negotiations; they seized what suited them best.

"The Prussian troops occupied Hildesheim, Erfurt, Eichsfeld, and Munster; the Bavarians took the towns on the Lech, and entered the Bishopric of Passau, but Austria seized upon Passau for herself as well as on Salzburg. We have said that during the negotiations for the indemnities Germany was put up to auction; it was now given up to pillage."—*Ib.* p. 99.

Baden and Wurtemberg obtained considerable accessions of territory, owing to French influence. "The object of the First Consul was to substitute the influence of France for that of Austria, and to create among the secondary German states allies and dependents."

Thibaudeau's original Memoirs terminate with the manœuvres and intrigues preparatory to the establishment of the imperial power. The fourth volume of the larger work before us is chiefly engrossed with the particulars of that memorable transaction. Two years had not yet elapsed since Bonaparte had declared that hereditary succession was impossible in France, when the discovery of the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was made a pretext for reviving the question. The senate in an address to the First Consul (March, 1804,) told him, "that he ought to eternize the new era he had begun; that splendor was nothing without stability; that his work remained to be completed." Bonaparte replied cautiously that he would take time to consider. At a sitting of the council of state, Cambacères said, that the First Consul wished to know the confidential opinion of each of the councillors upon a question which would be stated to them by Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely. Cambacères then withdrew, and Regnaud put the question, "whether it was desirable to make hereditary succession the basis of the government of France?" Berlier spoke against it, but, after a long discussion, protracted for four days, the question was answered in the affirmative by twenty votes against seven. At the same time the leading members of the senate, the tribunate, and the legislative body, were told confidentially, at various meetings which were held at the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, that they must hasten to declare themselves, lest they should be forestalled by the army; that Napoleon was going to review his camps along the northern coast, when the soldiers would elect him emperor by acclamation; that it was therefore wiser for the great councils of the state to take the initiative, in order to preserve their own influence and consideration. The first mooted of the question took place in the tribunate. Curée, a former member of the convention, gave notice of a motion consisting of three resolutions: 1st. That the government of the *republic* should be entrusted to an *emperor*; 2d. That the *empire* should be *hereditary* in the family of Napoleon Bonaparte; 3d. That the other institutions of the country which were as yet incomplete, should be definitively settled in accordance with the new organization of the government. When the day for the discus-

sion arrived, no fewer than twenty-five members rose successively to speak for the motion. One solitary orator opposed it; this was Carnot. The question was of course, carried. The senate followed next, in the same spirit. The legislative body was not assembled at the time, but the president Fontanes collected those members who happened to be at Paris, and carried an address to the First Consul, expressive of the same sentiments as those of the senate and tribunate. In his speech he said, among other things, that "the desire of perfection was the worst disease that could afflict the human mind."

"During these transactions, the First Consul held private councils, to which he summoned several members of the great councils of the state. Each stipulated for himself and made his own conditions. The tribunes wanted the period of their functions to be for ten years instead of five, with a salary of 25,000 francs instead of 15,000, which they were then receiving. The members of the legislative body wished also for an increase of salary, as well as of the duration of their office. The senators wanted their dignity to be made hereditary, and to have an absolute veto on the projects of law, and other privileges. The council of state alone asked nothing. Bonaparte listened to every body, matured his own plans, determined the extent of his own power, and granted as little as possible of it to the others."—(*Le Consulat et l'Empire*, tom. iv. pp. 23, 24.)

At last the *senatus consultum* appeared, proclaiming Napoleon Bonaparte emperor of the French, the imperial dignity being made hereditary in his family, besides various other organic changes in the great council of the state and in the administrative system. Three votes only in the senate had been found negative; Gregoire's and Lambrecht's were two, the third was believed to be Garat's. The *senatus consultum* was presented by the senate in a body to Napoleon at St. Cloud, on the 18th May, 1804. Without waiting for the sanction of the people, he immediately assumed the title of "Emperor by the grace of God and the constitutions of the Republic." Soon after, however, the "Republic" was suppressed, the juxtaposition having been found too glaring, and he styled himself Emperor by the constitutions of the empire. The question of the hereditary succession was then laid before the people for their sanction. It had the usual number of favorable votes, about three millions. Then the addresses of congratulation poured in from all the functionaries, and the language of flattery was indulged in without restraint. Seguier, president

of the imperial court, was the first to bow at the foot of the throne. The clergy did not remain behind. In their addresses they called Napoleon the messenger of the Most High, the man of his right hand; others called him a new Moses, Matathias, Cyrus, etc. One archbishop actually compared him to Christ. Well might Napoleon say he did not regret the concordat! It was only among the military that some dissent manifested itself. Several officers resigned their commissions. But the army in general felt proud of the exaltation of its favorite chief.

Thus ended the French republic, after a stormy existence of hardly twelve years. It began in blood and spoliation; it terminated in trickery and mystification. The great body of the people had never understood it, and yet a million of men were slain in its behalf. The abolition of exclusive privileges, which was the pretext for it, had been accomplished before by the first assembly, which proclaimed the constitutional monarchy. But they afterwards rashly destroyed that constitution, and now, after twelve years of continual agitation, they took refuge under the shade of an imperial throne, without any popular representation whatever. Such is ever the reaction produced by extremes. Of the governments that succeeded each other during those twelve years, the consular was by far the best. With all its faults, Bonaparte's consulship is an epoch which we love to dwell upon in memory; it was a season of peace for France, a breathing time for mankind, scared by the sanguinary violence of the convention, and the still more odious profligacy of the directorial government. It was a return to order and reason, when the language of frenzy made way for that of humanity and justice, when the various classes and nations again understood each other. It was a brilliant epoch, in which many a good man in every land of Europe had his hopes fixed on him whose star seemed then to shine with a benignant lustre. For a time at least he evinced a respect for public opinion and morality; he displayed feelings of benevolence; he turned his attention to civil matters; he re-organized the social system. He showed himself liberal to his friends, merciful to his enemies, just towards all. France was greatly indebted to him for that period, in which he reconstructed it as a state, and laid the basis of its permanent greatness. To himself that was a dignified resting-place, after the brilliancy of his former campaigns. Had he contented himself with a magistracy for life, surrounded by ample prerogatives, had he preserved at least the essential principle and forms of a representative constitution, had he chosen to make France a great,

industrious, and commercial nation instead of a military and conquering one, he might have lived in honor, and died in peace, followed by the blessings of men. The Bourbons were nearly forgotten, their cause had been abandoned by all the powers; we have Napoleon's own assertion of the fact. The only plausible excuse for following the course he preferred was the uncertainty of his life, and the conspiracies that were repeatedly hatched against him. But the plea is insufficient, for no conspiracy really endangered his life after that of the infernal machine in 1800; and, after all, did the assumption of absolute power secure in the end the hereditary succession in his family? His being childless ought to have been an additional reason for his being satisfied with a temporary and limited power. See how many false steps that phantom of succession and hereditary dynasty led him into? He repudiated the wife of his choice, allied himself to a rival house, and fell at last notwithstanding all, and his only son hardly reached the age of manhood after him. He chose to act the more vulgar part of a conqueror, and as such he will be chiefly remembered in history. Through the headlong career of his conquests we have neither the wish nor space to follow him at present. We feel no inclination to pass through the lurid glare, the gloomy glory, of the empire, with its barbaric grandeur and gigantic expeditions; its armies of half a million of men; its periodical fields of battle or rather carnage; its despotic decrees and turgid bulletins, and the attendant desolation of some of the fairest countries in Europe; all these things have no attraction for us. A real history of the empire remains yet to be written; for it ought not to be merely the history of France alone, but that of all Europe during that epoch; it ought to be gathered not merely from French or English materials, but from the national records of Germany, Spain, Italy, Holland, Russia, of all the countries that were tormented for ten years through the restless ambition of a single individual. To talk of such a man being still the champion of a great popular principle against the aristocracy of Europe, of his being forced into war in his own defence, appears to us mere *verbiage*. Was he forced into the wars of Spain or of Russia? Has he not acknowledged himself that he aspired to universal monarchy? And were other nations quietly to submit to his dictation? But it is useless to discuss this now thread-bare argument. One great distinction appears to us to be generally overlooked in Napoleon's character; the ruler of France and of North Italy was a very different man to his subjects from what

Napoleon, the invader of Germany, of Holland, of Spain, of South Italy, and of Russia, was to the people of those countries. The sentiments, therefore, of many of the French and North Italians towards him ought not to be taken as a criterion of the feelings of Europe at large.

ART. V.—1. *Collection de Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France, publiés par Ordre du Roi et par les soins du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique. Rapports au Roi et Pièces*, 4to. Paris, 1835.

2. *Collection, &c. Première Série; Histoire Politique. Journal des Etats-Généraux de France, tenus à Tours en 1484, sous le regne de Charles VIII., rédigé en Latin par Jehan Masselin, député du bailliage de Rouen, publié et traduit pour la première fois sur les Manuscrits inédits de la Bibliothèque du Roi* par A. Bernier, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris. 4to. 1835.

3. *Collection, &c. Première Série; Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV., ou Correspondances, Mémoires, et Actes diplomatiques concernant les Prétentions et l'Avènement de la Maison de Bourbon au Trône d'Espagne, accompagnés d'un Texte historique, et précédés d'une Introduction*, par M. Mignet, Membre de l'Institut, Conseiller d'Etat, Garde des Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. 4to. 1835. Vols. 1 and 2.

THE age in which we live is certainly one of great and successful exertions, and consequently of great works, and the energy which has been elsewhere in action has not been wanting to literature. It is an age of great literary undertakings; and, in the advances which it has made, it is not altogether employed upon the present, not so far wrapped up in its own selfishness, but that it can spare time to look back upon the past. By nothing more, indeed, has the present age been already distinguished, than by the new views and the new lights which have been given to the history of former times.

The age which is gone was to historians one of building without, or almost without, foundations—the edifice was often handsome and elegant, but not solid—the attempts, which were latterly made to build firmly, only showed how deep and broad must be the foundations—how much riches and intelligence would be required to dig them. We

are now gradually laying those foundations, and a period is fast approaching when the historian will have bases whereon to work in safety. He will be no longer obliged to draw upon himself the reproach of having written fable, whilst there existed that which might have established truth.

We are, indeed, arrived at an entirely new era of the writing of history. Our former historians have, it is true, used documents and records, such as they could get at, but those were not good, being chronicles and passing notices, colored by the feelings of the parties who wrote them, and mere literary documents, preserved in public libraries,—or, when the more accurate records of the public offices have been consulted, it has been partially in the extreme, and they have often been entirely misunderstood, from the limited knowledge which the historian has possessed of documents of this kind. The old historians of ancient Rome worked much in the same manner—they had their documents and their records, not so numerous, it is true, as our own, nor perhaps, except in some instances, so good, which were more or less perfectly used, according to the opportunities of the writer. Their earlier documents were, like part of our older chronicles, founded only upon still earlier songs, which had long lived in the memory of the people—but all are now lost, and it has been the aim of late writers on Roman history to conjecture, from the notices of those who saw them and used them, what was the nature, the authenticity, and the spirit of those records. If all our records were destroyed, and only the works of our historians were preserved, some new Niebuhr would have to pursue the same process, and would find the same difficulties in arriving at truth, or at an approximation towards it. For, in the histories of our forefathers which we now possess, there are equal, if not greater, errors and misrepresentations than in the histories of ancient Rome—not only are the facts wrongly stated in hundreds of instances, but the very spirit of the times is misunderstood, and all our historians abound with errors not much less than as though some future historian should represent the Radicals of our day as sticklers for the aristocracy, and should, at the same time, condemn our Conservatives as lawless wretches who sought openly the destruction of church and state. Equal and similar misrepresentations have long existed in our ancient histories. There we had no public records to consult. But how are we sufficiently to lament such errors in our own history, when we have hundreds of waggon-loads of records of every period—authentic documents of transactions under

the hands and seals often of those who acted the chief parts in them,—documents which would set everything right?

We mean, however, by no means to disparage the value of chronicles and contemporary histories, although written by individuals, themselves partial and prejudiced, and often having no better authority than hearsay and common report for what they tell. They also possess a great and essential value. As the Rolls and other public records are necessary to verify and correct the Chronicles, so, without these latter,—which give us the regular chain of events in their connection with each other, and which furnish us with very much information of a kind which, from their nature, the others could not contain,—it would be often impossible to understand, and always impossible to reduce into a consistent narrative, the unconnected entries of the rolls, and the statements of the letters and other state-papers which were written for those who had before their eyes the events in all their reality. Moreover, from the individual and unconnected nature of those records, here and there in the course of centuries one (sometimes unfortunately more) has perished, and the chain being thus broken, the chronicles, the only records we have left, can alone help us out. In the earlier times, too,—as in England till the twelfth century, and in France to a much later period,—they are almost the only historical documents we have. From their more inviting form, and their extent, these were, as might be expected, the first historical records that were printed by those who published them, in a great measure, for books of general reading; and the Duchesnes, the Camdens, the Spelmans, the Gales, and a host of other writers, have merited well by their labors in this field. Nor must we forget the noble works of the Benedictines of Sainte-Maur.

During the seventeenth century, the value of the public records for historical purposes was beginning to be duly felt, from the circumstance that men who were best able to appreciate them, and who were themselves distinguished by their historical labors, were then placed in positions that gave them easy access to the repositories in which they were laid up. It was the century in which, in England at least, more enlarged feelings and views took root; and, as those views expanded, there arose simultaneously, early in the last century, both in England and France, an eager desire for the publication of the national records. Its first result in this country was the celebrated collection of the *Fœdera* by Rymer, which was followed by the appointment of a commission, that

continued its researches into the nature and condition of our domestic records for many years. The French government was pursuing a somewhat similar course. In 1723, appeared the first volume, in folio, of the important collection of the *Ordonnances des Rois de France de la Troisième Race*, collected and edited by M. de Laurière, a learned Parisian lawyer. M. de Laurière had prepared a second volume of this great work, but he died before its completion, and it was printed under the care of M. Secousse, who also edited the six following volumes, and prepared the ninth. This last, however, was not published till after his death, when it was edited by M. de Villevault, who, in conjunction with M. de Bréquigny, one of the most learned palæologists of his day, published the tenth volume in 1763. The eleventh and twelfth volumes were also published under the name of Villevault, and the six following were all the work of Bréquigny. It had long been the desire of the French government to institute a search into the English archives for documents relating to the history of France; and in 1764, during the peace, the Duc de Praslin, then minister for foreign affairs, despatched M. de Bréquigny on a mission to London, accompanied by skilful assistants to aid in transcribing everything that was most valuable. The results of their labors, a rich harvest, have not hitherto been used, and are deposited in the Royal Library at Paris.

In the two countries, indeed, the national records are, and have been, in a widely different condition. The public archives of France are extremely poor in ancient documents. The earlier state records of that country, from the little care which has formerly been taken of them, from the convulsions which have so often agitated the kingdom, from the want of a fixed repository for their preservation in the earlier times, have been almost all destroyed or dispersed. History tells us how, at the battle of Belle-Foye in 1194, when Philippe-Auguste was surprised by Richard I., the whole of the national archives of France, which were then carried about with the court, were captured by the English; and it was an important charter of Philippe's, lost on that day, and supposed to be preserved in the archives of the English Exchequer, that formed a grand object of M. de Bréquigny's inquiries. It is probable, however, that in England little care was taken to preserve the foreign records which conquest threw into our hands, and it would, indeed, be a vain hope, that of finding much of the plunder at the present day.*

But a few circumstances related in the histories led the French antiquarians into the error of supposing that everything of this kind, which is not in France, must be in England,—an error which has perhaps been perpetuated by the mystery that has hung over the contents of our record offices. The fame of the Tower and its marvellous treasures, amongst our continental neighbors, is incredible. We ourselves have known an instance where a French gentleman paid a visit to the Record Office in the Tower with an urgent entreaty to be allowed a sight of a document which he understood to be preserved there—that document was the original copy of Cæsar's Commentaries, in the hand-writing of its author! Our neighbors have generally a very erroneous idea of the nature of the Tower manuscripts—they do not seem willing to conceive the notion that they are entirely state records.

By the causes just alluded to, and by the revolution of 1793, which dispersed so many of the smaller and provincial archives, the number of the ancient records of France has been greatly diminished. The archives of the public offices generally reach only as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. The Registers of the Parliament, now deposited in the beautiful Sainte Chapelle (Section judiciaire des Archives du Royaume), are the oldest regular series of records. They commence by a set of ancient registers, not very numerous, classed under the title of *olim*, which go as far back as the time of St. Louis, about the middle of the thirteenth century.

In England the case is entirely different. We have, among the records themselves, documents of different periods, which show how, in the earliest times, they were guarded with the greatest care. In the thirteenth century they were spoken of as the "people's evidences;" and many entries on the earlier Parliament Rolls show with what a jealous eye they were watched. In a general petition, in the parliament of the 46th Edward III., the commons request that all the records be carefully sought after, so that they may be produced on demand, whether their tenor be against the king or in his favor;* and we have at least one of the bonds

known to have been brought into England during our wars in France. The royal MS. 19, D. II. in the British Museum, as an ancient note in it tells us, "fut pris ou le Roy de France à la bataille de Peyters."

* "Item prie la commune, qe come recordes et qeconque chose en la court le roi de reson devoient demurer illeques pur perpetuel evidence et aide de touz parties a ycel, et de touz ceux a queux on nul

* We have some few manuscripts which are

which were made between the persons who quitted the office of keeper of records in the Tower, and his successor, specifying exactly the number and date of the rolls and other documents which were in his care. Foreign invasion has for centuries been unknown to us; and it is probable that our civil wars did no great injury to the contents of our national archives—even in the violent convulsions of the seventeenth century, there were few willing to second the wild proposal of the fanatic Peters, that it was “very advisable to burn all the old records, yea, even those in the Tower, the monuments of tyranny;” and they have descended to us mangled only by the injuries which they have sustained from neglect in the three last centuries, from consequent accidents, and from individual rapacity. That they have suffered from this latter cause, we have evidence in at least one authenticated instance;* yet we look upon the charges brought against Milton and some of his contemporaries, of having committed this kind of plunder, as instances of the slander which was so abundantly propagated during the two following reigns.

It is not, indeed, without pride, that we look upon the regular series of our national records, continued generally, with but few *lacunæ*, from the end of the twelfth, and beginning of the thirteenth centuries, up to the present day. Thus, of our rolls, the Placita or Plea Rolls, preserved in the Chapter House, which, containing the chief pleadings and judgments in the king's court (*curia regis*) and before the justices itinerant, “give the most important information upon every subject respecting which men wage legal war with each other,” begin with the latter part of the twelfth century. The first of the Pipe Rolls is of the 31st Hen. I.; with Hen. II.

manere ils atteignent, quant mestier leur fuist; et ja de novel refusent en la court nostre dit sire de serche ou exemplification faire des nulles riens qe purra chier en evidence encontre le roi, ou desavantage de ly: Qe pleise ordeiner par estatut, ve serche et exemption soient faitz as touz gentz de qe conque recorde qe les touche en ascun manere, auxi bien de ce qe chiet encontre le roi come autres gentz.”

The answer was, “Le roi le voet.”

* The following was a case in the Star Chamber, “De termino Pasche, 15 Eliz.” “*Imbezeling of Records*. Lawrence Hollingshed comitted to the Gatehouse and fyned at cⁱⁱ, and noe more hereafter to bee admitted to deale in any office of like place for [imbezeling] the Records of the Tower to a greate number and importance, a thousand at the least, many of them touching her highness right to other foraigne countryes, hee being then sery^t to M^r Hennage, who hath the charge of her Ma^{ty} Records in the Tow^r.”—*Hargrave MS.* No. 216, p. 312.

they begin to be very regular, and are so continued to the present time. We have also the chancellor's duplicates of these rolls, though the series is not so complete, which, by the suggestion of the Record Commission, have been deposited in the British Museum. In the Tower, the grand repository of the earlier rolls, the Charter Rolls, containing grants of privileges, markets, fairs, &c. charters of incorporation, of land, and the like, begin with the first year of the reign of John: the Patent Rolls, of which Sir Harris Nicolas has observed, “there is scarcely a subject connected with the history or government of this country, or with the most distinguished personages of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, which is not illustrated by them,” begin with the third of John: the Close Rolls, still more varied, begin with the 6th of the same reign: the Liberate Rolls, containing orders of payment from the king's treasury for an infinite variety of purposes, begin with the 2d of John (A. D. 1200): the Norman Rolls begin the same year: the Fine Rolls begin with the 6th of John: the Gascon Rolls and the French Rolls both with the 26th of that reign. These latter, with the Roman and Almain Rolls which commence a little later, are chiefly diplomatic. The Gascon and Norman Rolls contain entries relating to those provinces while under English domination. We have a Misæ Roll of the 11th of John; and some other rolls of the same reign. Besides these, there are others which commence somewhat later, as the Welsh Rolls beginning with the 4th, and the Scotch Rolls beginning with the 19th Edw. I. We say nothing of the mass of early documents of a different form, in the Tower; in the Chapter House; in the Augmentation Office, where the *cartæ antiquæ* go back nearly to the Conquest; in the Pell Office; in the State Paper Office; &c. &c. The Rolls of Parliament begin with 18 Edw. I. The collection of rolls in the Tower ends with the reign of Edw. IV., after which they have been deposited in the Rolls Chapel.

The foregoing slight enumeration of the principal *series* of documents which are preserved in our public offices will give our readers an idea of the mass of materials which exist, unused because hitherto inaccessible, for the compilation of a correct history of our country. The Gascon, Norman, and French Rolls, which were known only by most imperfect calendars, with the miscellaneous documents of the Tower and the Exchequer, were, after the archives of Philippe-Auguste, the grand object of Bréquigny's visit to England, and his account of the state in which he found those records, soon after the middle

of the last century, is extremely interesting.* He began with the "Exchequer":—

"The pieces preserved at the Exchequer are divided into two classes. Those which are in daily use, shut up in a great number of closets, are placed in fair order, and are well known to those who have the care of them. Those which are regarded as useless, are partly heaped together in a garret, in a mass about sixty feet long and four feet high; others are piled up without order in an obscure cabinet, covered with a thick lining of moist and stinking dust, a proof of the long repose in which they had been left, and which would seem sufficient to have damped every wish to disturb them.

"I worked for three months in this kind of chaos, which I turned over without any scruple, for I had no fear of augmenting its disorder. The attendants, who always accompanied me, witnesses of the obstinacy with which I persisted in this painful and disgusting work, regarded me with a smile of commiseration, persuaded of the uselessness of my researches.

"In fact, amongst this immense mass of old parchments, the only pieces I found relating to France were ancient statements of the receipt and disbursement of the revenues of some of our provinces formerly occupied by the English. However, as the vouchers were joined to these statements, many appeared to me to be of value in throwing light upon some points of the ancient administration of these provinces, in recalling the memory of usages now forgotten, in clearing up the genealogies of our nobility, of which a part, particularly that of Guienne, was long attached to the service of the kings of England. I transcribed a tolerably large number of these vouchers, and I made also extracts from different accounts of revenues of different parts of France, in the fourteenth century, mere objects of curiosity. For instance, in examining a bulky register of the duties of the Custom-House in Bordeaux in 1350, I saw that there had quit- ted that port, in the course of a year, a hundred and forty-one ships, laden with thirteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine tuns of wine, which had produced, in custom-house duties, five thousand one hundred and four pounds and sixteen pence, money of Bordeaux."

After having made some more valuable collections from the manuscripts contained in old chests at the "Exchequer," Bréquigny repaired to the British Museum, whose manuscripts yielded him a rich harvest of letters,

* It is not true, as has been reported, that there has been any loss sustained by the Tower records since the time Bréquigny visited them. On the contrary, a vast mass of records has been discovered and sorted of which he knew nothing, and the only injuries which the others have sustained is probably that occasioned by the frequent ablutions to which he confesses that he had recourse.

as well as of charters and original acts of great interest. Lastly, he repaired to the Tower.—

"I hasten to the most celebrated and the least accessible of the dépôts of London, the only one I had now to visit—the archives of the Tower.

"Th. Carte asserted that these archives contained no other pieces relating to our history, except the entries on the Gascon, Norman, and French Rolls; and it was my intention to confine myself to the transcription of the most essential of these, but I learnt, with as much joy as surprise, that there were also twelve very bulky parcels of titles which concerned France, of which there had never been made a catalogue, and which I might consider as hitherto unknown.

"These parcels, as far as I could judge by my eye, appeared each to contain at least five or six hundred documents; but they were in the greatest disorder, and in the most deplorable condition; all equally thrown together without care, crumpled in a thousand folds, delivered to the worms, to the dust, to the fermentation which the natural humidity of parchment produces: part were considerably damaged, and the writing in particular so defaced, that, without the continual ablutions which were permitted me, the sight of these riches would only have served to make me regret their loss.

"I can here only give a general idea of them. I at first perceived about forty original letters of St. Louis, of the queen Blanche his mother, of the queen Marguerite his wife, and of several princes of his blood; fifty-five of the French kings Philippe-le-Hardi, Philippe-le-Bel, Philippe-le-Long, Louis-le-Hutin, Charles-le-Bel; the minutes of the answers of Henry III., king of England, of his wife Eleanor of Provence, and of the three first Edwards.

"I found several very curious letters, written in Syria in the thirteenth century, on the position of the affairs of the Christians in the East, in which our ancestors then took so great a part; a list of the grand-masters of the Templars, of which we had not an exact series, and which was made in 1347, a very short time after the destruction of that order.

"I found several ordonnances of Philippe-le-Hardi, of Philippe-le-Bel, of Philippe of Valois. * * *

"I found such numerous memoirs on the differences between the kings of France and England during three centuries, that one might from them alone compose a very detailed history of the fatal quarrels which so long exhausted England and devastated France.

"I found a prodigious quantity of petitions of the cities and burghs of the French provinces which had passed under the English domination. Their ancient privileges, or those which they desired to obtain, are generally stated, and the answer of the prince is at the foot of the petition. Thus these acts establish at once two things of importance—the anti-

quity of the rights which the new master confirmed, and the origin of those which he granted."

During the latter part of the last century, we must not look for much attention paid to the national records in France. In England, though generally the records were most grievously neglected, measures were pursued by government for the publication of a few, and the Domesday Survey was chosen to begin with. In those days, however, such measures were not pursued with much spirit: in 1767 was given the royal order for the printing of Domesday Book; in 1770 the work was begun, and not till 1783 was it completed—that is, sixteen years after the order for its publication! In the last year of the century began to be shown a wish for more vigorous measures for the preservation of the contents of our public offices—a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine the condition of the records of the nation, and to devise measures for making them more public. Circulars of questions were transmitted to the keepers of all offices of public records throughout the kingdom, and the answers, which are printed in the Report, furnished a certain degree of information. But in this point the work of the committee was very incomplete, and a capital error was committed at the first outset, in trusting to the information of persons on the spot, instead of sending competent persons to examine everything. The consequence of this was, that everybody sent the minimum of information, and in many instances that minimum was rendered doubly unsatisfactory by the incompetency of the person who communicated it. In one instance, the keeper of the cathedral records confessed honestly enough his incapability of reading or deciphering the documents which were committed to his charge. Another evil, equally great, was that everybody stuck so close to the letter of their directions, that nine-tenths of what really formed an important part of our national records were unnoticed. Of this we have lamentable proofs in the insignificant returns from the universities, and from most of the cathedrals.

This same year (1800), on a petition of the House of Commons founded upon the report of their committee, a Commission was appointed by the king, for the purpose of carrying into effect the measures which they had recommended, namely, the improvement of the places where, and of the circumstances under which, the records were preserved, and more especially the printing and publication of such records and calendars of records as should appear to be of the greatest import-

ance. After thirty years' labors, which had at least had the effect of increasing the knowledge of, and interest in, our state records, and which had thus had some share in raising up those who were to show its defects, this Commission became an object of great and general dissatisfaction. During that period, as might have been expected, a certain number of volumes had been published; but they were neither so numerous, nor, in many cases, so accurately edited, as they ought to have been, when we consider that during that period a sum of £350,000 sterling had been expended. In fact, the public money had been squandered most extravagantly; the editing of records had become a kind of sinecure; and the volumes which were produced, after all the money which had been thrown away under the heads of transcribing, editing, collating, and correcting, can seldom be used with any confidence. Early in 1831, the proceedings of the Old Commission were made a subject of public inquiry, which ended in its being replaced by a New Commission, with modified, and, in some cases, more extensive, powers.

The condition of the records in France had now again begun to occupy the attention of the French government. In a Report, dated 31 December, 1833, the minister of public instruction, M. Guizot, proposed to the king the formation of a commission under the *surveillance* of his department, whose object should be to publish the inedited documents illustrative of the history of France, which lay buried in the archives and libraries of the kingdom.—

"For about fifteen years," he said in this Report, "the study of the sources of history has resumed a new activity. Men possessed of a clear-sighted intellect, of uncommon knowledge, and of laborious perseverance, have penetrated some into the vast depot of the archives of the kingdom: others into the manuscript collections of the Royal Library; some have carried their researches as far as the libraries and archives of the departments. In every instance, the first attempt, in rumaging completely at hazard, showed that great treasures have remained buried in them. The efforts were redoubled, and were quickly crowned by discoveries as important as they were unexpected, by the true revelations, which throw a new light on different events, on particular ages of our history; to that degree that we may perhaps be allowed to presume, that the manuscripts and original monuments which have been hitherto brought to light scarcely surpass in number and importance those which have remained inedited. * * *

"It is in the power of the government alone, in my opinion, to accomplish the great work of a general publication of all the im-

portant and hitherto inedited materials for the history of our country. The government alone possesses the resources of every kind which this vast enterprize requires. I leave out of the question the means of meeting the expenses which would be necessary for it; but, as guardian and depository of these precious legacies of past ages, the government can enrich such a publication with a mass of materials which private individuals might labor in vain to obtain. It is a liberal work, and worthy of the patronage which YOUR MAJESTY affords to the propagation of public instruction, and the diffusion of light.

"But each day of delay renders the task more difficult; not only are traditions disappearing, and thus depriving us of many means of completing and interpreting the written testimonies; but the monuments themselves are becoming materially injured. There are many depositories, more particularly in the departments, where the more ancient pieces are disappearing or becoming illegible, for want of necessary care. I think it therefore urgent that the enterprize should be put into execution, and that it receive at once a sufficiently great extension."

The proposals of the minister were at once embraced by the king. M. Guizot began to lay the foundations of a full and extensive collection of every kind of important historical document; a commission was formed, and a grant of 120,000 francs was voted in the budget to be devoted to this purpose. In the November of 1833, M. Guizot addressed a circular to the prefects of the departments, requesting from each a precise and detailed account of the situation and contents of the libraries and archives of his province, both with a view to improving and regulating their administration and funds, and of ascertaining and making available the documents which they might contain. With a similar object a few months later (July, 1834), a circular was addressed to the academies and societies of learned men which had been formed in the provincial towns. In this latter month, a committee was formed, under the presidency of the minister, to inspect, and direct the details of the undertaking, which was to meet at least once every fortnight. The members of this committee were all men distinguished by their historical knowledge and writings; MM. Villemain, Daunou, Naudet, Guérard, Mignet, Champollion-Figeac, Fauriel, Vitet, Jules Desnoyers, Granier de Cassagnac, and Fallot, who was to act as secretary. In November, 1834, M. Guizot presented to the king a Report more peculiarly confined to the *Commission Historique*, in which he dwelt at some length on its objects, and on the steps which had already been taken to carry them into effect, and described several

important publications which had already been commenced. The vigor and activity of M. Guizot's commission, at its commencement, presents a strong contrast to the proceedings of our first Record Commission. The minister's last Report, dated the 2d of December, 1835, announced the completion of four quarto volumes of the collection, and gave the title of about seven others which were actually in the press and in a greater or less state of advancement, as well as many which were in preparation. To do all this, the chamber was only called upon for a grant of less than £5000 a year.

M. Guizot's first anxiety was to examine the collections in the provinces, because their existence and preservation was always the most precarious, and their contents the least known. In his Report of Nov. 1834, he observes—

"In Paris, and certain towns, few in number, the archives are methodically classed, and exact inventories of the pieces deposited in them have been composed, but everywhere else reign disorder and confusion. At the epoch of the revolutionary troubles, a vast quantity of documents, till then preserved in the ancient monasteries, in the castles, or in the archives of the commons, were at once delivered up to plunder and devastation. Heaps of papers and parchments, transported to the neighboring municipalities, were thrown carelessly into barns or deserted halls; in several places even the remembrance of these translations, made negligently and without formalities, is lost. Hence the generally established opinion which has become, as we may say, tradition in many departments, that everything perished in those times of agitation. Yet it is certain, that we may still recover a considerable part of the ancient archives, especially in the episcopal towns and in those where the parliament was held, and that a mass of important documents has been saved and restored to the towns, when, at a later period, a conservative authority caused to be deposited in the chief places of the districts the wrecks of ancient abbeys, confounded with the charters and other authentic monuments."

In France, almost every town of any consequence possesses its municipal archives and library. In a few instances their contents had been tolerably well arranged and catalogued, but in by far the greater number they lay in confusion and neglect. Those who had the care of them were in general totally unfit for the task, and we have heard of an instance where the office of town librarian and keeper of the records was disputed between a shoemaker and, we think, an inn-keeper, and in another case a similar office had been given to a bookbinder, on account of the supposed necessary connection of his

trade with literature, and after his death it was found that what had been noble volumes of MSS. on vellum were reduced to mere covers, whose contents had strengthened the back of many a goodly volume which had passed through the librarian's shop. M. Guizot hoped to raise in the municipal authorities some emulation of preserving and collecting their records; he established a correspondence with such persons in the provinces as were capable of examining and appreciating the documents themselves, and where no such persons could be found he supplied their place by archæologists from Paris. Lists were also circulated of the places where records had existed before the revolution, which would serve to point out the probable position where such as had not been destroyed might be sought.

In some of the towns were formed branch commissions, as at Besançon. The public library of Besançon is the depository of the vast collection of papers of the cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, principal minister of Charles V. and Philippe II., consisting of his correspondence, of the notes of his agents, and of all the pieces relative to his administration in the Low Countries and in the kingdom of Naples. These papers have been subjected to a complete analysis, and the more valuable are now in preparation for the press.

"The rich and precious archives of the ancient counts of Flanders are preserved at Lille: they contain documents whose date goes back as far as the eleventh century. I am taking measures, in concert with the préfet du Nord, to cause these archives to be explored, and to select those documents which may appear worthy of publication.

"The remains of the ancient archives of Roussillon are preserved at Perpignan. Among them will be found interesting information relating to the history of that province, and to that of the relations between the kings of France and those of Aragon. Numerous spoliations and a long neglect, from which these archives have at length been preserved by the zeal of the librarian of the town of Perpignan, have not so impoverished them but that they may yet offer important documents.

"To Poitiers, where are deposited the archives of the ancient province of Aquitaine, I have sent, with the title of archivist of the town, M. Redet, one of the most distinguished pupils of the Ecole des Chartes. M. Chelles, of the same school, has in like manner been sent to Lyons with the same title."—*Report of Nov. 1834.*

In his last Report, M. Guizot reverts again to the researches which were carried on in the departments—

"Already the greater part of the libraries,

or collection of archives, have been carefully explored. The correspondents of my ministry have been assisted in their researches by the persons whom I have sent into different places, and by a great number of learned men, who have offered themselves voluntarily to the administration. Several general and municipal councils have voted extraordinary funds to be applied to the purpose of cataloguing and classifying their archives.

* * * * *

"Dr. Leglay, one of my most active and intelligent correspondents, has been employed in bringing to light the rich depots of the department du Nord, and particularly those of Lille and Cambrai. He has continued the inventories which were compiled with so much care by the Godefroys before 1789; he has pointed out, in the Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Cambrai, two chapters of the chronicle of Molinet which are not found in the printed edition; lastly, he has made known two works which appear to be worthy of attention, the *Memoirs of Robert d'Esclabes*, a gentleman of Hainaut, who served in the army of the League in the times of Henry III. and Henry IV., and those of the *Baron de Vuverden*, containing a mass of interesting and inedited information concerning the public affairs of the seventeenth century.

"Messrs. Redet and de la Fontenelle have explored the archives of Poitiers, M. Moreau those of Saintes, M. Maillet those of Rennes, M. Monniers those of the Jura. Similar labors have been commenced by M. Mermet at Vienne in the Dauphiné; by M. Ollivier at Valence, by M. Morellet at Albi, by M. de Formeville at Lisieux, by M. Maillard de Chambure at Dijon and at Semur. Various manuscripts and curious documents deposited in the library of Lyons have been pointed out and examined by Messrs. Monin and Péricault.

"At the same time that the correspondents of the ministry were employed at certain stations in seeking inedited monuments relative to the history of their towns or of their ancient provinces, several journeys were undertaken by my orders both in France and abroad.

"M. Weiss was charged with an excursion in the departments of Doubs and Jura, for the purpose of examining all the public or private collections of books or manuscripts.

"M. Michelet has visited all the collections which occur from Poitiers to Bayonne, from Pau to Toulouse and Montauban, from Cahors to Bourges and Orleans. The result of his investigations has been given in a long Report which he presented to me on his return.

"M. Granier de Cassagnac, in a visit to the South of France, placed himself in personal relation with the correspondents of my ministry in all the towns through which he passed, and he examined the state of the dépôts in which they were employed, the results which up to the present moment they have obtained, the direction which it will be desirable to give to their ulterior researches, and the

means which can be placed at their disposal to aid them in their labors."

Thus the examination of the provincial libraries and archives has in France already produced very beneficial results, and has furnished several works now in the course of publication. We think that our own commission has too much neglected the country libraries and archives; for, though from many circumstances they are not so promising as were those of France, and we would not willingly have any of the valuable works which have been carried on in the national archives of the metropolis, the Tower, the Museum, the Chapter House, &c., neglected for the more doubtful results which a search in the provincial depôts might furnish, we still believe that there remains much to be gathered.* The numerous libraries of the universities are rich in manuscripts of which the larger portion is to all useful purposes entirely unknown. It is probable that they would not furnish many works of which the publication would come within the present plan of the Record Commission, whose objects, from the vast mass of materials of a more decided character which exist in England, must necessarily, for a time at least, be very much circumscribed. Perhaps all that we have a right to expect of the Commission is a tolerably accurate catalogue of the most important historical manuscripts preserved in the universities. Yet we confess that we look forward to something more. We have long been in the habit of reading the manuscripts of one of our universities, and we know how valuable are the short scraps and notes of an historical nature with which they abound, notes written down by contemporaries more or less interested in the events, and which often supply circumstances of history that are nowhere else to be found. We desire fervently to see a catalogue, wherein all the larger historical manuscripts shall be carefully and accurately described, and wherein every thing of the kind to which we have just alluded shall be printed at length. The value of such a work may be easily conceived, and the task is by no means so difficult or so great as at first sight it may seem to be.

There is another class of historical documents which the provincial libraries may afford, documents of a very high value,—we mean ancient correspondence. Both the

Commission Historique and the Record Commission have shown their esteem for such material. As family correspondence, what can be a more interesting and more valuable illustration of the history and public feeling of a somewhat remote period than the Paston Papers, of which five quarto volumes have been published. And we believe that much correspondence, and that of a more public character than the letters of the Paston family, still lies concealed in different parts of England. In an ancient family residence in the county of Durham, a tradition had long existed that there were somewhere concealed in it important documents relating to the great rebellion of the north in the reign of Elizabeth. It had been so long repeated, that it began to be looked on as a mere tradition, when a gentleman acquainted with the family resolved one day to make a complete search after the supposed historical treasures of the house. Every corner was carefully examined, and the enterprize was on the point of being relinquished in despair, when curiosity attracted their attention to an old strong box, which was thrown aside among the lumber, and which had no appearance of having been opened for centuries. It was now at last opened, and was found to be full of documents, extensive correspondence of the time of Elizabeth, with many royal letters; they related chiefly to the rebellion, and there were interesting diaries by people concerned or nearly interested in it. The gentleman to whom we owe the discovery of these relics is Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, who we believe has now in the press a history of the northern rebellion of 1569, chiefly founded upon them.

After the universities, the most important, probably, of all our provincial archives are those of the cathedrals, and there is the greater necessity of making an immediate inquiry into the nature and condition of the documents preserved there, because they have in so many cases and so long been left in a state of the most deplorable neglect. Every one who has read Gunton's History knows what a beautiful collection of manuscripts the cathedral of Peterborough formerly possessed. We had ourselves, no long time ago, occasion to make inquiries after certain manuscripts which we believed to exist there, and to our surprise we were informed that there was not a single manuscript on vellum left, that a few paper manuscripts were all that remained. Of course this information did not apply to the muniments, among which is the precious "*Liber Swaffham*," containing the life of the Saxon hero Hereward, which the writer is at present editing from a transcript that was formerly made for the antiquarian Gale. Here, it is supposed that many of the

* We believe that there are many important collections of MSS. in this country which are as yet unknown. The attention which has of late been given to them has brought many to light which no one had even dreamt of, and scarcely a day passes without our hearing of some new discoveries.

treasures of Peterborough library have found their way into private collections. The cathedral of Lincoln contains many valuable records and other manuscripts, so do those of Worcester and Hereford and Exeter, and many others, and the rich library at Durham is well known, many of whose treasures are likely to be made public by the meritorious efforts of the Surtees Society.

Many important documents are lurking in private repositories in our provinces. How many valuable chartularies of monasteries have been bought and sold of late years? Some have been rescued from the most obscure corners---even, we believe in one instance, from the shop of a dealer in miscellaneous curiosities. The archives of the castles were dispersed at a much later period than those of the monasteries. The last guardians of Ludlow Castle, the ancient court of the marches of Wales, were obscure persons who enriched themselves upon the plunder and sale even of its furniture and ornaments, and tradition points out private individuals of the county as the possessors of many important records which formed part of the spoils. Some rather early rolls and other documents which formerly belonged to some of the Welsh castles and municipalities lately passed through our own hands. We consider it the duty of a Record Commission to look carefully into such things---they should use their judgment in printing that which is most necessary, but they should leave nothing unknown. We think, indeed, that the government should cause diligent inquiries to be made after the records which are not deposited in public offices, that a report should be obtained stating their nature and situation, and the possibility of collecting them. It must not be forgotten that a large portion of the most valuable of the Admiralty documents now line the shelves of the Pepysian library at Cambridge. It is by no means creditable to our government that the important collection of the records of the ancient abbey of Battle should not have been, ere this, deposited in some place of safety, and their value as legal documents properly attested.

We would willingly suggest to the consideration of our Record Commission, the propriety of publishing the whole or, at least, a selection of our monastic chartularies. Their great historical value is well known to all who have read the history of our constitution by Sir Francis Palgrave, who has given some most interesting illustrations from those of Battle, Abingdon, Caen, &c. The chartulary of the abbey of Barnewell contains much valuable and curious information relating to the earlier history of the university

of Cambridge. Many chartularies are preserved in the British Museum, many are found in the libraries of the universities, and many are, as we may say, scattered over the world.

Although we would not desire our Record Commission to neglect any of its publications by incurring the expenses necessary to a complete and satisfactory inquiry into the contents of the provincial libraries, we still think that those libraries, even for their intrinsic value, have claims to their attention before those of the libraries of other lands. We look, indeed, with some dissatisfaction on any money expended upon foreign correspondence, because we cannot see any proportionate advantages which are likely to be obtained by it. In this respect the French Commission hold a position entirely differing from our own, both because the records of France have been scattered over Europe, and because the objects of that commission embrace in a great degree the history of literature and philosophy, of which the documents are naturally more widely dispersed. It was on this account, that M. Guizot sought to establish a connection with the historians of foreign countries, and that more particularly in England, whither, as early as the August of 1833, he sent M. Francisque Michel, a gentleman so well known by his publications of the early French and Norman literature. The first and grand object of M. Michel's mission was the transcription of the large metrical history of Normandy, written in the twelfth century by Benoit de Saint-Moore; but his general objects were more of a literary than historical character. It is, however, not easy to draw an exact line between what is historical and what is merely literary in the writings of these remote ages, and many of the publications which have already arisen from M. Michel's researches, which were confined to London, Cambridge, and Oxford, are equally valuable in whichever point of view we regard them. One of the most important results of his mission will be the two volumes of inedited documents relating to the Norman Conquest of England, of which the first has lately been published.

The volumes of the collection of the *Commission Historique*, which are now finished, partake more of the nature of our State Papers than of the general publications of our Record Commission. While they want nothing of the severe accuracy of state documents, they still possess a sufficient interest for the general reader. Three volumes only have been actually published; a fourth waits, we believe, for the completion of a volume of folio maps, which are to illustrate it.

The first volume of the series is a diary of

the proceedings of the States General of France, held at Tours in 1484, drawn up by John Masselin, an ecclesiastic and one of the deputies for Rouen, who by his zeal and talents acted a very prominent part on the occasion. The abuses and disorders which had crept into every part of the state during the reign of the ninth Louis, and the feebleness of the government which immediately followed his death on the elevation of a minor to the throne, rendered it necessary to call together the representatives of the three estates of the kingdom; and their proceedings, which Masselin has given at full length, afford us an interesting picture of the little immediate good which arose from the endeavors of men who, from the circumstance of their labors and counsel being so rarely called for, were not accustomed to state business, and who therefore were not skilful enough to make their endeavors efficient by unity of action. The chancellor of the kingdom opens the parliament by a sufficiently long and sententious address, well larded with quotations from ancient authors, in which he enters most fully into the praise of the nobleness and authority of their new king, mixed up with flattery of the deputies on the score of the tried loyalty and obedience of his subjects, not without some bitter reflections on what he considers the wicked inconstancy of the Commons of England.*

"Nowhere do we read that even for a single day either inconstancy of mind, or the too great severity of the royal orders, or the victories of the enemy, or any extent of evils, have constrained the people of France to be faithless to their kings. Quite the contrary! the people have ever been ready to run to arms with all their might, and even to die willingly, if fate so ordained. The greatest difficulty becomes easy, when it is a question of defending the person, or obeying the orders of their sovereign. Your histories of the French are full of examples of faithfulness and constancy; whereas, let us open the chronicles of foreign nations, and we often see princes abandoned by their subjects for the slightest cause. Insomuch, that had I come to cite special proofs of your devotement to princes, and of the treasons of others, truly a whole day would have been as nothing. Let it suffice to mention our neighbors, the English. Consider, I pray you, the events which have occurred in that country since the death of King Edward. Look at his children, murdered with impunity, in spite of their age

and good qualities, and the crown given to the assassin by the favor of the people! And if we ascend higher into the past history of that nation, it will appear that scarcely two or three at most of her kings have been allowed to mount the throne quietly and without revolutions, so much she loveth to change the reigning families, and to desert the legitimate heirs. We read even that since the time when the first William conquered that country, they are the ninth change of dynasty, and, to date from the beginning of their monarchy, it is the twenty-sixth. No one, doubtless, will reproach the faithful French with such inconstancy and such a mass of crimes."—p. 36.

Without doubt the chancellor dated the commencement of our monarchy from the days of ancient Brute.

The discourse of the chancellor was followed next day by the solemn administration of the mass and a sermon, in which "among other things the preacher commended the innocence of the king, which, like a canvass, clean, polished, and white, is given us to paint upon, and that it was necessary above all things to take care that no stain or false colors should touch it; for, as one spot of dirt is enough to spoil a white wall, so the least stain of sin soils and destroys innocence. But it ought to be painted and adorned with true and noble colors, with gold and silver, with purple and azure, that is, with the four cardinal and royal virtues. He preached long upon the theme." When the deputies met on business, their first care was to divide themselves into six divisions, for the sake of avoiding confusion, which six divisions were each to deliberate separately, their several resolutions to be afterwards compared together by a council composed by a certain number of persons from each. Their choice of a president was not very happy, and the honest spirit of Masselin breaks out more than once into indignation against his conduct.* At first, there was much want of agreement in their deliberations, things went on very fairly; the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon encouraged and flattered the commons, doubtless with their own particular views: but, when the zeal of the deputies began to give umbrage to the party in power, the latter began to show that their only object was to deceive them, to obtain their money, and then to treat them with disrespect. In one instance their repugnance to agree to what they

* In another place the Normans pay a high compliment to the moderation of the English, in their wars,—“What disorders of war will you compare to so great a desolation? Would you speak of the English? They did not burn our towns like the Burgundians; they did not plunder; they did not kill or take your people; they sought only to retain the country, not to destroy it.”—p. 554.

* The president, it seems, was guilty of revealing the secrets of the assembly to the nobles. On one occasion Masselin lets slip the following threat. “Censura, plane dicam, dominus pæsidents et quidam alii profecto digni sunt, sentientque calamum, si post hæc non rectius ambulent.” See particularly pp. 145—120.

considered the exorbitant demands of the court upon their purse drew upon them gross insult, and the person who uttered it is supposed to have been the Duke of Bourbon himself—

"I," said he, "know well the manners of clowns. If they are not sufficiently oppressed with burthens, they soon become insolent ! If therefore you relieve them entirely of this tax of *tailles*, they will immediately show themselves, mutually and towards their lords, rebellious and intolerable ; thus they ought not to be allowed to know liberty, but only subjection. For my part, I consider this tax as the strongest chain by which they can be bridled.

"Strange discourse !" observes John Mas-selin, "and unworthy to be uttered by so eminent a person ! But in his mind, as is commonly the case with old men, his covetousness had increased with his age, and he appeared to fear the diminution of his pension."—p. 420.

The deputies, however, showed much spirit, and, when their labors were ended, separated with anything but satisfaction. One, a bold and zealous theologian, gave vent to his feelings before the chancellor in no measured terms—

"After they have obtained our consent for the raising of money, there is no longer any doubt that we are cajoled ; it is clear that everything has been treated with contempt, both the demands inserted in our *cahier*, and our final resolutions, and the limits which we have established. As for the money, they have only granted us one point, namely, that the tax shall no longer be called a *taille*, but in future a free grant, as though our labors and the good of the state were but an affair of words. Truly we would rather have the tax called a *taille*, or even a *maltôte*, or a worse name still, if one could be found, so that the people might be relieved. May they have the malediction of God and the execration of men, whose actions and plots have been the cause of all this ! They are the most dangerous enemies of the people and of the state. Where is their conscience, to take thus from us, against our will, and in spite of a solemn agreement, what is our own, and that without there being any danger of the state to render it necessary ? O ye detestable and public thieves, ministers of a tyrannical power ! is it thus that the state will prosper ! I call God to witness, that all are bound to restitution, not only those who do and procure these things, but all those who have aided or consented in them, and even those who shall receive the money of which we have been robbed.

"Him, thus speaking, and eager to continue, although he was not far from the truth, many blamed and constrained to be silent."—p. 644.

This interesting journal is preserved in

several manuscripts, and we agree in the surprise of its editor, M. Berner, that it should have remained so long inedited. The honesty and good sense of its author are conspicuous throughout, and there can be little doubt that he entered the transactions of each day as soon as it was ended. Like all the volumes yet published by the Commission, it is most ably edited. The Latin text is accompanied with a French translation, which is rendered valuable by having incorporated with it verbatim reprints of such of the speeches, &c. of this assembly as were printed in black-letter at the time.

The two other volumes of the *Commission Historique* which have been published form part of the grand series which will be compiled from the archives of the different ministerial offices. They are the first of seven volumes, whose materials, relating to the negotiations concerning the Spanish succession during the reign of Louis XIV., are deposited in the office of the minister for foreign affairs, and they are compiled and edited by M. Mignet, the distinguished keeper of the archives of that ministry, who has prefaced them with an exquisite sketch of the political state and relation of France and Spain, up to the end of the period which this work will embrace. M. Mignet's book is not a mere collection of documents—the official papers are interwoven in a circumstantial narrative, which gives it all the interest of a diplomatic history. The first volume of the corresponding collection from the archives of the minister of war has been finished some months, but it waits, we believe, the illustrative atlas of maps. The editor of this series is general baron Pelet.

Although the collections of the public archives generally afford materials for only a very late period of history, their contents during that period are tolerably complete. Those of the minister for foreign affairs begin with the seventeenth century, but they are thence continued in a perfect series of about 12,000 volumes, having received no injury by the revolution of 1793. The same may be said of the archives of the department of war. Those of the minister for the marine are not as yet available for historical purposes : they were separated from the other archives under the minister Seignelay ; they were thrown into confusion in 1793, when each noble family endeavored to seize and carry away the papers which related to itself ; and that confusion was afterwards increased by their arrangement in alphabetical order. They are at present at Versailles, but they are to be transferred to Paris, when the historical section of the ministry of the marine will be employed in arranging them.

The publications which the Commission has at present in the press relate to distant points of a wide extent of time. The period of the first two races of the Frankish kings will be illustrated by two early and important chartularies, that of the abbey of Saint-Bertin, now preserved in the library of St. Omer, and that of the church of Notre Dame of Chartres. The history of Neustria, under the Normans, will be given in the vast and hitherto inedited chronicle in Anglo-Norman verse, by Benoît de Saint-More, from the MS. Harl. 1717, in the British Museum. Of this work, edited by M. Francisque Michel, the first volume will be published in November. The chronicle of Benoît will be followed by that of the monastery of Mont Saint-Michel, by William de Saint-Paer, also in Anglo-Norman verse, which has been communicated to the Commission by Mr. Thomas Wright, its correspondent in London.

A long period will receive interesting illustrations from the collection of letters of the kings, queens, princes, and princesses of France, to the kings, queens, princes, and princesses of England, from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth century, selected by M. Champollion-Figeac, chiefly from the collections made by Bréquigny during his residence in London.

The long space from the date of the above-mentioned works to the end of the fourteenth century has, as yet, only furnished one document of importance—the history, in Provençal verse, by a contemporary, of the wars against the heretical Albigenses, which will be published from a manuscript in the Royal Library, with a translation, by M. Fauriel. We have, however, some hopes of seeing printed in the collection, a very long and interesting poem in Latin elegiacs, by a French ecclesiastic of the middle, or rather of the first half, of the thirteenth century, relating to the same wars, and to the affairs in which France was concerned during the latter end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries.

The reigns of Charles VI., Charles VII. and Louis XI., have afforded two most important chronicles—that of the monk of Saint-Denis, and that of Amelgard. The history of the sixteenth century will receive much light from a selection of the vast materials contained in the papers of the Cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, chief minister of the Spanish monarchs Charles V. and Philip II., which are preserved in the Public Library of Besançon, and from the Memoirs of Robert d'Esclabes, a gentleman of Hainault, who served in the army of the League in the days of Henry III. and Henry IV. The papers

of Cardinal Mazarin will also yield a rich harvest. For the history of the seventeenth century there are already in preparation, a History, in sixteen books, of the Wars of the Franche-Comté from 1632 to 1642, by a counsellor at the parliament of Dôle, the Lord Girardot of Beauchemin, who was at this time a member of the government of the province; and the Memoirs of the Baron de Vuverden.

The Commission appointed by M. Guizot has also ordered and commenced several larger collections, whose contents are restricted to no particular period. M. Guérard will make a selection of documents from three depositories—from the original Registers of the Parliament of Paris, from the Registers of the Chambre des Comptes, and from the Treasury of Chartres. A still greater work has been entrusted to M. Champollion-Figeac, that of making a selection from the whole of the State Documents contained in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. Three very extensive collections have already been subjected to analysis—that of Dupuy; that of Brienne; and that of Bréquigny, consisting of his transcripts from our Exchequer, Tower, and British Museum. The collection of Colbert, so rich in materials of every kind relating to the foreign and domestic affairs of France, is at present undergoing the same process, and the first volume of the series is to go to press during the present year. A collection of the Charters of Towns and Corporations, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, will be edited by M. Augustin Thierry.

Such are the historical publications with which the French Commission has commenced its labors. The publications of our present record Commission relate to an earlier period of history than the generality of those of the *Commission Historique*. The most important of them all—the grand collections of our rolls—have found an admirable and learned editor in Mr. Duffus Hardy, of the Tower Record Office. There are already published, or nearly ready for publication, under his care, the first volume of the Patent Rolls, containing the whole of the reign of John; the first volume of the Close Rolls, embracing the same period with the eight first years of Henry III.; Liberate, Misæ, and Prestita Rolls, of that reign; a volume of Norman Rolls, and one of Oblate and Fine Rolls, of the same period; a volume of French Rolls; and the first volumes of the Charter Rolls and the Gascon Rolls, each relating to the reign of John and part of that of his successor Henry. At present the original rolls are printed verbatim; but after a certain period they become so numerous and extensive, that we can hardly sup-

pose that our Commission entertains the idea of continuing the printing of the originals. We recommend strongly that they should be continued in the shape of calendars; but these calendars must be carefully made—not such things as were formerly dignified by that name, whose only use was to blind people as to the contents of the original rolls. One of the most crying sins of the first Record Commission was the reproduction of the *Fœdera*; and it certainly became a difficult question with the Commission that followed, whether the money, which had been thrown away, at the rate of about £5000 for a folio volume of 500 pages, on the reprinting of a work which was already on the shelves of every great library, should be entirely lost, or whether some value should be given to the work by throwing more money after that which was gone. We are glad, however, that the production of the future volumes has been entrusted to the care of Mr. Stevenson, a gentleman in whose hands they will certainly be edited with accuracy and judgment. Into his care also has been given a work of extreme interest and value,—a collection of Letters partly from the British Museum, but by far the greater part from the Tower, beginning with the early part of the twelfth century, and closing with the middle of the fourteenth: they will make three thick volumes in octavo. We believe that it is also in contemplation to print some of the Rolls of the *Cartæ Antiquæ*, consisting of what are supposed to have been very early transcripts of the charters brought into Chancery to be confirmed.

Two volumes of the Rolls of the Curia Regis, consisting of pleas before the king's justices, including the reign of the first Richard and the first year of the reign of John, have been edited by Sir Francis Palgrave. A volume of the Fines levied on lands or other possessions, from 7 Rich. I. to 16 John, in five counties, as well as the Pipe Roll, which is attributed to the 31 Hen. I., have been published by Mr. Hunter. A Chancellor's Roll, or duplicate of the Pipe of 3 John, has also been printed by Mr. Hunter. Mr. Roberts, of the Tower, has edited selections from the Fine Rolls of the reign of Hen. III. As we approach the later periods of our history, the publications of our Record Commission are much less numerous. Mr. Hunter has given a volume of Select Rolls from the Chapter House, which contains, besides a patent roll of 7 John, six rolls relative to the confiscations of lands in the barons' wars of the reign of Hen. III., and transcripts of letters patent of the reigns of Hen. V. and Hen. VI. Mr. Hardy, in his volume of Norman Rolls, has given the very interest-

ing one of the first year of Henry V., when the series of those rolls is resumed. But by far the most important illustration of the history of this period is found in the five volumes, by Sir Harris Nicolas, of the Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, published from MSS. in the British Museum, which contain the reigns of Rich. II., Hen. IV., Hen. V. and Hen. VI., to the year 1445.

We have long expected anxiously, from its great importance, the first volume of the grand collection of the English Chronicles, (comprising the Saxon period,) by Mr. Petrie, who has formed a plan somewhat similar (though more extensive) to that of the celebrated collection of the Historians of France by Dom Bouquet. We know that this plan is by no means universally approved; yet, on a fair comparison of the advantages and inconveniences of both plans, that of printing each chronicle separately, and that of the French Benedictine, we think that, for a regular and complete series of chronicles, where, as in Mr. Petrie's collection, the time is judiciously divided into periods so as not to cause too much cutting up of single authors, the latter is decidedly the best.*

* The following observations on the inconvenience of minute divisions in Dom Bouquet's plan, from a Report by Messrs. Naudet and Daunou, the editors of the nineteenth volume of the series, are, we think, extremely judicious:—

“Il est fort probable que, fidèle au plan adopté, à partir du tome v., par Dom Bouquet, Brial n'aurait pris pour matière de la dixième série que les deux règnes de Saint Louis et de Philippe III., de 1226 à 1285, 59 ans. Nous prions l'Académie d'examiner s'il ne vaudrait pas mieux comprendre dans cette série nouvelle Philippe-le-Bel et ses trois fils, Louis X., Philippe V. et Charles IV., jusqu'en 1328. L'espace total serait de 102 ans, et correspondrait en grande partie au xiii^e siècle. On éviterait par cette disposition, ou l'on restreindrait du moins les morcellements que la critique a plus d'une fois reprochés aux éditeurs de ce grand recueil. En effet, il leur a fallu partager en neuf sections et distribuer en autant de volumes les chroniques de Saint-Denis, découper en de minces fragments et presque en parcelles beaucoup d'autres chroniques moins étendues, interrompre soudainement les relations des guerres, des révolutions, des entreprises de tout genre, qui, commencées sous une de ces séries, n'ont été poursuivies ou consommées que sous la suivante. A la vérité, cet inconvénient est un résultat inévitable de toute division d'un corps d'annales par des époques déterminées; mais on l'aggrave en multipliant les points d'arrêt: on le rend moins fréquent, moins sensible, quelquefois moins réel, à mesure qu'on agrandit les périodes. Quand il ne s'agit que d'un seul et

In the formation of the *Commission Historique*, M. Guizot's plan embraced an extent which was never contemplated by our Record Commission—the development and progress of philosophy, literature, and the arts, have ever marched hand-in-hand with those of political events.—

“After the political history, the intellectual and moral history of a country have an equal claim upon our attention: there is no grander or nobler part of the destinies of a people than the series of their efforts and of their progress in philosophy, science and literature. Without doubt the abundance, and the special character of the monuments of this kind, prescribe to us in this respect some reserve; they must not be taken too readily, or in too great number, into a collection, of which what is properly termed history is the main object. But the works which, at certain epochs, have strongly agitated men's minds, and have exercised a powerful action on the intellectual development of contemporary generations,—those which have opened, in the movement of ideas, a new era—those, lastly, which under a form purely literary, reveal to us forgotten manners, customs and facts of social life, the traces of which have disappeared,—such works are closely allied with history; and, should we discover some monuments of this kind, we should consider it our duty to undertake at once the publication, in forming a particular series of such works in the general collection.

“Lastly, Sire, the history of the arts ought to occupy a place in this vast sum total of researches, which embraces all the parts of the national existence and destinies. No study, perhaps, reveals to us more clearly the social condition, and the true mind of past generations, than that of their religious, civil, public, and domestic monuments, of the various ideas and rules which have presided at their construction,—the study, in a word, of all the works and all the variations of architecture, which is, at the same time, the beginning and the summary of all the arts.”—*Report of M. Guizot, Nov. 1834.*

A separate Committee was named in January, 1835, to superintend the formation of

même ouvrage historique, un partage en livres ou chapitres, qui ne tend qu'à distinguer les règnes, ne rompt pas l'enchaînement des faits: un récit n'y est interrompu que pour être continué à fort peu pages de distance; au lieu qu'en un recueil tel que celui qui nous occupe, les narrations, arrêtées dans leur cours naturel par la clôture d'une série, ne se reprennent qu'en d'autres volumes publiés quatre ou cinq ans plus tard. La distribution en sections a sans doute des avantages; mais nous doutons que ce soit bien servir les intérêts des lecteurs que de morceler et de disjoindre à ce point les matériaux de l'instruction qu'on leur prépare.”

this branch of the grand work. Like the former, they were all men distinguished in literature or science, the most eminent in those researches over which they were now called to preside. They were Messrs. Victor Cousin, Vitet, Auguste Le Prévost, Pierre Mérimée (the inspector-general of historical monuments), Victor Hugo, Ch. Lenormant, Albert Lenoir (the architect), and Didron, who is the secretary of the Committee.

The labors of this Committee are naturally but secondary to those of the other, and their extent, in the number of volumes at least, is much more circumscribed. The only one which has yet made much advance is the volume of inedited works of Abelard, by M. Victor Cousin, which we believe is just published, or on the point of publication. It is divided into three parts, the first of which contains the *Sic et Non*, (from a manuscript in the library of Avranches,) the work which caused Abelard's condemnation at the Council of Sens, in 1140. The second part consists of fragments of a Treatise on Dialectics, in the form of a long commentary by Abelard on the *Organon* of Aristotle; and the third part will contain a collection of fragments and lesser philosophical works of Abelard, among which will be printed his interesting *Glossæ in Porphyrium*. We believe that M. Cousin is also preparing some important but hitherto inedited works of our countryman Roger Bacon, one of the most distinguished scholars of the Parisian university.

Under the direction of the Second Committee, M. Sainte-Beuve is drawing up an account of the successive developments, during the three last centuries, of the study and critical history of the Ancient Literature of France; and M. de Wailly, chief of the administrative section of the archives of the kingdom, is employed on a concise Manual of Palæography.

As far as the labors of this Committee are directed to the history of philosophy and literature, whose monuments are written documents, the plan which presented itself naturally in the works of the First Committee, is that which must be adopted here also, namely, the simple publication of such inedited monuments as appear to be of sufficient importance. But, when we enter upon the history of the arts, it becomes necessary to follow quite a different course, to produce works much more complete and much more comprehensive. We cannot describe the measures taken by M. Guizot to attain this object better than in his own words:

“When we quit science and literature to

occupy ourselves with the arts, we must necessarily change our method. Here it is no longer an affair of discovering and printing inedited works. With the exception of a small number of special treatises, the history of the arts is not in books; it is written in the monuments themselves, whose forms, variable according to times and places, represent not only the principles and the rules followed by the different schools, but, above all, the mind, the ideas, the knowledge, which belonged to the ages of which they are memorials. It is, therefore, the forms of the monuments which we must reproduce, by means of a short but exact description, taking care to note minutely the characteristic differences which are remarkable in each. All the monuments which have existed, or which still exist, on the soil of France will be the object of a particular study in each town, in each hamlet, in each group of habitations. To the descriptive notices will be often joined a plan, a section, and at least one or two elevations of the structures mentioned; all the plans and designs shall be reduced, as far as possible, to one scale, and the collective sum of these works will form a true monumental statistic of France, studied according to its different ages.

"At this moment M. Ramey is executing a specimen of this work for all the monuments which exist in three cantons of the department of the Oise, and M. Grille de Benzelin, for two arrondissements of the department of the Meurthe.

"M. Mérimée, inspector of the historical monuments of France, and one of the members of the Committee, has surveyed, during the last months of this present year, the whole of the ancient province of Brittany. The numerous observations which he has sent me relate chiefly to the history of the Breton architecture, in which he thinks that he has discovered a particular style. He has, moreover, addressed to me, as well as to the minister of the interior, various propositions relating to the conservation of the buildings of the middle ages which he has visited. Lastly, he is gone, by my orders, into the department of la Vienne, in order to examine the remains of the ancient abbey of Charroux, to make a statement of the present condition of this monument, and to take the necessary steps for insuring its preservation.

"In every part M. Mérimée has remarked a great readiness to preserve and study the monuments of our history. Learned societies are busily engaged in describing them; a great number of artists and of private individuals are making researches at their charge; every one is zealous to enter, as far as it is in his power, into the views of the government. Nevertheless, such researches require a special knowledge, and consequently ought to be made according to detailed and precise instructions. The Committee has undertaken to compile these instructions, which will themselves form a considerable work. M. Albert Lenoir, member of the Committee, is engaged on all that concerns the public

monuments, Gallic, Greek, Roman, and Christian, up to the eleventh century; M. Auguste Le Prévost, on the religious monuments from the eleventh century to the present day; M. Mérimée, on the military architecture of all epochs, including the roads, which, in their origin, are all military. M. Lenormant has composed a treatise on all the moveables of different ages, on vases and ornaments, on medals, on vignettes and miniatures of manuscripts, &c. &c. The first part of these instructions is completely finished, and will soon be put to press. Engravings on wood, added to the work, will render it clearer and more easy to understand.

"I considered that, at the moment when they are executing with so much care, under the ministry of war, the map of France, it would be desirable to have made, by the skilful engineers of that department, a map of ancient France, with an indication of the ancient ways and the ancient towns of all epochs. General Baron Pelet, the director of the dépôt of war, has agreed to this proposition, and has offered to compile from the great map of France a map in four sheets, where all the monuments, and all the data relating to archæology, shall be noted in a particular manner. General Pelet has given instructions to this effect to the officers of the staff, who are engaged in the formation of the general map."—*Report of Dec. 1835.*

From what has been already done, and from the judicious manner in which it has been done, we look for much from the *Commission Historique*. It bears in all its members the marks of the great man under whose auspices it arose, and the strong character which he has given to it will not easily be changed by after circumstances. The government seems to feel deeply the importance of the undertaking, and is evidently desirous of co-operating in the pursuit of its objects. The annual grant of 120,000 francs* has gone, and will go far, particularly where so much economy is shown in its distribution; in fact, if we take into consideration the different value of money in the two countries, and of the expenses of work and materials, it ought to do as much as the expenditure of our own Record Commission. But it enjoys several advantages: for no person who is a member of the Commission is paid for literary labor, and the commissioners have generally been most zealous in volunteering their services. Other persons employed receive, as in our Commission, a certain remuneration under the two heads of transcripts and editing.

A writer in our monthly contemporary, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in reviewing the

* We learn that the minister of public instruction intends to ask for 150,000 francs in the budget of the ensuing year, but, at the same time, we are told that he has not much confidence of obtaining it.

first publication of the Surtees Society, has committed a slight inadvertency, in arguing our superiority over other nations from the supposed circumstances that societies of individuals here do that in which elsewhere the government interferes, and in considering, as far as we understand him, the interference of the government for the publication of the national monuments as a badge of despotism. In this point we differ little from our neighbors. In other countries such societies are as numerous, and even more numerous, than in our own; and their publications, with some exceptions, have been infinitely superior, because they never adopted the childish system of exclusiveness, and the still worse systems of feasting, of paying great salaries to inferior servants, and of making toys instead of useful books, which have too often characterized the societies in merry England. The Surtees Society has begun its labors in a better spirit, and promises us a few books of great historical value. It is still left to the chance labors of such societies, or of individual zeal, to print the monuments of our moral and intellectual history.*

The most promising of all attempts which have hitherto been made is that of our antiquaries. The Society of Antiquaries has, indeed, raised good hopes by the establishment of its *Saxon Committee*—its *Cædmon* will, we have no doubt, find a worthy successor in *Layamon*, of which we hope soon to see the first volume; its *Exeter Book*, on which Mr. Thorpe is at present engaged, will be the most important publication it has yet undertaken. We would counsel the antiquaries to follow it up with the works of the illustrious Alfred, which in Mr. Kemble, who, we believe, has long had the idea of collecting them, would find a skilful editor; and they might next give us what is much wanting, a good edition of *Piers Plowman*, that most important monument of the language and of the moral and political feeling of the fourteenth century. By proceeding vigorously in the path which has been struck out for them, the antiquaries will purchase the good opinion of posterity. But we fear that the spirit which gave life to the *Saxon Committee* is weak and short-lived. The great-mindedness of the seventeenth century, which, besides securing to us our political rights by its wisdom and its blood, has left us so many noble monuments of individual in-

dustry in the publication of our historical monuments, is but just awaking after its long slumber; we hope and trust that it may have gained strength and freshness by its repose.

ART. VI.—*Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck, von Göthe, Herder, Wieland, und andern bedeutenden Zeitgenossen. Mit Merck's biographischer Skizze.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Wagner, Lehrer am Gross-Herzoglichen Gymnasium zu Darmstadt. (Letters to John Henry Merck, from Göthe, Herder, Wieland, and other eminent contemporaries. With a Biographical sketch of Merck's Life. Edited by Dr. Charles Wagner, Teacher at the Grand Ducal Gymnasium, Darmstadt.) 8vo. 1835.

THIS work is not only full of attraction for the man of letters, and the lover of modern German literature in general, but it equally invites the attention of the poet and philosopher, of the artist, naturalist, and geologist; comprising, as it does, a series of letters from most of the eminent men (between the years 1770 and 1790) who belong to those classes. For more than half a century have these interesting documents of the most interesting period of German and perhaps of general literature been kept back from the world. The person to whom they were addressed, Johann Heinrich Merck, was a gentleman of ample fortune, resident at Darmstadt, whose varied talents and enlightened appreciation of merit have linked his name with the first geniuses of that prolific period. Of him Göthe declares—"This singular man has, of all others, exercised the greatest influence over my life." Herder exclaims "Good man! Heaven grant me always a friend like you!" And Wieland, in the fullness of his warm heart, says—"Should it ever happen that I could love nothing more, I should still love Göthe and Merck;" and, on another occasion, "Excellent friend! before I desert you, I shall have poisoned my wife and strangled my seven children!" Göthe, in his own early biography, gives an account of Merck, which we here insert rather as illustrative of part, than as a complete picture, of his character.

"Of his early education I know but little. After completing his studies, he accompanied a gentleman to Switzerland, where he remained some time, and returned married. When I first knew him, he was paymaster of the forces at Darmstadt. Endowed with the highest intellect and understanding, he had

*In France there is, what we ought long ago to have had in England, a Society of History—it has lately published, under the judicious care of M. Champollion-Figeac, a beautiful volume, containing two curious chronicles relating to the Establishment of the Normans in Italy and Sicily; and it has in preparation what will, we have no doubt, be an excellent edition of Gregory of Tours.

made himself extensively acquainted more especially with modern literature, and particularly studied the history of mankind and of the world in all ages and places. He was peculiarly gifted with the power of judging accurately and acutely. As a man of business also, and a ready accountant, he was much distinguished. By all, save those in whom his biting sarcasms had excited personal dread, was he hailed as a welcome acquisition to society. His visage was long and thin, with a pointed prominent nose, and light blue eyes, approaching to grey, which seemed eagerly to observe all around him, and gave his expression something tiger-like. Lavater's *Physiognomy* has preserved his profile. A strange incongruity characterized his mind. By nature noble, trustworthy, and upright, he had become so embittered against the world, and had so yielded to this morbid feeling of irritation, that an almost irresistible inclination for mischief, and even for knavery, seemed at times to overpower him."

Here it must be remembered that Göthe was not sitting as a moral judge, but rather reviewing the picture of human life in a poetic sense; and that "rogue" and "knave" bore very different meanings in his vocabulary from what they did in Lavater's. Göthe adds:—"But as we willingly seek the excitement of that danger from which we believe ourselves secure, so was I the more anxious for the enjoyment of his good qualities, feeling convinced that he would not turn his evil side towards me." He continues in the same strain to expatiate on his peculiar and seemingly contradictory qualities, and the subsequent correspondence amply fills up the measure of his character; which we here see reflected in that of others over whom he exercised a never flagging sway, and whom he was constantly urging, by reasonable encouragement or undisguised sarcasm, to the fulfilment of that contract which great talents tacitly make with the public. No lack of energy, or falling off of power, escaped his eagle eye; the friend who had once obtained his interest felt that he must labor to retain it; and even the name of Göthe did not screen him from Merck's criticising lash;—of which an instance occurs in the short preliminary biography from which these particulars are extracted. When that great poet sent him his *Clavigo* to peruse, Merck reminded him of his higher powers, adding, "You must not write such stuff again—anybody could do as much."

With regard to himself, fortune had made him too independent, and nature too versatile, to acquire great individual celebrity. To enumerate the various subjects on which he tried his powers will suffice to prove why he did not attain any European fame. To few is it given to be great in more than one line.

Merck excelled alike in poetry, descriptive prose, tales, satire, and epigrams. A few of his smaller satirical poems are annexed to this work, and remind us of the humor of Swift. As a critic he stood the first of his day; all the contemporary writers were reviewed by him, and in him the candidate for fame either hailed or feared the stern examiner, whose opinion would make or mar his fortune with the public. His criticisms on the works of the day formed one of the great supports of the *Teutscher Merkur* (German Mercury); and Wieland, the editor of that periodical, emphatically says, "Your reviews give life or death to the Mercury!" and again—"Really and truly, dear friend, you ought to write more; all you have hitherto thrown on paper is pure gold." There is every reason also to assert that his pen was always employed on the side of truth, and for the maintenance of a severity and purity of taste, which had a most salutary effect upon the numerous candidates for fame at that period. In all subjects connected with art he displayed the same powers of judgment. His own house was a museum of collections. In him rising talent of every kind found a ready patron, and several of the distinguished German artists of that time owe their outset in life, and their support on the road to improvement, to his judicious advice and liberality; while the letters from the Grand Duke and Duchess of Weimar, and from Göthe, evidence his high repute as a connoisseur. Notwithstanding all these occupations, and the regular attendance which his official situation required, he found time for deep research into natural history, geology, and physiology; and prosecuted these sciences with an ardor which attracted the notice of the first professors, and procured him the correspondence of a Blumenbach, a Camper and a Sir Joseph Banks.

With all long-established prejudices of society—with all fallacies of system, or mannerisms of style—Merck waged unceasing war. No moral imposture, or quakery in literature or science, eluded his scrutiny; and, no matter how exalted the individual, or how triumphant the party, the darts of his sarcastic spirit were always hurled at them. On all occasions he was clear, severe, and practical; with sufficient shrewdness and knowledge of the world to know where harshness and ridicule would be good, and with kindness and poetry enough in his nature to feel where tenderness and encouragement would be better. For his own peace of mind, his ideal of perfection was placed too high. He knew too well what was excellent, to be satisfied with what he himself did. His was indeed "the quick bosom to which

quiet is a hell;" and, in change and multiplicity of avocations, he sought that satisfaction which one alone would not afford. "Whenever," as Göthe says, "he began to curse his own abilities, and was disgusted at not finding his powers of production come up to the standard which he had fixed, he would throw aside the politer arts, and transfer all his energies to some public speculation or mercantile enterprise, which, while it yielded pecuniary profit, also afforded food for a while to his restless mind." Such was the man who held in his hands all the ends of that graceful knot of Weimar *beaux esprits*, and was either the open friend, or confidential arbiter, of its poets and princes—of its literature and politics.

On reviewing his character and life, we are struck with a congeniality in many respects between Merck and the late William Roscoe. In thirst for knowledge, in versatility of talent, and in philanthropic efforts for the dissemination of science and the promotion of intellectual pursuits, there is a striking coincidence between them. Happy were the task of the biographer had the resemblance extended throughout life, and the same serene sky marked the setting of each bright luminary. Suffice it here to say, that, disappointed in spirit, and exhausted with a painful disease, Merck put an end to his life with his own hand, on the 27th of June, 1791, at the age of fifty. Let us deal gently with his memory, and leave judgment to Him who alone could know the force of the temptation, or the severity of the conflict.

Of the variety of subjects discussed in the letters composing this work, some conception may be formed from the following list of correspondents :

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Herder. | G. Forster. |
| Sophie de la Roche. | K. Hess. |
| Boie | Voigt. |
| G. Schlosser. | von Schmerfield. |
| Nicolai. | von Sömmerring. |
| Göthe. | Lichtenberg. |
| Wieland. | G. M. de la Roche. |
| Grand Duchess of Weimar. | Göthe's mother. |
| Grand Duke of Weimar. | Knigge. |
| H. Fuseli. | P. Camper. |
| Caroline Herder. | Baron Hohenfeld. |
| Ursinus. | Blumenbach. |
| F. Jacobi. | Sir Joseph Banks. |
| Baron von Beroldingen. | Faujas de St. Fond. |
| Louisa von Gochhausen. | Hemsterhuis. |
| Dalberg, Prince Primate of Frankfort. | Prince Gallitzin. |
| Bode. | A. Camper. |
| Wille. | Count Frederiek Stolberg. |
| W. Tischbein. | Baron de Luc. |
| Zentner. | Schneider. |
| Count von Veltheim. | Eberhard. |
| Bertuch. | Wytttenbach |
| | Sarasin. |

Such a list of names as the above seems

almost to supercede the necessity of any further remark. Fortunate should we esteem our countrymen, had any of those bright cycles of talent, which at various periods have illumined, and still illumine our progress to civilization, bequeathed to us so rich a legacy of biographical characteristics as is here presented. For although we have no lack of posthumous correspondence of the good, the great, the witty, and the notorious of our own country, yet we know of no English work which can compare in aggregate value with the one before us. Dating from the most prosperous period of German literature, it includes the chief actors on the theatre of letters, and more especially that brilliant constellation of genius which encircled the ducal coronet of Weimar during the latter half of the last century, and from thence shed its light over the whole cultivated world. To those, therefore, who are at all conversant in the writings and biography of this poetical groupe, we would earnestly recommend this correspondence as an indispensable supplement—as a test by which they may prove the conclusions to which that study has advanced them. Here they will find the hopes, the fears, and the ambitions of the poet's heart; the varieties of character under which the same productive principle displays itself—by turns the careless thought, or profound reflection—the spontaneous opinion or mature criticism. Here they may trace the first conception, the opening childhood, and the gradual ripening of those works which we now behold only in their full-grown form; and compare, as it were, the private cipher of the man with the public autograph of the author; while, in the numerous letters from the grand duchess, and her enlightened son, Charles Augustus, we recognise the intelligent and philanthropic patronage which at once inspired the talents, and secured the welfare of their illustrious literary dependents.

To the English reader, also, who has only a common share of patriotism, the high rank awarded to our literature, in the course of these Letters, cannot be a subject of indifference. We remark, with undisguised pride, the veneration of these writers for their English predecessors in the beginning of the eighteenth century; while the excellencies of Shakspeare, whose genius has become European property, are gladly claimed by them as current coin for the acquirement of human knowledge, and the interchange of poetical feeling. Our remarks must chiefly be confined to the Weimar circle, and we shall be gratified if, by a few translated specimens, we can induce those possessing the language-key, to unlock and partake of the

feast before them ; and still more so, should some spirited individual be thereby encouraged to present the collective work to the public in an English dress.

Herder's letters we find first in order, commencing in 1770 ; between the age of twenty-six and twenty-eight, and, as such, too early to exhibit more than that ardent thirst for knowledge and deep-seated affection for mankind and truth, which afterwards overflowed in his maturer works. He commences this correspondence while travelling with the unfortunate Prince of Holstein, immediately on quitting Darmstadt. There he had first made the acquaintance of Merck, and, under his auspices, been introduced to Caroline Flachsland, the lady who subsequently became his wife. His stay there lasted a fortnight, and he left the place betrothed in heart and hand. This was an attachment which formed the main staff of his domestic happiness throughout life, and upon which he could always rest his weary mind, amidst the disappointments and vexations which always attend the promoter of any good, or the opponent of any corrupt public system, and which finally and prematurely brought Herder to the grave. These letters, therefore, occurring at this eventful time, are marked with all those alternations of hope and despair, sunshine and gloom, which the excitement of loving and being loved, first awakened in such a mind, could not fail to exhibit. Merck was the confidant of his affection, and the bearer of his letters to its object, whom he recommends urgently to his kindness. "Countless times during these last two days," he writes in his first letter after their separation, "have I been with you all in Darmstadt. How can I help it, if you are of such material natures as not to feel my presence?"—and in a postscript he adds :—

"The enclosed I beg you to deliver ; but, of course, only into the hands and before the eyes of her for whom it is intended. The contents, upon my priestly conscience, are only such as will make you no go-between, although, like the left hand in Scripture, 'You know not what your right hand doeth.'"

In these letters we find frequent outbursts of that admiration for Ossian and Shakspeare which first suggested his collection of different National Songs, ("Volks Lieder,") by which he has unfolded a page of popular tradition, as valuable to the historian as to the poet. His enthusiasm on this subject is best told in his own words.

"In rummaging my papers a day or two ago I found some translations which I had made some time back from the finest English ballads, and especially from Shakspeare.

Concluding that you have not given up Shakspeare, I enclose a few of these scraps. In the original English, with their own metre, old-fashioned rhymes and peculiar fable style, each is excellent in his kind, and in the places where they are introduced of most astonishing effect. But precisely for this reason are they entirely untranslatable. On this account has Wieland* omitted, or at best most unmercifully mutilated them. This last is especially the case with Ariel's song, and indeed with both the songs in 'The Tempest ;' the one so solemnly mystical, the other so ethereally sylph-like joyous ; both which, as far as I can remember from a couple of lines, are miserably travestied by Wieland. The latter song, 'Where the bee sucks,' &c. has been also attempted by Moses, and by the translator of the 'Essay on the genius of Pope ;' but neither of them to my fancy. Just see now whether my version satisfies you better ; but, for the life of you, attend only to tones, not to words—you must only sing, not read. The Cuckoo song has been charmingly set to music by Handel ; in German, however, the play upon words is not so striking, at least not to the perception of every blockhead. Besides this, I cannot help thinking that I have discovered some faint traces of this cuckoo prophecy, and of the owl's song, (the latter, however, in the character of a death-watch,) amongst the provincial traditions of my own father-land ; which induces me to deviate entirely from the English version. The ballad 'Come away, come away Death,' has a wonderful effect where it is introduced, and Shakspeare has done well in making the duke, before whom it is sung, so loud in its praise. This is an old romance, much older than Shakspeare ; as also 'Take, oh take those lips away.' These old songs have that effect upon me, that I am firmly resolved, should I ever set foot on British ground, merely to skim through London, just peep at the theatre and Garrick, pay my respects to Hume, and then fly off to Wales, Scotland, and the Western Isles ; on one of which, like the youngest son of Ossian, Macpherson sits enthroned. There shall I hear the Celtic national songs wildly chanted in the real language and tone of the country—those songs which, in their present metamorphosis into hexameters and Greek metre, I can only liken to a painted perfumed paper flower, instead of that living and fair-blooming daughter of the earth, who exhales her fragrance on the wild mountain side. But to return to Shakspeare ; help me to bewail a loss, at which certainly every other honest man would only laugh. During my frenzy for Shakspeare, I had particularly studied those scenes wherein he opens to us his world of ghosts and fairies—those parts which the English prize as his finest, and in which I took the more delight having dreamed away my child-

* Wieland translated 22 of Shakspeare's plays between the years 1762 and 1766.

hood among such fables. I had, for instance, translated the fairy 'divertissement' in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, (which Wieland has, I believe entirely omitted,) and the witch scene in *Macbeth*, where the witches are boiling, conjuring, muttering, and bubbling through a whole discant of ghostly tones—but my translations have disappeared, and I can find nothing, nothing but a few soliloquies from *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c. This is enough to make me tear my eyes out. In short I find every thing but my conjurations, and these must have been swept away, or burnt, when the witches last cleaned out my rooms at Riga. To my own private gratification such a loss is irreparable;—but I continue prating about Shakspeare, whom I never can leave, when once I get upon him."

Herder sojourned some months at Strasburg, whence the greater part of these letters are dated, and where he parted from the Prince of Holstein. This city had a double claim upon his recollections, having led to his first acquaintance with Göthe, whom he characteristically describes, (as Göthe does him in his *Life*,) and also as having been the scene of a series of painful operations for a fistula lachrymalis under which he labored, and which he describes with stoical detail. His disgust of Strasburg on first entering it is expressed with a true lovers whimsicality. "Strasburg," he says, "is the most miserable, the most barren, and the most disagreeable place that, speaking with all due consideration, I have yet seen in my life. Here is not even a wood, or a spot, where one can repose with one's book and one's genius in the shade—and then that it should lie so near Darmstadt, and yet not be Darmstadt, is certainly great part of the annoyance, but I assure you not all." In short, in these letters he runs down every note of the gamut, from the highest glee of mirth to the deepest gloom of despondency. For the latter, he had, however, besides the circumstance of being in love, some rational grounds, having been assailed in the most sensitive part by the officiousness of some individuals, who, as Herder's wife, alluding subsequently to this period in her "*Erinnerungen*," says, "interfered in our engagement, and wanted to model it to their own way of thinking." Writing on this to Merck, Herder says, "Let me embrace you, dear friend, for all the affection, patience, and kindness you have shown to me, and my, or rather your friend, (for in many respects she belongs more to you than to me,) in her present uncomfortable situation—a situation at which I am as much annoyed as astonished. Really between four or five people such an entangled skein of love, friendship, jealousy, hatred and humbug has been drawn, as would hard-

ly be credited to exist in so eventless a little circle; and, as all the ends seem to lead towards you, I can only call to you, 'Hold tight, dear Merck, till time shall in pity have unravelled some of the shreds.'"

Göthe and Merck were at this time engaged in the "*Frankfurt Journal*," to which Herder evidently largely contributed; reviewing, among others, several English works; and it is not a little interesting to notice the different effusions, now an original ode or versified translation, of which the post between Strasburg and Darmstadt (and doubtless a slow one) was the bearer. In his fits of lightheartedness, which were here and there spiced with a little irony, (for Herder rather piqued himself on resembling our English Swift, and was on that account nicknamed the "Dean" by his friends,) he seems to have struck rather harder than he intended. Merck's peculiar temperament disliked perhaps to be encountered with its own weapons, and in his last letters Herder labors to remove some unfriendly impression with all the earnestness and generosity which man as man could exert, or as friend require. We could almost forgive Merck his ill-temper for having brought to light so beautiful a side of Herder's character; but, with these letters before us, we cannot exculpate the man who could read them to misinterpret, or, what is worse, to pervert. And this it seems was the case; for the acquaintance apparently ceases with these letters, and some after-passages bespeak no kindly feeling on Merck's part towards his former friend.

We continue to catch glimpses of Herder's career through the letters from the Weimar circle, which he joined in 1776. One passage in Wieland's correspondence is too superb in itself, and too flattering to the excellent Herder to be omitted. In mentioning the birth of an heir to the house of Weimar, he says, "*Herder spoke at the Baptism of the Prince like a God*. His discourse shall be sent to you when printed. There are only five sheets of it, but I know nothing more pure, more sublime, more simple, more touching, more finely conceived, or more exquisitely delivered, either in the German or any other tongue. I doubt whether a nobler or more impressive baptism was ever conferred on any German prince. Welcome be therefore Charles Frederick, Dei Gratia, and may it be well with our grandchildren, by, with or under him—over him will come none '*ex nostris*.'"

It were much to be desired that we possessed some complete biography of this de-

* This Baptismal Sermon is printed among Herder's collective works.

lightful poet, sound divine, and amiable man. Those published in Germany, although severally of great merit, do not even collectively do justice either to the extent of his usefulness, or to the spirit which dictated his writings. His only daughter, a lady of the highest worth and talent, resident at Weimar, is in possession of most interesting documents; and especially of her father's correspondence with a certain princess, which in point of epistolary style and beauty of moral and poetical sentiment, stands unrivalled.

The short sketch of his life and works, in the late William Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry*, offers, as far as it goes, a comprehensive view of Herder's character.

Sophie de la Roche's letters follow next. She is celebrated as having written a novel called "*Fräulein von Sternheim*," "*Rosalie's Letters*," and other light, but interesting works; as having been the first love of Wieland, and the grandmother of Bettina von Arnim, whose correspondence with Göthe was reviewed in Number XXXII. of our *Journal*. Madame de la Roche's letters are interesting, as showing the place awarded to female talent in Germany, and the union of the domestic wife and mother with the now exploded character of "blue stocking" at an earlier period even than with us. She writes with much elegance and lively anecdote, but seems thoroughly afraid of Merck's satirical vein, although not too much to tell him so in the plainest terms.

Next follow six letters from Boie, which are highly interesting, as belonging to that period when he, and his circle of young associates, Burger, Gotter, Voss, Hölty, the two counts Stolberg, Miller, Leisewitz, &c. of whom Boie was the eldest, formed by a study of the Grecian poets, and especially of Homer, by a perfect familiarity with Shakspeare, and by a new acquaintance with "*Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," which unlocked to them the beauties of the real ballad style, kept the muses in full employment at Göttingen, and poured forth upon the world a stream of lyrical poetry through the much frequented channels of the "*Musen Almanach*," and the "*Deutsches Museum*." Boie was co-editor with Gotter of the *Almanach*, and announces in these letters his cession of it to Voss (the celebrated translator of Homer), who married his sister, and his having engaged with Dohm in the "*Deutsches Museum*," which he subsequently carried on for years alone. His assiduity in collecting contributions for these periodicals is most entertaining. (Herder not inaptly calls him the Muses' Accoucher.) Merck was evidently a contributor of no little importance, but always in a strict incognito. This cor-

respondence also shows that, with all the boisterous wit and joviality of the Göttingen party, and their resolution to enjoy life, cost what it might, Boie was not happy. Towards the close we find him satiated with dissipation and sighing for quieter joys. "Pity me," he says; "I have a heart, and am banished to a university, where I cannot use it. My situation, it is true, has much of real good; but I am lonely in heart and desponding." Of Herder he speaks delightfully. "I am tired," he writes, "of the students, and of being the learned man, and still more so, since I have known Herder—the only sage in whom I have found the *man* as I wished to find him. The friendship he has granted to me is one of the purest joys of my life."

G. Schlosser, brother-in-law of Göthe, known by several small didactic pieces, has three letters here, as distinct in character as they are separate in time. In a strain of sentimental philosophy, he analyzes the difference between the understanding and the heart; the independence of the one, the miserable dependence of the other. Evidently unprovided with the rudder of religion, he longs for the haven of peace which he cannot find, and touchingly laments that mental darkness in which his thoughts run foul of one another. From various natural arguments he adduces the fact of another world, and appeals to Merck to confirm his trembling opinions. "I have, and you know it, always hoped and believed in a future state; now I hope and believe, because I need it more than ever. Without it the creation would be an imperfect work, and I would rather be a stock or a stone—any thing but a man." The other letters are more cheerful; time and a wife having effected much, his style becomes matrimonial and contented.

Nicolai's letters next appear. He was known as a great bookseller at Berlin; as the author of the "*Joys of Werther*"—of a novel called "*Sebaldus Nothanker*"—as editor of the "*Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*," &c. He was contemporary, friend and follower of Lessing, and one in whom the nervous opposition of that great genius to the prejudices of the age, and the trammels of an over-formal orthodoxy, had degenerated into a jeering rationalism, and a denial of the higher aspirations of our nature. From his editorial chair, which was a conspicuous object in the intellectual arena, he waged continual war with the ranks of authorship. In this correspondence Göthe appears as head culprit, and his spleen against this arch-innovator is the burden of every letter. They exhibit, however, a striking picture of the times, and of Nicolai's restless activity of

mind, which afterwards induced that extraordinary state of nervous optical delusion, so interestingly recorded by Whiter; a portion of his biography best known in England.

Göthe now stands before us. His letters, twenty-six in number, commence at the age of twenty-five, and, carrying us to the very meridian of his powers, progressively show us the grand bases on which his wide-extended popularity was founded. The prevailing character of this correspondence, and especially of the earlier part, consists in that independent energy of mind, that animation of conscious power, which propelled him forward in the race he ran, with an impetus above the comprehension of timid minds; and which, subduing alike the passions of mankind and the difficulties of science to his will, would have rendered Göthe a great man, in whatever circumstances he might have been placed.

No mind has perhaps yet appeared before the public more difficult to decipher, more impossible to square with our usual sympathies, than Göthe's. In attempting, therefore, this analysis, we presume not to pronounce a decisive judgment, but only to present those impressions to which a knowledge of Germany, of Göthe's works, and more especially the private disclosures of this correspondence have given rise. From the letters of the other Weimar literati, who seemingly acknowledged their allegiance to this monarch of intellect as willingly as he could have required it, these observations are equally gleaned as from his own. With regard, however, to the real motives and innate workings of his superior mind, which, in an intercourse of this intimate nature, might be expected to exhibit themselves, we are still left rather to guess than to decide. His character, on the other hand, appears as clear as daylight; but that character consisted precisely in never exposing his mind. He generally writes, also, in a hurry, giving biographical data rather than private feelings. Calm and dispassionate observation appears to be his great object in life; and though he occasionally utters a maxim, he never expresses a sentiment.

As this correspondence included no less a period than eleven years, it necessarily involved the most momentous transactions of his life, and must have exposed Göthe, like other men, to the average vicissitudes of fortune; yet we find him invariably erect and collected, appealing to no sympathy, indulging in no affection, expressing neither hope nor fear; so that, with this total absence of all the usual topics of friendship, his attachment for the cynical but useful Merck seems

rather to be the pretext than the object of this intercourse, and, although offering an indispensable aspect of his character, this work is adapted rather for the votary of science than of fancy. Poetry, it is true, peeps through every subject, forming at all times a graceful background, but seldom obtruding as a prominent object; and on this account we can indulge in but slender extracts for an article of this kind. The following letter, however, strikingly exemplifies the man, and shows when and where were laid the foundations upon which the mighty fabric of his *Faust* was erected:

“Weimar, August 5th, 1778.

“I must now tell you something about my journeyings. Last winter a tour through the Hartz gave me much pleasure: for you know that much as I hate to see Nature tortured into Romance, so much do I delight in finding Romance consistent with Nature. I started alone; about the last day of November—on horseback, with a knapsack—rode through hail, frost, and mud to Nordhausen, entered the Hartz by the Baumann's Höhle, and so by Wernigerode and Goslar into the Upper Hartz, (the details I will give you another time,) overcame all difficulties, and stood, I think, on the 8th of December, at noon, on the summit of the Brocken. A cheerful genial sun above—snow an ell and half thick on the ground, and the cloud-bedecked panorama of Germany beneath me; so that the forester, whom, having lived for years at the foot, and always deemed the ascent impossible, I had with difficulty persuaded to accompany me, was quite beside himself with admiration. Here I spent a fortnight alone—no human being knowing where I was: of the thousand thoughts in this solitude, the enclosure will give you some idea.

“In the spring I was in Berlin—quite a different spectacle. We spent a few days there, and I only peeped in, as a child into a penny show. But you know that I exist in contemplation, and a thousand new lights broke upon me. I saw much of old Fritz,*—of his gold, silver, marble, monkeys, parrots, and torn curtains;—and overheard his own minions snarl at the great man. A large portion of Prince Henry's army which we passed—the various manœuvres we witnessed, and the persons of the generals who sat opposite to me by half dozens at dinner, have made me much more familiar with the present war. Otherwise, I had no intercourse with mankind, and did not utter a word in the Prussian dominions which they might not have printed; for which I was exclaimed against as proud, &c.

“The Raphaels which the duchess has brought with her are a great enjoyment to me. Now I am in search of all kinds of drawings. I have also just re-opened an old quarry, which probably had been in disuse

* Frederick the Great.

for centuries. The porch at the old castle was built of this stone, which can be worked to the greatest pitch of delicacy. It is very hard, but can be shaped or rasped with ease; has no cracks, imbibes no moisture, and is of that beautiful grey color so much in request and so seldom found. French snuff-boxes are of the same hue—neither blue nor yellow. It is a woodstone—the middle sort between common and marble. Adieu, old man. Now you have heard again from me, tell me something in return, and don't forget me. Should there be no war, I will some day visit you."

In appreciating the vantage-ground which the collected mind obtains over the being of impulse and passion, Göthe seems to have aimed and arrived at that stoical atmosphere of self-possession, whence he could leisurely survey the vast mass of human nature (lying like the "cloud-bedecked panorama of Germany") beneath him; and deliberately choose and appropriate those portions best adapted for his use. To accomplish this, he necessarily sacrificed the indulgence of those affections by which the independence of other minds is compromised. To Nature he gave his heart, and felt it securely invested; to Mankind his understanding, and nothing more, and though, by the immense range and ardent cultivation of his versatile genius, for which no subject was so intricate that it did not seek to explore it, no fact so simple that it disdained to appropriate it, he indirectly included the direct benefit of his fellow-creatures, (he was, for instance, the original inventor and first projector of the excellent system of national schools in Germany,) yet we may safely question whether he was influenced so much by an expanded philanthropy as by a refined selfishness. At the same time, by the same process by which he controlled the elements of his own passions, was he enabled to agitate them in the bosom of others. No one could kindle stronger and more lasting attachments; no heart remain more fire-proof than his own. He despised not the sweets of love or friendship, and no author has more vividly described them, but he culled them only so far as was consistent with his prescribed law of independence. After his first boyish fancies, it may be doubted whether he ever loved; but as the fresh breath of youth is supposed to invigorate the failing energies of old age, so did Göthe refresh the powers of his imagination at the fountain of an overflowing heart, and catch the very tone of truth from the impassioned effusions of his votaries.*

* Those who may be startled at these opinions, we must refer to Göthe's *Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*, already mentioned.

To disarm affliction of its weapons by voluntarily withdrawing from the objects within its reach, is the specious reasoning of many a cold-blooded Epicurean in happiness. Of this principle Göthe seems to have partaken. Like every system of human presumption, however, this involves its own punishment. "The man," as Bacon says, "who has wife and children, has taken hostages of fortune;" and he who has nothing to lose is more pitiable than he who mourns the lost. Göthe lived a worshipped but loveless life; his marriage was formed comparatively late in life by conventional decorum; his son proved no blessing; and, if selfishness were not the cause, it was at all events the result of such a policy.

This systematic coldness and reserve, which apparently date from its first elevation in the political world, naturally engendered discontent, as well in those who penetrated, as in those who misunderstood, its motives. Vanity, it was called by some; pride, more correctly, by others. Even Wieland, the kind and sincere friend, laments the ill-will borne towards him; but even Wieland admits the change that had come over Göthe. Alluding to Göthe's employment in the state, he says, "His imagination seems quenched; instead of the all-enlivening warmth which used to emanate from him, he seems to be enveloped in an atmosphere of political frost. He is always gentle and harmless, but is friends with no one, and nothing can be done with him." The sincerity of this avowal may be confirmed by the following sentence. Speaking of a report of Göthe's being ill, which had reached Merck, Wieland adds, "About Göthe don't be uneasy, dear brother; he is well, and the gossip of certain good people about the decline of his health reminds me of the fable of the two wolves, who, hearing that the stag was ill, thus addressed the fawn: 'How is your father?' 'Better than you gentlemen could wish,' answered the fawn; and '*fat applicatio*' as far and as much as you please."

In this correspondence we find a lively picture of the esteem in which Göthe was held by the reigning family and court of Weimar. His presence formed an indispensable portion of their public pageantry and private comfort; and we see his active and intelligent influence extending over every part of the state. Nowhere can the relation of prince and subject appear to such advantage as between the enlightened Duke of Weimar and his illustrious minister. Each seems to have found in the other the friend best fitted to develop the energies of his nature; and, whether in the public plans of agricultural improvement or state economy,

of which these letters treat largely, or in the social tour and amusing search for works of art, where no professed picture-dealer could drive a bargain with more *gusto* than the duke and his premier, we find them acting with one mind, and without a single interruption to their friendship. Here again, however, we must forbear to pry too deeply, or we may fancy we discern Göthe using Charles Augustus rather as the most valuable of his tools than as the most liberal of his friends. "I am now," he said, "mixed up in all court and political subjects, and shall probably not extricate myself again. My situation, however, is favorable enough, and the dukedom of Weimar and Eisenach a theatre sufficient to practise the *rôle* of the world."

On all subjects connected with science, this correspondence assumes a high biographical value, and for England, where Göthe is recognized as a great poet, and nothing more, it is peculiarly adapted to fill up the measure of his character. Here we see him by turns the artist, geologist, anatomist, physiologist, and politician,—alike indefatigable in all pursuits, and passing from one subject to another with a rapidity in which we hardly know whether most to admire the depth of his research or the versatility of his powers.

In poetry, although he has bequeathed so much to posterity, he seems, like our Pope, to display rather a systematic versification of prose, than a spontaneous effusion of verse. He had neither the poet's timidity nor the poet's flights. Mankind he took as he found them, neither seeking nor caring to make them better. He fixed no ideal standard, therefore experienced no disappointment. He was highly receptive, but rarely sensitive—imaginative without an ideal—poetical without fiction: and the good old age to which he attained may be attributed less to his robust physical constitution than to the absence of all mental irritation. The enthusiastic reader, therefore, who may expect to find the flowers of fancy or the sweets of sentiment scattered in these leaves, must quit Göthe, and pass on to that poet of the graces, Wieland—whose sixty letters to Merck form the most attractive essence of this work. Considered either as a poet or as a man, the analysis of Wieland's character imposes both an easy and an agreeable task; and, among the rich harvest of ideas which these letters offer, the only difficulty is that of selection. High as the fame of Wieland already stands in the scale of public genius and private excellence, these letters were still wanting to pay the full tribute to his praise; and although we rejoice to be

able to offer some of these epistolary specimens of his delightful mind, yet for the enjoyment of all their beauties not a letter ought to be retrenched. The "*Teutscher Merkur*," a monthly work, of which he was editor from the year 1773 to 1795, which formed not the least important of Wieland's pretensions to fame, and mainly contributed to procure for Weimar the title of the German Athens, is the ostensible object of this intercourse. Merck largely contributed, especially in the way of reviews; and the correspondence opens by Wieland's formally making over to him the critical department. In this glance behind the scenes, we find him apprising Merck that Berlin and Vienna were the two cities that he would wish to have handled softly and *prudenter*. "All universities," he says, "I surrender to your mercy." Prussia, indeed, under Frederick the Great, seems to have inspired awe in all classes. Speaking of an historical novel which had attracted some notice, Wieland says, "Be as bold upon it as you please, only not *too biting*; for the author is a Prussian officer, and has a crowd of friends in blue coats (the Prussian uniform) whom I would not wish to offend." In this periodical most of Wieland's poetical works appeared piecemeal—a kind of rehearsal, before printing them separately, which both felt the pulse of public opinion, and contributed to that delicacy of polish which distinguishes his style.

From the length of time which this correspondence includes, and the perfect openness with which is conducted, we are enabled to trace the progress of many of his popular works, and more especially of that masterpiece of his genius, *Oberon*. The manner in which he details the beginning of this immortal poem, of which he gives no hint until he is fairly launched into its adventures, and the glimpses he affords of the progress of his constant couple through their various assailments, is no little acquisition to the lover of poetry. Seldom are we thus allowed to peep into the poet's work-shop. Indeed Wieland had not that confidence in his own powers which could induce him to expose the growth of this darling work even to the eye of a friend; on the contrary he mentions it with all the timidity and anxiety as to result which ever accompany true genius, and reminds Merck never to forget that, in the strictest sense of the word, he is "the only man on God's earth to whom he either would, could, or might, thus expose the inmost secrets of his mind, heart, and whole being." In many instances he complains of want of leisure and of the necessary repose of mind, and of the absence of all inspiration in the persons and things around

him, (yet, if he found this not in Weimar, we know not where he would have sought it,) and makes it a powerful plea with Merck, in his reiterated requests for more contributory help to the Mercury, which at this time seems to weigh heavily upon him, and to call him from the dewy meads of imagination, which were his peculiar province, to the mere dusty highroad of business.

Speaking of his progress, he says, "My fifth and sixth cantos are I think *entre nous*, so good, so *omnibus numeris* good, that I am only provoked that I cannot defer their publication until after my death." "Day and night," he adds, "Oberon is all my thought;" and again, "Oberon is my resource against a crowd of *desagrémens*." To those who maintain rapidity of composition to be a necessary test of genius the following quotation from Wieland's pen may prove either encouragement or reproof.

"Of the time and labor I devote to this work, no poet, great or small, of the Holy Roman empire can well form an idea. Those gentry, with few exceptions, seek how they may best make the task of verse-making easy. I, on the contrary, give myself all possible trouble. The difficulties which lie in the mechanism of my eight-lined stanzas, in the nature of the iambics, and in the comparatively limited range of our rhyming words; the fatigue of manipulating the stubborn clay into the exact image which I require, and of giving it that roundness and *fini*, without which I have no pleasure in the performance, are unspeakable. I vow to you, I have in this last week spent not less than three days and a half upon one stanza—the whole machinery being at a stand-still for one single word, which I wanted and could not supply."

He then proceeds to explain his pecuniary views with regard to Oberon, which, he says, are very "miserable," and describes the slender profits likely to arise. "But, says the German public," he continues, "why is this good gentleman such a fool as to devote so much time and labor to a work which no one will thank him for? and to this I have nothing to answer."

"With the *gloriola* of the thing," he adds, "it will be much the same as with the *utile*. Nine-tenths of the reading world are the last people to repay a poor fellow even in that coin. The remaining tenth, with the exception of about a dozen, are hard and fast determined beforehand not to give me any credit, but to pretend that they would weave such stuff as that any day *à la douzaine*; and for the dozen remaining honest folk, they will doubtless find real enjoyment in the work, but quite *in private*; and, should a parcel of saucy boys take it into their heads to pelt me the next day in the open market place, no

living soul would take my part—if even they did not join the assailants. On the other hand, I shall have full liberty to sit down and feast myself, *ad nauseam usque*, on the name and fame which awaits me in the twentieth century. These, dear brother, are my views, but again, I repeat, I complain not; my lot is of my own casting. Certainly, had I spent one-hundredth part of the time I have bestowed on my Idrises and Oberons in a well-turned panegyric on Maria Theresa, or Catherine the Great, my coffers would wear a different aspect; but such wisdom I never had, nor shall have. All that remains is to be resigned to my fate—to do what I can—to bear what I must—and to expect from mankind nothing I do not earn. And so much for Oberon."

In spite of these half-sad, half-playful prognostics, Wieland was destined to reap much of that glory which Oberon has now permanently established.

In another letter we find an interesting account of Göthe's first introduction to the king of elves and sprites.

"Last week I had a delightful day with Göthe. He and I were obliged to make up our minds to sit to May, who, *ex voto* of the Duchess of Wirtemberg, was to paint us for her highness. Göthe sat both fore and afternoon, and begged me, *serenissimus** being *absens*, to bear him company, and read Oberon aloud. Fortunately for me, this generally capricious man was in one of his best and most receptive moods, and as *amusable* as a girl of sixteen. Never did I see a man so delighted with the production of another, as he was with my Oberon; especially with the fifth canto, where Huon acquits himself *verbo tenus* of the emperor's commands. It was a true *jouissance*, as you may guess, to me. A day or two afterwards, he owned to me that it might perhaps be three years before this degree of susceptibility and openness of every sense of enjoyment for a work *hujus furfuris et facinæ* would again come over him."

Wieland's modesty, it would seem, was one of the causes which conspired to spoil "this generally capricious man," who, with his vaunted coolness and self-possession, must, we fancy, have rather belied himself in owning that only once in three years could he command his own powers to the enjoyment of such a work as Oberon.

To all those acquainted with Wieland's works, the skill with which he identifies himself with the age and country in which he introduces his poetic personages, and the perfectly harmonious keeping of his rich and varied accessories with the principal subject of his piece, have been a matter of surprise and admiration; and, although accounted for, it is not diminished, when we observe

* The grand duke.

how completely he concentrated all his powers on one object, and bent the whole energy of his mind to its attainment. The letters, at this time, are pregnant with fairy imagery, and, whether plaintive or jocund, Oberon is ever the burden of his song. Apologising for want of punctuality in correspondence, and trusting in Merck's friendship to excuse it, he adds :—

"And if it were not so, Heaven knows how impossible it would be for me to think, or attempt to think, or write, of any thing else but Oberon; and wo to me if it were otherwise! For I am only in the ninth canto, with three more before me, and must exert myself to the utmost, lest this immense *amphora* should turn out a mere *urceus* at last."

And on a previous occasion, with the reaction of spirits succeeding a difficulty overcome, he thus concludes :—

"Oberon sends you his compliments—I am now in the midst of the seventh canto; and my enamoured pair, hero and heroine, have just, during a dreadful storm, been thrown overboard, without the incensed Oberon's deigning to take the slightest notice of them. Heaven help them out of this watery ordeal, and me to a happy conclusion! Amen."

Lastly, he announces the appearance of this master-piece, "which," he says, "is born just time enough to escape the effects of a miserable influenza, in which my soul is sticking like an oyster in the mud;" and adds, "the shares of my credit with the duke, Göthe, and the Weimar public, have risen one hundred per cent. in consequence of this little production. May it only fare the same in the larger world without."

We do not apologise to our readers for attracting their attention to those portions of this correspondence which treat of Oberon, feeling convinced that those, who know its full-grown beauties, cannot be indifferent to these early annals of its progress. That a work of this kind should completely engross the mind of its author, during the period of its composition, is not surprising; but Wieland's appears at times to have been kept at that extreme tension of productive excitement, which, though the surest earnest of his success, it is almost painful to trace, and which makes us wonder at the healthy longevity of mind and body to which he attained. He himself, in a letter to some one, expresses his surprise at this extension of power, having been, to borrow the late Mr. Taylor's translation, "a hot-house plant; reared within doors; too much nursed by women, and too much confined by study." The secret of this, however, seems to con-

sist in the wholesome atmosphere in which his affections were ever maintained. Wieland's private character required no veiling: the poetical license which his charity inclined him to grant to the domestic failings of his genial friends, he never claimed for himself. And while his imagination wandered to the fertile shores of Greece, or the luxurious halls of the East, his heart and good sense, uncloyed by the voluptuous and sensual imagery which had been passing before his mental vision, were ever found stationary, and occupied with the little circles of his home-joys in Weimar.

Although peculiarly fitted, by the gentleness of his nature and the purity of his taste, to move in the politest circles, and called thither by the general recognition of his talents, Wieland never deviated from that simplicity which was his great charm. A poet without caprice, a courtier without intrigue, he pursued the even tenor of his way; and, though in the enlightened court of Weimar the distinctions of genius seemed to be substituted for those of rank, he never forgot where the friend left off, or the sovereign began, or ought to begin. Returning from a visit at Ettersburg (one of the ducal residences), he jocularly observes, "I have put it down as a *regula sanitatis et prudentiæ*, in my *liber memorialis*, that none of my sort should stay longer than three days with a prince."

Nowhere, however, has the noble ducal family been more worthily panegyricized than in this correspondence, which teems with expressions of gratitude and respect, untainted by the semblance of adulation or ambition. Ambition, indeed, in the meaner sense of the word, was as foreign to Wieland's character as bombast to his muse; and, at the time when the court of Mannheim intimated a desire, and held out a lure, to attach him to its service, we find him thus answering Merck :—

"You remind me that I ought to profit by the favorable gale which seems to blow me towards the Neckar, and to turn my back on this land where no wine grows, where the water is good for nothing, and where Eurus and Boreas, during eight months of the year, make themselves as troublesome as possible. Yes, my dear sir, all well and good, if, *pro primo*, it were as easy as moving from one street to another; if, *pro secundo*, the cloven foot were not every where to be found ("wenn der Teufel nicht überall im Nest wäre"); and and if, *pro tertio*, it were not a hundred to one that, by so doing, I should jump out of the frying-pan into the fire (aus dem Regen in die Traufe). Then, although Hompesch,* I

* Count Hompesch, minister to the court of the Palatinate.

believe, would do all in his power, I am by no means certain how far this good-will in Mannheim extends. Granting, however, that they really desire my company, under what class and *quo titulo* could I appear? And what worldly advantages could compensate for all the leisure, peace, liberty, independence, esteem, and affection which I here enjoy? True it is that I *signify* (*bedeute*) but little here, and am, in *sensu politico*, seven times less than I signify. But I neither wish to be, nor signify any thing; and in this precisely consists one-third of my comfort. The ruling personages here are perhaps the best in the whole world. They regard me favorably, do not oppress me, would do every thing for my comfort, and require so little at my hands that I am almost ashamed to eat their bread. There serene highnesses in Gotha are almost as kindly disposed, so that, even should the greatest of misfortunes befall Weimar, I see nothing in a worldly sense to fear. I sit, therefore, peaceably beneath the shade of my own trees; and would it not be hard, if, from all the 110 beautiful apple, pear, and cherry trees which I planted last year, I were to have no fruit? Would it not be a folly in me to exchange the safety of my present obscurity (*qui bene latuit*, &c.), and plunge myself into the *mare infidum* of Mannheim, where, the moment one pair of eyes is sealed, I risk much more than here—even in case of the dreaded event of the extinction of the present line? Should I be wise to barter my delightful independence, my *sacrosanto far niente*, and the golden privilege of saying to all and any body, 'What's that to me?' for the slavery, the grievous bondage of Mannheim vanity? Add to this a wife and five children, with a sixth upon the road, and an aged mother, all of whom concur to form a whole, which, in mutual love, harmony and joy, is one of the happiest in the world."

He continues in this strain, and then adds:—

"*Au contraire*, I am fairly in the way for a lasting breach with the Palatinate. Guess why? Are there not sins which a poet, neither in this nor in the next world, can forgive? Only imagine; these Mannheim people have been teasing and baiting me to compose an opera for them, and, now it is all ready, it comes out that they have given their best actress, an angel of beauty and voice, *leave of absence for a year*; for a pilgrimage to London and Paris, to dance in the planets, or God knows where; and my little piece, which, with the assistance of the lovely nymph Danzy, might, must, and ought to have had the most splendid success, now, for want of an actress who can either look or sing like Rosamond, may be thrown to the dogs. Is not this enough to drive a man mad?—and are these the people I am to have anything more to do with? So, fare ye well, ye banks of my paternal Neckar!"

In these sixty letters we have ample proof of Wieland's peculiar talent for and love of

letter-writing. With a happy vivacity he details the minutiae of the world of letters, of business, and of intrigue around him; and while he introduces us to the personages, habits, literature, and gossip of the day, leads us on with all the interest of an historico-biographic novel. His style, abounding in native wit and classic allusion, forbids the slightest approach to garrulity; and, whether considered as a picture of the times, or as a model of epistolary elegance, this correspondence is equally valuable.

To his wife, a being of simple nature and unassuming manners, whom he often mentions, he was tenderly attached. She brought him fourteen children; nine of whom survived him, and every now and then he announces an accession to his family or to his works, with equal complacency. This called forth the following remark from the Grand Duchess to Merck:—

"'Danishmend (for so she complimentarily called him in allusion to his history of Danishmend the wise) has again been christening. '*Je crains qu'à la fin il se ressent un peu*' at the indefatigable accouchements of his wife and of the Mercury. He appears, however, well pleased with both; so we must let him have his own way—*chacun à sa folie*.'"

Wieland was indeed just what a poet ought to be. Dwelling in a dream of beauty and home of love, no views of aggrandizement, or visions of perfection, disturbed the one or embittered the other. Health, peace, and competence, were all he sought for his muse, his family, or himself. Poetry he loved for poetry's sake, and, quoting from a former work of his own, he thus addresses his muse:—

"Thou art, oh Muse! the blessing of my life,
And if the world be deaf, then sing to me alone."

Pure and lively in diction, fanciful and elegant in sentiment, he neither provokes to mirth, nor depresses to melancholy. In the same relation as flowers and birds in the scale of animated nature, is Wieland's verse in the ranks of modern literature. He aspired not to form one of the seven pillars of the temple of wisdom, but his were the roses which clustered to the very pinnacle. And, to conclude in the words of the late Mr. Taylor—"If not the greatest genius among the poets, he was the greatest poet among the geniuses of Germany."

The letters from the Grand Duchess Amalie, and her illustrious son, Charles Augustus, though last in order here, are almost first in interest. Relating individually to Merck, they prove the high esteem in which he was held at the court of Weimar, and,

generally, the liberal tone of politics and literature which these enlightened personages so mainly contributed to maintain at that period in Germany. Of the grand duchess, Wieland says :—

"The longer I live with her, the more am I convinced that she, *telle qu'elle est*, is one of the most amiable and glorious compounds of human nature, female nature, and princely nature, (*Menschlichkeit, Weiblichkeit und Fürstlichkeit*,) that ever appeared on this globe."

And in another place :—

"This lady is really one of the best on God's earth. I doubt whether there is one of her rank whose head and heart are superior, or who could live on more dignified and delightful terms with people of our caste. For my part, I should be the most ungrateful creature between heaven and earth, did I ever forget how much she has contributed to the happiness of my life. I assure you I cannot even contemplate the idea of losing her, should it be my lot to outlive this affliction before I am seventy years of age."

This was the tone of all who knew this excellent princess, who, without interfering in the government, exactly stood in that gap of the state which is best filled by, and seems intended for, a feminine mind. After resigning the regency, and viewing the fulfilment of all her hopes and cares in the person of her son, her's became the province of gracious remembrance, little kindnesses, and beneficent patronage, which, like their kindred, the gentle courtesies of speech, though small in cost are rich in produce.

Her highness's acquaintance with Merck originated in a tour among the Rhine scenery, where he accidentally met with her, and was induced to join her suite, and where, by the refinement and cultivation of his tastes, he greatly enhanced her enjoyment of the beauties both of art and nature. He was subsequently much at the court of Weimar, and on one occasion spent more than half a year in its delightful circle. From that period till shortly before his death, the grand duchess maintained a friendly correspondence with him, which exhibits that interval, probably the happiest of her life, when, reposing from the anxieties of government, she enjoyed, without restraint, the literary society that she had been the first to summon around the court, and, little foreseeing the cloud which was to darken her latter days, spent her time in the dignified cultivation of her taste and talents. Writing to Merck she says :

"The good old Oeser* has been here, and

* A painter and engraver of some eminence, and a friend of Winckelmann's.

has brought with him some splendid specimens of art and a Menge of indescribable beauty. My love for drawing continues as strong as ever. I have a camera obscura, in which I sketch, and which I find most serviceable in facilitating an acquaintance with the proportions of Nature. For me, it is of great service, as I commenced my devotion to drawing rather late in life. This year I have also purchased an electrifying machine, which is good and powerful, and affords me much occupation. In the mean time the theatrical world is also flourishing, to which friend Wolf* is a faithful ally. You will shortly receive, through Frau Aja,† a new dramatic piece, which has just issued from the prolific pen of the privy councillor (Göthe). Thus pass our days quietly and cheerfully; and did not the lean cherries and unripe strawberries of our desserts remind us, we should almost forget that *Madre Natura* has visited us with a cold, nasty, summer."

Again, when Merck's fit of anatomy was at its height, she writes ;

"Your elephant bone affairs appear to sever you from all human intercourse. We see nothing of you, and hear of nothing but bones and skeletons. Notwithstanding this, I pluck up heart to address you, having a request to make somewhat in character with your present studies. A short time ago, I was reading Camper's Lecture to the Academy of Painting, and was much struck by the truth and profundity of his remarks. I now wish, if possible, to procure some of Camper's drawings of the human head. You must know, dear Merck, that I have for some time past applied myself to portrait painting, and they flatter me by saying I am rather happy in my likenesses. In order, therefore, to perfect myself further in this line, I should much like to see some of those drawings where Camper has divided the head into compartments; and, having heard that you anticipate the pleasure of seeing him this spring, I beg you will employ this opportunity of facilitating my request; without, however, mentioning my name. As for the rest, dear Merck, I should much enjoy seeing you here again. If bones are your only attraction, we can oblige you with a whole crop of them. Farewell, and keep me in good remembrance. Your friend,

AMALIE."

Without doubting the sincerity of Merck's devotion to the amiable duchess, he was evi-

* An abbreviation of Wolfgang, Göthe's christian name.

† Göthe's mother, resident in Frankfurt; so named by the Counts Stolberg, from one of the popular traditions of the middle ages, where Frau Aja, a princess by birth, and mother of several brave sons, plays a conspicuous part. These old documents, which teem with poetic beauty and historic character, were much in vogue with the Weimar set; and Madame Göthe's character partaking somewhat of the heroism and tenderness of her ancient namesake, she was generally known by this appellation among her son's acquaintances.

dently courtier enough to know how peculiarly he was adapted to serve her; and we find him at all times pouring into the ducal palace a succession of works of art, which, while they gratified her taste, renewed her remembrance of the sender. Her highness, in return, freely availed herself of his services, and frequently consulted him on little acts of patronage and benevolence, which she probably found to be better entrusted to to the distant than to the nearer friend. But we must here leave the examination of her various excellences, and proceed to the character of her son, in whom they were completely reflected.

The letters from the grand duke are twenty-three in number, and, both in elegance of style and moral excellence, exhibit that enlightened prince of modern days, who, although his reign has justly been compared to the Augustan age of literature, and to the later lustre of the Italian States, has left no obsequious flatteries to sully his fame. In this correspondence, conjointly with that of his illustrious mother, we find a delightful picture of sovereignty on a small scale—that happy degree which its owners may wear lightly and cheerfully, without compromising their dignity or denying themselves the indulgence of the social affections, and which, though circumscribed in public power, may be widely diffusive of private good.

The earliest date of these letters is at twenty-three years of age, and we find the young duke already familiar with the details of government, with the affections of a husband, and the hopes of a father. His young duchess, a princess of the House of Darmstadt, who, however, rather tried her husband's and people's patience in the hopes of an heir, is often mentioned by him with the most domestic complacency; and, in her firm but gentle character, seems to afford an earnest of the heroic matron who was one of the few at once to awe and win the heart of Napoleon during his insolent career of conquest.

His highness, as if determined to make his little principality the very essence of all the sweets of art and literature, here appears ardently engaged in forming a collection of pictures, prints, and drawings, by old masters; and from the number of his agents stationed in different parts of Germany, and the discrimination of taste evident in this correspondence, Sir Thomas Lawrence himself would not have despised the walls and folios of the Weimar palaces. The salutary influence of Merck's judgment, and the respect shown to his talents, are conspicuous in every letter. Dating from Weimar, August 26th, 1780, his highness begins,

"Dear Merck: My letter has no object beyond that which the commonest flint in the world would effect with a genuine Darmstadt steel—namely, that of eliciting a spark. I am in the most miserable of letter-writing humors, and am so spoiled by your frequent and delightful epistles, that I can hardly live without them."

And again,

"This is only an avant-courier of the acknowledgment of all your kindnesses; among which I may class the *Everding*, which is exquisitely beautiful, and which, in spite of the wretched state of obtusity in which a succession of coughs, colds, and formal visits have imprisoned my senses, has given me the greatest pleasure. As soon as I am free from all three, I will write to you properly."

Evidently recognizing in Merck one of that rare species of the human kind who carry a practical good sense into all they undertake, his highness largely employed his talents in the advancement of his political plans; and, while sentiment was hardly to be expected from a friend and disciple of Göthe's, its place is occupied by that strong moral sense and practical philanthropy which are infinitely preferable in the head of a state. From the situation occupied by Merck in the Darmstadt government, he was the more adapted to promote the latter virtue, and it appears that a comparison between the economy of both states was frequently made with mutual advantage. The establishment of different manufactures in his territories seems here to be a favorite object with the grand duke; and, though he has been accused of being the man of letters rather than the man of business, this correspondence fully acquits him of any undue predominance. In the first letter, after a long list of commissions regarding works of art, we find his highness thus adding:

"And now for *politica*. In the first place I wish to procure some written account of the advantages attending the present disposal of the crown estates; with a calculation made from some individual instance of the same, in your country, in order that I may see how the old revenues are continued to be produced from them.

"Secondly, I want to see a description of the madder manufacture, as far as it concerns the agriculturist, and how the land is prepared for its cultivation; and I must beg you, dear M. Merck, to inquire, in a private way, among the Swiss, if they would not be inclined to establish a similar manufacture in other countries.

"Thirdly, Would you have the goodness to look out for a few *Anabaptists*, who would be induced to undertake a journey next summer to Eisenach, at my cost, in order to inspect

an estate which I should be glad to let to them. You may promise them the following terms in my name :

"The expenses of the journey thither and back ; whatever the result ;

"Free exercise of their religion, as they enjoy it in other places ;

"As long a lease as they can desire ;

"Exemption from all surety and affidavits upon oath.

"If you can meet with a few people of this description to make the trial on these terms, they may apply next summer forthwith to the President Von Herd, at Eisenach, inspect the estate, and enter as tenants the following autumn.

"My list of commissions is now at length finished ; but your kindness in undertaking all requests spoils a person so much that one hardly knows where to set proper limits."

The reason for the duke's preference of Anabaptists as tenants for his estate does not appear. They seem, however, to have differed little in principle of conduct from their brethren of the present day, giving him much trouble by their extortion, discontent, and laziness ; and they were at last ejected from the estate.

With these varied attractions in and around the sovereign, it will not appear surprising that so many travellers should have turned their faces towards Weimar. The Duke himself says,

"I have been living for the last three weeks in such a round of dissipation, that I have had time neither to think nor write. During this time we have had more strangers here at once, than the course of many years had previously brought to Weimar. This evening we also expect a fresh arrival, and one of a most interesting kind—Prince Augustus of Gotha, with the celebrated Abbé Raynal. I hear wonderful things of his powers of conversation, and all here, from the chief to the heyduke, are on the tiptoe of expectation."

We regret to be obliged to cut short our extracts, but the reader will probably be interested in pursuing the biography of a prince who so much promoted the advance of European intellect, and who, whether in art, science, or agriculture, would have created a Holkham out of a wilderness. Nor is the attraction of this correspondence confined to the character and pursuits of his highness. The events detailed, of course, assume a value proportionate to the station of the writer, and are adapted to supply many an authentic anecdote for future history. From the frequent and characteristic mention of Frederick the Great, who was great-uncle to the duke, a comprehensive sketch may be

obtained, and though in some instances the foibles as well as the virtues of that monarch may be here exhibited, yet these are also valuable as illustrative of the spirit of the times.

Our limits forbid our proceeding further, and we must leave his highness's correspondence, together with the rest of the work, to proclaim their own value to the mind of the reader. The list at the commencement of this article will show how small a portion we have noticed, and the large remnant yet untouched. Of this the correspondence of the artists, and that of the men of science, afford the two most distinct kinds of interest—to the general reader, the former especially, containing, as it does, many delightful letters from Wille, the celebrated engraver, and from Tischbein, the no less famed German artist. The latter, among other anecdotes connected with painting, details his intimacy with the Chevalier Hamilton (Sir William Hamilton) at Naples, and his admiration of a girl in the chevalier's suite, whom he describes as an angel of grace and beauty, and in whom we immediately recognize that modern Venus, both in morals and person, the lovely Lady Hamilton. A letter also from Fuseli to Lavater is here introduced, and we quite approve of its introduction, for Fuseli is here seen to the life, and all who at all remember the witty, clever, mad-cap president, will recognize him as distinctly in every line as in all the wild legacies of his pencil. But here we must stay our remarks, and conclude with expressing a hope that this comprehensive biographic correspondence may meet with the attention that it deserves.

ART. VII.—*Marie Tudor, Drame en trois journées, en prose*, par Victor Hugo. Paris, 1833.

THE observation of Cicero's, that the theatre should be the *speculum vitæ humanæ*, is so just, and so fraught with important consequences to the refinement and morals of a nation, that it cannot be too much insisted upon by those whose duty it is to investigate the merits of dramatic works and writers.

Theatrical productions, indeed, which have not for their end "to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pres-

sure," will neither descend to posterity themselves, nor confer immortality upon their authors. Novelty or fashion may sustain them for a season, but they will inevitably soon fall into oblivion and neglect.

Whether the author and the drama now before us are to be considered as belonging to this class, will appear from the following analysis and examination of the tragedy itself.

The heroine of this piece is Mary Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VIII. This princess, after succeeding to the throne of England, upon the demise of Edward VI., united herself in marriage to Philip II. of Spain, one of the most detestable monsters of cruelty that ever cursed mankind. The blood with which she deluged England soon proved the congeniality of their dispositions.

The main subject of the tragedy is the queen's love for a Neapolitan, named Fabiano Fabiani, and the death of this paramour by order of Mary herself, when under the influence of jealousy. But, that the reader may have sufficient data from which to form his own opinion of the merits of this work, we shall, quitting generalities, proceed to its details, and follow the poet from the opening scene to the fall of the curtain.

The action is divided into three "periods," each having its own peculiar title; the first being "*The Artisan*." The scene lies upon the banks of the Thames, near the house of a working cutler, named Gilbert. Simone Renard, the Spanish envoy, and several of Mary's courtiers, are introduced conversing (how and why they should meet and become so communicative in such a place, it is difficult to imagine) upon Mary's fondness for Fabiani, upon the popular indignation raised against him, and the general wish for his downfall. This wish, Renard assures his companions, shall not remain long unfulfilled. Night approaching, the courtiers disperse, while Renard, muffled up in the ample folds of his mantle, the better to escape observation, lingers near Gilbert's dwelling. With this last-mentioned person lives a young girl, of whom he has been long enamoured, and whom, now that she has attained to the full perfection of her charms, he anxiously desires to make his wife. Pity, which "melts the mind to love," had first created the interest he felt for her. He had found her when a babe exposed in the open streets at night, had carried her home, and brought her up as well as his means allowed. The honest lover little imagined that the object of his dearest hopes had already set her affections upon another—upon Fabiani—and that, seduced by the flattery and the presents of that gallant, she had no longer any thing

to refuse him. But, although the victim of seduction, gratitude still maintained its place within her heart, and she ceased not to regard Gilbert with all that affectionate interest and esteem which benefits conferred naturally create in young and ingenuous minds. Such were precisely the sentiments which Jane (for that was the girl's name) expressed to Gilbert, as he was about to leave his dwelling, for the purpose of transacting some business in a distant part of the city. Having thus taken leave of him, she returns within doors.

A Jew, who, by a strange accident, which it is unnecessary here to explain, has come to the knowledge both of Jane's real birth and her connection with Fabiani, accosts Gilbert just as he leaves his *protégée*, assures him that the girl has deceived him, advises him not to leave his house that night, and at the same time discloses to him that the object of his affections is the daughter of Lord Talbot, who, in the reign of Henry VIII., had perished on the scaffold for his adherence to the Catholic faith. He tells him moreover that Fabiani, who was aware of Jane's claims, having come into possession of all the property and estates belonging to that family, and being fearful that the secret might one day be discovered, had seduced the girl as much with a view to his interest as to personal gratification.

Grief, jealousy, and rage, by turns distract the breast of the artisan upon this communication, and he resolves upon vengeance at whatever cost. The Jew promises to further his views, provided he renders him a like assistance in a business of his own. While thus conversing, Fabiani, singing a love-ditty, and accompanying himself upon the lute, approaches, being on his way to meet his fair one at the wonted hour. Gilbert, following the Jew's advice, retires, and Fabiano is about to enter the house, when the Israelite, who is close by, advances, and without much preamble, informs him that he has in his possession certain papers, which prove Jane to be the legitimate daughter and lawful heiress of Lord Talbot, and as such to be entitled to all the property and estates belonging to her deceased father, including those held by him. Upon hearing this, Fabiani insists upon having these vouchers, but the Jew refuses to part with them, unless in exchange for a paper signed by Mary, and given by her to Fabiani, which ensures to the person presenting it whatever favor he may demand. The Jew's intention is to avail himself of it, in order to recover from the queen 10,000 marks of gold. At first, Fabiani refuses to give up the paper, but afterwards, taking it out of his vest, as if for the purpose of giving

it to the Jew, while the latter stoops in order to examine the signature, he plunges his dagger into his throat. While falling, the Jew throws from him (unperceived by Fabiani) the papers which cause his death. The Italian proceeds hastily to search the clothes of the murdered man for the important documents, but, not finding them, his next care is to dispose of the corpse by throwing it into the river; and, being unable to effect this by himself, he goes for the boatman who rowed him to his assignation every evening, to obtain his assistance. Whilst Fabiani makes his exit on one side, Gilbert enters on the other, and finding the Jew just expiring, inquires of him who is the murderer; the other informs him, and at the same time points to the papers, by virtue of which the birth and rights of Jane may be proved and asserted. This done, he dies, whilst Gilbert picks up and secures the papers. Fabiani, who has failed in meeting with the boatman, now returns, in order to make away with the body, and seeing Gilbert close by, desires his assistance in consigning it to the water. At first the artisan refuses, but Fabiani soon convinces him of the necessity of compliance, by threatening to accuse him of having committed the murder—a crime which in one of Gilbert's class is punishable with death, whilst he, being a nobleman, would escape with the nominal penalty of four-pence—such being the law of England at that time, according to our author: *The penalty for the murder of a Jew by a nobleman being four-pence. . . .* Gross as may have been the barbarity of the sixteenth century, can any one believe that such a law could possibly have existed? Without, however, stopping to inquire the truth or falsehood of this alleged fact, we return to our narrative. After consigning the body to its watery grave, Fabiani proceeds towards the artisan's dwelling, when, perceiving himself followed by Gilbert, and thinking his object is to obtain some acknowledgment for the service he had rendered him, he offers him a purse. Gilbert makes signs of refusal, but after a moment's reflection accepts it. The Neapolitan again advances towards the house, but, finding the artisan still near him, orders him to depart. High words ensue. Gilbert declares that he knows all, and threatens to be revenged at some time or other, being then unarmed. Fabiani withdraws, fully resolved in his own mind upon the destruction of Gilbert, whose absence is now essential for his security. Left alone, Gilbert sees upon the ground the stiletto with which Fabiani had killed the Jew, and eagerly secures it. The Spanish envoy, who had been secretly lingering near the spot during the various occurrences of the night, and was

consequently well acquainted with all, now enters, and, finding Gilbert breathing nothing but vengeance, takes advantage of his excitement to convert him into a fit and willing instrument for his own designs. After mutual promises of assistance, Gilbert engaging to further the Spaniard's views, and the latter pledging himself to gratify the vengeance of the cutler, who swears to accomplish his purpose, even at the sacrifice of his own life, they separate.

The second period is entitled "*The Queen*," and the scene of action is Mary's palace. The queen, having been informed by Simone Renard of Fabiani's infidelity, refuses to give credit to the accusation, unless supported by undeniable and convincing proofs. These the envoy declares to be ready. He had caused the young woman seduced by the Italian to be arrested during the night, and her evidence, corroborated by that of Gilbert, who cared not at what price he purchased vengeance, disclosed every thing. No sooner has Mary become convinced of her paramour's falseness, than her former love is converted into the most rancorous hate, to be satisfied only with the blood of the faithless one.

A tissue of the vilest iniquity here commences. The queen orders Gilbert to be brought in, but previously to his entering she places some of her guards in concealment in an adjoining chamber, with directions to rush in upon a certain signal. Gilbert is introduced, and, on being asked by Mary if he is ready to wreak, even should it cost him his own life, her wrath upon the Italian, and by this means avenge his own wrongs upon the seducer of his beloved, he refuses, because he is as yet not certain of Jane's infidelity. The queen promises to convince him of it, and for this purpose causes him to retire behind some tapestry, where he can overhear all that is said. Jane is then called in, and, being questioned respecting Fabiani, confesses every thing; but, while admitting her seduction by the Italian, she expresses her deep and heartfelt sorrow at having betrayed Gilbert, for whom she had ever cherished an affectionate regard. The latter immediately comes forth from his concealment, and, addressing the queen, declares himself ready to execute her behests, provided she will swear by her crown and the holy gospels to grant him one favor. Mary having given the promise upon oath, Gilbert makes known to her the existence of Lord Talbot's daughter and her seduction by the person then in possession of her estates; he then requires the queen to restore the noble damsel to her rights, having first compelled her vile seducer to make some atonement by marrying her. The queen, who is ignorant that Fabiani is

the seducer alluded to, readily consents to see justice done to the much-wronged orphan, which promise being obtained, Gilbert declares the seducer to be Fabiani, and his victim Jane. The queen is incredulous, but the cutler shows her the papers given him by the Jew. The situation of Mary is most embarrassing, she having solemnly sworn by her crown and the gospels to grant Gilbert's request, while the execution of his promise to her is only conditional. In this dilemma, a sudden thought suggests itself to her with the rapidity of lightning. Having commanded Jane to withdraw, and being left alone with the artisan, she orders him to grasp in his uplifted hand a dagger, the same dagger with which Fabiani had deprived the Jew of life. No sooner has Gilbert obeyed this order than the queen seizes his arm, and, uttering a loud shriek, calls in the courtiers and guards, and, affecting the greatest agitation, declares that Gilbert has attempted to assassinate her, and orders him to be carried off to prison. She then sends for Fabiani, whom she receives with her wonted kindness, telling him that she has prepared an agreeable surprise for him, and immediately upon a given signal, Jane appears. The Italian, being asked if he knows the girl, replies in the negative. Yielding to her rage, Mary strikes him in the face with her glove, and, using the bitterest invectives, informs him that Jane is the daughter of Lord Talbot, Countess of Wexford, and as such acknowledges her in presence of the assembled courtiers. She then again indulges in the severest reproaches against her late lover, and commands him to be committed a prisoner to the Tower of London, there to await his trial. The Italian protests against this treatment, solemnly denying his having been guilty of any act deserving punishment. To this Mary replies that it is not her intention to punish him for having seduced a lady, but for a very different crime. But, before declaring what that crime is, she orders the whole court to be assembled. This done, Mary accuses Fabiani of having made an attempt upon her life by means of Gilbert. The latter, already prompted what to do, confirms the accusation by confessing himself the hired assassin of the favorite, in proof of which he produces the purse he received from him, and the stiletto with which he had killed the Jew. The Lord High Chancellor, who is present, declares that in cases of treason confession could not save the culprit, and that it was even beyond the power of the royal prerogative to extend mercy to the offender.

This second act or "period," as the author is pleased to call it, concludes with the appearance of the executioner in the royal pre-

sence, why or wherefore it would be difficult to conjecture, much more to explain.

The third "period" is divided into two parts, and is entitled "*Which of the two?*"

In the first part, the action lies within the limits of the prison of the Tower of London. Fabiani and Gilbert have been condemned to death for upwards of one month, but the queen, in whose breast not only compassion, but even the most violent love had pleaded on behalf of the favorite, had from time to time deferred the execution. So loudly and so importunate however, was his death demanded by all classes, so strongly was it insisted upon by the court, the people, and the Spanish envoy, that Mary could no longer delay inflicting the penalty of the law upon one who was the object of such universal hatred. Fabiani was therefore to suffer on that very day, and Gilbert on the next. But, although apparently compelled to yield to the popular voice, the queen was resolved to save her favorite, at whatever cost.

On the other hand, Jane was resolved to leave no means untried to prevent Gilbert from being brought to the scaffold. Both females, impelled by the same motive, and actuated by similar feelings, introduce themselves into the Tower, Jane secretly, the queen openly. Simone Renard, who is in constant attendance upon the latter, and continually urging her to order execution, finding all his representations and remonstrances vain, and suspecting that Mary's intention is ultimately to save her lover, or at least to put off once more the infliction of the penalty, determines to excite popular commotion, and thus, by acting upon the queen's fears, to compel her to acquiesce in the general wish. In the mean time, Mary, having ordered the attendance of the constable of the Tower, enjoins him to favor Fabiani's escape, and he in consequence causes a boat to be placed quite close to a secret gate of the Tower, which overlooks the river. Jane, who had concealed herself near the spot where the dialogue took place between the queen and the constable, having overheard every word, conceives the idea of saving Gilbert by the very means of escape provided for Fabiani; so that, at the appointed hour, the honest Gilbert is substituted for the favorite, with the assistance of the constable himself, who, participating in the general hatred against the Italian, cares but little about disobeying the queen in this instance. But, at the very moment that he thus favors the flight of Gilbert, he orders the boatman not to hurry, a circumstance which is wholly unaccounted for by the author, and which must consequently be added to the many inconsistencies to be found in this drama.

In the mean time the people assemble tumultuously, cries of vengeance are already heard in the distance, and an infuriated mob is soon perceived advancing to the Tower. The queen, who at that moment has just left it for her city palace, there to devise the best means of appeasing the popular indignation, with difficulty succeeds in returning to and shutting herself up within its walls. The Spanish envoy, who is still with her, deriving fresh boldness from the danger in which he sees her placed, and which he himself has created, urges her still more vehemently than before. But obstacles and dangers only impart new courage and resolution to love. Mary is ready to confront every peril and to make every sacrifice to save a faithless lover. The crown of England itself is nothing when placed in competition with Fabiano Fabiani. She again summons the constable of the Tower, and inquires if her lover is safe. On being told that he is not, she gives way to the most furious transports of rage, and heaps curses and imprecations upon the court, the people, and the envoy. Nearer and yet nearer are now heard the cries of "Death to Fabiani! Death to Fabiani!" Simone Renard and the other noblemen renew their entreaties with Mary, who answers by stigmatizing them as cowards, and by wishing for a few squadrons of her guards to disperse and cut down a vile mob, who dare to demand the head of the only man she loves. "Death to Fabiani! Death to Fabiani!" is again heard in sounds more fearful from their proximity. The mob are already under the Tower walls, the ditch is filled up, and preparations made for forcing the first gate; torches are lighted, the report of musquetry is heard, stones fly in every direction, the windows are beaten in, and fragments of glass are strewn about the floor and reach even to the feet of the queen. She can no longer resist. Pale, breathless, and half-frantic, biting her nether lip for rage, she allows Simone Renard to place himself at a window to address the people, and to promise them the death of Fabiani. The Spanish envoy then shows himself to the multitude, announces to them the immediate execution of the sentence, and adds, that the Tower bell will toll during the time the prisoner is conveyed from his prison to the scaffold, and that three guns shall be fired—the first when the prisoner ascends the fatal platform, the second when he lays his head upon the block, and the third when it is severed from his body. Lastly, he recommends that the city should be illuminated, in token of its joy at the event. The address of the envoy is answered by loud and deafening shouts of ap-

plause. "Long live Mary! Long live the queen!" are the exclamations of the same people who have forced her consent to the death of her beloved. The multitude then dispersing by degrees, quiet is again restored.

The queen, however, is not inclined to keep faith with the people, by fulfilling the promise made to them in her name. Ordering the constable into her presence, she commands him, on pain of losing his head, to save Fabiani, by substituting Gilbert for him, a thing easy to be done, it being the custom to conduct the condemned to the place of execution covered with a very long black veil. But how shall he execute the queen's command? Has the boat yet left? The constable runs to a window, and, seeing it still at the secret gate, promises, upon his life, to save Fabiani. Here ends the first part of the third period.

The scene of action is changed in the second part, and represents the Hall of the Tower through which prisoners are accustomed to pass on their way to execution.

Jane, who is accompanied by one of the guards of the Tower, is desirous of going forth in order to meet her Gilbert on the way to execution; but her request is declared impossible to be granted, no one being allowed to leave the Tower before the condemned. Slowly the latter crosses the hall with the usual *cortège*, and covered with the black veil before mentioned. A most interesting scene now ensues between the queen and Jane. While the former is certain that it is not Fabiani thus proceeding to meet his fate, the latter believes exactly the reverse, and the dramatic interest is wonderfully heightened by the manner in which they mutually betray their belief and their feelings. The mournful tolling of the Tower bell announces to the two females that the condemned is already on his way to the scaffold. The city, brilliantly illuminated, is seen through a window at the end of the chamber, testifying the universal joy, with only two exceptions. At first Jane throws herself in a state of despair at the queen's feet, conjuring her to send some one to stop the execution. Mary, who is as yet unsuspecting of the truth, deigns not to listen to the lamentations and prayers of the unhappy girl, but, a sudden doubt flashing across her mind, she in her turn becomes agonized, and with cries of despair calls for the guards of the prison, and despatches horsemen to stop the execution. But the bell has already ceased to toll—the Tower reverberates the first report of the cannon. "Ah! he is now ascending the scaffold!" shrieks the queen. The second report echoes through the vault.

ed chamber. "He kneels! he kneels!" cries the wretched Mary. At the third report, anguish chokes her voice. But which of the two was executed? A door at the bottom of the room opens, and Simone Renard comes forward holding Gilbert by the hand.

Such is the tragedy of Hugo, in which many beauties are more than counterbalanced by innumerable defects; resembling in this most of the other productions of its remarkable author, who, being gifted with more warmth of imagination than discrimination and judgment, allows himself to be carried away by the former in a far greater degree than would be expected in one who aspires to the first rank among dramatic writers. But, whatever may be the literary merit, and some it undoubtedly possesses, whatever may be the stage effect of the tragedy in question, what idea should be formed of it with respect to that loftiness of purpose, that ennobling end, which ought to characterize every dramatic production? What moral instruction is to be found contained in *Mary Tudor*: certainly none,—a case unfortunately too general with the tragedies of this author.

The imaginary amours and crimes of a queen are the subject of the tragedy. The former are of no interest to any one, and where is any moral instruction to be found in the latter? The least consideration will convince us that the only effect produced by this and similar dramas of Victor Hugo's is that of creating in the minds of the spectators a profound disgust and contempt for man and life itself. Every circumstance appears in the blackest colors, every fact is represented in the worst light, and every action is attributed to the worst motives. No string which returns a cheerful and spirit-stirring sound is touched by our author; his touch awakens only those whose mournful and lugubrious resonance discourages and depresses the mind; he either does not or will not see that a never-ceasing repetition of the same strain generates not only ennui, but an extreme indifference, in the auditors, whose attention it will be almost impossible afterwards to arouse: in the same manner as opium, when administered in too large quantities to the Orientals, renders them stupid and insensible, nothing but an increase of the dose being able to produce in them the desired effect. By continually touching a string which should be struck not only seldom but with great judgment, the author has deprived himself of one great source of producing stage-effect; he has to a certain degree annihilated his terror-exciting power. Nor will it be irrelevant to point out to our

readers how often Victor Hugo is in open contradiction with his own principles, or rather to show how totally void he is of any, and how determined never to acknowledge them.

In a short preface which precedes his *Mary Tudor*, the author, speaking with almost oracular authority, and as if in the name and on behalf of the romantic school, of which he of course assumes himself to be the head and chief director, thus characterizes the drama, which he wishes to see established in the 19th century:

"S'il y avoit aujourd'hui un homme qui pût réaliser le drame comme nous le comprenons, ce drame ce serait le cœur humain, la passion humaine, la tête humaine, la volonté humaine, ce serait le passé ressuscité au profit du présent, ce serait l'histoire que nos pères ont fait, confrontée avec l'histoire que nous faisons, ce serait le mélange sur la scène de tout ce qui est mêlé dans la vie; ce serait une émeute là et une causerie d'amour ici, et dans la causerie de l'amour une leçon pour le peuple, et dans l'émeute un cri pour le cœur; ce serait le rire, ce serait les larmes, ce serait le bien, ce serait le mal, le haut, le bas, la fatalité, la providence, le génie, le hazard, la société, le monde, la nature, la vie; et, au-dessus de tout cela, on sentirait planer quelque chose de grand."

Any one may see that in this passage there are many high-sounding words, but a great lack of reasoning and judgment. A principle however is to be discovered in it, the application of which, although likely to produce many and serious errors, will also originate an infinite number of beauties. The French poet is desirous, and certainly no one will totally oppose his wish, that every thing should be susceptible of being treated of in the drama; that the fancy of the dramatic poet should know no other limits than those of creation itself; and he affirms that an observance of this rule would be productive of something really grand. Now it appears to us that Victor Hugo has by no means followed his own dictum, for he has in most instances either not been able or willing to see things except on one side, and that one certainly not the most beautiful, the most noble, or the most generous. Where is to be found in his drama that grandeur of which he speaks in so grave a strain? It is true that here and there is to be found a scene not only beautiful but most beautiful; but this will not be much wondered at by those who reflect that he has thrown off all restraint, broken through every law, and that consequently a vast field lies before him for the indulgence of his fancy. Every obstacle being removed, and every difficulty overcome, a few scattered beauties can no longer

be considered as wonderful in one who would really deserve the name of a genius, if he knew how to confine his fancy within proper bounds.

The above observations will perhaps enable us to determine, whether Victor Hugo is or is not to be considered as so great and surprising a writer as some have supposed him to be; the more so as he appears to depart from the principles hitherto most generally respected and observed, especially among polite and cultivated nations. For instance, of the following, which may now be considered as fundamental axioms, viz. all men are brothers, to whatsoever nation they may belong—men should not injure and oppress, but love and cherish each other—no nation or people can be stigmatised as wicked and cowardly, since man's nature is mixed up of good and evil—of these and such-like moral axioms, Hugo appears to be entirely ignorant; and he therefore considers himself justified in abusing every nation, excepting the French, but especially, and we know not from what motive, the Italians. It was first in his "Cromwell," and next in his "Lucrezia Borgia" that he launched out into his abuse of Italians in general, and of Neapolitans in particular in his "Mary Tudor." Will it be necessary for us to bring forward quotations? We apprehend not.

All we have to say in conclusion is, that the author of "Mary Tudor" does not appear to us, either in the tragedy before us or in the greater part of his other productions, to have fulfilled the duty or attained the end which we conceive is to be expected from the dramatic poet, or which should constitute his chief stimulus and highest ambition; that the path he pursues, though occasionally strewn with flowers, is decidedly a wrong one; and that, though one of momentary brilliancy, his will not prove a lasting fame.

ART. VIII.—*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, del Cavaliere Abate Giuseppe Maffei, &c. &c. &c. *Seconda Edizione Originale, emendata ed accresciuta colla Storia dei primi trenta-due Anni del Secolo XIX.* (History of Italian Literature, by Joseph Maffei, &c. &c. &c. A Second Original Edition, corrected and enlarged with the History of the first thirty-two Years of the 19th Century.) 4 vols. 12mo. Milano. 1834.

SHORTLY after the first establishment in this country of a periodical expressly and ex-

clusively dedicated to making the British reading public acquainted with the actual and progressive condition of intellect and literature in other lands, we reviewed at considerable length, and with appropriate eulogy, the *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* by Camillo Ugoni,* making, at the same time, honorable mention of the slighter and humbler production of a fellow-laborer in the same vineyard, Giuseppe Maffei. Upon that occasion we took a survey of the rise, development, and character of Italian literature, which, though brief and without reference to our author—indeed, Ugoni's history relates solely to the last half of the last century—was sufficiently comprehensive to render any recurrence to the subject, save in the way of controversy, a mere work of supererogation; and in such controversy we are not at present, or, for aught we know, likely to be engaged. Turning away, therefore, from the alluring field of original disquisition, and confining our pen, and yet more discursive thoughts, to the matter immediately before us, we shall begin by saying a few words of our former paper, intended to save trouble to the reader who may have forgotten it.

We therein devoted our criticism solely to Ugoni, from whom all our extracts were taken, whilst of Maffei we merely observed, "the work of Maffei is a pleasing *resumé* of the whole of Italian literature, from its earliest time to the end of the last century. The author, who is Italian professor at Munich, has compressed into a small compass the notices contained in the various Italian historians and biographers, Corniani and Ugoni included."

And, had Ugoni published the fourth volume, on the authors of the present century, of which we then spoke doubtfully, we should probably have again followed the same course; since it is self-evident that a writer, who allots three volumes to fifty years, must afford more food for reviewers than one who condenses eight centuries into the same space—which very comparison, by the way, shows us that we should have said, the fourth and fifth volumes, to keep any proportion between the quantities of matter contained in the different volumes. But Ugoni's continuation has not yet appeared, probably for the same reasons, whatever they might be, that originally suspended his purpose. We are, therefore, now fain to content ourselves with Maffei's fourth volume; which being the case, we must speak somewhat more at large of himself and the general character of his work.

Giuseppe Maffei, as we learn from him-

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. II. p. 621.

self, is a native of the Italian Tyrol, and a *Cavaliere Abate*,—an odd combination of titles, to English apprehension,—with more literary dignities and honorary additions to his name than we have patience to read, let alone transcribe; though we must needs state that, amongst other high offices, he held that of preceptor in Italian, or, more humbly, Italian master, to Prince Otho of Bavaria, now king of Greece. To this youthful monarch Maffei dedicates the present new and enlarged edition of his *History of Italian Literature*, and in his dedication thus intimates his expectations of what King Otho is to do for Greece and her literature.

“When I had the high honor of teaching your majesty the Italian language, I witnessed the zeal with which you learned it, the care with which you translated the first three volumes of this history of mine into German. When you read of the protection afforded to arts and letters by the Medici at Florence, the Visconti and Sforzas at Milan, the Aragonese at Naples, the Popes at Rome, the Estes at Ferrara, the Gonzagas at Mantua, and the Dukes of Savoy in Piedmont, I saw in your countenance how keenly you desired to emulate them. The lists are now open to you.

Having already stated this book to be a *resumé*, when we shall have added that it is designed rather to direct the course of reading of the learner of Italian, than to instruct and form the critical taste of the Italian Scholar, need we say further that it is somewhat dry, the criticism little *raisonné*, and the biographical portion generally too short to be interesting? From this last censure, however, we may except those Italian classics with whose lives few persons, who are not absolute tyros in Italian literature, are unacquainted, as Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and their mighty compeers. But let us not be understood as meaning altogether to condemn Maffei's book. To the novice it will afford much useful information, besides teaching him where to seek more. To the Italian scholar, who has not fortitude to encounter Tiraboschi's numerous, over-circumstantial volumes,—which, moreover, only come down to the end of the 17th century,—will recal and systematize his desultory knowledge.*

We have hitherto spoken, be it observed, only of the first three volumes. The last stands upon very different ground with re-

spect to its claims upon our attention. But we have not yet quite done with its predecessors.

There is one thing which, we frankly confess, marvellously conciliates our favor towards the *Cavaliere Abate* and his volumes, somewhat dull though they be. It is, that he does not adopt the new-fangled notion, started by a few modern Italian critics, respecting the great early poets of Italy and their amatory effusions. As this neo-critical fancy may not be, and indeed we hope is not, known to all readers, we must inform them that we allude to an hypothesis representing the loves of these poets to be not merely a little fantastical, which we are willing to allow, but actually and altogether allegorical, typifying, or, to speak more correctly, mystifying—what, think you, courteous reader? neither more nor less than Protestantism, if such an anachronism in the use of the word be allowable. Thus do these critics convert Dante's Bice, Boccaccio's Fiametta, and, yet more outrageously, Petrarch's Laura, to omit ladies of less note, into so many *avatars*, or, at the least, prosopopeias of the spirit of religious reform; and they further assert the ever-recurring word *amor* to be *tout bonnement* the anagram of *Roma*.

Now, as Maffei neither adopts nor rebuts this whimsical theory—by the by we are not quite sure whether it had been broached when his first three volumes were published—it might seem hardly fair in us to delay our account of his book in order to discuss it; nor will we do so, although, having mentioned the subject, we cannot refrain from adding two remarks which appear to us to be pretty strong, we will not say decisive, against it. We will, however, do this as concisely as may be, and hasten to our proper and present business.

The first of these remarks is, that most of those early poets held the beautiful Italian language cheap, considering it as a vulgar tongue, unfit to be employed upon any loftier or graver topic than love, or some such light matter as might be adapted to the capacity of woman, unacquainted with any other than the said vulgar, commonly called her mother, tongue. It was only the grand and daring genius, the master-mind of Dante, that conceived the bold and happy idea of embodying in this despised vulgar tongue the wildest, noblest, sublimest, the most audacious, as well as the most exalted, conceptions of the muse. His rivals and immediate successors, when they meant to treat of serious or important themes, had recourse to Latin; and it was upon his now forgotten Latin poem, “*Africa*,” not upon his exquisite Italian lyrics, that Petrarch re-

* That this work is well calculated to answer these ends, at least, seems to be the general opinion, if we are to judge from the information contained in a note, that “ten editions (pirated we conceive) have been published and sold in different parts of Italy, and that the periodicals of Italy, France, Germany, and even England, have concurred in its praises.”

lied for an immortality of fame. Nor was this an individual mistake of the poet, as is proved by the fact, that it was as the author of "*Africa*," not as the Italian lyrist, that Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol. Is it then likely that these same men should have written seriously of religious abuses, religious reform, except in Latin, although they might and did—seemingly without fear of consequences, since without any sort of caution or disguise—laugh in Italian at the vices of the monks? And with respect to Dante, whose veneration for Latin was less exclusive, he, as a professed Ghibelline, attacked the Popes, very irreverently placing many of them in the various *bolge* (or divisions of the abyss) of his *Inferno*, in plain Italian: why then should he mask any other portion of his anti-papal, or, more properly, his Ghibelline, opinions under what the advocates of this notion call *gergo*, *Anglicè* slang?

Our second remark relates to the supposed anagram. One of Petrarch's principal charges against the Pope is, that they had forsaken Rome for Avignon; and he repeatedly exerted all the powers of his eloquence, in prose and rhyme, to recall them to what he esteemed the natural site of the Papal See. Is this circumstance reconcilable with the anagrammatical hypothesis, according to which, *Amor—Roma*—is spoken of as the seat of all the abuses and abominations of Popery.

Proceed we now to the especial subject of this article, namely, Signor Maffei's fourth volume, the dry conciseness of which we shall occasionally endeavor to relieve or enliven, by introducing a few specimens of poetry, of which our author is singularly sparing, or, when practicable, referring to the criticisms of the German lecturer upon the belles-lettres of the nineteenth century, whose opinions of our modern English poets are already known to our readers—we mean Professor Wolff.*

The first point that strikes us on opening this volume is a little discouraging; for, though it professes to give us the literary history of Italy during the first thirty-two years of the current nineteenth century, Maffei omits, or, as he tells us, designedly avoids, saying a word of any author who still breathes the vital air. Now, although such a course must always have been disappointing, there was a time when we could have understood such forbearance; a time when all gentlemen, men of letters included, were somewhat touchily sensitive to the voice of reproof, and when the office of censor might therefore be

attended with unpleasant consequences. But this species of delicacy seems now to be so thoroughly *perruque*, or *rococo*,* or whatever be the newest and most approved term for old-fashioned, that we really cannot conceive why authors, who are now, like eels, used to being skinned alive, ay, and dissected alive too, by those professional literary anatomists, the reviewers, should not as fairly be criticised and appreciated in a history of the literature of their country, as in *Travels*, *Pencilings*, or *Courses of Lectures*. The German professor, Dr. Wolff, does actually give us the literature of the present century, whilst Maffei, in this season of ephemeral excitement, when the books, like the scandal or the politics, of the past year are as though they had never been, gives us biography and criticism appertaining in reality rather to the last than to the present generation. Many of the authors and philosophers of whom he speaks were born not much less than a hundred years ago, and flourished at least as much in the eighteenth as in the nineteenth century. Their masterpieces and great discoveries often bear the date of the former, and we should be perplexed to guess why they did not grace the third volume, did it not occur to us that, at the moment of its publication, those authors and philosophers might still, though well stricken in years, be denizens of this sublunary sphere.

This omission of living literati is, as before said, most disappointing in this our from-day-to-day age; and would have been so even in soberer times. Eagerly we looked for compatriot criticisms upon the works of Botta, Colletta,† Manzoni, Rosini, Grossi, Pellico, Nota, Niccolini, &c., to compare with our own, as also for a little amusing gossip relative to the admired authors—and when it was clear that we looked in vain, we were more than half tempted to fling away the volume in anger. But, if thus less interesting than we had a right to expect, the volume is by no means uninteresting. The list of names, whether belonging to this century or the last, contains, amongst numbers little known out of Italy, many which we have long been accustomed to revere, respecting the bearers of which we must needs be desirous to learn the opinions of the critics of their own country.

This list contains—to follow the order adopted for the nineteenth century by our historian of literature, who varies his order of precedence according as the different

* For these words we must refer our readers to Blackwood and Mrs. Trollope.

† Colletta was dead in 1832, but, his history not being published, he was not yet a known author.

centuries were most fruitful in poetry, history, or philosophy—of poets, Monti, Perticari, the two Pindemontes, Foscolo, Torti, Gianni the *Improvvisatore*, Mezzanotte, Fantoni, Mazza, Bondi, Lambertini, Carretti, Lorenzi, Pignotti, Perego; of philologists, Cesari, Stratico, Grassi;* of historians, Cuoco, Lomonaco, Rosmini, Mengotti; of writers upon literature and the arts, Corniano, Signorelli, Bossi, Zanoja; of antiquaries, Visconti, Sestini, Morcelli, Marini, Zannoni, Morelli; of travellers, Belzoni, Brocchi; of theologians, Tamburini; of men of science, lumping, for brevity's sake, all the sciences together, Pini, Volta, Galvani, Scarpa, Spallanzani, Brunacci, Gioja, Cagnoli, Piazzini, Oriani; and, alone of the artist genus, Canova; with respect to whom, as to insects in amber, although the first line,

"The things themselves are neither rich nor rare,"

be utterly inapplicable, we may well

"Wonder how the d—l he got there."

inasmuch as the *Cavaliere Abate* professes to write a history of literature, and not of the arts. Finally, the list concludes,—though rather in the way of digression than as forming an integral part of the subject,—with the celebrated Italian women of the nineteenth century. At this we must confess that we, who in our insular ignorance should never have suspected that to speak of Sappho, for instance, was to digress from the history of Hellenic poetry, were not a little surprised; and if the Italian authoresses whom we are about to name are not quite as celebrated as the Lesbian lyrist, have not quite the European reputation of Madame de Staël, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Edgeworth, and some few sister spirits, they are scarcely more obscure than several of their contemporary poets, whom we have encatalogued: The ladies are Teresa Bandettini, Diodata Saluzzo Roero, Silvia Curtioni Verza, Aglaia Anassilida, Costanza Moscheni, Teresa Albarelli Vordoni, Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel, Giustina Renier Michiel; but, with respect to them, their historian tells us so little that, except in one instance, of whom more in due season, we really know not whether they are alive or dead, nor, in our ignorance of the motives for excluding the living, can we even guess; though, if dread of incurring a war of tongues or pens be one of those mo-

* Stratico and Grassi seem to us somewhat oddly classed with Cesari, although they did edit dictionaries. Their theoretic proficiency in naval and military architecture should rather have placed them among the men of science or the writers upon the arts.

tives, we suspect that female antagonists may not be the least formidable.

The preceding catalogue will have shown that, if we complain justly of the want of much living interest, of the absence of greater names in literature though not in science, a sufficient number of Italian literati and philosophers obligingly died between the years 1800 and 1833* to give Maffei's fourth volume a value in the eyes of the general reader as well as of the critic. The greater number of those we have named must, however, rest content at our hands with the preceding enumeration. Few things could be more wearisome to reader or writer than the appending to each name the few lines specifying the author's works, the time and place of his birth and death, &c. &c., for which alone we could afford room (of many we find little more in Maffei), and which would, moreover, prevent our speaking more at large of any. We shall, therefore, at once make our congé to the majority, and select for more particular notice a few in whom we take a particular interest, and whom Maffei has likewise honored with more detailed biography and criticism. The first of these shall be the universally admired poet Vincenzo Monti, of whom Maffei says—

"Vincenzo Monti was born on the 19th of February, 1754, at Alfonsina in the territory of Ravenna; which place his father, Fedele Monti, presently quitted for Fusignano, a wealthy town of Romagna, and the native place of the renowned musician Corelli. At an early age, Vincenzo was sent to the excellent seminary of Faenza, where he made such proficiency in the Latin language, that he, not ingloriously, wrote Latin verses; he even *improvised* with the utmost fervor of poetic inspiration. But his judicious instructor dissuaded him from increasing the number of extemporaneous bards, whose lays resemble the flash that lightens and passes without leaving a permanent trace behind it. The first fruits of the well-meditated writing to which young Monti now devoted himself were elegant elegies; these he published, and they were highly prized by the Abate Girolamo Ferri, a distinguished Latinist of the last century.

"Having acquired the elements of learning and poetry, Monti was sent to the University of Ferrara, in which city his family soon after settled. Like Ovid, Petrarch, and Tasso, he was compelled by his father to study the law; and, like them, he threw aside the volumes of Justinian to devour, by night and by day, those of Horace, Virgil, and the most celebrated Italians. Instead of frequenting the tribunals, and managing law-suits, he devoted his whole soul to poetry. * * *

* So many have since followed to the grave, that we may begin to look forward to a fifth volume of the modern dead.

"His vision of Ezekiel, conceived and written at the early age of sixteen, in praise of a celebrated preacher, proves that from the very beginning of his career he took a lofty flight, disdaining the servile imitation of any model. Cardinal Borghese, Legate of Ferrara, took the young poet, whose rare genius he had discovered, under his protection; and, when his term of government expired, invited his *protégé* to accompany him to Rome. In that metropolis of Christendom, the poet, who was now twenty-four years of age, formed an intimate friendship with the most learned of archæologists, Ennio Quirino Visconti, with whom he studied, and learned to understand the most recondite beauties of the classics.

* * * * *

"By these and other poems he had risen into great fame. * * * The arrival of the illustrious tragic bard of Asti at Rome first led Monti to try the buskin. Alfieri had recited his *Virginia* in the saloon of Maria Pezzelli, in which the flower of the literati then at Rome were wont to assemble. The young poet was so influenced by this recitation, that, upon his return home, recollecting the deed of Aristodemus, which he had lately read in Pausanias, he conceived the design of his first tragedy, which he rapidly completed, and published under the title of the *Aristodemo*.

* * * * *

"Another tragedy, Galeotto Manfredi, followed, but proved less successful than the former, which was now upon all lips, and was even the cause that a young lady of great beauty and learning gave the author her hand in marriage. Monti had conceived a great reverence for the Cavaliere Giovanni Pikler, so celebrated for his cameos, who, to the great grief of all good men, and the serious detriment of the arts, had recently died. Knowing that the deceased had left a daughter, the poet, without having even seen her, expressed a desire to obtain her as his wife; and she, equally unacquainted with his personal appearance, accepted his proposals, because he was the author of *Aristodemo*.

"The tragical death of Hugues Basseville, who, being sent to Rome there to propagate the maxims of the French revolution, was cruelly massacred by the infuriated populace, on the 13th of January, 1793, gave Monti occasion to write the poem to which he owes his chief fame. We shall presently see that the *Bassevilliana* wrought a happy revolution in Italian poetry, revived the study of Dante, and restored to the place of honor a robust and sublime style."

The remainder of Monti's life is not sufficiently creditable to the influence of poetry upon the character to tempt us to give it thus in detail. It will be enough to say that, after having shown himself in the *Bassevilliana* a decided champion of monarchy, and an inveterate enemy to the French revolutionary principles,—Monti, courted and flattered by the revolutionary warriors of France, and by the revolutionary civil functionaries of north-

ern Italy, became the panegyrist, in fact the poet laureat, of all the various forms of republicanism that successively governed the conquered and revolutionized portions of the Ausonian peninsula; and, upon the fall of the last of these, of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of France and King of Italy,—of all his arbitrary measures, unjust wars, and other acts as repugnant at least to freedom as to lawful sovereignty. Monti likewise accepted various more prosaic posts, the chief of which were those of Secretary to the Cisalpine Republic, and Historiographer to Napoleon. But he sang the achievements of the First Consul, and of the Emperor and King, in various poems, instead of recording them in prose. His poetical rivals, who could not emulate his genius, bitterly vituperated our tuneful—must we say?—rat. They habitually termed him aameleon and a Proteus, imputing his political versatility either to the basest motives or to the most vindictive spirit. Maffei ascribes it, and we really believe justly, to the impressionable susceptibility and ill-regulated judgment natural to the poetic temperament. At all events, it is some comfort to know that Monti became more steady as he advanced in age, and did not perform a third political somersæ, in order to turn back from the fallen object of his admiration to his original profession of faith, legitimacy, but, after Napoleon's overthrow, forsaking political subjects, occupied himself chiefly with his admirable translation of the *Iliad*, which Maffei considers as the work that is to immortalize him. Assuredly to translate Homer well can never be small praise; but we—who may perhaps be somewhat fastidiously fanciful upon such matters—must say, that we can never esteem the mere clothing in appropriate poetic phrase the thoughts, feelings, and imagery, of another as a real test of genius,—essentially creative genius. We shall therefore omit our historian's encomiums upon the Italian *Iliad*, and turn to his criticism on *La Bassevilliana*, of which we are told that eighteen editions were sold in six months. But we must first state that Monti died on the 13th October, 1828, after upwards of two years suffering, from the effects of apoplexy.

"On occasion of the tragical death of Hugues Basseville, originating in the French revolution, the imagination of Monti passed the Alps, and, entering Paris, there beheld antipathies, factions, blood, and horrors, of all kinds. He perceived that these were vicissitudes, 'of poem and of history most worthy;' that they offered materials for the sublimest conceptions, in which the mightiest passions should play their stately part. But serious difficulties embarrassed the choice of the form and manner in which to describe such tremendous events.

"Dante, the unhappy victim of the factions and partizanship which in his days filled Italy with wounds and blood, desired at once to devote these horrors to the execration of posterity, and to take a dignified revenge upon the iniquitous men who had banished him, and forced him to tread the irksome path of 'climbing and descending strangers' stairs.' He therefore feigned a journey through the three regions of the dead; placed his recently deceased adversaries in Hell; met in Purgatory such as had expiated their offences; and raised his friends and protectors to Paradise, where he prepared a throne for the Emperor Henry VII.

"Monti, designing, like his master, to paint bloody scenes, faction's cruelty, inveterate hatreds, undeserved executions, feigned that the soul of Basseville, having in the last moments of his existence atoned for his crimes by penitence, is condemned to witness the crimes and sufferings of France, as a substitute for purgatory. The angel who has redeemed him from the Powers of Evil acts as his guide, and they reach Paris at the moment of the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

"The poet ever adds some creations of his fancy to the reality of facts. For instance, he places on the gates of Paris the monsters which Virgil describes on those of Avernus;—he calls upon the scaffold prepared for Louis four notorious regicides;—he brings together the shades of the King and of Basseville, putting the most pathetic expressions into their mouths;—he introduces the most renowned philosophers, who propagated impiety, hurrying to glut themselves with the blood of the decapitated monarch. * * * * The style of the *Bassevilliana* is always nervous, lofty, harmonious, and well sustained."

In this opinion of the close intimation of Dante by Monti, Wolff goes even beyond Maffei, for he says—

"It is throughout an imitation of *La Divina Commedia*. * * * The soul of Basseville traverses she earth in the company of an angel. The two travellers behave exactly like the ever calm and encouraging Virgil, and the ever alarmed and shrinking Dante. That Monti has misrepresented the character of Basseville, making him a mere creature of his fancy, is evident; but this was unavoidable, since Monti wrote for a purpose that was directly opposed to the opinions and conduct of the French envoy. The poem contains great and peculiar beauties; every line manifestly flows from a truly poetic genius. The diction is fascinating, the imagery grand and striking; and the whole irresistibly hurries the reader along by its sublimity and the glow of its coloring. To my mind, one of the finest passages is the arrival of the ghost at Paris, at the moment of the unfortunate king's execution."

This passage we shall give, second however to the opening stanzas;—and before

doing so we must remark, that we think it should rather be said that the *Divina Commedia* suggested Monti's plan, than that the latter is a *close imitation* of the former. A ghost led by an angel to behold actual crimes and sufferings is surely different from a living man led by one ghost to hear other ghosts narrate past crimes. We must likewise add another remark prefatory to our extract, in justice to the poet and to ourselves. His metre, the *Terza rima*, or stanzas of three lines with triple interlinked rhymes, a peculiarly Italian measure, is perhaps as peculiarly repugnant to the genius of our language and poetry. We have ever found it the most unmanageable of the various modern measures which, in reviewing foreign poetry, it has been our lot to translate,—yet, from the sense almost invariably closing with the stanza (the rule), it is as ill adapted to be rendered into couplets.* Blank verse would be the only resource: but blank verse is so unfair a representation of a form of poetry in which the skilful management of the stanza and rhyme is an essential beauty, that we prefer, in this case as in most others, imitating as we best can the metre of the original.

"Hell had been vanquished in the battle fought;
The spirit of th'abyss in sullen mood
Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching nought.

He roared like lion famishing for food;
Th'Eternal he blasphemed, and as he fled
Loud hissed around his brow the snaky brood.

Then timidly each opening pinion spread
The soul of Basseville, on new life to look,
Released from members with his heart's blood red.

Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
The soul turned sudden back to gaze awhile,
And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.

But the bless'd angel, with a heav'nly smile,
Cheering the soul it had been his to win
In dreadful battle waged 'gainst demon vile,
Said, 'Welcome happy spirit to thy kin.

Welcome unto that comp'ny, fair and brave,
To whom in Heav'n remitted is each sin.

Fear not; thou art not doomed to sip the wave

Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
All hope of change, becomes the demon's slave.

But Heav'n's high justice, nor in mercy blind,

Nor in severity scrupulous to guage
Each blot, each wrinkle, of the human mind,

Has written on the adamant page
That thou no joys of Paradise may'st know

* We have, however, since writing this article, seen that Italians are of a different opinion, as, in an Italian translation of parts of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," each octo-syllable couplet of the introduction almost invariably affords matter sufficient for the three-lined stanza of the *Turza rima*.

Till punished be of France the guilty rage.
 Meanwhile the wounds, th'immensity of
 woe,
 That thou hast helped to work, thou, penitent,
 Contemplating with tears, o'er earth must go ;
 Thy sentence that thine eyes be ceaseless
 bent
 Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
 The stench pollutes the very firmament."

We proceed to the arrival in Paris, which
 we take to be the acme of the poor ghost's
 purgatorial punishment.

"Wond'ring the spirit sees that from the
 eyes
 Of his angelic leader tears have gushed,
 Whilst o'er the city streets dread silence lies.
 Hushed is the sacred chime of bells, and
 hushed
 The works of day, hushed every various sound
 Of creaking saw, of metal hammer crushed.
 There fears and whisperings alone are
 found,
 Questionings, looks mistrustful, discontent,
 Dark melancholy that the heart must wound.
 Deep accents of affections strangely blent ;
 Accents of mothers, who, foreboding ill,
 Clasp to their bosoms each loved innocent ;
 Accents of wives, who, ev'n on the door's
 sill,
 Strive their impetuous husbands to detain ;
 With tears and fond entreaties urging still.
 But nuptial love and tenderness in vain
 May strive, too strong the powers of Hell, I
 ween ;
 They free the consort whom fond arms en-
 chain.
 For now, in dance ferocious and obscene,
 Are flitting busily from door to door,
 A phantom band of heart-appalling mien.
 Phantoms of ancient Druids, steeped in
 gore,
 Are these, who still nefariously athirst
 For blood of wretched victims, as of yore,
 To Paris throng to revel on the worst
 Of all the crimes, whose magnitude has fed
 The pride of their posterity accurst.
 With human life their garments are dyed
 red,
 And, blood and rottenness from every hair
 Dripping, a loathsome shower around them
 shed.
 Some firebrands, others scourges, toss i' the
 air,
 Twisted of every kind of coiling snake ;
 Some sacrificial knives, some poison bear.
 Firebrands and serpents they o'er mortals
 shake,
 And, as the blow alights on brow, neck, side,
 Boils in each vein the blood, fierce passions
 wake.
 Then from their houses like a billowy tide
 Men rush enfrenzied, and, from every breast
 Banished, shrinks Pity weeping, terrified.
 Now the earth quivers, trampled and op-
 pressed
 By wheels, by feet of horses and of men ;
 The air in hollow moans speaks its unrest ;

Like distant thunder's roar, scarce within
 ken,
 Like the hoarse murmurs of the midnight
 surge,
 Like north wind rushing from its far-off den.

* * * *

Through the dark clouds that round the
 scaffold flock
 The monarch see with look and gait appear
 That might to soft compassion melt a rock ;
 Melt rocks, from hardest flint draw pity's
 tear,
 But not from Gallic tigers : to what fate,
 Monsters, have ye brought him who loved
 you dear !"

This may suffice as a specimen of the
 poem that is generally regarded as Monti's
 master-piece. Of his other works we shall
 say but little. In Italy his dramas enjoy a
 splendid reputation, but the much admired
Aristodemo is to us actually revolting from
 the nature of the subject, (for which we refer
 the reader to Pausanias,) or rather from the
 manner in which our poet has treated it,
 dwelling upon, and appearing to revel in, its
 most disgusting features. In Galeotto Man-
 fredi we must say that Matilda's virago-
 jealousy and Manfredi's vacillating weak-
 ness are, to our mind, more comic than
 tragic,—in their character we mean—certainly
 not in the very murderous catastrophe
 that they produce. *Caio Graccho* pleases us
 the best, but even this delights not us ; we
 therefore prefer taking our dramatic extract
 from another poet, of whom we shall now
 speak.

Ippolito Pindemonte is, we believe, far less
 popular than Monti on the continent, mean-
 ing the transalpine portion of the continent ;
 —Wolff hardly names him—but to our indi-
 vidual taste he is far more poetical ; and he
 has made, we think, a happy attempt (hap-
 pier than Manzoni's) to adapt the ancient
 chorus to modern tragedy. Moreover, we
 have the satisfaction of finding that Italian
 critics do not very much differ from our-
 selves in their estimation of this author, of
 whom Maffei says—

"If Italy has offered our age a new Dante
 in Monti, she may boast a new Petrarch in
 the Cavaliere Ippolito Pindemonte, such is the
 sweetness, such the pensive harmony, that
 reign in his verses. . . . He and Monti are
 a glorious pair—two illustrious poets, who
 cannot be severed in a history of our litera-
 ture. . . .

"Ippolito Pindemonte, a scion of a noble
 and wealthy Veronese family, was born in
 Verona, November, 13, 1753. He acquired
 the elements of learning at the College of
 the Nobles, at Modena, where his Latin and
 Italian verses, and his skill in the arts termed
 knightly (*cavalleresche*), procured for his pic-

ture the inscription, 'Excellent in letters and in arms.' Such pompous eulogies only spurred him to merit them. Girolamo Pompei taught him Greek, in his study of which he often forgot the ladies who were waiting for him at the theatre or the dance. . . .

"In his twenty-fourth year he made a pilgrimage through Italy, and crossed the Straits to visit Sicily; whence, passing to Malta, he, as a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, went on board the galleys of the Order, to serve his noviciate. But he did not, therefore, neglect his favorite studies. . . . Returning to Verona, he greatly delighted in a country life. . . . From 1788 to 1790, he travelled through Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland, and England, where he knew, and associated with, the most renowned personages, and where he composed many of his poems. . . .

"In the year 1796 he retired to the territories of Venice, hoping thus to avoid the revolutionary hurricane, which, however, drew that sinking and decrepid republic into its vortex. Our poet then resolved to establish himself at Verona, deeming it a citizen's duty not to abandon his country amidst her throes and perils. During these arduous times he wrote or planned most of his works. . . . His translation of the *Odyssey* occupied thirteen years, and was only completed in 1822."

This excellent translation is, we suspect, one main reason of Pindemonte's being thus coupled with Monti by our historian of literature.

"Meanwhile Pindemonte saw death raging around him, robbing him of his dearest and most distinguished friends. Their loss deeply grieved him. He said, 'I ought to be satisfied with my lot: I have possessed a competency, passed a brilliant youth, travelled with great pleasure, and experienced no great calamities. One only misfortune has afflicted and continues to afflict me—that I have seen well nigh all my friends drop off one by one, and most of them in the prime of life.' Finally the deaths of Cesari and Monti plunged him into the deepest melancholy. As though his last hour had struck, he prepared for his great journey; and a cold having fallen upon his chest, he, in the night of the 17th of November, 1823, with sentiments of the most fervent piety, resigned his soul to God. All Verona attended his obsequies, and all Italy deeply mourned his loss. . . .

"On opening a volume of Pindemonte, we immediately discover that soft, pathetic, insinuating character which gives a peculiar coloring to his verses. . . . He was above all grieved at seeing the monuments of the arts carried beyond the Alps. Hence the following lines:—

"And you, whose pencils worthy were of Greece.

Titian, Correggio, Paolo, Raffael,
With art laborious as delicate,

Upon the living canvass light and shade
Blended ye but that strangers' walls might
boast
The fruits of your high genius?"

But it is from his tragedy of *Arminio* that we propose to take our specimen of Pindemonte's genius. Of this piece Maffei says:

"Not content with the laurels he had gathered in lyric and didactic poetry, Ippolito Pindemonte resolved to attempt the buskin, and published the *Arminio*, which Cesarotti ranks among the finest Italian dramas. In it we indeed admire characters well conceived and well supported, a natural and vivid dialogue, choruses dictated by a fertile fantasy, and a correct style. But a want of tragic enthusiasm prevented Ippolito's rising into celebrity as a tragedian."

To this criticism we need only add that the subject of the tragedy is the death of the great Cheruscan chief Arminius, (*Germanicè*, Hermann,) renowned for his victory over Varus, who fell in an attempt to make himself king, as mentioned by Tacitus; and that a chorus of bards, naturally finding its place, takes some part in the action. The catastrophe, as in most Italian tragedies, is thrown into narrative; and perhaps the most dramatic scene is one in which Balldur, the son of Arminius, and a somewhat rude lover of old German liberty, after vainly endeavoring to dissuade his father from his ambitious purpose, kills himself in his presence to avoid seeing that father a king. But this scene is too long to extract, and abridging were destroying its effect; we will, therefore, rather take part of an argumentative dialogue, which we think powerful and eloquent, between Arminius and his daughter's betrothed lover, Thelgastes, who may be described as an older, more cultivated, and more enlightened, as well as more polished, Balldur. Thelgastes, who is recently returned from an embassy to Rome, thus addresses his intended father-in-law:

"With grief and wonder do I hear it murmured,
That, for thy native land, whose liberty
Was erst thy glory, thou art weaving chains;
Ay, that the ever-hated name of king
To thee than other names now sweeter
sounds.

* * * * *

Arminius. I fought with Varus,—
And so I fought that since, in haughty Rome,
Ev'n lisping infants of Arminius speak.
New leaders crossed the Rhine. Whether I
lay
Inactive in the shade is known to all,
And known that, when Segestes moved his
Catti
To join the Romans, I—albeit in vain—

My young wife sent to change her sire's resolve;
And turned mine arms, that day, alas! unblest,
Against that sire, though in his hands remained

Thusneldis, who in chains was sent to Rome,
To my how frenzied grief thou know'st.
Thence judge

Whether of mine affections, fervid all,
My country's love be least. The gods more favored

My wars against the powerful Maroboduus,
Who fled for shelter to the Marcomans.
Why did I, like a sudden tempest, burst
Upon his head? No king the Suevi brooked.
But for a king if the Cheruskans feel
Eager desire, and it be freedom's right
At pleasure to appoint a single chief,
Shall I oppose their wishes? Is their choice
In me a crime? * * *

Thelgastes. The nation is not then by thee seduced?

Granted. But if the nation rush tow'ards ruin
In madness, call you him his country's friend
Its course who stays not? Dazzled by thy light,

More baneful as more splendid, to thy hands
Its all the nation trusts. Unchangeably
Wilt thou remain the same? I know Arminius

The leader, but Arminius sovereign,
Arminius free to act his will, I know not.

* * * *

Behold'st thou here those idle arts, the pride,
The boast of Italy? Those studies deep
That enervate the spirit, or those scrolls,
Learnedly written, that teach men to fear?
Let Italy declaim on virtue's laws;
To practise them is ours. Our arts, our sports,
Are still the bow, the race, to overleap
The highest fence, to swim the angriest stream,

And in the arduous chace weary the woods.
Rome moulds her own divinities, which,
sculptured

In gold or marble, she no longer dreads.
That chisel, which, profanely diligent,
In stone embodies Deity, we know not.
We think not in a fragile temple's walls
The heav'nly powers t' enclose. But who so cold

That, midst the forest's venerable horrors,
Or o'er the torrent's depths, feels not the God!

Observe our dwellings, separate, dispersed,
Lowly, unpolished, unadorned by aught
Save innocence. But what! The empty name

Of Germans will alone henceforth be ours.
Where thrones arise, life cannot long remain
Simple, austere, easily satisfied.

Then palaces and squares we shall possess,
And cities boast, although no citizens,
In quarried stones, unconsciously combined,
That proud and honored name does not reside.

It is the union of according wills,
And laws, whose justice curbs man's wilfulness,

That form the genuine city.

* * * *

Armin. Of thine experience I would ask, if useful

Of thousand lawgivers the slow assembling
Thou judge, when rapidly should peace or war

Be in just balance weighed? And I would ask,

Can warlike science thrive, where each armed man

On all decides?

Thel. We've one sufficient science.

Armin. What is it?

Thel. To dare all, and nothing fear.

Armin. I touch not that.

Thel. He wounds it mortally

Who robs the warrior of the freeman's rights.

* * * *

Armin. Must we then meet as enemies? Velanthis*—

Is she a bond of insufficient force

Our union to preserve?

Thel. Barbarian, cease!

With deadly wounds thine accents pierce my heart.

To my fond suit, when thou didst promise her,

Thou wast Arminius still. Wherefore not then

Confess that to thy soul a fame so pure,

So real, grew distasteful? * * *

Too terrible the battle we must fight,

Thou with Velanthis armed, with virtue I.

* * * *

Oh yet respect thyself! The radiant light
Investing thee quench not with thine own hand."

To this we must add, as a specimen of Pindemonte's lyric powers, a chorus; and, though some readers may think that the subject of the modern Petrarch ought to be love, we shall select one that appears to us peculiarly and happily characteristic, in which the elder bards lament their inability to take part in the battle that decides Arminius's fate.

CHORUS.

In us the martial flame is fading;

Feeble our arms, our steps are slow;
Midst blood and death, our brethren aiding,
No longer is it ours to go.

FIRST BARD.

Alas! how swift has flown
That brightly happy age,
When with my voice alone
I woke the battle's rage!

* The name of Arminius's daughter, the promised bride of Thelgastes.

I, who reclined in shady mead,
Can now but sing the hero's deed.

Then did this good right hand
Oft lay the harp aside
To grasp the deadly brand ;
This hand, which can but glide
Now languidly, with failing skill,
O'er chords scarce answering to my will.

Like the swelling wrath of a mountain river
That bounds, in the pride of its conscious
power,
So fiercely from height to height
That to dust the thundering waters shiver,
Then aloft rebound in a silvery shower,
Was my rushing in youth to the fight.

But now, little heeding
Mine earlier force,
My foot is receding,
And years in their course
Scatter snows o'er my head.

Though now broadly sweeping,
The Rhine thus shall wane,
And through swamps feebly creeping,
Scarce ling'ringly gain
Of old Ocean the bed.

SECOND BARD.

Life's latter days are desolate and drear ;
Man, wretched man, in early youth must die,
Or see the tomb enclose all he holds dear.

This world is but a vale of misery,
Where the poor wanderer scarcely hopes to
gain
One smile, for many tears of agony.

He sees death all around extend his reign ;
Here droops a brother, sickening day by
day ;

There fades a consort, there a child lies slain.
A grave at every step yawns in my way,
And mine incautious foot tramples on bones
Of friends and kindred, hastening to decay.

And kinsmen turn to foes ? Oh hearts, than
stones
More hard ! throw, throw those murd'rous
spears aside,

Whose slightest blows call forth your coun-
try's groans !

But, if this brother's battle must be tried,
May freedom's cause with victory be crown-
ed !

Or underground these hoary locks abide,
Ere I in fetters see my country bound !

THIRD BARD.

What deeds of high emprise
Did my youth's comrades share !
Feats of such lofty guise,
In later days are rare.

Ah those were gallant battles ! Those
Were fierce encounters, deadly blows !

Strong arms and hearts of flame,
These rival chiefs display ;
But the Cheruscan name
Declines from day to day ;

And vainly should we hope to view,
The son his father's fame renew.

But ev'n the bravest man,
Though high midst heroes placed,
Would scarce outlast his span
Of life, by bard ungraced ;
Nor would the stranger's earnest eye
Ask where the honored ashes lie.

The dazzling sun at eve,
When sinking in the sea,
No lasting track can leave
Of radiance on the lea ;
Such were the proudest hero's fate,
Prolonged not verse his glory's date.

CHORUS.

In us the martial flame is fading ;
Feeble our arms, our steps are slow ;
Midst blood and death our brethren aiding,
No longer is it ours to go."

Ugo Foscolo, of course, holds a high rank in the esteem of the Italian as also of the German critic ; and gladly should we extract their eulogies of an author whom we personally knew, and whose merits we always fully appreciated, even whilst the strange anomaly of his wild appearance, and yet wilder impetuosity of manner, in the aristocratically calm atmosphere of a London drawing-room, and of a drawing-room variegated and enlivened by the brilliancy of many a star, literary or artistic, called to our lips a smile that no sense of decorum could repress. But poor Foscolo's literary merits and faults, as well as his history, have already been so amply discussed in our pages,* that, although we are not to be restrained by every slight notice of an author that may have previously appeared therein, we can only recur to him *en passant*. Leaving this remarkable man, therefore, we shall now, ere we quit the field of poetry, exhibit our individual superiority over the Italian critics, in a quality in which it is the continental fashion to hold all Britons deficient, viz. gallantry, by immediately paying our respects to the ladies whom Maffei relegates to a page or two of his penultimate chapter. Here again, however, and for the reasons already alleged, we can extract only what he says of the most remarkable.

"Diodata Saluzzo Roero, in a poem entitled *Ippazia*, sang the extraordinary woman bearing that name, (*Anglicé* Hypatia,) who cultivated philosophy and mathematics at Alexandria, and died a Christian martyr. In her poem Signora Saluzzo developed all the doctrines that were in those days known

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. v. p. 335, and vol. ix. p. 312.

and taught, expounding the dogmas of the Magi, the Platonists, the Stoics, the Eleatics, the Epicureans, the Pyrrhonists, the Eclectics; the secret opinions of the Egyptian priests, with the ceremonies of Isis; and finally celebrating the dogmas and precepts of Christianity, whilst passing sentence upon the various heresies that had then arisen."

Need we add a word of this lady's more ordinary productions, i. e. novels, or rather tales, the proper English for the Italian *novelli*?

Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel, during the ephemeral existence of the Parthenopean public, adopted the profession, unusual to her sex, of a newspaper writer; and upon the fall of the republic, we are told—

"This lady, graced with every species of learning, and yet more with virtue, praised and even beloved by Metastasio, was sentenced, as the writer of the *Monitore Napolitano*, to lose her life on the gallows erected on the *Piazza di Mercato*, (*Anglicè* the marketplace.) When summoned to execution, she asked for her coffee, which she drank, and then walked forth with the mien of one superior to misfortune. Upon reaching the fatal spot, she began speaking to the people; but the executioners, fearing that a disturbance might be thus excited, with their cords put an end at once to her eloquent discourse and her life."

Again we are inclined to give a specimen not taken from Maffei. We happen to have met with the works of Teresa Albarelli Vordoni, of whom our author says—

"Her *Sermoni* (satires) in blank verse, her *Capitoli* (epistles) in *terza rima*, and her Sonnets, have received the hearty praises of journalists and critics, and gained her a distinguished place amongst the most celebrated Italian poetesses."

Now, as we think satire almost as unusual a female pursuit as newspaper writing, our specimen shall exhibit the playful feminine manner in which this lady wields the unfeminine lash. She begins her satires as follows:—

"Behold December come, bringing short days,
And evenings never-ending, dedicate
To sweet voluptuous delights,—or yawns.

* * * *

Alone, beside the blazing hearth, I sit,
Mine elbow on my knee, upon one hand
My chin supported, in a gentle doze,
Whilst ever and anon with t'other hand
I grasp the tongs or shovel, and the fire
Alternately heap up, arrange, or stir;—
Truly a jocund life."

Our fair satirist then tells us that her hus-

band, as a remedy for this listless condition, suggested that she should write; that she caught at the idea, but hesitated what style to attempt, when he, after some discussion, proposed satire.

"Ay, but as Gozzi could, dare I assail
The thousand poets of our tuneful days?
May I proclaim how those, in poetry
Who know but sound and metre, yet aspire
To the Castalian fount, sprinkling themselves,
From *Della Cruscan* bolter, with cant words
Of Tuscan obsolete, or toss and churn
Their half-filled heads? 'And who art thou?'
they'll ask;
'What wondrous proof of wisdom hast thou
giv'n,
That thou as our preceptress shouldst stand
forth,
Thus sputtering sentences?' A different
theme,
The battling of the learned, let me choose.
Haste we on these new gladiators' stage
To view the bloody fight, unwearying,
That entertains the literary mob,
Serving no further. But should I aver
That Criticism, high Genius' mother, once
Had docile sons, who thankfully obeyed
Her precepts, knowing such the surest means
To prosper in the service of the muse;
But that her living sons, now of ripe age,
Burst the maternal bondage, frowning fierce
On whoso dares reprove;—or durst I add
That slighted mother, Wisdom's consort erst,
Now a divorced and lawless wanton, yields
To each licentious paramour's embrace,
Whence now her speech no taste of reason
knows;
That for her sons, unnat'rally she spreads
A board with poison fraught, by Envy's
hand—
Envy, who, e'en beyond the sepulchre,
Pursues whoever is renowned as great;—
Will't not be said, 'A woman's pertness see,
She scarce has skimmed two volumes, yet
presumes
To censure censors! Wretched smatterer!
Better of caps and ribbons mightst thou
judge.'"

In case our readers should concur in this opinion, we will add an extract from her *Sermone* of *La Villeggiatura*, first explaining that *la villeggiatura* is the proper term for the annual very brief visit to the country, which every Italian inhabitant of a town, who has any pretension to be esteemed fashionable, must perforce pay:—

"They who but in imagination own
Palace or country-seat, at others' cost
Must ruralize. I share the general rage
For *la villeggiatura*. Where to go?"

A fashionable watering-place, with medical hot baths, being fixed upon, our poetess thus proceeds:—

'Let's go. Job-man, thou shalt have double fare,
 But be the coach commodious. This gay month
 Of summer, sacred to delight, disdains
 To harbor thoughts of base economy.
 With caskets, trunks, and band-boxes, the coach
 Is loaded, placed the servant and the dog,
 The husband too. Th' impatient job-man stamps.
 I'm ready. We are off! The city streets
 Slowly we roll along: delicate nerves
 May not endure their bustle. As we go,
 Glances o'er every passenger mine eye,
 Seeking, distinguishing, 'mongst vulgar crowds,
 Some one of better sort, who may report
 That I, no whit inferior to the rest
 Of Fashion's world—I, fitted to excite
 Envy in others—go amongst the sick
 In search of joy. Thus meditating, I
 From town depart; and, when of whips and wheels
 I hear the rattle, to the window spring,
 On my superiors' pomp admiring gaze,
 Or, with complacent pity, on the poor."

We now turn back to the prose writers, philosophers, &c. whom Maffei places next to the poets. Of these likewise the number, we scarcely need remind the reader, is so large, that we must again content ourselves with selecting a couple from the mass. Our own individual taste would naturally lead us to seek one of these in the class of historians, and the other in that of speculators in political or legislative theories. But we find no historian of sufficient celebrity to warrant the selection; and indeed we must observe, that Vincenzo Cuoco, the best of those here named, although his *Saggio Storico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli* (Historical Essay upon the Neapolitan Revolution) be highly praised by Maffei, who even gives an abstract of it, is, nevertheless, at least as much valued for his *Platone in Italia* (Plato in Italy), a philosophico-historical romance, as for his history of the rise and fall of the short-lived Parthenopean republic. And here we must pause to observe, that this Plato in Italy, although very much modelled upon the Abbé Barthelemy's *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis* (Travels of the younger Anacharsis), is here spoken of as an historic novel, analogous to those of Sir Walter Scott and his school; whereupon Maffei introduces the following remarks:—

"Having to speak of the *Platone in Italia*, an historico-philosophical romance, we must needs say something of this species of composition, which has risen to such fame, and gained Walter Scott and Manzoni such celebrity. * * * We think the historic novel an admirable device for making known the life and writings of any remarkable personage,

or any obscure period of history. The author of *I Viaggi di Petrarca* (Petrarch's Travels), by putting this illustrious Italian in motion, depicting him in the most brilliant epochs of his life, elucidating the history of the times in which he lived, and introducing him in the act of writing those very epistles that, under the title of *Familiar*, of *Senile*, and of *without title*, have so long lain dusty and neglected in the ponderous volumes of the Basle edition, has, in our opinion, rendered a signal service to literature. There is but one fault in the book that we could wish to see corrected—it is the making Petrarch speak, when the words ascribed to him are not upon record as having actually been spoken by him.

"Any supposed danger of mingling truth and fiction may be avoided by accuracy in quotation. It is thus that Manzoni gives notice when he speaks as a novelist, and when as an historian. * * * We confess it is by consulting the books to which this writer refers that we have become thoroughly acquainted with an historical epoch previously unknown to us."

On these very curious opinions we shall only observe, that we cannot allow Plato in Italy, or Petrarch's Travels, any more than the Travels of Anacharsis, to rank as historic novels; although we have no other title ready concocted for fictions designed merely as vehicles for the exposition of philosophical systems and political phenomena; a species of fiction which we dislike as much as we delight in the true Waverley and Ivanhoe genus; perhaps from a suspicion that it is treating us like children, sweetening the edge of the cup by a title-page announcing a novel, to cheat us into swallowing the black dose of abstract reasoning; when perhaps, for the express purpose of refreshing ourselves after such laborious abstract reasoning, we had, as we thought, opened a work of imagination.

But to return to the business of selection, from which Signor Maffei's views of the historic novel have diverted us. With respect to the political-philosophy class—of Gioja, whom we would fain have made our second choice, on account of the originality at least of some of his legislative ideas upon the subject of rewards and punishments, our author actually tells us nothing beyond the titles of his principal works, thus altogether foiling our idiosyncratic inclinations. Under these circumstances, we have no resource but to submit, and write of the men amongst those upon whom Maffei has bestowed more notice, who have most distinguished themselves, although in matters less congenial with our own peculiar tastes; and the names we select shall be those of Visconti the antiquary, and of him who has conferred upon physical science an instrument, the immense

power of which, however highly valued, is still, we suspect, very imperfectly appreciated—still, in fact, incalculable; need we add, of Volta?

We begin, following Maffei's order, with the antiquary, who seems to have been one of the rare instances of an infant prodigy who lived to verify, in riper years, the promise of his childhood.

"Amongst the erudite of our age, pre-eminent, giant-like, stands Ennio Quirino Visconti, prince of modern archæologists, a very prodigy of learning, and of critical acumen in judging the monuments of antiquity, in distinguishing the genuine from the spurious; who raised the dignity of antiquarian science by combining it with the study of the arts and of the ancient classics. He was born in Rome, on the 30th of October, 1751, the son of Giambattista Visconti, *Prefetto* (we confess our ignorance whether we should translate this old Latin official title, Prefect, President, or Guardian) of Roman Antiquities. So early did Ennio discover the singular perspicacity of his intellect, that, at the age of a year and a half, he was perfectly acquainted with the alphabet; and, being unable as yet to articulate the liquids and consonants, would point them out with his tiny finger in any book shown to him. At two years of age he distinguished on medals the effigies of all the emperors from Julius Cæsar to Gallienus. At three years and a half he read both Latin and Greek; at ten he displayed, in a public examination, a thorough knowledge of geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and geometry; and at twelve, in a more formal and solemn examination, he solved the most abstruse problems in trigonometry, analysis, and the differential calculus."

At thirteen, this modern admirable Crichton translated the Hecuba of Euripides, and the Odes of Pindar; to which last he appended a critical essay upon the great Greek lyricist, the mode in which he should be translated, the modern metre best adapted thereto, &c. &c. But the discovery of Pompeii, then yet recent, which revived the declining interest in Herculaneum—together with the concomitant or consequent excavations and explorations for antiquities in and about Rome—probably decided the pursuit to which his after-life was dedicated. In 1782, Ennio rather undertook for his father, than assisted him in, the letter-press destined to accompany and elucidate the engravings of the splendid Museo Pio-Clementino; and, upon that father's death in 1784, the superintendence of, and responsibility for, the entire work devolved upon the son. This occupation did not, however, by any means absorb the whole of Visconti's time or attention; every antique discovered, every museum collected by native or foreigner—statues, medals,

tombs, inscriptions included—becoming in turn the objects of his powers of investigation, explanation, appreciation, and description. To enumerate all these various antiquarian labors, as we find them in Maffei, would be too long for our space; it could, moreover, be interesting only to professed antiquaries, and they, of course, are well acquainted with the feats of this their distinguished colleague. But we must not omit what may show the peculiar character of Visconti's archæology; *i. e.* that from some for these remains, to others unintelligible, he derived the matter for a critical and historical essay upon pyromancy, or prediction by fire. In fact, Visconti gave to pursuits, usually deemed frivolous, a tone of dignity, and raised them to a station which they have been little accustomed to enjoy, save in those unenlightened times when all knowledge is esteemed marvellous. He himself has said;

"The science of the antiquary is not one of conjecture, but the fruit of a judicious study of the classics—of a diligent combination and comparison of monuments—of a cultivated and unquestionable taste in the fine arts—of a profound knowledge of the usages, laws, religion, and disposition of the ancients; a knowledge seldom unaccompanied by philosophy."

Upon which Maffei observes:—

"All these various gifts were united in Visconti, who has treated every different branch of archæologic science; whilst Buonarroti, Maffei, Winckelmann, and others were mostly contented with cultivating a single branch. He knew the Greek and Latin classics by heart; the lucidity of his intellect equalled the immensity of his erudition; his critical skill severed not merely the false from the true, but the true from the probable: exercising a just and convincing logic, he would, from two acknowledged truths, educe a third with wonderful ease and certainty. His demonstrations were brief, although he pretermitted neither text nor monument that might clear up his thesis; whence to him was applied what Montesquieu said of Tacitus, 'He abridges all because he sees all.'"

Visconti's reputation soon became European; and scarcely was any antique anywhere discovered, that was not immediately subjected to his critical inspection.

"The political storm growled around Visconti amidst his pacific studies. In 1797, General Berthier, at the head of a French army, entered Rome, established there a temporary republican form of government and at first appointed our archæologist minister for the Home Department, then, one of the five who composed the executive. Amidst the rage of war and the rapine of the sol-

diery, he displayed upon various occasions a resolute firmness not to have been anticipated from the placid man of letters. To an ambitious man, rapacious of wealth and honors, he said boldly, 'Look at the Tarpeian rock;' and the zeal with which he repressed the turbulent and the factious provoked the *Monitore Italiano*, a Milanese newspaper, to call him a *Moderate*; as though the practice of a virtue could be matter of reproach. At length he was obliged to resign his office, because, the French commissioners having presented to him the plan of a decree dishonorable to Rome, he indignantly bade them seek elsewhere for destroyers of his country."

Visconti's firmness does not seem to have injured him in the opinion of the French masters of Italy, for we find that,

"In December, 1799, he was named by the French government one of the managers, with the title of superintendent, of the museum then forming in the Louvre. He was afterwards appointed professor of archæology, conservator of antiquities, and a member of the Institute. All France rejoiced; and Millin and David said, 'Ennio Quirino is the finest conquest of the French in Italy.' * * *

"Having thus obtained the ease and tranquillity essential to give the scholar leisure to pursue his studies, he continued to publish immortal writings. * * *

From a careful examination of the famous Dendera Zodiac, he proved that, so far from dating, as had been commonly supposed, *one hundred and thirty centuries* before the Christian era, (thus invalidating the chronology of the Bible,) it must have been executed between A. D. 12 and A. D. 132 * * * Visconti's opinion is now generally adopted by the learned."

Again, we omit the catalogue of Visconti's labors and writings, and pass to what Maffei calls "the greatest triumph, the most glorious moment of Visconti's life; his summons by the English Parliament to pass judgment upon the Parthenon marbles."

We need hardly state that the antiquary was flattered by the value for his judgment thus evinced, or that he was delighted by the sight of these wonders of ancient art, of which he has said,

"The connoisseur who visits these sculptured marbles is certain that he looks upon many of those precious works which, conceived and directed by Phidias, and in part executed by his chisel, constituted during upwards of seven centuries the wonder of the ancient world, and in Plutarch's time were held inimitable for grace and beauty."*

* Lord Elgin has been so bitterly and generally censured for removing those marbles from Athens, that we cannot refrain from here inserting Canova's opinion of the act, as we find it recorded by

In Paris he continued to prosecute his antiquarian studies, and to write and publish their result, until the year 1818, when

"On the 7th of February, after long and severe sufferings, under which he was supported by his beloved wife, his two sons, imitators of their father's virtues, and many faithful friends, Visconti expired."

We now come to Volta, with whom we shall conclude. He is one of the illustrious individuals already mentioned as belonging more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century, and therefore misplaced in a volume of literary history, professing to treat only of those who have graced the first thirty-two years of the latter. But, as we do find him in the volume now under review, the profound respect we have long entertained for this great benefactor of science compels us to extract and abstract the information herein afforded respecting him, whether misplaced or not.

"Alessandro Volta was born at Como in the year 1745, of an illustrious family, highly distinguished amongst the Como patricians. From his earliest years he discovered an eager inclination for physical and chemical science, the principal phenomena of which, together with the discoveries in electricity, then in progress, he developed in a Latin poem, that still remains unpublished. But it was to the latter subject that he principally applied himself, and upon it he published two memoirs, the one in 1769, addressed to P. Giovanni Beccaria, the other in 1771, addressed to the Abate Spallanzani. * * * In consequence of these writings, Count Fir-

Maffei, who, in his account of the great sculptor, tells us—

"From the banks of the Seine Canova repaired to those of the Thames, in order to gaze upon the Parthenon marbles, respecting which he wrote as follows to Lord Elgin, on the 10th of November, 1815: 'Permit me, my Lord, to express to you my delight at having beheld in London the precious ancient marbles which you have brought hither from Greece. I cannot satisfy myself with again and again gazing on them, and, short as my stay in this capital is to be, I consecrate every possible minute to the contemplation of these celebrated relics of ancient art. I admire in them truth to nature, conjoined with the selection of beautiful forms. In them every thing breathes life with admirable distinctness, with exquisite artifice, but without the least affectation, the pomp of art being veiled with the most perfect mastery. The nude is real and most beautiful flesh. I esteem myself fortunate in having been permitted to contemplate with my own eyes these excellent performances, and should hold this sufficient recompense for having journeyed to London. Great is the obligation and gratitude, my Lord, that *amateurs* and artists owe you for having brought within their reach these magnificent, these stupendous, sculptures. I, for my own part, beg to offer you my thousand cordial thanks for the act.' "

mian, then governor of Lombardy, appointed him at first regent of the schools of his country, then professor of physical science at Como, whence, in 1797, he was promoted to the same chair in the University of Pavia."

We pass over Maffei's somewhat minutely detailed account of Volta's earlier researches, discoveries, and inventions relative to electricity, hydrogen gas, and the like, not because we esteem them of slight merit or value, but because at the present day, after the immense progress of physical science, in great measure through his instrumentality, and with the actual well-nigh universal diffusion of knowledge, we conceive the progress of information fifty or sixty years ago to be interesting only as a matter of history. We must state, however, that, at the time, the fruit of Volta's labor was esteemed of such value, that, upon his visiting England in 1792, he received from the Royal Society a medal struck in honor of his invention of an electricity condenser. We now proceed at once to that which Volta's learned biographer, Biot, has well termed

"The great discovery of the development of electricity from the mutual contact of bodies; a principle absolutely new and unsuspected, which Volta, through his consummate sagacity, discerned, which he established by a series of experiments skilfully and judiciously conducted, and from which he deduced an application so happy and so extraordinary, that this is, if possible, a yet greater discovery than the very principle whence it is derived."

The manner of Volta's discovering this new and important principle requires that the circumstances which led to it should be briefly mentioned.

"Luigi Galvani, born at Bologna on the 9th of September, 1737, dedicated himself to medical science, in which he made such proficiency that he was named professor of anatomy to the renowned Bolognese Scientific Institute (*Istituto delle Scienze*). He especially practised the difficult art of experimenting judiciously. * * * In the prosecution of his experiments, it chanced that some skinned frogs lay upon a table near the conductor of an electrical machine, and, one of the experimenters having accidentally touched the crural nerves of one of the frogs with the point of a knife, the muscles of the dead animal moved convulsively. Galvani, noting this phenomenon, repeatedly tried the experiment, and believed that he had discovered a new species of electricity, which he denominated animal. * * * He maintained it to be an animal law, and the discovery to belong rather to physiology than to any other branch of natural philosophy. But Volta undertook to prove, by admirably conceived and executed experiments, that this peculiar

electricity was no other than the ordinary electricity, produced or excited by the contact of the metals employed in the experiment. * * *

"Not only were the two Universities of Bologna and Pavia divided upon this question, but the whole of scientific Europe took part with either Galvani or Volta, and this last, unabashed by the great names enrolled amongst his adversaries, including that of Humboldt, demonstrated beyond dispute that, so far from the electric fluid being generated by the animal organization, it was merely a powerful stimulant, altogether extraneous to the nerves and purely metallic."

Maffei here enumerates all the papers, pamphlets, &c., that Volta wrote in defence of his own theory and in opposition to Galvani's; and this it is right that Maffei should do, inasmuch as he professes to write the history of the literature, not of the science, of Italy. But for ourselves, who are bound by no such ties of our own weaving, we care more for what the philosopher did, and to that we turn.

"Volta having ascertained by his experiments that this law of the development of electricity by simple contact was not confined to the metals, but applicable to all heterogeneous bodies, although in very different degrees of intensity, according to their several natures, availed himself of this principle most ingeniously to construct a new apparatus, which, through merely its immediate application, prodigiously increased the effects produced. This apparatus is called the *Voltaic pile*, or the *electric column*, or still better, the *electromotive apparatus*; and is capable of exciting a continuous electric current through all conducting bodies interposed between its poles; which current, being most potent to combine and decompose, is of the utmost use to chemical science."

It was with this pile of Volta's invention, but magnified and multiplied into a battery of intense, of even tremendous, power, that our own illustrious countryman, Sir Humphrey Davy, decomposed and reduced to their primitive elements the metals, the gems, the earths, the gases, indicated the identity of electricity and magnetism,* cleared up innumerable errors, and, it may be said, evolved the primitive elements of nature from their multifarious combinations and modifications;—discoveries that have indeed, given a new character to physical science and immortalized his own name, and of which the writer of this paper was an admiring though unscientific spectator in the theatre of the Royal Institution,—but discoveries which, however honorable to the genius that con-

* Since so ably followed out and established by Mr. Faraday.

ceived their possibility, and by admirably devised and executed experiments elicited them from the bosom of obscurity, must have remained unattainable without the means furnished by Volta. To him from this, surely not irrelevant, digression we return.

"This portentous machine was first described by its inventor in a French letter to Sir Joseph Banks, in which he shows the analogy between the new apparatus and the torpedo. * * * And afterwards in a memoir upon the identity of the electric with the Galvanic fluid. * * * Galvani could not read all these refutations of his hypothesis, having died on the 4th of December, 1798." [So that he, though celebrated in the volume on the nineteenth century, did not even see that century's dawn.]

"France, in some measure severed from the rest of the world by her external wars, knew nothing of the great discovery of Volta, until Buonaparte had, in the year 1801, triumphed anew over Italy. Then was Volta summoned by the conqueror to Paris, where he repeated his experiments upon the development of electricity by contact, in presence of a numerous commission from the scientific class of the Institute, deputed to witness and judge them. The experiments and their results were received with the admiration they deserved. * * * The First Consul proposed to confer a gold medal upon Volta, and one was, in fact, struck in his honor, bearing a bust of Minerva, with appropriate legends.

"Elected deputy to the *Comices* of Lyons, Volta left the banks of the Seine for those of the Rhone. Again he returned to Italy, there to receive all the honors and emoluments with which his native land sought to guerdon his merit. He was named a knight of the Iron Crown, a member of the Legion of Honor, a senator, a count. After the fall of the kingdom of Italy, the Austrian government appointed him director of the Physico-Mathematical Faculty of the University of Pavia. In the last years of his life Volta's mind was impaired, so that he could no longer advance or enrich his favorite science. On the 5th of March, 1827, he died, at the age of 82, lamented not only by his own country, but by all Italy, by all Europe."

And here we take our leave of Maffei; but cannot lay down the pen without expressing our earnest wish that he may cast aside his scruples about writing of those who may be capable of reading his opinion of them; or, what would be still more desirable, that Camillo Ugoni may give us a few more volumes, including the living literature of the nineteenth century.

ART. IX.—*Erinnerungs-Skizzen, aus Russland, der Türkei und Griechenland, entworfen während des Aufenthalts in jenen Ländern in den Jahren 1833 und 1834, von Legationsrath Tietz.* (Reminiscences of Russia, Turkey, and Greece, sketched during a residence in those countries in 1833 and 1834, by Tietz, Councillor of Legation.) 2 vols. 12mo. Coburg and Leipzig, 1836.

In giving some account of this work we shall take the same course with the author, and begin with Russia, because, notwithstanding all that has been written on that mighty empire, the subject is one of daily increasing importance, involving questions deeply affecting the future destinies of the civilized world. Without troubling our readers with half a dozen pages of common-place, which it would be as easy for us to write as unprofitable for them to read, without even giving on this occasion our own opinion of the reality of the assumed projects of Russian ambition, of the facility, or the difficulty, of carrying them into effect, of the real, or affected alarm with which they are viewed by some, and the unbecoming levity with which they are treated by others, we will merely observe, that, as the probability of such projects being entertained and attempted, and the chances of success, depend on the character of the sovereign whose uncontrolled will directs the energies of that assemblage of a hundred nations, differing in laws, languages, manners, and customs, but agreeing in unbounded veneration and implicit obedience to their prince, whom they almost regard as a Deity on earth; it is indispensably necessary towards forming a correct idea of the matter, to be acquainted with the moral and intellectual qualifications, the talents and the weaknesses, the virtues and the vices, of him who wields, whether for good or evil, so tremendous a power, and of those who are the elements of which that power is composed. Every account, therefore, coming from a respectable source, whether confirming or refuting preceding statements, is worthy of attention, and we shall quote from our author, (premising that he is a warm admirer of the Russians and of their present emperor,) various anecdotes and observations, illustrative of his opinions of both.

His first impressions at the view of the magnificence of St. Petersburg resemble those of most preceding travellers.

"On the summit of the winter palace a white flag, with the crowned double eagle, was hoisted, as an indication that the sovereign of the east, the eagle that, with protecting wings and piercing eye, watches over the

seventy millions of subjects in his immense empire, is in the capital; when the emperor leaves Petersburg the flag is struck."

We believe that this estimate of the population of the Russian empire (including of course the kingdom of Poland) at seventy millions, far exceeds the amount generally assigned to it. At least we do not recollect having seen any so high as even sixty millions, and we are inclined to think that the latest official reports do not make it exceed fifty-seven millions. But the Russian synod, which publishes the returns, gives only those of the members of the Greek church. We have been also informed, on good authority, that the returns of the Russo-Greek population are much below the mark, because the nobles, having to furnish a certain quota of recruits according to the number of their vassals, are not very accurate in the lists which they give. But, whatever the real amount may be at the present moment, the very rapid increase of the population must in a few years raise it to seventy millions and more. In the year 1834 the returns to the synod give the births and deaths of members of the Greek church as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------|
| <i>Births.</i> —Males. . . . | 979,877 |
| Females | 928,801 |
| Total. | 1,908,678 |
| <i>Deaths.</i> —Males. . . . | 657,822 |
| Females | 635,176 |
| Total. | 1,292,998 |
| Excess of Births | 615,680 |

"There is, perhaps, no sovereign whose character has been so misrepresented as that of Nicholas, an observation, however, which applies only to foreign countries, and to a certain period, giddy with notions of liberty. He is adored by his people. What a truly noble-minded man this prince is, he has proved on numberless occasions during his reign, and the cry of moles, working in the dark, is by this time pretty well reduced to the ridiculous nothingness to which it appertains.

"Even the person of Nicholas is truly imperial, inspiring awe, and yet exciting confidence. A well-proportioned vigorous body, above the ordinary stature, bears a head which seems to be formed after the noblest antique models. A slightly curved nose, a smiling mouth, and a blue eye, which beams with mildness united with austere dignity, beneath the high forehead shaded with light hair, give the countenance a friendly, and yet a serious cast. I was one day walking with a stranger just arrived at St. Petersburg, when we met the emperor in his little one-horse droschki, and, stopping a moment, respectfully saluted him. The emperor looked

very stedfastly at us, on which I observed the countenance of my companion suffused with a deep red. On my inquiring what was the matter with him, he owned that the emperor's look, which he could not call severe, had, however, confused him. He had felt that if he cast down his eyes his embarrassment would cease, and yet he had not been able to turn his looks aside from the emperor's majestic figure. I must observe that the person to whom this occurred was not a revolutionary Pole with a bad conscience, or a poetical visionary, but a very plain man. The Russians, even the common people, who are accustomed to look upon the Czar as their father, and therefore seldom call him any thing but 'our good father,' as they do the empress 'our good mother' are more bold. I have sometimes seen, when the emperor was going through the streets on foot, in his plain green uniform, and without any attendants, old Russians, with their long beards and in their national costume, familiarly approach the sovereign, and state their concerns to him, on which the emperor appeared to give them a kind answer, with which they departed well satisfied.

"The foundation of the great moral energy and firmness which the emperor has so frequently manifested in imminent danger proceeds from a firm reliance on God, who has saved and protected him when death insidiously menaced his life. It is well known how, in the rebellion which broke out on his accession to the throne, he remained for hours, without fear, amidst the troops of the rebels, and at length, only when all his expressions of mildness and clemency were disregarded by them, had recourse to rigorous measures. An officer in the ranks of the rebels, who declared on the trial that he had sworn on the host to murder the emperor, confessed that, at the moment when he laid his hand on his pistol, an incomprehensible power had hindered him from executing his purpose. A look of the emperor's, which accidentally met him, while addressing the rebels, had at once unnerved and disarmed him.

"When on the breaking out of the cholera at St. Petersburg the frenzy of the people manifested itself in the most frightful excesses, and at length proceeded to the murder of the physicians, whom they fancied to be the authors of that dreadful disorder, the emperor, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, hastened to the Haymarket, where a furious crowd was collected. He addressed them with a menacing voice, and, when some began to complain of the poisoners, as they called the physicians, he commanded them to fall upon their knees and ask pardon of God for the wickedness of which they had been guilty: and, as if thunderstruck, thousands sunk down, and with tears implored God and the emperor to forgive their error.

"The cholera had appeared in Moscow and spread universal terror and consternation. People scarcely dared to approach the sick for fear of infection. Suddenly the emperor arrived early one morning in that ancient cap-

ital of the Czars; he repaired first of all to the church, where he prostrated himself in fervent prayer before the altar of the Lord. He then proceeded fearlessly to the cholera hospital, and, taking one of the most dangerous of the patients by the hand, spoke words of comfort to all of them, and exhorted them to rely on the support of the Most High. 'I am come,' said he, 'to share sorrow and affliction with my children, with whom I have so often shared their joy.'

"In July, 1833, just before the great fête in the palace and garden's of Peterhof, the emperor received information from Paris, it is said from Louis Philippe's own hand, that some of the Polish fanatics in that city had resolved to go, under false names, to St. Petersburg, and during that fête, when perhaps a hundred thousand persons assembled in the park, to assassinate the emperor. It was generally believed in St. Petersburg that, after the receipt of such intelligence, the fête would be countermanded—but this was a mistake. The emperor even gave orders, that on that day no police officers should appear at Peterhof, and, accompanied only by his brother-in-law, Prince Albert of Prussia, he rode through the park in all directions, welcomed by the people, who trembled for the life of their Czar, with a frenzy of joy. Till late in the evening the emperor was seen with his family amidst the crowd, viewing the splendid illuminations, and many of those sanguinary assassins were probably present, as was proved by several arrests on the following day. Not the slightest trace of apprehension appeared in the countenance of the emperor. He had thrown himself on the protection of that higher power which shielded him.

"As a proof of the spirit of this pious resignation, we may quote the words which he spoke when the empress and the royal family at Berlin implored him, in the autumn of 1834, not to pass through Warsaw, that focus of ingratitude and treachery. 'I am in the hand of God. He has numbered my days—if I fall it must be his will. His will be done,' was the reply that the truly great monarch made to his family. When he reached the frontiers of the kingdom of Poland, he dismissed the troops which had been assembled for his protection, and, accompanied only by his faithful attendant, Count Benkendorf, travelled through the whole country to Warsaw. These traits of the character of the emperor are true, and yet ignorance ventures to insult such a monarch, and to stigmatize him as a tyrant, and Heaven knows what besides. Persons of sense may judge by this what they are to think of the yelping of the world-reforming revolutionists: to take the field against them, in order to convince them of their error, would be labor in vain.

"How the emperor has thought and acted towards his adversaries, who have injured him, the following anecdotes will show. On the breaking up of the camp of the cadets near Peterhof, in the summer of 1833, when they were invited to table by the emperor, he introduced two of them to the empress, saying

to her, this is the son of General —, who fell in my service at the storming of Warsaw, —and this is the son of Colonel —, who died gloriously fighting against my troops, in the brave defence of the fortifications of Wola. I have promised to supply the place of a father,—do you therefore be a mother to them. This is the same emperor respecting whom the French journals fabricate the most ridiculous fables of the banishment of poor Polish children to Siberia, and which certain German journals credulously repeat after them.

"The emperor was informed that General S—, who was concerned in the Polish revolution, and had lately died at Paris, expressed his regret on his deathbed that his body would not be buried in his native land. The emperor immediately gave orders for the body to be conveyed to Poland at his own expense. A considerable pension was granted to the family of the deceased for life, and handsome presents sent to the daughters of the master of the house at Paris, where the general had lodged, and who had attended him with the greatest care to the last moment.

"Nicholas is a great sovereign, and at the same time a good father and husband. The domestic happiness of the imperial pair is not obscured by the slightest shade. The empress is a most amiable woman, a majestic and handsome figure, worthy of the consort who is most devotedly attached to her—a circle of fine children surrounds them.

"The emperor's eldest son, Alexander, now seventeen years of age, appears likely to resemble in personal and mental qualifications his illustrious father. Of the goodness of his heart there are many instances. As he goes out every day, advantage was taken of this to present to him innumerable petitions, and as there were probably many among them that could not be attended to, and the good nature and the purse of the prince, and, if they were insufficient, those of the emperor, were misapplied, the latter forbade the prince to receive such papers in future on his excursions. In spite of this prohibition, the prince one day brought home a petition, for which the emperor, on his presenting it, reprimanded him. The prince, then twelve years of age, replied, 'A poor officer crippled by his wounds, whose pension is scarcely sufficient to buy dry bread for himself and his numerous family, seeing that the authorities refused to make any addition to his income, applied to me, to submit to you, his emperor, through me, his humble request. In this case it was my duty to transgress your prohibition, and the really poor man, who has fought and bled for you, will certainly not be dismissed from your throne unheard.' The emperor embraced his son and desired him to follow in future only the feelings of his heart towards the unfortunate. A considerable addition was made to the officer's pension.

"As we are here giving characteristic sketches of the members of the imperial family, we must not pass over the emperor's

brother, the grand duke Michael. He too is a handsome man, but there is a gloomy expression in his countenance. He is very generous, almost more so than his finances will allow, and especially to officers and soldiers. The following anecdote will show that it is not for the sake of public praise. An officer of the artillery, which is under the command of the grand duke, came from a distant garrison to St. Petersburg to receive money for his regiment. On his way back, passing the night in a small town, he was so thoughtless as to go to a gaming table and lose part of the money entrusted to him. In despair he hastened back to Petersburg, proceeded to the palace of the grand duke, and requested the aide-de-camp to obtain a hearing of his imperial highness, but without mentioning his name. The grand duke, being very busy, desired the aide-de-camp to inquire what the officer wanted. After some hesitation, the latter confessed his fault to the aide-de-camp, and said he was come to beg the prince to lend him the sum, to save him from inevitable disgrace. When the grand duke heard this, he rose angrily, and was going to the adjoining apartment to the trembling offender; when he reached the door he suddenly turned back—gave the sum to his aide-de-camp, and desired him to tell the officer that he did not lend him the money, but gave it to him—that he did not know him, and would not know his name—that he could not be saved a second time from a disgrace caused by his own fault, and therefore he should take care to reform.

* * * "During my stay in Russia, it gave me great pleasure to observe the national peculiarities of the common people. A circumstance that immediately strikes a stranger is the dexterity and docility of the Russians. Thus it is well known that the regimental bands are composed of young peasants, who perhaps had never before even seen the instrument upon which they, in a short time, attain great perfection. The leader of the band says to the recruit, 'You are to play on *this* instrument,' and a Russian does so. The most remarkable instance of this aptness at learning, is the celebrated horn-band, now in England. The natural talent of the people for music and singing, certainly has its effect; for a song is the inseparable companion of the Russian. Whatever he may be doing, he sings, chiefly slow airs, in a minor key.

* * * "A friend of mine, who had apprenticed several of his young peasants to mechanics and artists in St. Petersburg, employed one of them to paint a saloon for him, the ceiling of which was so admirably done as to excite the astonishment of connoisseurs.

"How many tools does a German carpenter take when he goes to his work? The Russian has nothing but an extremely sharp hatchet sticking in his girdle, and with this he executes every thing, even the carved ornaments of the wooden buildings. If he wants a plumb-line, he ties his axe to a piece of string, and this answers all his purposes just

as well. When I lodged in the *Hôtel de Londres*, I often looked for hours together at the erection of the booths intended for the festivities of the carnival, and could scarcely conceive how the fellow, merrily singing all the time, could execute with his hatchet alone all the variety of carved work which adorns the gable-ends and the balconies of the booths.

"The Russian possesses extraordinary presence of mind, which often borders on rashness, and, if you point out the danger to which he exposes himself, he replies very coolly '*Neboss*,' Never fear. On the erection of the Alexander column, one of the rollers employed on the occasion caught the hand of a workman, and threatened to drag his whole body under the enormous mass, which must have crushed him to atoms. A Russian carpenter, seeing the imminent danger, snatched up his sharp hatchet, and, crying *Neboss*, cut off the arm of the sufferer at one stroke. The man who had in this dreadful manner suffered amputation was conveyed to an hospital, where he speedily recovered. The emperor has given both to him and his resolute surgeon an annual pension of 500 rubles."

We have no room for any of the author's descriptions of the various fêtes and amusements of the Russians, of which, besides, accounts may be found in the works of preceding travellers, but we take some passages from his description of the promenade to the park of Catherinenhof, on the 1st of May, which resembles, in many respects, the promenade of Longchamps at Paris, and that of the Prater at Vienna; all intended to welcome the return of spring.

"The empress, with the princesses and their ladies, takes part in this as in all other popular festivals, as well as the emperor and the princes, who appear on horseback. The fête seems to be contrived to give people an opportunity of displaying their new equipages, which drive slowly up and down the great avenue for hours together, the pedestrians collecting in the road between the two lines of carriages to see the company, or to exchange a few words with ladies of their acquaintance in the carriages. Among the people who are dispersed over the extensive park, and fill the well-furnished ordinaries, &c. you see many persons in singular costumes, from all parts of the empire. I was particularly struck with the Armenian princesses, in their half Oriental costume, with a kind of diadem on their heads, and long white veils, who since the country has submitted to the Russian government, live at St. Petersburg, where they have apartments in the Winter Palace, and receive considerable pensions from the Russian crown. I was much amused with a Samoiede, a crooklegged little fellow, about three feet and a half high, with a flat, wrinkled countenance and black bristly hair. He wore high boots of undressed reindeer skin,

and a short scarlet coat, fastened round his waist with a bright tin hoop. A silver medal, with the effigy of the emperor, was hung round his neck. I had seen him before at the masquerade in the Winter Palace, at New Year, and heard that he had been sent by his people to submit to the emperor some matter concerning their tribe. It was probably on this occasion that he received the medal. To judge by his jumping and capering, he was highly delighted with the novelty of the scene, and his dwarfish figure formed a strange contrast with the broad-shouldered colossal subaltern officer of the guard who led him about, as appointed to wait on him. When the emperor saw him, he rode up to him, and conversed with him for a few minutes. His puppet-like clapping his hands and capering seemed to indicate that he was telling the emperor how much he was amused. Two Persian monks also, in their long dark robes and high pointed caps, walked gravely among the crowd. I heard the following particulars of their visit to Petersburg. At the beginning of April, 1833, two strange figures were found, at day-break, sitting on the steps of the Winter Palace. They were asked what was their business, but appearing not to understand the Russian language, only repeating several times the word *Czar*. Here they remained unnoticed by the people, (who are accustomed to see strangers of all kinds at Petersburg) till about eleven o'clock, when the emperor came out of the palace, to go as usual to the parade. The strangers bowed their knees to him, and addressed him in a language unknown to him, but which was understood by one of the aide-de-camps, who had made the campaign in Persia, and learnt the language of the country. This officer interpreted their address, which was of the following tenor. 'The strangers were Persian monks, who had heard of the glory of Russian *Czar*, and of the clemency with which he had treated the vanquished Persians. Their only wish had been to see the great monarch once in their lives. They had therefore left their homes, and had journeyed on foot for many months through the strange country, but were now rewarded for all their trouble. They had seen the emperor and would now return home; the recollection of this hour would brighten the remainder of their days.' The emperor invited them to remain longer in the capital, and gave them an officer to attend them, with orders to make their visit as agreeable to his guests as possible. They received valuable presents, and were subsequently sent home at the emperor's expense.

"At the beginning of May there is a review, in the square called the Field of Mars, of all the guards, amounting to 50,000 men. At seven o'clock in the morning the troops begin to be drawn up, part in the square itself, part (the artillery, for instance) in the adjoining streets. The windows of the palaces that command the square are gradually filled with spectators, as well as the Summer Garden, which is separated from the square

only by a narrow canal. At eleven o'clock the Emperor arrives, with his brother the Grand Duke Michael, and the Imperial Prince Alexander, surrounded by a crowd of aide-de-camps, and rides down the ranks, which receive him with a morning salutation, to which the emperor replies, 'I thank you, children.' Then comes the empress, with the princesses and the younger princes, and their ladies in open carriages, and take their places next to the canal of the Summer Garden. Meantime the diplomatic body arrive on horseback, and station themselves next to the equipages of the empress. The emperor, after riding along the ranks, comes to the same place, and salutes the empress and the foreign ambassadors, among whom he particularly distinguishes the Prussian (at that time General Schoeler), and the Austrian, Count Fiquelmont, whose lady is honored with the friendship of the empress. A short time before this review the French chargé d'affaires had said that the horses of the Russian cavalry were bad; which was a genuine French lie, as most of the horses of the guards cost not less than 1000 rubles, and are not excelled by any other cavalry, even the English. The emperor had heard of this expression, and when this fine cavalry defiled before him, he turned to the Austrian ambassador, and said, smiling, 'What think you, Count Fiquelmont, would my bad cavalry horses be able to bear the march to Paris?'

We will not determine whether the Frenchman, who was close by, was much edified by this question.

"On a sign from the emperor, the aide-de-camps gallop off in different directions, and the masses of troops begin to move. The infantry files off first, the bands of the regiments being ranged on the side near the emperor. It is a noble sight to see these athletic figures pass in close ranks with firm step; they have given ample proof in the late wars that they are not merely soldiers for the parade. I was most pleased with the Pawlosk regiment of the guards, which retains the old-fashioned brass caps. The first division of the cavalry was that of the Circassians, consisting of 300 men; they are inhabitants of the Caucasus, who, though they have often submitted to the Russian government, have taken every opportunity to resume their natural savage disposition, and to harass the Russian troops stationed in their country. The government has now adopted a plan to attach them to it. Three hundred of these Circassians are sent to Petersburg, where they form a division of the guards, retaining their national costume and arms. Being very well treated, and receiving high pay, (the private has twenty-five Prussian dollars, near four pounds sterling, per month,) their residence in the capital is very agreeable. At the end of three years they are relieved by three hundred others, and on their return to their native mountains cannot sufficiently praise the good treatment they have experienced, which naturally gives their countrymen a favorable impression of the Russian govern-

ment. This plan has had the desired effect ; and nothing has been heard of their predatory incursions for some years past."

The author enumerates the other regiments of cavalry, the artillery, and, lastly, the pontoneers, with eighteen flat-bottomed boats, each on a wagon drawn by eight horses, followed by other wagons, with the beams and planks necessary for laying down a bridge.

"Soon after this parade, May, 1833, we read in the French journals, and after them in some revolutionary papers of Southern Germany, a strange story to the following effect: 'An officer of the guards, animated with the idea of delivering the world from the Emperor Nicholas, that oppressor of liberty, fired a pistol at him at that parade. The shot did not take effect, and the noble-hearted martyr was immediately cut down by other officers.' The countless multitude of French lies of this kind, and the repetition of them by the German preachers of liberty, are as ridiculous as the ermine mantle, which the demagogue Behr, now confined in the prison of Munich, had made for himself as future *Duke of Swabia*. It is not worth while to contradict this fable. I was myself about twenty steps from the emperor at that parade, and neither saw nor heard any thing of the pistol-shot of the French journal. The only accident that occurred was the falling of an artillery horse; it requires a lively imagination to transform this into an attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia."

The author here inserts some anecdotes of the personal bravery of the Russians, which are too long to be inserted here, and the less necessary, as the valor and perseverance of the Russian soldiers are generally acknowledged.

"A great deal is done by the government for the scientific education of young men intended for officers in the several Corps of Cadets, in the Superior Engineer and Artillery Schools, the Corps of Marine Cadets, the Pilots' Schools, &c. There are in the Russian Empire the following Military Schools :—

| | Cadets. |
|--|---------|
| The Corps of Pages | 168 |
| The First Corps of Cadets | 697 |
| The Second Corps of Cadets | 702 |
| The Emperor Paul's Corps of Cadets | 500 |
| The Moscow Corps of Cadets | 638 |
| The Emperor Alexander's Corps of Cadets | 429 |
| The Tambov Corps of Cadets | 102 |
| The Toula Corps of Cadets | 90 |
| The Noble Regiment | 897 |
| The School of Neplujeff, in Orenburg | 50 |
| The Superior School of Engineers | 160 |
| The Artillery School | 182 |
| The School for Ensigns and Subalterns of the Guard | 102 |
| The Imperial Lyceum at Czarskojeselo | 50 |

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And for the Marine—

Cadets.

| | |
|------------------------------------|------|
| The Corps of Marine Cadets | 402 |
| The Cadets of the Pilots | 300 |
| The Cadets of the Black Sea Pilots | 222 |
| | 924 |
| Total, | 5691 |

The following is the amount of the several corps of the army :—

| | |
|--|---------|
| Infantry, including the Guards and the Military Colonies | 450,000 |
| Garrison Battalions | 50,000 |
| Invalid Battalions | 50,000 |
| Artillery, including the Garrison Companies | 40,000 |
| Engineers and Workmen | 18,000 |
| Cavalry, including the Guards and the Military Colonies | 95,000 |
| Train | 10,000 |
| Cossacks and Irregular Cavalry | 90,000 |
| Total, | 803,000 |

"Though I saw with great pleasure a naval review at Cronstadt, in which the evolutions of the fleet were directed by the emperor himself, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to give an opinion. Recent events have shown the glory which the fleet has acquired under the Emperor Nicholas, who annually devotes large sums to increase and improve it. Its co-operation at Navarin, and in the campaign of Field-Marshal Diebitsch against Turkey, the capture of Anapa, and the expulsion of the Turks from the Black Sea, have gained it well-earned reputation. What might the situation of the Turkish Empire now have been, had not a Russian fleet anchored in the Bosphorus in 1833, and protected Constantinople against the rebellious Ibrahim Pasha?

"The latest accounts state the Russian navy at 54 ships of the line, 35 frigates, 10 bomb vessels, 22 cutters, 50 galleys, 500 gun boats, 500 row boats, and 25 fire ships; in all 1196."

Our author speaks in terms of great commendation of the measures adopted for enlightening the people, especially of the department of the minister of popular instruction, under the direction of a native Russian, M. Uwarrow, President of the Academy of Sciences, who is well versed in most branches of learning, and most ardent in promoting its interests.

In the Oriental Museum, under the direction of M. von Adelung, the author saw a large collection of Indian and Persian paintings, which, for the drawing and brilliancy of coloring, may be called masterpieces.

"Among them is an almost contemporary

portrait of Gingiskhan, which M. Adelung intends to have lithographed. It has the following inscription in Arabic. 'Portrait of the late Timur Khan, the Turcoman, drawn in the year 1020 of the Hegira, (1611 of our era,) by Sadiki Beg Efschar. The most humble of servants, Monin Mansour, obtained possession of it in the year 1095. May it be fortunate.'

Here our author seems inadvertently to confound Gingiskhan and Timur; nor does it appear how a portrait of this date, even of the latter, can be called nearly a contemporary portrait.

Though the author seems to have travelled by land from St. Petersburg, he says not a syllable of any part of the empire through which he passed; his next chapter, commencing with his departure from Bucharest, on the 27th of December, 1833, gives an account of his journey from that place across the Balkan to Constantinople. His picture of the extreme misery and moral degradation of the inhabitants, the idleness and filth of the lower orders, the rapacity and tyranny of the Bojars, contrasted with the beauty and fertility of the country, is calculated to excite the most painful feelings.

"A Wallachian village," says he, "is the non plus ultra of the most disgusting filthiness and wretchedness, and consists of holes dug in the ground, over which there is a roof formed of poles, seldom covered with straw, but generally with turf. . . . To obtain provisions in such a village is not merely difficult but impossible. I could get nothing fit to eat, even by paying a high price for it. The postmaster could not give me even a bit of bread, and advised me to smoke a pipe if I was hungry. The common Wallachian is lazy, because he knows that he shall not be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his labor, but that they will be taken from him under various pretexts by the Greeks, the farmers of the Bojars, who are the lords and masters of the truly pitiable peasants. These Greeks in Wallachia and Moldavia are the most good-for-nothing *canaille* on the face of the earth, and the Polish Jews, who cheat and plunder the peasants in Poland, are beings of a superior order in comparison with them. The Wallachian, therefore, lives from hand to mouth, regardless of the past and the future, with little more of human nature about him than the form. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe where nature is more kind and productive, but none where moral corruption, degradation, and slavery are greater than in Wallachia and Moldavia. Under a good prince, solicitous for the welfare of his people, these countries would probably be highly prosperous and flourishing."

Of his intercourse with the Pasha of Rudschuck, he says,—

"We sat, therefore, quite at our ease with the pasha, in whom we found (a rarity among the Turks) a very talkative man, and, unless we must place it to the account of the interpreter, one who made at times very sensible observations. As we came from St. Petersburg, he asked many questions about the Emperor Nicholas, his character, his domestic habits, &c., that sovereign being now highly esteemed by him, and by all the Turks, for the truly imperial magnanimity which he showed to the vanquished. We gratified the curiosity of our host to the best of our ability, since the recollection of so many admirable traits in the character of Nicholas could not but be agreeable to ourselves."

The Bulgarians are very different in their character from the Wallachians.

"They are," says our author, "a good-tempered people, not idlers and sluggards, like the Greeks, industrious, attached to their religion (the Greek), and hospitable in the highest degree, as we experienced on all occasions. Their language resembling the Russian, we were able to converse with them, and learned that they are mildly treated by their masters, the Turks, they being the only industrious cultivators of the soil in Turkey. The Bulgarian men are a robust, tall, vigorous race; the women beautiful, the form of their face and features resembling that of the woman of the Greek islands, and their general figure and stature the fine forms and proportions of the Turkish women. Their beauty is heightened by their tasteful, fanciful costume."

The description of the passage over the Balkan is interesting. The highest point (that over which the author passed) is about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. Though it may be supposed that the general road for travellers is the most convenient, it is represented as extremely dangerous, and in some places so narrow, that it was necessary at a turn in the road to fire a pistol, as a warning to travellers coming in the opposite direction to halt, before they entered the narrow pass where two horses could not pass each other.

"The great fatigue of this ride," says M. Tietz, "only increased my admiration of the energy and perseverance of the Russian soldiers. If not by this road, yet by similar impracticable paths, where a single horseman can scarcely proceed, Diebitsch, contending with nature and with a brave enemy, had boldly led a whole army, with horses and artillery, animated by the confidence of his great emperor. He who has seen the Balkan thinks Napoleon's passage over Mount St. Bernard a trifle in comparison, though his contemporaries have so highly extolled it."

We pass over the author's description of

his journey to Constantinople, the occurrences of his visit in that city, and an excursion to the coast of Asia Minor. The observations on Constantinople are not remarkable for novelty; the author speaks favorably of the Turkish character, and notices in particular the more tolerant spirit which they now manifest. Thus, having obtained a firman to visit the interior of the mosque of St. Sophia, he and his companions remained there, even while the Turks were celebrating divine service; they stood aside, it is true, but they were not in any way molested or noticed. He even affirms that a certain degree of intolerance, for instance, towards Germans, is more evident in Paris and London than in Constantinople to an individual who is not a Mussulman. The Russians, however, are, it seems, the favorites, and a stranger who is asked what countryman he is, may be certain of the most friendly treatment if he answers *Ben Moskof*—I am a Russian.

After remaining only a week (from the 6th to 13th January, 1834) in Constantinople, the author embarked on board a Russian lugger which Baron Rückmann, the Russian chargé d'affaires, had appointed to convey him to Napoli di Romania, where he arrived, after a very favorable voyage, in three days.

We hardly know what to say of the hundred pages which the author devotes to Greece. He appears to have come with no favorable idea of the character of the people or of the country; even at Constantinople he says—speaking of the honesty of the Turks, who are very different from the *noble-minded* Greek, who will swear ten thousand times by the Mother of God that he is an honest man, and laugh in his sleeve when he grossly cheats you—the Greeks proverbially boast “a Greek will overreach ten Jews,” and they are in the right. And again, “I was glad that the south wind continued, for I was much pleased with Constantinople, and had no mind to arrive so speedily in the classic land of Greece, where the *shortest residence is incontestably the most agreeable*.” On arriving at Napoli, he says, “Our doctor (a German), a very accomplished young man, declaimed passages of the *Odyssey* in Greek, and was transported at the idea of treading the classic ground of Greece. N. B. He had never been in Greece before. Three weeks later his enthusiasm had vanished, and he longed for the moment when the ship should return to Constantinople.” What he says of the filth of the streets, the want of accommodation, the extravagant price of lodgings, &c., may be, and we believe is, in a great degree, true, but we do not like the spirit in which it appears to be written. There is a

levity of expression which, to our feelings at least, is offensive.

“Before the revolution, the plain between Napoli and Argos was adorned with plantations of olive and orange trees; now it is uniformly almost a desert. During the war, the Turks cut down the trees, ‘that the fruit might not be gathered by the infidel Greek dogs.’ What escaped them was cut down by the Greeks, ‘that the fruit might not be gathered by the infidel Turkish dogs.’ All in honor of the faith. Now nothing is planted; so nothing grows, and Allah and God no longer perform miracles to make something out of nothing. Nobody expected the regency to do this, but as it received sixty millions of francs from the three great powers, it might have planted, that Greece might one day reap.”

The author is throughout dissatisfied with Count Armandsparg and the regency and their measures; he censures the trial of Colocotroni for a conspiracy to overthrow the government and his condemnation as highly unjustifiable, and speaks with contempt, and even sneeringly, of Mr. Masson, who conducted the trial. He takes every opportunity of decrying the English, and Mr. Dawkins, the resident, and his friend Mavrocordato, “whose sole object,” he says, “from the moment of his arrival in Greece, was to throw Greece (of course for a weighty consideration) into the hands of England, to which it would be very welcome as a valuable addition to the Ionian islands, Malta, and Gibraltar.”

We do not mean to say that the author has no ground for the censure which he passes on many measures of the regency, its too lavish expenditure of the money advanced by the allied powers, its maintaining a military force on a very extravagant scale, with a number of officers sufficient for a corps of 10,000 men, while the real number of men was only 4,000, the almost exclusive employment of Germans, &c., but there seems to be a hostile feeling, which renders it difficult to discover when we can rely on his having spoken impartially. He adverts in high terms of praise to the good intentions of the young king, but is extremely surprised at two measures which have been adopted since the king assumed the government; these are the appointment of Count Armandsparg to the post of Chancellor of the kingdom, with a salary of 40,000 drachms; and the removal of Colletti from the post of minister of the interior. These two thoroughly antinational measures he attributes to the king’s counselors, who have done him no service by their recommendation. “The highest place next to the throne should be filled by a Greek,

And what real merit entitled this foreigner to it? The loan of sixty millions of francs has been spent during the two years that he has been president, and without any real advantage to the country. Let this suffice!" For a more correct idea of the affairs of Greece, we would refer our readers to the work of M. von Maurer, reviewed in our thirty-second number. We might quote a few pleasant anecdotes and well-written passages, but we have already devoted more space to the work than we intended. As we think it highly probable that it may be translated into English, we cannot refrain from expressing our hope, that the translator will have the good taste entirely to omit some passages most outrageously offensive to decorum, where scenes are mentioned without one expression of abhorrence, the bare remembrance of having even witnessed which should cause the cheek to burn with the blush of indignation and shame.

We will conclude by stating that the author does justice to the Greeks in respect to their calm fearlessness of danger, and to their very great temperance and abstemiousness, the latter, it is true, in no very civil terms; when speaking of their vegetable diet, including thistles and all sorts of weeds, he quotes as a proverb, that "A Greek grows fat where an ass starves."

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- ART. X.—1. *La Battaglia di Benevento: Storia del Secolo XIII.* (The Battle of Benevento: a Tale of the Thirteenth Century.) Dal Dottore F. D. Guerazzi. 2 vols. 12mo. Parigi. 1835.
2. *La Madonna d' Imbevere.* (Our Lady of Imbevere.) Di Cesare Cantù. Milano. 1835.
3. *Giovanna Prima, Regina di Napoli: Storia del Secolo XIV.* (Joanna I. Queen of Naples: a Tale of the Fourteenth Century.) 12mo. Milano. 1835.
4. *Scene Istoriche del Medio Evo d'Italia.* (Historic Scenes of the Middle Ages in Italy.) 8vo. Milano. 1835.

It were needless here to reiterate our former professions of the interest we take in the progress made by Italians in that branch of light literature which is held to be more especially and peculiarly dedicated to the recreation of the gentler half of the human race, and which assuredly often proves acceptable to women who would shrink, in humility or mental indolence, from severer stud-

ies. It is a branch in which the literature of Italy was singularly deficient, although abounding in works of entertainment, works of extraordinary wit and fancy, inasmuch as that wit and fancy have been allowed to run riot in such directions as preclude the works in question from constituting the amusement of females, the preservation of whose purity of mind, is an object of sedulous care. This is one chief cause of our interest in Italian novel-writing; which interest, albeit not so lively as to induce the reviewing, or even the reading, of every new Italian work of fiction that appears, draws our attention to every new writer who, with any degree of success, attempts the line; and upon the present occasion we have thought a cluster of four such writers sufficient to claim the allotment of some few of our pages to an examination into their merits.

Yet, in thus grouping the four works, the titles of which head this article, we have been mainly influenced by respect for the opinions of our Italian brother-reviewers, who are pleased, though of course speaking of them separately as they were published, to call them all Historic Novels—a designation that, according to our system of literary nomenclature, can be claimed only by the first couple. The last two are decidedly neither historic novels, nor historic romances; nor are we, in fact, acquainted with any comprehensive or generic denomination which the canons of criticism, a sort of Herald's College of Literature, could assign to them. They belong not, as far as our knowledge extends, to any recognized and established literary genus; but neither can they be considered as conjointly discovering or founding a new one, for they are as dissimilar to each other as to all hitherto admitted classes or orders of literature. Each is as completely *sui generis* as the ornithological quadruped rejoicing in a duck's bill and an unrememberable name, or any other of the zoological anomalies of Australia.

The respective merits and demerits of the component parts of the heterogeneous lot, may however, be deemed by the reader of more importance than their scientific classification or nomenclature; and to these we now turn. They were first introduced to us by the eulogies lavished upon them by their compatriot reviewers—eulogies of which the exaggeration cannot but appear superlative to the countrymen of Sir Walter Scott. We were prepared for disappointment when we should read them, and therefore were not by that disappointment blinded to the real merit that entitles them to our notice; to say nothing of the claims resting upon the originality of species of those two which may rather

be termed novelties than novels. We shall say something of each in its turn, though we cannot of course give an analysis of, or extracts from, each, beginning with the last-mentioned brace, respecting which we flatter ourselves that our readers may feel some curiosity, and which, we confess, are more attractive in our eyes than mere novels, that offer more promise of future than positive present excellence.

Signor Giacinto Battaglia, himself the editor we understand of a well-reputed Italian periodical, (*L'Indicator*, The Indicator,) as also a contributor to the witty *Figaro*, seems to be perfectly aware of the nondescript character of his *Giovanna Prima*, since in his —what shall we call the preliminary pages that are neither preface, advertisement, dedication, nor any other of the ordinary prefixes? let it be—address to the reader—he says, “This is neither a story nor an historical romance; it is a book, nothing more than a book, and God knows what a book!”

The reader may ask, is it not biography? and the question will be best answered by stating the nature of “the book.” The author has taken the history of Giovanna as he found it in Giannone, without apparently troubling himself to seek additional information in less generally known or more circumstantial sources; but he has written only of the last few months of her stormy reign and existence, merely referring now and then to her youth. This alone proves his work to be no *Life of Giovanna*. Neither is it a novel, for he has not added a single fictitious incident to idealize or heighten the interest of the matter of fact, thinking probably that the plain tale of the fate of the unhappy queen, plotted against, dethroned and murdered, by her unprincipled and ambitious nephew, Carlo di Durazzo, to whom she had been as much a mother as an aunt, is abundantly tragic. But may not “the book,” then, be called a *History of Giovanna's Fall*? No, courteous reader, no; a history it cannot be, for not only has the author invented conversations, as held amongst the various real personages and imaginary subordinates brought forward, to a degree so far exceeding the supposititious speeches and arguments put by old historians into the mouths of their personages, as to be inadmissible save in works avowedly of fiction; he has further imagined feelings as actuating his personages, and producing, or contributing to produce, the real events. This last invention, it will be allowed, excludes “the book” from the province of Clio, and it moreover oppositely illustrates the objectionableness of such a nondescript species, or at least of this one. An ardent, jealous, and subsequently relenting, love is represented

as the motive impelling the elderly Duca d'Andria to conspire against the queen, then passed the mature age of fifty, and married to her fourth husband, that fourth husband being the object of the enamored duke's jealousy. Such emotions, thus abruptly presented to us, are absolutely ludicrous, although possibly we might have slightly sympathized with them had we seen the rise and growth of the noble conspirator's passion. But the growth and development of passion is no object of Italian dramatists and novelists, who prefer painting it at its height, in all its most startling violence—a taste belonging, we apprehend, quite as much to the southern temperament as to the prevalent revolutionary appetite for strong excitement. Perhaps, however, the desired end might, upon the present occasion, have been attained with less expenditure of patience and metaphysics, by giving, in this same way, two portions of Giovanna's life—its beginning and its close. Had the author painted the misery of the youthful queen with the brutal husband of her girlhood, Andreas of Hungary; the mode in which she incurred the suspicion of complicity in his murder,—of which Battaglia assumes, and we firmly believe in, her innocence, although for reasons that we have no time to urge here;—the long persecution of which that suspicion was rather the pretext than the cause;—and the splendor of her court after she had, upon a regular investigation, been formally acquitted by the pope;—the reader might better have understood the jealous duke's feelings, and would certainly have felt more deeply for the hardly treated and often-wedded queen.

But enough of Giovanna Prima and Signor Battaglia. Indeed it may be asked why we have at all noticed a work so full of fault. We have done so because, notwithstanding the faults, we discern in the author sufficient talent to render criticism a hopeful, if not a pleasing, task. He may not always conceive characters justly, but such as he conceives them he paints them well: in Giovanna, for instance, the union of queenly dignity and masculine fortitude with the softest tenderness; and his sketch of Margherita, the fond, innocent, amiable wife of the crafty usurper Durazzo, little as we have of her, is sweet and touching. His bad characters please us less, as tending to caricature, though Isernia is not ill done. We should like to see Battaglia, with due labor and preparation, attempt the legitimate historical novel. To biography he seems to us less adapted; gladly, however, if he will force us to recant this opinion, shall we make the *amende honorable*.

But we must not quite dismiss Sig-

nor Battaglia without making one observation upon his language. We are well aware that all continental languages are just now in such a course of progression as renders dictionaries of some years standing nearly unserviceable; but Signor Battaglia appears to be a radical reformer, who, not content with adopting, borrowing, or devising new words, uses old ones in new senses, with a boldness that we have not remarked in any other Italian writer of the day; as, for instance, to take one out of many, he constantly employs the verb *chiarire* where we should have looked for *dichiarare*, much as if we should substitute to clear for to declare, and say he was *cleared* a rebel. Our criticism on language must, however, be of course advanced with due deference to the judgment of Italian critics.

The *Scene Istoriche*, the only one of these four works published anonymously, is, as before intimated, a production as dissimilar in character to *Giovanna Prima* as to such an historic novel as *Ivanhoe*. It is, we think, a better conceived species, and we shall be glad to see more Scenes, although Historic portraits or Sketches might have been a more appropriate title, inasmuch as the nameless author's graphic powers far transcend his dramatic. He has selected for the subjects of his Scenes four historical personages of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and has so painted or sketched them as to produce pictures illustrative of their times. These personages are a friar, a traitor, a baron and a prince.

The first of these, the friar, by name *Frate Giovanni*, a Dominican, we have long considered as one of the most remarkable moral phenomena of the Middle Ages; but, having no room for the particulars of his history, we must refer our readers for the motives of our admiration to Sismondi's able and interesting, though, to use an American epithet, somewhat lengthy, history of the Italian republic. Here it will be enough to say that, amidst the unbridled passions, the incessant wars, private and public, which distracted the petty republics and petty principalities of Italy during the thirteenth century, Frate Giovanni went about preaching peace and Christian charity, and, by the sheer force of his sacred eloquence, compelled the fiercest nobles, the most unruly democracies, the most virulent factions, to make peace; and the women, it is averred, to reform such parts of their toils as offended the moral or economical sense of their enthusiastic monitor. But adequately to delineate Frate Giovanni would require, besides a master's hand, some portion, if but a single spark, of his own earnest eloquence; and we have said that our anony-

mous scene-painter, though by no means wanting in talent, is deficient in dramatic, and we may add, in oratorical, genius; wherefore this, the best chosen, is not the best executed, of his scenes. It may be added, that the drama or portraiture is incomplete. Our author neither exhibits to us the change unfortunately wrought in the successful preacher's mind by the absolute authority to which that success elevated him, nor the final result of his exertions, though we have an intimation that the peace he effected was short-lived. We speak not this as derogatory to his merits, for, upon the admitted principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, we allow the shortest peace to be better than uninterrupted war. But there is a mean employed by the fair to effect the peace, respecting which we are more dubious. He is represented as prevailing upon a lovesick maiden to sacrifice her passion, and marry as was requisite to obtain her family's assent to the peace; and we think we are entitled to require of the author who acquaints us with this hazardous experiment that he should inform us of its result; and, if the enamored Italian's virtue chanced to fail in the long-enduring trial to which the enthusiastic friar exposed it, that he should further inform us whether Frate Giovanni felt remorse for having driven a frail fellow-creature into temptation, or rested content upon the rectitude of his intentions.

We turn from *Un Frate* to another *Scena*, less intrinsically interesting, but highly characteristic of the times, and in which the author has been far more successful—we mean *Un Barone*, in which we are presented with the death of one of the lawless robber-barons of the Middle Ages. As there is no story, we need give little more than extracts.

“During the first half of the fourteenth century, the Lord of the Castle of Pietramala, and head of the potent family of the Tarlati, was the terrible Pier Saccone, a keen partisan in the political factions of the Tuscan towns, a fierce Ghibelline, and the most formidable of the country nobles, those perpetual enemies of the free communities. * * * A daring, indefatigable captain, Pier Saccone was likewise the most sagacious contriver of stratagems and surprises, and the most dexterous leader of a skirmish. At upwards of ninety years of age, he still fought gallantly on horseback at the head of his soldiers, despising the inclemency of the season, the hardships of a camp; he would ride night and day to achieve a surprise, or to ravage and pillage an enemy's domains.

* * *
“Pier Saccone had now completed his ninety-sixth year, and at this advanced age suffered from no malady, no infirmity. His bodily vigor seemed to be invincible, but his

spirit to be enfeebled, his indomitable energy to be failing. He seldom quitted the family rooms, no longer visited his horses, no longer heeded his own weapons, or took care that his foot-soldiers and men at arms, who swarmed at Pietramala, kept theirs in proper order. He spoke seldom, and then harshly and abruptly; society, even that of his sons, seemed irksome to him, and he no longer smiled at the sallies of his fool. Only Arrighetto di San Paolo, the most trusty minister of his stratagems, the most approved and wary master of military guile, was always permitted to bear him company. This sudden change, at his advanced age, was considered as a sure sign of approaching death.

"In the castle of Pietramala there was a spacious hall, in which the Tarlati family was wont to assemble, where guests were received and banquets held, and where, after the tables were drawn, the inmates of the castle passed the long winter evenings together, warding off listlessness by some game, or some more serious occupation. Here, for the most part, whilst the ladies busied themselves with embroidery, the men formed a circle round the immense hearth, telling stories, laughing and shouting at some jest of the fool's, or boasting each of his own feats of arms.

"On the 15th of February, 1356, the snow fell fast upon the Appenines, and the inhabitants of Pietramala seemed to be sunk in lethargic despondency. Pier Saccone sat before the fire in a vast arm-chair; Arrighetto di San Paolo stood beside him, and the wife of Marco Tarlati, the eldest son, was seated a little further off, by a window. The wrinkled face of the aged Baron was pale, his bending body leant heavily against his chair, his bald forehead hung low, nor from under his bushy gray eyebrows was seen the glitter of his flashing eyes—they were closed. * * * Suddenly Pier Saccone raised his heavy eyes, turned them first to the window, then to Arrighetto, sighed, and said, 'What a miserable day! What a melancholy, intolerable winter! I feel the frost in my very bones!'

"My Lord,' replied Arrighetto, 'after the snow will come sunshine; after winter, spring; and you will be stout again.'

"Stout again?' rejoined the surly old man, as if offended at words that denoted a suspicion of his debility. 'Stout again! Dost think me enfeebled because I remain sitting here? * * * But this year's snow is quite intolerable. * * * Come, Arrighetto, come, say something to cheer me.'

"I was thinking, Messer Piero,' said Arrighetto, 'that this snow, which so annoys you, would be mightily useful to any one who had a surprise to attempt; for in this rough weather every mouse will be in his hole, asleep and unsuspecting; and how softly the soldiers would tread on the snow, unheard, and be in the nest before a soul was aware of them.'

"Thou art the cunningest robber I know,' returned the Baron, trying to smile. 'But

thou sayest well; I know how well thou sayest; for here is a great thought brooding,' and he pointed to his forehead.

* * *

"He had tried to rise, but, finding it difficult, called to his daughter-in-law to give him some comforting drink. Having drained a large pitcher of pure Montepulciano, (an Italian wine,) he appeared to recover his natural warmth."

With the aid of Arrighetto's arm, the drooping veteran now achieves a walk through his castle, rating his troopers by the way for their neglect of their unfurnished arms, and reaches his stables.

"There he patted and caressed the proud front and ample chest of his favorite charger, who neighed for joy on recognising his indomitable rider. * * * But, as he left the stables, the over-wearied old man fainted in the arms of Arrighetto and his sons, who carried him back to his arm-chair by the hall fire. * * * All surrounded him; the sons supporting their father's head, the daughter-in-law bathing his temples with spirits, the chaplain feeling his pulse, and awaiting the return of his senses, to offer the old lord spiritual comforts.

"Rest and heat gradually revived the aged Ghibelline; little by little he opened his eyes, rolled them slowly around, and perceiving where he was, and how anxiously his children and friends were tending him. At first he looked upon them affectionately; but to this kindly emotion succeeded irritation at the consciousness that life was failing within him, and that those who surrounded him knew it. Angrily he asked why they were all pressing upon him. * * * 'Old Tarlati is not yet in the death-throe, Sir Priest,' said he to the chaplain. 'They have deceived you, if they called you in my name. Other business than death and shrift have I. Pier Saccone is alive, and those shall soon know it who are little thinking of him. But another draught of Montepulciano, Bice,' to his daughter-in-law, 'for I am still very cold.'

Old Tarlati now dismisses all but his eldest hope, Marco, no youth we should imagine, and Arrighetto, to whom he gives instructions for surprising, according to the suggestions of the latter, a castle belonging to the Bishop of Arezzo, that prelate being of the hostile family of the Ubertini. Marco obeys; and, accompanied by Arrighetto di San Paolo, leads forth his band, no one knows whither. The old baron refusing to go to bed, the household sit up; and, as the night wears away, the impatient planner of the enterprise despatches messenger after messenger, including his second son, Lancilotto, to look out for tidings of the secret expedition. At length—

"the doors of the hall opened, and the two

sons of Pier Saccone entered. * * * Marco Tarlati was pale, and humbly he advanced towards his wrathful parent, seemingly not daring to look up at him. Beatrice was advancing to embrace her husband, but, seeing him in such evident distress, she stopped half-way, confounded and disheartened. Amidst the silence and confusion of all present, Pier Saccone raised his haughty front, and said, 'Marco, if thou returnest a conqueror, why comest thou not to thy father's arms?'

"Marco advanced a step, then paused, as in perplexity and affliction. Pier Saccone now looked at him more sternly; then, dropping his head and extended arms, said, with a sigh, 'I understand; thou comest home defeated.'"

In fact, Castel di Gresso had proved far more strongly garrisoned than was anticipated, because the reverend bishop, disdaining as boys the probably gray-headed Marco and Lancilotto Tarlati, was preparing to profit by Pier Saccone's expected death.

"In accents faltering with rage, the baron resumed: 'The Ubertini have then triumphed over the Tarlati?'

"Marco, now taking heart, replied: 'Father, we found them two-fold our numbers, and were repulsed.'

"And Arrighetto, where is he?' resumed the old man. 'Would he hide his shame from me?'

"Arrighetto!'—Marco began, but dared not go on: Pier Saccone insisted.

"Well: what of Arrighetto? Where is he?'

"Arrighetto,' said Marco, in unsteady accents, 'was slain in the affray.'

"Arrighetto slain!' yelled Pier Saccone, in a choking voice, 'and thou returnest alive to Pietramala?' * * * Suddenly he bowed down his head, inwardly and moaningly murmuring, 'Woe's me! The honor of the Tarlati is gone! Woe's me!'

"This said, his frame appeared to be nervously convulsed, and, with a violent and universal shudder, the dissatisfied veteran tolded his arms upon his breast, remaining silent and motionless as a corse, and giving no other sign of life than the breath which painfully heaved his bent chest. * * * All present fancied him dead; and Marco accused himself as the cause of his father's death. * * * The priest attempted to feel the baron's pulse, but he snatched away his arm, hollowly but wrathfully uttering. 'Away, all of you! Let me not have so many witnesses of the Tarlati's shame. Away!'

"All withdrew, save the son, the daughter-in-law, and the chaplain, who remained at a distance, watching the old baron, as he sank into his former silent immobility. * * * The chaplain drew near, and saw that he slept. * * * At length, Marco softly approached his father. He stooped down to look at him, and saw his eyes no longer closed in sleep, but wide open, fixed, extinguished. His shriek

called his brother, his wife, and the chaplain to his side. Pier Saccone was dead!'

We now come to the works which we acknowledge as legitimate historic novels; and for one of these, *La Madonna d' Imbevere*, a few words will suffice, although its author, Cesare Cantù, is both a writer of decided talent and one of our Italian brethren. Let not the reader however suppose that, in revealing this fact, we are betraying the disclosure of confidential intimacy; we know no more of Cesare Cantù than any reader of the *Raccoglitore* may; for be it known to the British public, that Italian reviewers censure not and praise not incognito, but more frequently sign their articles than put them forth anonymously. *La Madonna d' Imbevere* is a short feudal tale, designed, it should seem, to explain the origin of a merry-making, still annually held in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on a certain day of September, in the neighborhood of a sylvan chapel, consecrated to her as Our Lady of Imbevere. It is a pretty and interesting but very slight tale, displays most of the faults of continental feudal tales—of which we are about to speak more at large—and affords little or no picture of the manners of the age. It might almost induce a suspicion that Signor Cantù our esteemed brother, has not studied the character of the times that he professes to delineate very assiduously, certainly not *con amore*.

La Battaglia di Benevento is a work of loftier pretensions; and its author Dr. Guerazzi, appears to possess in a very considerable degree the power, one of the most essential to a novelist, of giving an individual reality to his characters, as he conceives them, and in like manner to his scenes, although neither are touched off so succinctly and dramatically as to be, in the taste of the present day, striking. Still we think that Dr. Guerazzi, like Cesare Cantù, if he will endeavor to correct those faults which, though seemingly inherent in, are, we trust, not inseparable from, the continental school of the historical novel, may prove as successful an historical novelist as any of his now living and active competitors.

The faults to which we allude are,—Ist, The taking an unfair view of the times meant to be depicted, by omitting, we apprehend not seeing, the good that mingled with and relieved the undeniable evils of feudalism; 2dly, An exaggeration of everything, faults, virtues, manners, feelings, character, and especially energies,* almost amounting to

* M. de Balzac makes an army *march night and day*, an effort that we think even Napoleon would hardly have required without post-horses and carriages.

caricature; 3dly, A minuteness in describing and dwelling upon the *materiel* of the age, carried to such an excess, that these descriptions, instead of merely furnishing the scenery and costume of the drama, the background of an historical piece, assimilate the novel to a still-life picture, with a few figures superadded; 4thly, A sort of baldness, a want of poetry, of imaginativeness and idealizing in the dialogue, and even in the conduct of the personages—a fault, by the way, which is yet more striking in modern Italian comedy;—and, lastly, a strange deficiency in the high tone of moral feeling, which renders fiction, that is not professedly didactic, instructive, and often a valuable instrument in the great work of the cultivation of the human heart.

Turn we now from this consideration of the school in general to Dr. Guerazzi, who, by the above-enumerated faults, grievously deteriorates the effect of his real talents. A very brief statement of the story, or rather of the nature of the story, of *La Battaglia di Benevento*, with a few extracts from one scene, will, we think, sufficiently illustrate both the merits and demerits of the novel, and with these we shall, for the present, take our leave of the living novelists of Italy.

The portion of history selected by Dr. Guerazzi is one replete with political and romantic interest, namely, the overthrow of Manfred, King of the Two Sicilies, the legitimated son of the Emperor Frederic II., by a combination of domestic treachery with unjust foreign invasion. Manfred has been most oppositely depicted by Ghibelline and Guelph historians, and our novelist aspires to blend and temper these opposites into one romantic whole; he adopts almost every atrocious accusation brought against Manfred by his Guelph revilers, including parricide and fratricide, merely softening down the charge of incestuous adultery into a simple matter of *crim. con.*; whilst he, at the same time, invests him with the Ghibelline halo of genius, refinement, and heroism, exhibiting him as a great and good man, steadily and resolutely struggling against the flood of overwhelming calamity, and, what is perhaps yet more morally anomalous, as an excellent and idolized husband and father. The love-tale superadded to, and well interwoven with, the cabals and treasons that enabled Charles of Anjou to conquer Manfred, is the passion of the Swabian-Sicilian monarch's foundling, or at least nameless page, Rogiero, for his daughter, the Princess Yole. The page proves, in the end, to be a natural son of the royal Lothario, Manfred, by the deceased Countess of Caserta, and to have been reared by the outraged husband with

the fiendishly vindictive purpose of making the son the instrument of his revenge upon the father; in which the count so far succeeds, that Rogiero is duped into becoming the willing medium of communication between the traitorous nobles and Charles of Anjou; though, being afterwards partially undeceived, he fights stoutly for the father of his beloved Yole. Of such a story it is needless to say that the catastrophe is death; though it may not be so superfluous to relieve the reader from any apprehension of unconsciously guilty happiness in the loves of the half-brother and sister, Rogiero and Yole; Manfred once indeed takes their hands to unite them; but, struck by some unexplained feeling, changes his mind, and tells them their union is impossible. We will now give the promised extract, though the character of our Doctor's writing is ill adapted to be appreciated by extracts. The scene which we select shall exhibit Manfred's remorse, and his character in some other points, or rather Guerazzi's management of their exhibition.

“Manfred—I know not whether he were virtuous—he was great. Disinherited of power by his father's sin, he had devoted his every thought to acquire power;—between his hand and the sceptre were four lives, all sacred (father, brothers, nephew); he had put forth his hand and grasped it. * * *

“Alone, in a spacious apartment, adorned with the effigies of his forefathers, Manfred sat upon a Saracenic couch, his face buried in the pillows;—but for an occasional panting start, he would appear to be asleep. * * * Now he rises impetuously, takes a couple of strides, and pauses—he points his right hand upon the table—rests his weight upon the left leg, across which he throws the right, resting the extremity of the foot upon the pavement*—his eyes are fixed immoveably upon the ground—his lips quivering;—the blood passes over his face like a sea-wave, whence now it appears on fire, now deathly pale. He turns in terror—strains his gaze on that part of the chamber which the silver lamp upon the table scantily illumines, and prepares for flight; then, calling up his courage, he advances—recoils—rushes desperately forward, and touches the object of his alarm. It should seem that the indistinct light, to his excited imagination, converted all objects into insupportable phantoms.”

The king extinguishes the lamp, and a dreadful thunder-storm arises;—

“A flash of lightning—the eyes of Manfred are unconsciously turned towards the portrait of his father Frederic. The red light seems to kindle the picture with momentary life:

* Is not the style of this description characteristic of a nation in which the graphic arts reign pre-eminent?

the eyes roll, glistening in blood; the lips move for words of fire. Woe to Manfred had that vision lasted longer than the flash—his brain must have turned, his heart have burst. * * *

"A sweet prelude upon a lute soothingly reached his ears. His soul heeded it not. * * * The tones were accompanied by a voice melodious with secret sadness;—it awoke all the bland recollections, all the soft affections, that dwelt in the heart of Manfred; his head slowly sank into his hands, he wept. * * *

"In a remote apartment Queen Helena, having dismissed her ladies, sat alone with her children, Yole and Manfredino. Together they had prayed for pardon and for peace; and, as their orisons ended, the storm had begun. The noble Helena concealed her sense of the inauspicious omen, and playfully strove to encourage Yole, who clung to her, and the boy Manfredino, who, seated on a stool at her feet, had placed one of her hands over his eyes, that he might not see the lightning.

* * *

"A door opens, and the eyes of all three are fixed upon the spot—Manfred appears, clad, contrary to his custom of always wearing green, in black mail, so that his person is lost in the equally black void of the open door. His face was disordered and pale, his hair stood on end, the eyeballs glared immovable, amidst a horribly dilated white of the eye; he seemed still under the influence of a frightful dream. With loud shrieks, his children, dreading that some great calamity had befallen him, rushed towards their father.

"I will defend myself!" exclaimed Manfred. "Would you assassinate your father, as —? Is it for you to condemn me. Crime expiates not crime. Must vengeance be eternal in my house?"

"Father! Husband! Father!"

"These words must indeed be powerful in the heart of man, since they had force to recall Manfred from his agony of terror, and make life delicious in the aspect of his family. Little Manfredino had clasped his left leg, the kneeling Yole had clasped one hand, which she covered with kisses, and Queen Helena was inviting him to her bosom, as to a secure asylum. Overpowered with fondness, he raised and kissed his children, then flew into the arms of his affectionate wife.

"When he had thus tasted the cup of joy, Manfred said, 'In truth I believe, ye dear ones, that fate sends me anguish, in order that I may afterwards inebriate myself with your caresses. But heard I not music here? I came to be soothed with harmony.'"

Yole sings a melancholy ballad; then Manfred sings—improviso, we conceive—one of crimes similar to his own, and drops exhausted into a seat. His wife and children encircle him in loving silence.

"A low knock at the door recalled them from this painful state. Manfred motioned

with his right hand to his family to resume their places, passed his left over his brow, as though to remove all traces of suffering; and thus restored to regal majesty, he said, in a steady voice:

"Come in.—How, is it you, Alberico?" he added, seeing the master of the esquires, who, presenting his head at the half-opened door, seemed desirous of further encouragement to enter—"Come in boldly, Sir Alberico."

"Sir King," said the master, coming forward, and bowing round to the royal family—

"Well, Alberico, what is the matter? What would you?" asked Manfred in kindly accents, for he now felt the necessity of securing the attachment of his followers.

"Sir King, a knight has presented himself at the palace-gates, who earnestly desires to speak with your Grace. I told him this was no fitting hour to disturb you; but he insists, alleging that his business is urgent, even importing life and death."

"His name?"

"He will neither tell it, nor show his face; he is clad in foreign armor, but bears no weapons of offence."

"Who asked you of his weapons? Where is he?"

"In my apartments, that he might be the less seen."

"Helena, Yole, Manfredino, fare ye well," said Manfred. "Ye see what the glory of a throne costs. It claims even the few happy minutes which every other man may enjoy to satiety in the bosom of his family."

The summons is from a knight (Rogiero), who, remaining unknown, comes to reveal a plot, and conduct the king to surprise the conspirators. To this agreeable avocation, however unkingly in our eyes, Manfred dedicates the remainder of the night, and fails, inasmuch as the conspirators understand their business, and have means of escape undreamt of by Rogiero. And it was necessary that they should thus escape, or Manfred, contrary to history, must have remained King of the Two Sicilies. The scene of their escape, and Rogiero's disappointment, is dramatic enough; so is a subsequent one, when the ringleaders boldly attend the council summoned to consider the means of discovering the unknown conspirators. But, as before said, and as shown in the preceding extract, Guerazzi produces his effect by such numerous small touches, in the obsolete Richardson style, as give incredible reality to his personages, but are most unfavorable for extracting. Besides which, we have already given to this group of Italian historical novelists all the space we had allotted, and can spare them.

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ART. XI.—*De Paris à Naples, études de Mœurs, de Marin, et d'Art.* Par A. Jal, Chef de la Section Historique au Ministère de la Marine. Paris. Allardin. 1836. 2 vols. 8vo.

M. JAL professes to have "*la monomanie maritime*;" in fact, his predominating passion is for anything naval. No spectacle, to him, is to be compared with the sea and the vessels which sail over it; no ceremony is so attractive as a launch; though an ardent admirer of the fine arts in general, no picture is so interesting as that which represents a ship, or a port, or a sea-fight; his antiquarianism is employed upon the same objects, and the figure of an ancient hull, the description of the rigging of a Genoese man-of-war in the days of her republic, an old Venetian gondola new-painted, are things not to be passed over. The sea and the coast guide him in the choice of his route, and, when he arrives at a port-town, the spot at which we find him commencing his operations is invariably the quay. With every one, therefore, who has the *monomanie maritime*, or any tendency that way, this book will be an especial favorite. But the merits of the tour of M. Jal from Paris to Naples are by no means confined within so narrow limits—as an artist, and as an artist of no little taste and judgment, paintings and buildings and nature all come under this observation. People and their manners are by no means neglected, nor does our traveller disdain to admit into a corner of his journal the inns at which he stopped, the hosts who governed them, or the cheer which he found there.

Indeed these latter are by no means uninteresting points in a traveller's memorial, for they generally furnish us with a key to his feelings and to his humor, at certain times when he may show more than usual complacency or peevishness, almost as infallibly as the weathercock points out the direction of the wind. Many a hearty John Bull have we known, whose sudden passion for foreign adventure has been stifled, who has actually been driven back at once from his enterprise, who has retreated with fallen crest, at the first dish which the, to him, new world has offered him. Not that we think the gaiety of a Frenchman would be damped so easily, or by such a cause. M. Jal, indeed, furnishes us with a signal example of the contrary, as the few extracts which we intend to give will abundantly prove.

M. Jal, attracted, as we have already stated, by the sea, entered Italy by Toulon and Monaco. We cannot follow him through, but we will not pass the former name without casting a glance at the village of La

Garde, its pig-sties and its traditions. The grunting of the inmates of the former of these attributes will be more familiar to the ears of our English readers—we say *English* because our journal itself is a most extensive traveller—than, apparently, to those of M. Jal. We give this passage, also, as a fair specimen of his general style, of his pleasant method of mixing pictures of the present with his *souvenirs* of the past—of his happy assemblages of views and portraitures and legends.

"La Garde is a miserable village, built on a rock which commands the plain, the ancient domain of the barony of this name. From the top of this rock, where are the ruins moderately curious of the castle and of the church, we have a view which extends to the sea, and which possesses the severe beauties of a tolerably grand style. The inhabitants of this place are poor and dirty, God knows! They ground all the annual prospect of their kitchen on the forced fatness of a pig, which each of them breeds in a little nook, that the poor animal cannot leave. There is nothing more singular than this multitude of little sties receiving light and air from the top, like pits, and almost all made in the cellars or other low constructions of the ancient castle or of the houses which depended upon it. These numerous piggeries, almost unperceived, and commonly revealed to those who pass by the grunting of their tenants, give to La Garde a peculiar character of its own.

The barony of La Garde belonged to the sister of the Marquis of Argens. The gentleman philosopher died there; the poor baroness was less fortunate! She had frequent discussions with her brother on the subject of the opinions which he labored to propagate, and of whose terrible consequences she had presentiments. 'You will end, you and your M. de Voltaire, by bringing some sedition upon us; one day our peasants will refuse us the tithes, and the next day they will dispossess us.' 'Bah!' replied the marquis, 'you are always in fear! The present state of things will last as long as we shall.' It did, in fact, last as long as he did; he died in the bed of his ancestors; the bells of the chapel tolled at his funeral; his eulogy was pronounced over him; all the gentlemen and peasants of the barony followed his body to its last home; but the baroness of La Garde had prophesied accurately. During the period of Terror, she was dispossessed; her goods were confiscated, and she was mercifully allowed to go, old, poor, and deserted, to die in a hospital, where public charity paid for her bed and her moderate pittance! The remembrance of this circumstance rendered me sad when I visited the remains of the castle; another tradition came to enliven me. This legend is one of which the inhabitants are yet vain. They related it to me as follows. Like all the castles of the country, that of La Garde was built to defend the land against the incursions of the Saracens; often attacked, it always

tired out the constancy of the besiegers. The bravery of the inhabitants saved them from slavery; but once it was to the presence of mind of one of themselves that they owed their safety. Surrounded for several days, closely pressed by a numerous army which had vainly tried to scale the walls, La Garde was upon the point of surrendering for want of provisions. A single calf was all that was left for the garrison; it was scarcely enough for a single repast; what was to be done? A soldier contrived a stratagem; he caused a note to be written in terms somewhat as follows: 'You want strength to take us; perhaps it is hunger which weakens you; here is wherewith to recruit it. Every morning we will throw out for you so much provisions, for we will only owe to God, to the Virgin, and to our courage, and not to your fainting, our success in the unjust struggle in which you have engaged us.' This letter was attached to the neck of the calf, which was thrown down to the Saracens from the rampart. These latter, deceived by the stratagem, and despairing of reducing a place which possessed such ample provisions, raised the siege and left the country."—vol. i. p. 87—90.

We have not room to accompany M. Jal through his journey. One of his first serious annoyances was the post-house at Le Luc. Not that the house was disagreeable; the host was an example for all hosts; the dinner appears to have been most satisfactory. Our traveller—a Frenchman—was for once treated with too much singing.

"When I returned to the hotel of M. Jourdan, I know not what fly was in the ears of its inmates, but they did nothing but sing; it was an insupportable uproar. A great lout of a stable-boy uttered in the broad dialect of the place licentious songs; a girl who was washing the pots, but who had fortunately a very correct and very pleasing voice, was singing new airs of the operas-comiques; a countryman was singing; Madame Jourdan was humming; the little Jourdan was also saying his song; but all that was nothing; what was most annoying, was a handsome songster with a terrible voice and great pretensions, with his trillings and his cadences, and his great bursts of voice, a Gascon *commis-voyageur*, who Rossini-ized till he was out of breath. If we had not been already overcome with ennui, all this abominable gaiety would have been enough to make us downright dull. We supported, for two hours, this cross-fire of airs and vaudevilles and operas in all tones and in all movements, sung false or correct,—a din diabolical enough to have driven away a sentinel, a beggar, or a lover, the three kinds of men who are most blessed with patience and resignation."—vol. i. p. 102.

M. Jal left Le Luc, cursed the town, and was satisfied. We pass over the vivid description of the uninviting "public" which

he found at the village of Estrelle the following morning, and of the hag who officiated as hostess, to tell the horrors of a breakfast at Mentone, in the little state of Monaco.

"While the *facchini* were putting the baggage on the coach, we were placed at the most singular, the most detestable, breakfast that I ever saw, and I have seen many bad ones. The table was laid under a wooden shed, in a part of the garden where the strongest smell was certainly not that of the bloom of the lemon-trees. The hostess of this place, who did not expect so many visitors, (we were fourteen), made haste to put the frying-pan on the fire, to prepare the classic *frittata*, which was soon served to us. The good dame, among other excellent qualities which without doubt she possesses, and which must constitute the glory and the happiness of her husband, has that which renders people economical; we perceived it, for she used in her omelette the smallest number of eggs possible, no appearance of small herbs, and of oil just enough to hinder the eggs from burning. She placed beside this kind of tough paste, which was indifferently recommended by a certain taste of the nest rather distinguishable, the skeleton of a biped of the family of the gallinaceæ, offered under the pompous name of *polastro rosto*. This roasted chicken was so lean, so dry, so anciently cooked, that in truth it might pass for a parody; it had already, without doubt, for several days presented this idea to many travellers, for it had escaped untouched from these encounters. We had the courage to attack it; it is impossible to tell what resistance there was on its side, and what perseverance on ours. Never was there a rougher attack; never with more gaiety. We breakfasted very ill, but we laughed much; which caused great pleasure to our hostess, who feared very much that we should have taken the joke in another tone. As she found us good fellows, and moreover as she wanted an excuse for swelling the bill, she brought forward a bit of veal, on which a party of wasps had lodged; they disputed vigorously with us their prey, which, with some tolerably good oranges and a little cheese, was the most substantial part of our repast. To pay was the last act of the farce; our female *Véry* demanded fifty sous each, insisting more especially, to justify this exorbitance, on the high price of poultry, and the good quality of her chicken. This was impudent! but the Italians are not wanting in such effronteries. We were astonished, and we protested; she insisted, without paying the least attention to our reproaches; at last, half willingly and half by force, she yielded and we escaped for two francs each. She had thus twenty-six francs for what, at an extravagant estimate, was not worth more than eight."—vol. i. p. 130.

The inns are not the only disagreeables of travelling when they are bad; the coaches as well as the coach-men sometimes cause

trouble enough—we give but a short example.

“Night brought us to Novi, where we ought to have arrived in the morning. We had travelled slowly, and I made a complaint to my lord Cardinal (Cardinal was the name of the driver), who gave me a long and handsome argument to prove, 1st, that his horses were good and strong; 2dly, that his horses were too strong to carry us quick; 3dly, that if our baggage had been heavier, and our persons also heavier, we should have gone quicker, because his horses were used to draw heavy burdens. I confess that I did not take very readily the propositions of our driver! nevertheless, from politeness, and also because arguing ever so solidly against this paradox would not have made the sun recede, I yielded.”—p. 386.

And now let us bestow a hasty glance upon M. Jal's second volume. He begins it at Milan, of the interior of whose celebrated *duomo* we have the following vivid description.

“The interior of the church appeared to me very fine, very noble. The vaults are painted, but it requires long habit and an excellent eye to discover this deception. Francis Brambilla, who was a skilful man, labored much on the decoration of this sanctuary; there are some excellent sculptures by him. A fantastical statue of St. Bartholomew flayed, carrying his skin on his arm, is the work of Mark Agrates. This statue, which has been sharply criticised, appeared to me a fine piece, notwithstanding the horror which it inspires. It is a learned study, which, it is true, would perhaps be better placed in an academy of drawing, or at the university, than in a church; but, after all, why should it not be presented to the view of Christians, familiarized with the ideas of martyrdom, just as well as a St. Denis walking without his head, or a St. Lawrence or a St. Sebastian writhing amid the convulsions of agony?

“It was the octave of St. Charles, the great saint of Lombardy; so the tomb of Charles Borromeo, the patron of Milan was decked out and resplendent with light. The crowd of pious visitors are descending into that subterranean chapel; let us follow them.

“Ten tapers of wax are still burning on the altar, which the archbishop has just quitted after having said mass there. . . . What pomp! what riches! what labor! Oh! Charles, whose device was so modest, how ill they honor thee! True, I read ‘*humilitas*’ written every where on that drapery; but that drapery is all of purple worked with gold! Thy body, embalmed, reposes on a cushion of velvet, in a robe of gold, in a cage of the finest, of the most wonderful rock-crystal, attached to brilliant walls of the purest metal! Over thy mitred head hangs a crown worth alone the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, and, perhaps, one or

two of the ancient margravates whose sovereigns were so proud. See there a cross of emeralds, which excel in beauty and size those with which the poetic imagination of eastern story-tellers embroider the robe of the calif beloved by fortune; a brilliant cross which the bankers of Europe would accept as a pledge for a loan for the benefit of a dethroned monarch, and which a royal hand deposited in thy sepulchre, dazzling as thy glory before God. The crozier which they have placed in thy left arm, would be sufficient for the endowment of an hospital for orphans: the altar on which thou reapest is of silver; the roof of thy little temple is of silver; the bas-reliefs which represent the incidents of thy life, sanctified by great works of an enlightened faith and of a never-failing charity, are in silver. There is over thee, under thee, about thee, the value of five or six millions of money, which gleams to my eyes by a magical effect of reflected light: and on the walls they have written *Humilitas!* * * *

“At Milan and in the whole country, they speak with the greatest love and the most profound respect of Saint Charles and the Borromei, who were near having a second saint in their family; I allude to the Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, who missed his canonization because it costs dear to enter paradise by permission of the papal chancellery. It cost the Borromei too much for St. Charles; they dared not undertake the same business for St. Frederick.”—vol. ii. p. 5—10.

Milan is celebrated, among other things, for its *Fantocchini*.

“I was weary, and had need of rest for my eyes and head: in the evening, I had recourse to a childish diversion, I went to see the *fantocchini*. The puppets of Milan are as celebrated as the Cathedral, the shrine of St. Charles, the ‘Supper’ of Leonardo da Vinci, the gates of Saint Ambrose, and the arch of the Simplon—which I did not see, and I do not know why, but I have not the least regret;—the *burattini* of Genoa, and all those with which we had been regaled at Paris, were truly quite another thing. The dolls of Girolamo perform the drama quite as well as our actors of the theatre of Saint Martin; they dance exquisitely. The piece which they declaimed this evening was a grand romantic drama, intitled, *Prince Eugene of Savoy at the Siege of Temisvar*. An amorous intrigue proceeds from catastrophe to catastrophe, and, divided into six acts—six acts, you understand, and not five, like the imperfect dramas of Moliere, of Corneille, and of Racine—gives all the interest to the action of the piece, in the midst of which Girolamo, the great buffoon, the famous Girolamo, moves, kicks about, and jokes in the costume of a corporal, half-killing the good people of Milan with laughter at his rough brogue. A ballet played between the acts astonished me most, although the eloquent speeches of Prince Eugene had tolerably surprised me.

The dancing of these wooden Perrots and Taglionis is truly inconceivable; there is not one of these puppets whose talents would not excite emulation in many of the dancers of Naples, of London, or of Paris, who obtain lucrative engagements. Horizontal dance, side dance, vertical dance, all the dances possible, all the *fioriture* of feet and legs which you admire at the Opera, you will find also at the theatre *Fiando*; and when the doll has finished her dance, when she has been well applauded, when the *st-st-st* is heard in the pit, the slight whistle of admiration which precedes the enthusiastic cry of *fori! fori!* that recalls the *artiste*; she comes from behind the scene, makes her bow with an air, places her little hand on her heart, and does not retire until she has completely parodied the great singers and the proud dancers of the Scala. If she is called again, she complaisantly returns. If she is not called again, she is more philosophical than Mademoiselle Malibran; she sheds none of those tears of pettishness which they say the illustrious *artiste* always sheds when she is not obliged, after a representation, to come forward again more than three or four times."—p. 43.

Before leaving Milan we cannot pass over the following account of the present aspect of its society and of the state of public feeling which appears to us so just and so natural.

"It was never intended to be a part of my plan to see society; too many objects lead to too much loss of time, and my hours were, as I may say, numbered. Before one is really admitted, several days are necessary; the warmth of a first reception is no rule for the future; invitations do not come on one's first arrival, so that it requires a long residence in a town before we can form an idea of its society. I shall therefore have nothing to say about the domestic character of the Italians; all I know of it is from the account which was given me by Italians themselves, when their kindness was not scared by my curiosity. At Milan everybody's house is closed against the world; there is no visiting but within the range of the nearest intimacy; the Milanese fear to open their houses to others, lest they should no longer enjoy liberty at home; the Austrian occupation would extend itself from the city, where it has the character of mistrust which distinguishes every occupation by an enemy, to the parlors, where it would be more uneasy and not less tyrannical; there would be a German officer in every house, at the corner of the fire, as there is at the corner of each street a sentinel in a yellow and black sentry-box, so soon as the *couvre-feu* is rung. The effusions of friendship, political speculations, words of hope for a better future, the regrets of a patriotism always curbed, would not be more easy in the private circle, than in the public places, gossipings, or assemblies of people. They would have Austrian argu-

ments in all liberal conversations as they have cannon in the public places; they would have spies, and that which is as fearful to a Milanese, witty and sprightly as he always is, they would have dull companions. Thus no one opens his door, for fear that it should give passage to an Austrian; they abstain from social intercourse, in the apprehension that a German should immediately interpose himself between two friends, and between their thoughts. They see one another, and make their salutations to each other, on the public promenade; they converse together in the boxes at the theatre. Thus the Milanese seldom amuse themselves; it is true they oblige the Austrians to abstain altogether from amusement, and in this manner they take vengeance for the presence of their guards.

"I have often heard say in France, particularly since the Revolution of July, that the Italians regret and desire the French; this has been imagined nearly by our vanity. The Italians render justice to the passage of the French imperial administration over their provinces; they are grateful for the ameliorations which it introduced among them, but this is all; they are no more desirous of French at Milan, at Venice, and at Verona, than they are of Austrians. Perhaps they would disagree less with us than with the Germans, because the antipathies are less profound and the affinities of ideas more numerous, but they would not be our friends. The Germans are heavy rulers; we are insolent conquerors; we will make everything French where we place our foot, whether it be at Algiers or at Rome. The Austrians suffer the people to remain Italians beside them. They know that very well, at Milan; and thus if they desire the French there, it is not to have them as military guests for twenty years; they would be glad if they would come and effect a constitutional revolution, if they would defend and consolidate it, and then, as speedily as possible, quit the Italian territory. This, you may be assured, is the manner in which Italy loves France, the manner in which she wishes for the French. Let us then, be less proud of the sympathies of people of whom we talk so much! People see in us good revolutionary instruments; we must go and deliver them, and make war for them; but always on condition that we pay the expenses: we are no doubt an excellent people, a chivalrous people, not at all selfish, loving liberty and running willingly after adventures; but it must be agreed, at the same time, that we are the people most used by others. We ruin ourselves by this noble Don-Quixotism, to which we have so well accustomed nations who suffer and want the energy and unity with which revolutions are effected in three days, that I have heard the Italians say with all coolness, that after 1830, France failed in her duty in not conquering liberty for Poland, and Italy! As if we went to seek our neighbor to arrange our affairs! Let us then go and drive the Austrian from Lombardy and

the Venetian States; let us go and oblige the Prince of Modena to be humane; let us go and deliver Genoa from Sardinia, and the Marches from the yoke of the Church, and for our labor we shall not have a single 'thank you!' from the native of Ancona, from the Genoese, from the Modenese, from the Venetian, or from the Lombard; we shall pay the costs of our interventions, and if, by chance, to repay ourselves, we take some little province, if, for example, we rejoin Nice to the old district of Provence, they will cry, 'Look to the conqueror! stop thief!' . . . The trade of political gendarme, carrying the 'Ho there!' wherever there is a quarrel between sovereign and people or between people and sovereign, appears to me a trade of sentimental dupes. It has been our trade quite long enough, I think."—vol. ii. p. 48—53.

Our space tells us that we must close our extracts from this really interesting book—though we had marked out for insertion some dozen more, out of which we have some difficulty in selecting one for our last. Venice by moonlight is a grand picture, but we pass it over to give a not less feeling picture of Venice by day-light.

"I traversed the canals for some time, to see by day that Venice which had so struck me by moonlight. My disappointment was great, I assure you; I felt an oppression of the heart like that which one is seized at the view of a lofty fortune overthrown; the ruins of power are an afflicting sight. Venice is a queen who has lost her crown, a queen who weeps at the point of death. Her last days are sad; she has still beauties, but degraded beauties: we see that she was powerful, strong, magnificent; that her noble lovers had covered her with gold and with lace; but her lace is torn, and Sansovino and Titian, Minio and the Lombardi, no longer live to give her their fantastic embroideries, their elegant designs; but the gold has disappeared from her diadems, and her treasure can no longer give them the pomp of former days: but she is poor, weak, exhausted; and this faintness, and this wretchedness who is there that can cure it? Alas! all those palaces which totter, all that marble which is crumbling to dust, all the remains of that ancient pomp which the East yielded to Italian Venice, all those cupolas on which lead appears where once glittered crowns of sequins, form a very deplorable spectacle! Rags hung at the balcony of Carlo Zeno or of Morosini, a truckle-bed under the ceiling

where Byron came to renew the orgies of another epoch, fortuneless and suffering families in the houses inhabited formerly by luxury and fortune! Think you not that this is something lamentable and disenchanting? And yet these comparisons of a present full of misery with the past full of grandeur, are not without a melancholy charm which casts a very peculiar tint over this most original city. I have looked much at Venice, I have seen her under all shades of light, and I am confirmed in the thought which I always entertained, that Canaletto is the only one who has represented well the aspect and the tone of the waters, the sky, and the buildings of Venice. Almost all painters exaggerate them; they invent a color to represent the quay of the Slavonians, the palace of the Doges, or the great canal; they overstrain red, blue, yellow, orange, and violet. Antonio Canaletto on the contrary is simple, true; he appears a little grey to us, Parisians, who only know the Venice of the romances and spirited paintings of Bonington; but he is natural, excellent. He is a faithful and scrupulous portraitist, and as poetical as he ought to be. M. Joyant, a young French artist, who lives at Venice, appears to have a real talent for painting this fallen majesty; his first attempts, which I reproach only with a little heaviness in the touch, are already very good. Another painter, who has fallen into the sin of exaggeration, M. Delacour, is seriously studying Venice, and will certainly take from it the mantle of purple with which he has dressed it in his first painting. He will understand that to go further than Canaletto is a falsehood, and that if he is permitted still to throw a few gems on the brow of the ancient mistress of the Adriatic, these last reflections of her glory should be handled with discretion. The sun on the bricks of the ducal palace is no longer red at the present day as it was three centuries ago; nature seems to take a part in the mourning of the city; this is what now we cannot help observing."—vol. ii. p. 40.

We must leave M. Jal, much against our inclination; for we would willingly have given his anecdotes of Don Miguel at Genoa, and many others. We leave him however with feelings of much satisfaction: his book is a real addition to our works on Italy. The descriptions of Toulon, with its convicts,—of Genoa, with the remains of its republic,—of Venice, with its sea and its gondolas, and its palaces,—are the best things of the kind which we have seen.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

NO. XXXIV.

DENMARK.

THE Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, founded for promoting the publication of ancient Northern, and more especially Icelandic monuments, and for the elucidation of northern antiquities, have commenced an undertaking which can scarcely fail to find numerous supporters in this country. It will be entitled *Antiquitates Britannicæ et Hibernicæ*, and consist of a collection of accounts elucidating the earlier history of Great Britain and Ireland, extracted from ancient Icelandic and Scandinavian manuscripts, and other historical sources; with a Latin translation, geographical and archæological notes, fac-similes, and maps. Among the contents of the work, which, will extend to three or four royal 4to. vols., it is intended to include: *Jatvardar Saga*—a history of King Edward the Confessor; *the Sagas* of the Archbishops of Canterbury, Dunstan, Thomas, and Anselm; *Orkneyinga Saga*, history of the Orkney and Shetland islands, and partly of Scotland, from A. D. 865 to 1231; Snorre Sturlese's celebrated *Heimskringla*; those portions of the *Landnama Bok*, a history of the earliest colonists of Iceland, as relate to natives of Britain: extracts from many other Sagas and Annals of the Kings of Norway and Denmark; also of Icelandic Warriors, Scalds, and other distinguished men, who, during the middle ages, were connected with the British Islands. The impression will be restricted to 360 copies, and the work will be published by subscription.

The same society is engaged in preparing, on a similar plan, a work relative to America, by the title of *Antiquitates Americane*, or a Collection of the Accounts extant in ancient Icelandic and other Scandinavian Manuscripts relative to Voyages made to North America by the Scandinavians, in the tenth

and following centuries,* with the Latin and Danish versions, notes, maps, and plates. This work, which has been in progress for several years, and will leave the press before the end of the present summer, will consist of one volume royal 4to. which will also be published by subscription. In the prospectus of this work it is remarked,—“What serves in no small degree to enhance the value of the ancient writings, is the great apparent probability, amounting indeed almost to a certainty, that it was a knowledge of these facts that prompted the memorable expedition of Columbus himself, which terminated in his discovery of the New World—for it is a well authenticated fact, that the great navigator visited Iceland in 1477, on which occasion he could scarcely fail to obtain some information from its inhabitants, particularly its clerical functionaries, with whom, according to the custom of the times, he probably conversed in Latin, respecting the voyages of their ancestors to those region.”

FRANCE.

In the course of last year there appeared in France 6700 works in French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek and Latin. The number of copper-plates and lithographs amounted to 1049, and that of the musical publications to 250.

In the royal printing-office at Paris there are types of fifty-six oriental dialects, includ-

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* For some account of these early Icelandic discoveries by Swedish literati, see For. Qu. Rev. vol. xiii.

ing modern and ancient characters, and sixteen of European nations which do not make use of Roman letters. The whole of the presses of this establishment are capable of working 278,000 sheets in a day, or 9266 volumes of thirty sheets each. The number of hands employed in it is 350.

"La France Littéraire," by Querard, a work compiled with extraordinary industry and care, has advanced to the seventh volume, which comes down to the letter R. It contains not only the literary works of French authors, but also those of foreigners who have written in the French language. It furnishes valuable and interesting particulars concerning works that are but little known and their authors, and is particularly rich in notices of works of eminent writers, making mention at the same time of the different editions, translations, commentaries, refutations, &c.

M. Guizot has been nominated a member of the French Academy. The ex-minister is at present engaged in establishing a new journal, which is to have the title of "L'Europe Politique et Littéraire." He means to superintend the political department himself; the literary will be conducted by Victor Hugo.

M. Fauriel has completed his "Histoire de la Gaule Méridionale sous la Domination des Conquerans Germains," in 4 vols. 8vo.

M. de Sainte Beuve has announced a "Histoire de Port Royal," which is expected to be a very interesting work.

M. Michelet, who has lately been prosecuting his researches in the archives of Toulouse, and studying the monuments of that city, is continuing his History of France.

The French journals have announced an extensive literary undertaking to be carried into effect by means of shares, under the auspices of the most eminent banking houses. This is a work with the title of "Pantheon Littéraire, Collection universelle des Chefs-d'œuvre de l'Esprit humain," to consist of 100 thick volumes, so printed as to contain the quantity of 1000 ordinary ones, at ten francs each. The general conduct of this enterprise is committed to the learned M. Buchon, to whom the public is indebted for an admirable French national Chronicle.

A new edition of the works of Victor Hugo is in the press, which chiefly excites attention from the circumstance that several of the dramas, particularly *Hernani*, are there first printed as they were written by the author.

M. Silvestre, of Paris, has lately sold by auction several very important libraries. The recent sale of Heber's books, by Silvestre, produced a sum total of about 25,000 francs.

A well-conducted journal, entirely devoted to the drama of all countries, under the title of *Le Monde Dramatique*, was last year commenced at Paris. It is a handsome and cheap work, filled with plates, lithographs, and wood-cuts. Among the former are fac-similes of the works of Retsch on Göthe, Schiller, Shakspeare, &c.; and among the former will be found excellent copies of the works of Callot. Mr. Richter, of Soho Square, is the agent of this publication in London. The first volume is completed, and the work is to be restricted to twelve.

M. Silvestre has just published, in an extremely handsome volume, the curious ancient Mystery of St. Crispin and St. Crispinien, edited by Descalles and Chabaille. The important "Chanson de Roland," edited by M. Francisque Michel, is nearly ready for delivery. A most interesting notice of it, by Raynouard, appeared in the last number of the *Journal des Savans*. The first volume of Wace's *Brut*, edited by Le Roux de Lincy, and published at Rouen, by Frère, has reached England; the second volume, with the plates and introduction, is promised in the course of the present year.

M. Silvestre promises a work, to be published in parts, entitled, "Le Livre des Légendes," to be edited by M. Le Roux de Lincy. In this work, we are told, will be collected all the traditions, and all the fables, in which the peoples of Europe have believed, principally during the middle ages. Extending the common acceptation of the word *legend*, M. Le Roux de Lincy will assemble together under this title all the stories, which are acknowledged to be false, concerning the personages of the Old and New Testament, as well as of ancient and modern history: all fables relating to countries, rivers, forests, mountains, and other objects of nature; all stories of giants, fairies, spirits, and the other strange and chimerical creations of the mind of our credulous forefathers. The first *livraison* has just reached us, a handsome and interesting octavo of 286 pages, containing an introductory dissertation on the nature and classification of legends in general, and treating of them under the heads of 1, sacred legends; 2, legends relating to men celebrated in ancient and modern history; 3, legends relating to people and towns; 4, legends relating to countries, forests, mountains, and waters; 5, legends relating to precious stones and plants; 6, legends relating to animals; 7, the supernatural world; 8, giants and dwarfs; 9, elves; 10, fairies; 11, *lousp-garoux*. An appendix of inedited documents relating to early superstitions is extremely curious. The first part gives us reason to hope much from this work, and we heartily wish it success.

We have just received from Paris the catalogue of a collection of books and manuscripts, which, particularly those relating to the early history and literature of Spain and

Portugal, and of their colonies in all parts of the world, forming the larger portion, are the rarest, most valuable, and most interesting, that we have ever seen offered for sale. It is entitled *Catalogue des Livres et Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque de feu M. Ratzel*, and contains 2720 articles. They will be sold by M. Silvestre on the 3d of next November, and the twenty-six following days. Catalogues, we believe, will be to be had of Mr. Pickering of London.

We have also just received the first volume of M. Paulin's Paris neat edition in 12mo. of the Great Chronicles of Saint Denis, which is published by Techener, as one of the series of the History of France by contemporary writers.

M. Em. Souvestre has completed his work entitled "*Les Derniers Bretons*," (begun last year) by the publication of the third and fourth volumes. The information which it furnishes concerning the commerce, industry, and agriculture of Bretagne presents a picture that is equally faithful, entertaining, and instructive.

A translation of part of "*Les Chants du Crépuscule*," by Victor Hugo, into English verse, by Mr. George W. M. Reynolds, has been published at Paris.

An Italian Journal, conducted by natives of Italy, and destined to make known the intellectual advance which is taking place in that country in art and science, has been commenced at Paris with the title of "*L'Italiano*."

Messrs. Michaud and Poujoulat have commenced the publication of a collection of "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France*," from the 13th to the end of the 18th century, with introductory remarks on the character of each author of the memoirs, and the age in which he lived. This work will appear in parts, two of which will form a volume, and it is intended to be completed in about 25 volumes 8vo.

Messrs. Gosselin and Furne, who have purchased the copyright of M. de Chateaubriand's "*Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*," which is nearly ready for publication, and of his French translation of *Paradise Lost*, have announced that no part of the expected memoirs of that writer will be given to the public before the expiration of three years. The same booksellers are preparing a complete edition of his works, in 25 vols. 8vo. with 30 plates.

M. Hamy has presented to the Museum of Boulogne a medal, now extremely rare, struck by Napoleon to commemorate his intended invasion of England. On the obverse is seen the head of Napoleon, crowned with laurel, with the inscription, "Napoleon, Em-

pereur;" on the reverse Hercules stifling in his arms a monster, half man, half fish. Around this figure is the inscription, "*Descente en Angleterre*." Round the edge are the premature words, "*Frappée à Londres en 1804*." Such an evidence as this certainly seems to prove that the threat of invasion was not a mere bugbear set up to terrify us, as some have conjectured.

Of Dupressoir's "*Voyage pittoresque dans la Grand Bretagne*," with text by Al. Decamps, the third livraison has appeared.

Of the "*Ancien Bourbonnais*," the plates to which have been engraved and lithographed, under the direction of Chenavard, the 15th and 16th livraisons have been published. They contain ten large plates, six of which are lithographed. The text is by Allier.

Vicomte de Forestier has commenced an extensive work by the title of "*Alpes pittoresques—Description de la Suisse, du Tyrol, et de la Savoie*." It will be published in three divisions, according to the countries; the first of which will contain about 75 livraisons.

The first numbers of the long expected "*Voyage pittoresque et archéologique dans le Mexique*," by M. Charles Nebel of Hamburg, are published. Among the lithographic plates in the first is one representing the pyramid of Papantla, called el Tajin, an extremely remarkable monument of Mexican antiquity, here first described by the author.

The first volume of "*L'Egypte et la Turquie de 1829—1836*," by Messrs. Cadalvène and Breuvery, with maps and plates, has made its appearance. This volume relates to Egypt and Nubia. The work will consist of 4 volumes and atlas.

A work has been commenced with the title of "*Musée des Antiquités Egyptiennes, ou Recueil des Monumens Egyptiens, Architecture, Statuaire, Glyptique, et Peinture*," with explanatory text by M. Lenormant, assistant keeper of the Royal Cabinet of Medals. It will be completed in ten livraisons.

The first volume of "*Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*," illustrated with thirteen plates, has been published at Poitiers.

A "*Description pittoresque et statisque de Paris au 19me Siècle*," by M. Laponnerage, is in the course of publication, in 4to. It will consist of 100 numbers, each containing two lithographic plates.

Rugendas' *Picturesque Voyage to Brazil*, with text in French and German, is now completed in 20 folio numbers, containing 100 plates.

The announcement of a new edition of Norvins' well-known "*Histoire de Napoléon*" has induced the Count de Masbourg to assert, in a letter to the editor of the *Temps*, that the statements in that work relative to Murat are almost all distorted or erroneous. Count Masbourg, formerly minister of King Joachim, announces that, as soon as circumstances permit, he shall publish *Memoirs of the Life of his former sovereign*, accompanied with authentic documents, which has long been prepared for the press; in order to refute the false and incorrect accounts, the unjust accusations, and the calumnies against the unfortunate prince, which are to be found even in respectable historical works.

Some hitherto unknown letters of Voltaire's to different persons have recently been discovered in a town of Burgundy, which throw new light on various incidents in the life of that remarkable man; for instance, the adventure at Frankfurt. A considerable portion of these letters relating to the writer's dispute with the President des Brosses are interesting, as illustrating the characters of those two eminent persons. These letters will shortly be published by Levavasseur.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Brochant presented a general geological map of France, and read a memoir containing the details of the operations which he undertook for the purpose of making it. This map is on the scale of $\frac{1}{500,000}$. The engraving is not yet finished.

In 1817, M. Beuchot began to prepare a new edition of the works of Voltaire, in 50 duodecimo volumes, and, although the undertaking was suspended, he prosecuted his researches and studies for this object, the results of which he is now about to publish. M. Clogenson, member of the Chamber of Deputies, who had himself undertaken a new edition of Voltaire, has been induced to relinquish to M. Beuchot the whole of his valuable correspondence. The editor has taken care to mention, in each of his prefaces, the principal sources from which the new information furnished by him is derived.

GERMANY.

THE Leipzig Easter Fair Catalogue for the present year contains 4,003 either wholly new or new editions of books, maps, &c. If we deduct 442 articles published abroad, there remain for Germany, including the German cantons of Switzerland and Hungary, and those parts of Prussia not belonging to the German confederation, 3561. Among these are,

Books and pamphlets of a literary, scientific, or miscellaneous nature
in the German language 3004
— ancient languages 189
— living foreign languages 504
Novels 158
Dramas 50
Maps, collective or single 98

Of this number 172 are translations from foreign languages (among the novels alone 47) and 297 periodical works. In the last catalogue 496 publishers were enumerated; the present comprehends 530.

An Augsburg paper states that on a moderate calculation ten millions of volumes are annually printed in Germany, and as every half-yearly fair catalogue contains the names of more than 1000 German writers, it may be assumed that there are now living upwards of 50,000 persons who have written one or more books. The total value of all the books published annually in Germany is estimated at from five to six millions of dollars.

In the year 1722, Leipzig contained 19 book-selling establishments and 13 printing-offices: it has now 116 of the former and 22 of the latter.

One of the most extensive printing establishments in Germany is that of B. G. Teubner of Leipzig and Dresden, who, in his printing-offices and type-foundries employs 142 persons, and keeps 26 presses going, besides a printing machine.

Mr. Kemble, the learned and accomplished editor of that noble monument of Anglo-Saxon romance, the poem of *Beowulf*, has printed in German, during his late residence at Munich, a very interesting tract on the *Mythic Genealogies of the West-Saxon Kings* (*Ueber die Stammtafel der Westsachsen*), in which he examines the character and attributes of the names which occur in them previously to the period of the establishment of the Saxons in this island. He has shown, we think clearly, that the Kentish men are Frieslanders.

Professor Sillig of Dresden has undertaken the editorship of Böttiger's posthumous and minor works. The first of these publications will be the second volume of the *Kunstmythologie*. The elder of Böttiger's sons is preparing for press a *Life of his father*, and a selection from his incredibly extensive Correspondence.

Weidmann of Leipzig has published the first, second, and third volumes of the works of Adelbert von Chamisso. The first and second contain the author's *Voyage round the World*. The publication of the fourth, which completes the collection and comprehends the curious story of Peter Schlemihl, has been delayed on account of the plates.

Engelmann of Jena and Heidelberg has

commenced a collection of lives of the most eminent Germans in all ages, under the title of "*Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*." It will consist of 48 parts, of 6 sheets each, illustrated with a portrait on steel: four parts will form a volume, so that the work will be completed in 12 volumes 8vo.

A society has been formed at Bonn, under the direction of A. W. von Schlegel, for the purpose of erecting to the memory of Beethoven, the celebrated artist and musical composer, a monument worthy of his fame in that town where he was born. To this end, the committee solicit contributions from his numerous admirers, and hope that musicians and managers of theatres will afford their assistance by means of concerts given for this express purpose. The publishers of this Journal offer to take charge of any contributions raised in this country for so laudable an object.

M. Ziegeler, printer at Blankenburg, has produced a Bible printed from iron stereotype plates.

Deiters of Münster has announced the publication of a singular performance with the title of "*Historical Account of the Origin and Operation of the new Medal struck in honor of the immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and generally known by the name of the Miraculous Medal, together with Devotions for Nine Days; with an accurate representation of the Medal*." Translated from the 5th enlarged French edition," (Paris, 1835,) 12 sheets 12mo. He adds: "About 75,000 copies of this work have been sold in France within a year and a half."

ITALY.

THE total number of political, literary, and scientific journals existing in Italy amounts to 188. Of these 26 are published at Milan, 11 at Venice, 8 at Trieste, 13 at Turin, 5 at Genoa, 4 at Modena, 7 at Florence, 9 at Rome, 27 at Naples, 20 in Sicily, 2 in Sardinia.

Lucien Buonaparte, prince of Musignano, is engaged upon a work entitled "*Iconografia della Fauna Italica*," a work so judiciously planned, carried on with such perseverance, and the plates of which are executed with such care, as to vie with the most celebrated productions of any country. It appears in parts, each containing six colored plates in 4to.

Dr. Viviani, professor of botany at Genoa, is proceeding with his work on the edible fungi of Italy, "*I Funghi d' Italia e principalmente le loro specie mangerecce, velenose, e sospette*." It is published in parts, each containing 10 colored lithographic plates in folio.

Count Luigi Serristori of Florence, the author of several geographical works, is now publishing a "*Statistica d' Italia*" in numbers. The first and second comprehend the Sardinian dominions and the island of Corsica, and the third and fourth embrace the duchies of Parma and Lucca, the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The other Italian states will follow in like manner.

M. Joseph Micali, the well-known author of the "*Storia degli antichi Popoli d' Italia*," a work so highly appreciated abroad, that the writer was presented in a very short period with seven orders by the sovereigns of France, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, &c. has recently returned to his own country from a tour through Italy, France, England, &c. and is now engaged on a History of the Commercial States of Italy in the Middle Ages, for which he had begun to collect materials before he undertook his former work.

"*Le Antichità di Pesto e le piu belle Ruine di Pompei, descritte, misurate, e disegnate da Francesco de Cesare*," which has just appeared at Naples, is a work equally interesting to the traveller and the antiquary with those of Mazois, Clarac, Millin, and Gell, and at the same time an excellent substitute for them all, as far as relates to Pompeji. The antiquities of Pæstum, the temples of Neptune and Ceres, the Basilika, and the other important architectural remains, are accurately represented in 10 copper-plates, and carefully described in the accompanying text. In like manner, 44 plates are devoted to Pompeji, and its most remarkable edifices.

Stella of Milan is publishing, by the title of "*Lombardia pittoresca*," a monthly work illustrative of the ancient and modern monuments and edifices, remarkable scenery, towns, and natural curiosities of Lombardy. The illustrations to the plates are by Professors Cantù and Mich. Sartoris. Each number contains 4 plates, and 25 numbers will form a quarto volume.

The great work "*Le quattro principali Basiliche di Roma*," (the Lateran, the Vatican, S. Maria Maggiore, and San Paolo fuori della mura,) edited by A. Valentini, has advanced to the 16th number. It will be completed in 46.

Fea, the celebrated antiquary, has printed for private distribution a work with the following title: "*Ristabilimento, 1. della Città di Anzio e suo Porto Neroniano; 2. della Città di Ostia coll' intero suo Teverone*."

Maestro Paganini is at present residing at his villa near Parma for the purpose of recruiting his impaired health. He has declared in the Italian journals that all compositions which have appeared in other countries under his name are spurious, and that he has hitherto

published nothing but 24 capricci for the violin, 6 sonatinas for violin and guitar, and 6 quartets for violin, guitar, and violoncello; but that he intends soon to publish the whole of his works.

RUSSIA.

THE art of printing was introduced into Russia much later than into other countries. Till that period the characters were painted on parchment or birch-bark. Among the nations of the Slavonian race the Bohemians were the first who were acquainted with printing. The New Testament was the first book printed at Prague, in 1475. In 1553 the Czar Iwan II. Wassiljewitsch, indignant at the numerous blunders which disfigured the Sacred Scriptures, gave orders for the establishment of a printing-office in Moscow. With great difficulty printers were induced to go thither from foreign countries; and at length, in 1564, the first edition of the New Testament, now extremely rare, was produced. A century and a half later, Peter the Great invented a new alphabet, which was cast, according to his directions, in Amsterdam. With these new characters the first Russian newspaper was printed in Moscow. Every month a number, containing from four to six duodecimo pages, printed in small type, on coarse half-sized paper, was published. Some years afterwards a press was set up at Petersburg for printing ukases, and soon after that commenced the Petersburg Gazette and the calendar. It is probable that the art of engraving on wood found its way into Russia at the same time as printing; for the New Testament, printed at Moscow as above mentioned, was embellished with numerous cuts, all of which, however, denote the first rude essays of the art.

A History of the Russian Navy, comprising Lives of the most eminent Russian Admirals, is publishing in parts.

A translation of Dumont d'Urville's Voyage round the World, revised and with notes by Admiral Krusenstern, is announced.

The publication called the "Dorpatur Jahrbücher," which contained much valuable information relative to Russia, has been succeeded since the beginning of the present year by a new periodical under the title of "Das Inland," edited by Dr. von Bunge.

During the last few months, five printing-offices, a lithographic printing-office, and five booksellers'-shops, have been established in Moscow.

Plato Suboff has recently published the first two volumes of "Victories of Russian Warriors in the Countries of the Caucasus, from 1800 to 1834," with biographical particulars, maps, plans, and views. The work is to consist of 9 vols.

A new novel by N. Stschukin, who acquired considerable celebrity by his "Travels to Jakutsk" and his tale of "The Exile," is exciting a great sensation at St. Petersburg. It is entitled "The Waterfalls of the Angara." With a simple plot are interwoven a description of that country so frequently visited by volcanic convulsions, and pictures of the mode of life of the Buraits, and particularly of their hunting parties, which evince the accurate local knowledge of the author.

Iwan Slenin, one of the most respectable booksellers of Petersburg, died in the early part of the present year, aged 47. He published, among many other important works, the second edition of Karamsin's History of Russia, and the finest edition of Krilow's Fables.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXV.

FOR OCTOBER, 1836.

ART. I.—*Gespräche mit Göthe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens.* 1823—1832. Von Johann Peter Eckermann. Conversations with Göthe in the last Years of his Life.) 2 Bände, 8vo. Leipzig. 1836.

WHEN Immanuel Kant's *opus magnum*, the "Criticism of Pure Reason," was first published in Germany, it remained for a few years almost as unnoticed and unknown, as when it lay unrevealed in the transcendental recesses of the great philosopher's mind. But, when once the light that was in it fell upon eyes that were capable of receiving it, a sudden and striking change took place; as by the stroke of lightning, or the shock of an earthquake, the universal German mind seemed awakened from centuries of intellectual sleep, and the influence of Kant, like that of a rising sun, shed itself over the wide domains of literature and science, and penetrated into the darkest recesses where pedantry and priestcraft had long held their dingy dominion. This was well. But soon, Kantism, like every thing good in the hands of frail humanity, was stretched into caricature, and poets, moralists, divines, critics, lawyers, and naturalists, swarmed in the streets and paraded the market-places of Leipzig, spreading broad the phylacteries of the Kantian terminology, and dealing mortal blows upon all and sundry the emperor's peaceable lieges, by the irresistible force of the categorical imperative. The honest Germans seemed for a season struck with the same *demonian* mania that seized the Abderites of old, when, after having heard one of Euripides's plays, they were so inspired with the divine influence of Eros

therein represented, that for three successive days they ran ecstatic through the streets of Abdera exclaiming—"Oh Love, king of gods and men! great is thy power, who can resist thee!" The rational and moderate Kantians of course were not overmuch delighted with such a spectacle; those who were of Heraclitan temperament wept, while those who had studied under Democritus laughed at it; and among others, Schiller, who was one of the purest and most zealous disciples that Immanuel could boast of, to relieve his righteous spirit, composed this well-known couplet on the occasion,

"Wie doch ein einziger Reicher so viele Bettler in Nahrung
Setzt! Wenn die Könige baun haben die
Kärner zu thun!"*

It has often struck us that this couplet might be as fitly applied to Göthe as to Kant. The man, whom Lord Byron was proud to acknowledge as having "for fifty years been the undisputed sovereign of European literature," could not fail to draw within his magic circle a host of persons who derived their importance chiefly from their relation to him. What an army of expounders and commentators, translators and imitators, adversaries and apologists, has he not created! How many Meiers, Mercks, Knebels, and Zelters owe their fame in a great measure to their having, in the disposition of Providence, become a sort of necessary accessories to Göthe! And can Heine with all his wit, and Menzel with all his satire, so

* One rich man is the life of many poor,
And when kings build the mason's meat is sure.

far deceive themselves as not to know that they are indebted for no small modicum of the reputation they have gained to the same circumstance that made Cassius famous—because he murdered Cæsar?—Verily this Göthe “bestrides the earth like a colossus,” and we poor critics and translators, reporters of conversations, and reporters of that report, are as mere children that admire the bright buckles upon his shoes, and are proud to pluck the flowers where his foot has passed.

Two additional volumes of Göthian records have reached us, and we are delighted to say, that they are not only equal, but in some respects superior, to those which we lately introduced to our readers.* In the correspondence with Zelter, the principal personages seemed thrown somewhat into the back-ground by the prominent peculiarities of his interesting correspondent: Bettina Brentano's letters were more remarkable for the curious exhibition of her own beautiful madness than for the wisdom or the poetry of Göthe's answers to them; but, in these conversations of Eckermann, Göthe, and Göthe alone, is the theme; while the author is content to appear in the modest character of a *Cicerone*, pointing out the beauties, and descending on the character of the spiritual landscape. John Peter Eckermann, however, is not a mere reporter, who is only valuable for the news which he brings, and which any other reporter might have furnished as well as himself. On the contrary, he possesses peculiar qualifications for giving us such a report as no one else could have made; and it will, therefore be necessary for us to sketch in a few words an outline of his somewhat remarkable person and character, and of the circumstances which gave rise to his connection with Göthe, before we can proceed to lay before our readers the import of his valuable Göthian Communications.

Our worthy reporter's father was a merchant on a small scale, who carried his shop upon his back for many years, from village to village, over the sandy heath between Lüneburg and Hamburg. He dealt in ribbons, cotton-twist, and silk-thread, coarse linen cloth, and goose-quills. His mother kept a cow, weeded an acre of ground around her humble cabin, attended to her domestic duties, and in her leisure hours made a little money by spinning cotton, and netting dress-caps for the fair daughters of the Lüneburg burgesses. John Peter, as the last born son of a second marriage, was left as the only

companion of his industrious parents during their declining years; but this seclusion was, to his quiet contemplative character, a source of as great enjoyment as to a young Napoleon or Byron it might have been of pain and uneasiness. In the spring season, the future friend and confidant of Göthe was employed during his boyish years in collecting the reeds, leaves, and dry grass that the Elbe had left from its floods, to serve as litter for his mother's cow. As the summer advanced, the dignity of his situation advanced with it, and John Peter became what in Homeric days would have been styled—a divine cowherd. Like the ant too, he was busy during the summer months, in gathering together dry branches and leaves from the neighboring wood, for the supply of the winter's fire. In harvest he became sheaf-gatherer and gleaner to the reapers, and, as a sort of accessory trade, collected acorns and sold them to the neighboring farmers for feeding their geese. When he became a little older he was admitted into partnership with his father, and learned to bear his burden betimes. Such was the simple boyhood of the man to whom the world is indebted for a work which must go down to posterity along with the name and works of Göthe, and will to many bear a value not inferior to some of those immortal works themselves.

Young Eckermann very early displayed a strong passion for drawing, and some small attempts that he made in this line served to introduce him to the notice of individuals in a station of life somewhat superior to that in which his parents had brought him up. By the help of these friends, and more by his own application, he procured himself a situation, first as clerk to a provincial judge, and then as secretary in one of the public offices at Bevensen. In this capacity he remained till 1813, when he joined the patriotic army, and saw a little service under Captain Knoss against Marshal Davoust at Hamburg, and then reconnoitred a little on the Rhine and in Flanders. Here, however, he learned more of the history of art than of military tactics; and Rubens and Teniers made such an impression upon his mind, that he returned home determined to become a painter, and walked over the snow to Hanover, and made application to Professor Ramberg, for that purpose. Under the direction of this master he made considerable progress in figure-drawing; but, like other zealous students, he drew himself into a fever, on his recovering from which he found it necessary to look about for the means of subsistence in some more hopeful way. He was so fortunate as to obtain a situation connected with the war-department at Hanover, which left him time

* Göthe's correspondence with Zelter, and with Bettina Brentano, vol. xvi. p. 328.

to initiate himself into literary, as he had formerly done into artistical, pursuits. Here he first became acquainted with Goëthe's works, and drew from them a spiritual nourishment to which he attributes the whole happiness of his future life. He also went to school—a youth among boys—and made an honorable attempt to supply the deficiencies of his early education by applying himself sedulously to classical studies. He next mustered funds and patronage sufficient to enable him to spend a year or two at Göttingen, with the intention of studying the law; but he flirted with the Muses,—and Themis, who is a jealous goddess, cast him off, and left him to try his fortune in the literary world. He sent the manuscript of a work, entitled *Beyträge zur Poesie*, to Goëthe, who, with that kindly condescension which was peculiar to him, honored the author with words of encouragement, and promised to mention the work in the next sheets of *Kunst und Alterthum*. The acquaintance with Goëthe, once begun, was not likely to remain unimproved by such an ardent worshipper as Eckermann; he soon transplanted himself to Weimar, and, with Goëthe's assistance, got his work published by Cotta on the most liberal terms. Thus happily ushered into the literary world, our author gave up every other idea but Goëthe, literature and art; he became the familiar friend, confidant, and amanuensis of the great poet; he assisted him in the arrangement and *redaction* of his numerous papers during the last ten years of his active life; and it is to his care that we are in a great measure indebted for the appearance of the fifteen volumes of Goëthe's posthumous works in their present shape. So intimate, indeed, was he with Goëthe, and so warm an interest did he take in all his enterprises, that, if the poet himself may be credited, the second part of *Faust* would never have been finished, but for the kindly influence of Eckermann.

To give some idea of the style of our reporter, we here insert a passage from his preliminary account of himself and his connection with Goëthe, describing the effect which the works of the poet first made on his mind, and showing the nature of that sympathy, which made him so fit an interpreter of their contents.

ECKERMANN.

"It was at this time that I first heard the name of Goëthe, and got into my hands a volume of his poems. I read his songs, and read them again and yet again, and derived from them an enjoyment that no words can give an adequate idea of. I felt as if I was now, for the first time, awaking to a con-

sciousness of my existence; the deepest secrets of my soul, that had hitherto remained unknown to myself, seemed now fully revealed in the mirror of these songs. I was, moreover, not confused with learned allusions and extrinsic erudition; my own thoughts and feelings as a man were a sufficient interpreter; I found no names of outlandish or antiquated deities, that to my uninstructed mind, were not indicative of any deeper meaning; the human heart, with all its longings, all its joys, and all its sorrows, lay before me—a true German heart, clear as the day, *pure reality in the light of a mild glorification*.

"I lived in these songs whole weeks and months together. Afterwards I got hold of Wilhelm Meister, then the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and then his dramatic works. At first I shuddered back from the abyss of human nature and human corruption exhibited in *Faust*; but the deep mystery that hangs over that great work always drew me back again into its magic circle. I read in it every holiday. Admiration and love increased in me with every day; I lived and breathed in these works, and spoke of nothing but Goëthe.

"The advantages to be derived from the study of a great author are of course various; but one great gain resulting from this study certainly is, that we are awakened to a nobler consciousness not only of the world within, but also of the multifarious world without us. Such was the influence that Goëthe's works exercised over my mind. I began to look around about me with a more clear and discriminating eye; I arrived, by degrees, at the idea of the essential harmony of each individual with itself; and this idea, once fully conceived and habitually applied, served as a key to explain the endless multiplicity of the phenomena of nature and art that daily presented themselves to my observation."—vol. i. pp. 19-20.

The work before us is rich in such a vast variety of instruction, that, as in the case of Zelter's correspondence, we are really embarrassed how to lay the fruitful matter before our readers, and under what categories to bring its manifold details. We think, however, the most interesting passages it contains may be referred to one of three heads—the character of the poet, his opinions on men and things, and the nature and character of his own poetical and scientific activity. The character of the poet here appears in a form at once venerable and lovely. We are introduced into the interior privacies of his domestic life, and privileged to hear, through the sincere medium of friendly communication, all the natural utterings of a soul that for eighty long years had treasured up, and mellowed with age, the richest and most various knowledge. The experience of nearly a century speaks from the voice of one man; and this a man

who had first himself created, and then presided over, the growing literature of a nation. The eventful eras of Frederick the Great, the French Revolution, and Napoleon, pass, with all their strange experiences, before your eyes. Klopstock soars again, and Lessing castigates; Wieland jests, Schiller glows, Schlegel dogmatizes, Novalis worships, and Richter shoots his meteors anew; the immense gap between Haller and Heine seems filled up, and the jarring voices are mingled into harmony in the person of this wonderful old man. We say *wonderful* old man, for we know what we are speaking of; and if even such a Cerberus as Henry Heine is obliged to confess that he was tamed into a momentary reverence by the Jove-like aspect of this rare octogenarian, we, who have never been advocates of a merely negative and polemical criticism, may be allowed to forget, on the present occasion, our strict character as literary judges, and be, for one short hour, the "children round the knees of wisdom." We believe we speak the simple prose of the matter when we apply to Goethe, as exhibited to us in these Conversations, almost literally the beautiful lines of Wordsworth, descriptive of a dignified and healthy old age.

"The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly personage,
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seem'd to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to higher height,
Magnific limbs of wither'd state,
A face to fear and venerate."

There is only one word of this passage which does not apply to Goethe, as he is described to us by Eckermann and many others who had the pleasure of knowing him during the last ten years of his life. There was as little about his body as about his mind to which such a term as "withered" could have any application. He was hale and healthy to the very last, and fresh and cheerful as a boy. The demon *Care*, which undermines the old age of many, had by him been vanquished betimes; he moved in a region elevated above the petty fears and anxieties of common men, and the sun-light of an habitual serenity shed the smile of a second youth over his old age. His latter years were, as Eckermann so beautifully says of his poems, "pure reality in the light of a mild glorification." Nor are we to paint to ourselves, under these words, any mere motionless contemplation in the style of an Indian Yogee, much less any such sublimated creature as Shelley is wont to describe feed-

ing upon "bloodless food;" or even like Talfourd's Ion, a being

"Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears,
As it would perish at the touch of wrong."

By no means. We must picture to ourselves a perfect man of flesh and blood; not body attenuated into, but interfused, elevated, and borne up by, spirit. Goethe was the most antipodal opposite of every thing vague, misty, and cloudy. Solid and substantial humanity he painted; solid and substantial humanity he was.

If there is an atmosphere of such noble and healthy manhood about Goethe's external person, there is an equal charm of ripened wisdom about his intellectual manifestations. His mind possessed two essential qualities that go to make up the man of knowledge and the man of wisdom; it was habitually *respective* and habitually *digestive*. His eyes were continually open to perceive beauties; faults they took cognizance of only incidentally. His mind, moreover, received nothing that it did not appropriate; the facts and observations that it collected were as seeds sown by a wise gardener, to lie in the cherishing bosom of earth, and spring up, after many years, into glorious flowers and fruitage. There is a manliness and a solidity, a soundness and a sense, a body and substantiality, about Goethe's thoughts, that bespeak at once a most profound, a most comprehensive, and a most mature mind. His judgments on men and things come to us with all the outward beauty, and all the inward mellow-ness, of a perfectly ripe fruit; the light of the sun has harmonized the white and the crimson upon the surface, and his heat has changed all its acrid juices into nectar. His Goethe says nothing that is not as weighty as it is well weighed, and yet the weight of his thoughts is not so much a weight of gravitating power as of inward import and significance, for there is a calm elasticity about his soul that bears it upward, and keeps it suspended in the region of purest intellect, like a self-poised and self-directing balloon. Neither are we struck, in his intellectual movements, with any appearance of grasp or effort; his ideas walk forth from their holy recesses, like a birth from a goddess, whose womb was never cursed with the malediction of Eve. Like the creative dove, he seems to brood over the chaos of a nascent world, and work it into order and beauty by a breathing. He does not storm heaven like the Titans, but finds it in every flower that unfolds its blossom in the gardens, in every tree that spreads its branches over the dwellings of humanity—every where, above,

beneath, within, around him, his docile eye sees and worships the living revelations of God.

We are none of those who would make an idol of Goëthe, or any other man whose name is mortal; and we have, on a late occasion,* perhaps in a somewhat polemical mood, exhibited in array all the *pros* and *cons* of the important case MENZEL v. Goëthe; but when the beneficent Creator allows a mind to grow up pregnant with such rare riches as Goëthe's confessedly was, we think it safer to err on the positive than on the negative side of admiration. Besides, to confess the truth, after a long and patient study, we have come to the conclusion that the principal objections of Goëthe's gainsayers resolve into this most absurd one,—that Martin Luther was not Melancthon, and Melancthon was not Martin Luther. All perfections can be united in no being but God; and he were a sorry critic who should blame Paul because he had not the mildness of John, and John because he had not the vigor of Paul. The world is wide enough for all excellences, if men had eyes to see them; but, as this crazy time unfortunately is, the "spirit that denies" is far too potent in the minds of men, and wherever we turn our eyes we find self-constituted judges of poetry and art, not diligently seeking and humbly reverencing that which *is*, but idly carping and quibbling about, and anatomizing, that which *is not*.

Of all the faculties of Goëthe's mind, there was none more ripely developed than his judgment. This was, indeed, to him an inward vision, long and honestly exercised to discern betwixt good and evil. On this foundation rests his extraordinary and universally acknowledged excellence as a critic; but there was also another element in his character, without which no man can hope to arrive at the highest excellence in criticism, and that is—LOVE. A clear, calm, and comprehensive intellect, to receive and dispose the most multifarious impressions,—an eye of love to search out, and a tongue of charity to set forth, the hidden good and beautiful in the most various minds, are equally essential requisites of the great critic. Goëthe was, moreover, the very impersonation of the spirit of order; the flowing hair, the rolling eyes, the irregular gait, so often supposed to be characteristic marks of poetic genius, are sought for in vain about his person. He was a true workman, but his working was not by fits and starts, as we are wont to see certain heroes of the reviewing world perform their monthly tasks at a

stretch, that they may thereafter, with the more undisturbed enjoyment, gobble up their pigeon-pie, and swill down their flowing goblets of Oporto. To such spasmodic fits of alternate activity and idleness, alternate intellect and brutality, Goëthe was a stranger. To him poetry was law, measure, and harmony, as law conversely was poetry, beauty, and grace.

There are critics enow in this as in every other country; but critics of a high order, to whom their art is a priesthood, are, perhaps, more rare in Britain than in any other country in Europe, except France. The reason of this is to be found in the spirit of party, which poisons the fountain-head, and pollutes the whole stream of our contemplative powers. Our periodicals of the first class are by no means free from this vice; and the conductors of not a few of our most popular Magazines and Reviews seem to think it necessary regularly to *devil* their dishes in order to make them stimulate the diseased palate of their readers. Perhaps this evil can never be altogether eradicated from our land; but the study of Goëthe, and of German literature, may go a great way to strengthen our reflective and elevate our critical powers. Even the Germans themselves have not a little to learn in this department. Heine and Menzel seem to be apeing, the one French vehemence and ribaldry, the other English severity and partisanship. We have the greatest respect for Wolfgang Menzel, and were the first in this country openly to testify it; but is it not truly lamentable that a man whom Nature seems willing to stamp as the Lessing of his age, should forget his high vocation so far, with respect to the two greatest poets of his country, as to become the systematic eulogist of the one, and the studied calumniator of the other? Let the critic of the *Morgenblatt* reflect; let him beware of what Goëthe so often and so eloquently warns against,—the merely negative and polemical direction of his talents; let him leave Gutzkow and the heroes of young Germany to go to the devil peaceably their own way. Why should he wield the club of Hercules to slay the ephemeral creatures that sport their vain hour before the sun? When the rain comes it will wash the painted glitter from their wings.

Having said so much on the character of Goëthe, as a man and as a critic,—and that we have said so much is sheerly to be attributed to the benign influence of Herr Eckermann's book upon our critical temper,—we hasten *in medias res* of our proper vocation on the present occasion, to give the reader as ample a selection from these interesting volumes as the limits of an article will permit.

* See vol. xvi. p. 9.

And, first, a few words on Schiller, of whom Goethe on all occasions speaks with a tone of mingled reverence and love. He was, indeed, as little blind to his faults and defects as he was to his own; and how well he knew his own defects, and to what a perfection he had carried the much neglected science of self-knowledge, we shall have occasion to see immediately.

SCHILLER.

"I remarked that I sometimes found difficulty in sympathizing with Schiller; some scenes of his great pieces I read with true love and admiration, but anon I come upon what appear to me offences against the truth of nature, and there I stop. Even *Wallenstein* affects me thus. I cannot help believing that Schiller's philosophical studies did no small injury to the exercise of his poetical talent, for these studies led him necessarily to exalt the mere ideal above nature, yea in some respects to annihilate nature. Things must happen according to his excogitated notions, whether nature would have it so or not.

"It is indeed a sad thing," said Goethe, "to observe how a man of such extraordinary genius should have vexed and tortured himself with mere forms of thought, by help of which he never learned to advance a single step. Humboldt has lately shown me letters which he received from Schiller at the time when the poet was occupied with these unblest speculations. We see from these letters what anxiety he at one time gave himself to effect a complete emancipation of the sentimental from the *naïve* poetry. But the evil was, that the sentimental poetry, thus divorced and isolated, could find no foundation, and this brought him into unspeakable perplexity. As if," continued Goethe with a smile, "the sentimental poesy could ever have had an existence without a *naïve* soil out of which to grow."

"It was, indeed, a peculiarity of Schiller's character that he could do nothing unconsciously, or as it were instinctively; he must always reflect upon what he was about. This reflective turn of mind it was that made him on all occasions willing, and even anxious, to speak to his friends about what he was doing and going to do; and I believe there is scarcely a play of his later years that he and I have not talked over together, scene by scene, before it was published.

"My whim, again, was of a different sort. I had an instinctive aversion to talk over my poetic projects with any person, and seldom or never did so, not even with Schiller. My gestation was known to none till the birth proclaimed it. When I showed Schiller my *Hermann and Dorothea*, he was not a little surprised, for I had never uttered a syllable to him on the subject till I put the printed copy into his hand."

As we allowed Menzel (vol. xvi. p 20). to

speaking at such length in behalf of Schiller, we think ourselves bound in duty to hear Goethe further on the same interesting theme. The subjoined passage contains a definition of *freedom* which will surprise not a little some of our liberal friends. There is no question, indeed, that Goethe was a *Tory of the Tories*; and we are much deceived if this is not the real head and front of his offending in the eyes of many.

SCHILLER AND FREEDOM.

"I was expressing to Goethe my admiration of the exactness of detail with which some of the landscapes in the *Wanderjahre* were delineated. He answered, 'It is singular, I have never made a special study of nature with a view to using it for poetical purposes; but my early attempts at drawing, and my future long-continued studies in the domain of Natural History, have made me so familiar with the external face of nature, to its minutest details, that I have got it as it were all by heart, and I never want an arrow when I wish to shoot. This close observation of nature seems something peculiar to me; Schiller had it not. The localities of Switzerland, which we find painted in his *Tell*, were not of his own observation, but taken from the accounts I gave him; but he was a genius of such extraordinary powers, that, from the imperfect materials of narration, he could create a scene that bore the impress of perfect reality.

"Schiller was, properly speaking, productive only in the ideal; and I doubt much whether in this region he has his superior either in Germany or in any other country. Byron has a good deal in common with him, but the Englishman had more knowledge of the world. It would have given me great pleasure to observe what effect Byron would have had upon Schiller, had he lived to see the gigantic debut of the author of *Childe Harold*. But I believe that Byron published nothing before 1807, and by that time Schiller was at rest.

"There is one idea," continued Goethe, "that pervades all Schiller's works, and that is the idea of *FREEDOM*. In his youthful works it is physical freedom that he struggles for; in his riper years he longed for no freedom but the ideal.

"Freedom, indeed, is altogether a very strange, and to me somewhat unintelligible idea. I am rather of opinion that every one of us has more freedom than we know how to use. And what profit have we from an overabundance of freedom, of which we can make no use? Cast your eyes, for instance, round this room and the neighboring chamber, through the open door of which you see my bed; neither of them is very large, and, small as they are, both of them are sufficiently fenced round and filled up with books, manuscripts, print-portfolios, vases, and various furniture; but, with all this, they are quite enough for me; I have lived in them the

whole winter, and have hardly entered my other apartments in the front of the house. What am I benefited, then, by my large house, and by the possession of rooms into which I never require to enter?

"He who has as much liberty as enables him to live in a healthy atmosphere and exercise his craft, has liberty enough. And, again, we are free only under certain conditions, which it is our duty to comply with. The boor is as free as the nobleman, if he knows how to employ his activity worthily within the sphere wherein God has been pleased to place him. The nobleman is as free as the prince; for, with the exception of a few court ceremonies, which any one may perform without much trouble, he is virtually his equal. *Freedom consists, not in recognizing nothing superior to ourselves, but in recognizing somewhat superior, which it is our privilege to reverence*; for, by the very act of reverence, we elevate ourselves to the same level with the object revered; and, by acknowledging the superior merit of what is above us, we show that we carry a kindred feeling in our own bosom, that makes us worthy to be the companion of him whom we revere.

"That struggling after physical freedom, which gave birth to Schiller's early works, is to be attributed partly to the nature of his mind, but in a greater measure to the feeling of restraint which his education in a military school necessarily imposed upon him.

"In his riper years, however, when he had as much physical freedom as he could desire, he made a transition to the ideal freedom, and I may say, without distortion or exaggeration, that this idea literally killed him, for he was induced thereby to make demands on his physical nature that it was ill able to bear.

"The Grand Duke, when he brought Schiller hither (to Weimar), offered him an income of 1000 dollars yearly, and another thousand whenever his health was such as to prevent him from following his usual literary occupations. This last thousand Schiller would not accept. "God has given me a talent," said he, "and I must make such a use of it as to be able to support myself." The consequence was, that, as his family increased in his latter years, he was obliged to write two tragedies yearly, in order to support himself; and this again forced him to work whole days and weeks in which his bodily health would have forbidden it—he seemed to act upon the principle, that his genius must, and should, be at his command whenever he stood in need of its services.

"Schiller drank little—he was very temperate; but in such moments of bodily weakness, he was sometimes tempted to keep up his spiritual powers at an unnatural elevation by the excitement of a liqueur, or some exhilarating spirit. This practice, besides hurting his health, had a bad effect on his literary productions themselves.

"This, indeed, is the fountain from which I trace all the imperfections which impartial critics have found in Schiller's works. The

passages which they find fault with I should be inclined to call *pathological*; for they seem to me to be all passages which must have been written under the press of that corporeal derangement, which never leaves the mind room to exert its full strength. I have the highest respect for the categorical imperative, for I know how much that is truly good has come forth from that quarter; but we must beware of carrying it too far, otherwise this boasted idea of ideal liberty will leave both body and soul in one wreck.*

We now come nearer home, and, for the satisfaction of those who have not had the felicity to be touched with the prevailing mania for German literature, we give the following masterly dissertation on the character and genius of Lord Byron. The facts connected with Goëthe's relation to that poet are so well known, that it would be idle here to repeat them. The particular period of Byron's poetical career that called forth the observations in the annexed extract—especially those on the three unities and on Shakespeare—seems to have been the publication of *Sardanapalus* in 1821. To make the remarks of Goëthe more intelligible, we subjoin at the bottom of the page an extract from his lordship's letters to Mr. Murray, from Ravenna, dated July 14 and July 22, of that year.*

LORD BYRON.

"I know no man," said Goëthe, "who possesses what is called *invention* in a higher degree than Lord Byron. He unravels the dramatic knot in a manner that surpasses all expectation." "I feel exactly the same thing with Shakespeare," replied I, "and particularly with his Falstaff; when this hero has told one of his gigantic lies, I rack my brain to conceive how he will work himself out of his own mesh,—but Shakespeare brings him out of the scrape in a style of his own, which no cogitation can anticipate. If you are right in saying the same of Lord Byron, I cannot conceive that you could in any way pay a greater compliment to his genius."

"Goëthe nodded assent, and then laughed at the new whim of his lordship, who in life had never learned to control himself in the least trifle, and yet most strangely had allowed himself in his recent plays to be tied down by the stupid law (*das dumme Gesetz*) of the

* "To Mr. Murray.—My object has been to dramatize like the Greeks (a modest phrase) striking passages of history, as they did of history and mythology. You will find all this very unlike Shakespeare; and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the *worst* of models, though the most extraordinary of writers. It has been my object to be as simple and severe as Alfieri; and I have broken down the poetry as near as I could to common language. Mind the *unities*, which are my great bjeç of research."

three unities. 'It is plain,' said he, 'that his lordship knew as little of the true principle of this rule as the rest of the world. The three unities are only useful in so far as they enable the spectator more easily to comprehend the piece, and to connect the several parts of it together into one complete whole.* When they do not contribute to this end they are useless, and it shows an utter want of understanding to employ them in such a case. The Greeks themselves, who were the fathers of the rule, did not always follow it; in the *Phaethon* of Euripides, and in other pieces, the place changes; and from this we see plainly that the great Greek masters were more concerned about how they might give their piece the best scenic effect, than about a rule that in itself has no meaning, and for which they are supposed to have had a blind reverence. Shakspeare's plays, as everybody knows, jump over the unities of space and time without the least restraint; and yet there are no pieces that are more complete in themselves, and more readily comprehended as a whole by the spectator.

The French, with all their strict adherence to the rule of the unities, have not been able to attain to this effect; they introduce narration where we expect action, and thus disturb our mind in forming an easy conception of the whole.

"This whim of adhering to the unities, however, was not without its service to Byron. It was a sort of rein to keep within reasonable boundaries a spirit which was always striving after the infinite. Would to God that he had been able to find some such rules for regulating his moral nature! We may say, with the greatest certainty, that the want of such a regulating power was his ruin, and that he went to wreck on nothing but the unbridled rebelliousness of his passions.

"He was far too much in the dark about his own condition. He lived from hand to mouth, and knew and considered not what he was doing. He allowed himself every license, and other people none; and thus he not only ruined himself, but raised up the whole world against him. With his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' he made a bad commencement, and put himself from the very first into a false position with regard to the principal poets and literary characters of the day. In his subsequent works, the spirit of opposition and discontent seemed to grow with him. Church and state were not safe from his sarcasms. This reckless warfare drove him out of England; and, had he liv-

ed, would in a short time have driven him out of Europe. Go where he might, he had never room enough, and, with the most unbounded personal liberty, he was under an habitual feeling of constraint—the world was a prison to him. His expedition to Greece was anything but a voluntary determination. His uncomfortable relation to his fellow men drove him to take some such a step as this.

"The violence with which he tore his mind away from everything traditional and patriotic not only ruined him altogether as a man, but his revolutionary feelings, and the continual agitation of his mind, prevented his poetical talents from receiving their due development. No one, moreover, can doubt that the eternal spirit of opposition, with which he was possessed, has done an irreparable injury to the effect of those wonderful works which he left completed. For it is not only that the dissatisfaction of the writer communicates itself to the reader, but generally all activity, that proceeds merely from a principle of opposition, can have nothing but a negative result, and that which is negative is nothing. When I say that bad is bad, what do I gain by it? but if I should chance, in my negating mania, to say that good is bad, (as too often happens,) then I do a great deal of harm. He who wishes to be actively useful must never fall a-rating of his neighbors, but, leaving the absurdities of the absurd to shift for themselves, be concerned only to do that which is good. For the end of all our endeavors is not to pull down, but to build up something that mankind may look upon and rejoice in.

"Lord Byron,' continued Göthe, 'is to be considered as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great genius. His good qualities belong chiefly to him as a man; his bad qualities belong to him as an Englishman and a peer, and his genius is incommensurable.

"All Englishmen, as such, are, properly speaking, destitute of what we call reflection. Their continual distraction, and the spirit of political partisanship, prevent their reflective powers from ever arriving at a calm development. But, as practical men, they are truly great.

"Lord Byron is, in respect of reflection, no better than his countrymen. He is great only when he writes poetry—as soon as he begins, to reflect he is a child.*

"But, notwithstanding this national defect, he is a man who succeeds in everything he undertakes; and one may truly say, that with him inspiration takes the place of reflection. He had no outlet but to poetize continually; and anything that came from him as a man, especially if it was a feeling of the heart, was sure to be good. His beautiful poems came to him as beautiful children come to women—they know not how, and think not why.

* We have here made a sweeping periphrasis, but the expressive German phrase "*das Fassliche*," which Göthe says is the "*Grund*" of the rule of the three unities, can hardly be translated by one word. Generally speaking, the English, who are not a reflective people, have a much more loose and less-concentrated way of expressing themselves, on philosophical subjects, than the Germans. No language is better adapted than the German for the expression of maxims and principles in a few pregnant words.

* We have transplanted this last passage from another part of the Conversations. This for the sake of those who might compare our translation with the original, and imagine that we had palmed something on Göthe.

"He is a born genius of a high order; and I have nowhere found the *vis poetica*, properly so called, in a more perfect state than in him. He seizes the leading external character, and sees through the past with a truth not inferior to Shakspeare. But Shakspeare was a more complete and perfect man. Byron knew this well; and, for this reason, has been careful to say very little about Shakspeare, though he knows whole passages of him by heart. He would have been glad to disown him altogether, had that been possible: for he did not understand Shakspeare's cheerfulness, and it stood not a little in his way. Pope, again, he had no occasion to disown, for from him he had nothing to fear. Accordingly, we find him mentioning Pope on all occasions with the highest respect, for he knew very well that Pope is a mere *vall* compared to him.

"I have often thought that Byron's high rank as an English peer was very much against him; for the external world is a thorn in the side of every man of high talent, and much more so when that man is placed in a situation of high rank and influence. A certain middle condition is most favorable for the development of talent; and it is for this reason that we find by far the greatest number of artists and poets among the middle classes of society. Byron's native propensity to lose himself in the infinite world, in a lower rank of life and with more moderate means, have been much less prejudicial to him. As it was, however, he was placed in a situation where he might hope to realize every fancy, however wild, and this entangled him in a thousand mazes. Being himself a member of the highest rank of society, there was none who could, in opposition to him, assume an attitude that might command his reverence or check his excesses. He spoke out freely whatever indignant feelings were fermenting in his proud mind, and thus brought himself into irreconcilable conflict with the world."

We have read nothing finer, nothing more instinct with the calm dignity of truth, than this piece of criticism. The German poet had evidently made a *study* of the illustrious Englishman; and how earnest and sympathizing that study was, there are ample proofs in the volumes before us. Even had we no such proofs, the two lines in the well-known sonnet are of themselves sufficient evidence, the one concisely expressing the innate disease, the other as concisely the innate nobility of Byron's character:

*"Er, der sich selbst im innersten bestreitet,
Stark angewohnt das tiefste Weh zu tragen."**

We follow up our last extract, by a passage more particularly devoted to Shak-

speare, but in which Byron is again brought upon the carpet, and in connection with him an anonymous individual marked with three stars, whom it does not require much divination to superscribe—HEINE.

SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, and HEINE.

"With regard to Shakspeare, I believe it is the wisest criticism to say nothing at all. Any thing that can be said falls infinitely short of the mark. In Wilhelm Meister I made a few pencillings that were not altogether without meaning; but one or two good lines are very far from being a portrait. Shakspeare, however popular on the stage, is not properly speaking a theatrical poet; he seems never to have spent a thought on the convenience or necessities of the stage; such a sphere was far too narrow for his mighty spirit; yea, the whole visible world was too narrow for him.

"His riches and his power transcend so far our vulgar measure, that it is dangerous for inferior minds to have much to do with him. It is enough for a man of productive genius to read only *one* piece of his every year. I acted wisely in shaking myself free from him with Götz von Berlichingen and Egmont; and Byron was led by the same instinct to follow his own way, and entertain no greater respect for Shakspeare than was necessary. He and Caldron have been the ruin of many honest Germans.

"Shakspeare," continued Goëthe, "gives us golden apples in silver salvers. We make a study of his works, and thereby get possession of the silver salvers, but we have nothing of our own but potatoes to put into them."

"I laughed at this original and striking comparison.

"He continued. 'Of all Shakspeare's pieces, I think Macbeth is decidedly the best adapted for the stage. But, would you become acquainted with the true freedom of his spirit, you must read Troilus and Cressida, and see with what a master-hand he moulded the materials of the Iliad.'

"The conversation then turned on Lord Byron, and specially on the remarkable contrast between the gloomy pride of his character and the innocent cheerfulness of Shakspeare. We observed, that the merely *negative* tendency of his poetical activity had been blamed by many, and not without reason. 'It had been well for Byron's poetical fame,' said Goëthe, 'if he had found an opportunity to vent all the elements of opposition in his character through the truly British medium of parliamentary speeches. But it was his misfortune scarcely to have opened his mouth in parliament; and the consequence was, that all the discontent and dissatisfaction of his nature was obliged to vent itself in the channel of poetry. I feel indeed so thoroughly convinced of the truth of this observation, that I should be inclined to consider a great part of his works as *undelivered parliamentary speeches*, and I conceive this designation is by no means one of the most unfit to characterize them.'

* Who lives in inmost conflict with himself,
Stoutly inured to bear the deepest woe.

"We were next led to speak of one of our living poets, who had raised himself to great reputation in a very short time, though the tendency of his works is more decidedly negative than even that of Lord Byron's. 'It cannot be denied,' says Goëthe, 'he possesses many shining qualifications, but he wants one thing—LOVE. He is as much displeased with his readers, and with his brother poets, as with himself; and when we read him we cannot help continually recurring to the apostolic sentence: 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am but as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal.' 'Tis but a few days ago that I read some poems by * * * and was convinced that his talents are of no common order. But, as I said, he is altogether destitute of LOVE, and without that nothing can be done. He will be feared and be the god of those, who, without possessing his talent, have an ambition to work in the same negative direction with himself."

Goëthe has been accused of undervaluing his contemporaries, and it was not to be expected that a man eighty years of age, who had lived to see so much quackery explode into bubbles, should have made as much noise about certain noisy wits, as it was their great object to make about themselves. The young men who came forth into the market-places, blowing a trumpet before them, and proclaiming loudly that they were *every thing*, it was Goëthe's practice to regard as nothing. What inflictions the patriarch bard had to suffer from the swarms of these insects, it is more easy to conceive than to describe. But Goëthe retaliated these provocations only with silence—or perhaps he hummed to himself the song of the embryo-spirit in his own *Faust*, and smiled at the truth of the prophecy:

"Legs of spider, paunch of toad,
And wings the little wight has,
And *tho' he has no head*, yet he
His small poetic flight has!"

BLACKIE'S *Faust*.

But it is not true that Goëthe undervalued his contemporaries, nor neglected even the most ephemeral productions of the day.—He was familiar with the works of all the young German poets of any name; and, if he blamed the poems of Uhland, for being somewhat weak and consumptive, we think there is not a man of any taste in this country, at least, who will not be ready to agree with him. Menzel, however, asserts that Goëthe sinned against the literary character of a much greater poet than Uhland, viz. Ludwig Tieck; and he adduces this as one proof among many of his favorite thesis, that the great Goëthe revered nothing in the universe but himself. Now, with regard to

Tieck, Goëthe certainly seems to have considered himself as far superior to Tieck as he considered himself inferior to Shakspeare.—It was not Goëthe's fashion to seek the applause of the multitude by an affected humility, like that displayed by Cæsar when he rejected the crown, though he well knew that he deserved it—but he has professed the greatest admiration of Tieck's genius, and shown us besides from what peculiar circumstances it arose that he and the great head of the Romantic school never became so cordial as, from their mutual admiration of each other's genius, might have been expected. We extract the whole passage relative to Tieck.

TIECK.

"'I have a great affection for Tieck,' said Goëthe, 'and I verily believe he has the same affection for me; but there is something in the relation betwixt us that certainly should not be. For this he is as little to blame as I am; the misunderstanding was not of his seeking, neither was it of mine. Other influences were working here, and the chief of these seems the following.

"'When the Schlegels had acquired a name, and were busy with their project of founding a new school of literature, I was too powerful for them, and, in order to give themselves more consequence, they were obliged to look about for a man of talent, whom they might set up, to hold the balance against me. Such a man they found in Tieck, and, in order to make him stand forward in the eyes of the public with sufficient prominence as opposed to me, they were naturally led to make more of him than he really was. This prejudiced our mutual relation not a little; for, by such means, though without being properly conscious of it, Tieck was put into a false position with regard to me.

"'Tieck possesses talent of high significance, and no person can be more willing than I am to acknowledge his merits; but when his friends raise him above himself, and set him up as a counterpart to me, they are certainly in the wrong. I say this with all modesty, but without phrase. I can do as little to magnify as to diminish any reputation I may deserve. I am what God made me. It were equally absurd if I should compare myself with *Shakspeare, who made himself as little as I made myself, and who is a being of a higher order, to whom I look up, and whom it is my duty to reverence.*"

To those who really do consider Goëthe as very far superior to Tieck, and yet object to the apparent want of humility in Goëthe so expressing his sense of this superiority as he has done in the above passage, we merely put one question: Does any person think the more of Robert Burns because he displayed so little knowledge of his own station as to

place himself beneath Shenstone and Ferguson? There is a certain sort of modesty which is wisdom in a youth of eighteen, but folly in a man of eighty.

To show yet more fully what attention Goëthe habitually paid to the contemporary literature of his own country, we extract the following advice to young poets, which is full of wisdom, and very characteristic of Goëthe's genius. We call particular attention to the expression used by Goëthe—"All my poems are poems of the occasion." This proposition requires no comment for those that are at all familiar with the genetical history of the great poet's works.

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.

Goëthe began the conversation by asking me if I had made no poems during this summer (1823). I answered that I had made a few, but on the whole had felt myself little disposed for any great exertion. 'Have a care,' he replied, 'of devoting yourself to a great work. The itch of producing an *opus magnum* has ruined, and ruins, many of our finest poetical talents. I have suffered somewhat from this disease myself. How many gems of thought have fallen into the well while I was vainly planning some fancied *monumentum ære perennius*! had I written all that the favorable spirit moved me to write, no hundred volumes would have been space for it.

" 'The present will have its rights; the thoughts and feelings that daily crowd round the mind of a true poet are entitled to an expression as free as is their visiting. But, with a great work in gestation, nothing else can be attended to; all thoughts, however good, are rejected, that do not bear upon that one object; the comfortable enjoyment of life is for a time suspended. How much intellectual strength must we not put forth, merely to lay out and round off the plan of a great whole; and when this is done, how seldom do we find the favorable moment in which power of thought unites with quiet of mind to produce a full, unbroken stream of poetic expression! Very often the poet finds, after years of thought and labor, that he has mistaken himself in his whole subject, and then his work is altogether useless; or, perhaps, though successful in some parts, where the materials are so extensive, he fails in others; and in this case his work wants completeness as a whole, and the good suffers owing to its conjunction with the bad. The labor and sacrifice of half a life-time may thus produce nothing but discomfort and mortification. If, on the other hand, the poet takes hold of the present as it offers itself, he cannot fail to breathe through his handiwork some of the freshness of reality, and snatch some fugitive trait of nature; or should he be so unfortunate as to please neither himself nor his friends, why then he may throw the blotted paper into the fire to-day, and write upon parchment to-morrow.

" 'There, for instance, is August Hagen, in

Königsberg, a young poet of first rate talent—have you read his *Alfried and Lisena*? There are passages in that poem that could not possibly be better; the situations on the Baltic, and every thing connected with that locality, show the hand of a master. But these are only beautiful passages; as a whole no one can relish it. And what exertions has it not cost him? What power has he not put forth upon it? Yea, he has almost exhausted himself on that one work. He has now written a tragedy!' Here Goëthe smiled, and waited a moment for my reply. I observed that, according to my recollection, he had read Hagen a similar lecture in the *Kunst und Alterthum*, and advised him to confine himself to small pieces. 'That I did,' said Goëthe; 'but do you, therefore, imagine that these young people will do as we ancients counsel them? Every one thinks he ought to know these matters best himself, and on the rock of this conceit many a fine genius has gone to wreck. But this is not the time for mere stumbling and groping, otherwise we worthy fathers had pioneered in vain. Shall we be always seeking? Is the wisdom of experience to go for nothing?—Must each successive adventurer wander through the same maze of error, and are the lighthouses and the beacons to show their lights in vain? The time is come when every step should not only lead to the goal, but be a goal in itself.

" 'I do not wish to schoolmaster you, but I would help you if I can. Turn over in your mind what I have been saying, and let me know if it suits you. Be faithful in little, but let that little be fresh and true, and no day will pass without its balsam of poetic enjoyment. Do not consider yourself too high even for the *Annals* or the *Magazines*, but always follow your own plan, and write to, not for, the public.

" 'The world is so great and so rich, and life is so manifold, that there will be no want of suitable occasions for poems. But your little pieces must be in the true sense of the word *Gelegenheits-gedichte*,—they must arise from, and have reference to, an actual occasion of life,—reality must afford both the origination of their existence, and the materials out of which they are moulded. A special case requires nothing but the treatment of a poet to become universal and poetical. *All my poems are Gelegenheits-gedichte; they were all motived by, and have all their root and base in, reality.* Of poems that are conjured out of the air I make no account.

" 'Let me not be told that the actual world is destitute of a poetic interest. It is the great triumph of genius to make the common appear novel by opening our eyes to its beauty. Reality gives the motive, the hinging points, the kernel; but to create a beautiful living whole of these rough materials, that is the work of the poet. You know *Fuënstein*, who has been honored with the surname of *Naturdichter* (poet of nature); he has written a poem on the cultivation of hops: nothing more pleasing, more neat, can be conceived. I have now prescribed him something

novel—songs of an artizan, you may call it, and especially a weaver's song, in which I am sure he will succeed. He has lived from his earliest years among this class of people,—he knows his subject,—he is master of his materials. This, indeed, is the great advantage of small pieces, that we may always choose a subject with which we are familiar, and of which we are thoroughly master. A great work, on the other hand, makes demands of a much more serious nature. Every thing then belongs to the construction and development of the plan must be handled with equal truth and effect. But few youthful minds are sufficiently varied and comprehensive in their knowledge for such an attempt. Manysidedness is the fruit of riper years. Beware, moreover, of the tempting ambition of ORIGINAL INVENTION.—He who, instead of reality, gives us his view of reality, who writes a poem or a romance as the vehicle of a philosophy, must have a riper mind than can for the most part be looked for in the youth. But, when we take the materials as they are offered to us, the work goes on much more easily. Facts and characters are received from tradition? the poet has merely to breathe the breath of life through the willing members, and a living body appears. He is thus saved from a thriftless expenditure of his own spiritual riches, and much is left within to the mellowing influence of time that would otherwise have been sputtered forth in troubled fermentation. The creative power is not overstrained, and the young artist, when his invention is less taxed, can apply himself with so much the more carefulness to the execution. I would even advise the treatment of subjects that have been so often treated already as to become a sort of common property among artists. How often, for instance, has Iphigenia been handled, yet without repetition! And if twenty great painters have painted the Madonna and Child, not one of these Madonnas is superfluous.”

We next give some interesting extracts on Tiedge, the well-known poet of Urania, and on the favorite theme of his poem, the Immortality of the Soul.

TIEDGE—IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

“One morning I found Göthe writing in Frau von Spiegel's album. After reading his verses, I happened to turn over a few pages, and found a small poem by Tiedge, quite in the spirit and tone of his ‘Urania.’ ‘I was once tempted,’ said Göthe, ‘to write a few verses, perhaps not in the most Christian temper, beneath these lines of Tiedge's, but my better spirit prevailed, and I am glad; for it is not the first time that, by allowing free rein to a reckless sally, I have given offence to many excellent men, and, doing them no good, have done much harm to myself.’

“‘I am far, however, from being able to say that, on this occasion, I have not received pretty considerable provocation; for there was a time when nothing was sung, and no-

thing was declaimed, but this Urania. Come when you please into the study, or into the chamber, Urania was upon the table; you saw and you heard nothing but Urania. I should be the very last man, indeed, to be willing to dispense with the faith of a future life—nay, I would say with Lorenzo di Medici, that all those are dead, even for the present life, who do not hope for a future; but things so far beyond our comprehension as these are not suited to become the subject of daily contemplation and thought-distracting speculation. Further I say, if any one believe in the continued existence of the soul after death, let him cherish his belief in quietness, and not make it an occasion of conceit. One thing, however, I learned, from the talk that was made about Tiedge and his Urania, that the saints, no less than the nobility, constitute an aristocracy. I found stupid women, who were proud because they believed in immortality with Tiedge, and I had to submit myself to not a few mysterious catechizings and tea-table lectures on this point; I cut them short, however, by saying, that I could have no objection whatever to enter into another state of existence after the present glass had run out, but I prayed God I might be spared the honor of meeting any of those *there*, who had believed in it *here*: for in that case my purgatory would only be beginning in heaven. The saints would flock around me on all sides, and say—“Were we not in the right?—did we not prophesy it?—has not every thing taken place exactly as *we* said?”—and, with such conceited clatter about one's ears, who shall insure me that, even in heaven itself, I shall not, within half a year, die of *ennui*?”

“‘To occupy one's self much about the immortality of the soul and such like speculations,’ he continued, ‘one must either be a lord or a lady; for people in the higher ranks of life, and especially women, have generally very little, often nothing at all, to do. But an active man, made of good stuff, who is seriously intent upon being and doing something useful, finds sufficient occupation in the present world, and deems it wisest to let the future world rest upon itself. Further, speculations about the future are most suitable for those who do not feel themselves comfortable in the present; and I could almost lay a wager, that, had Tiedge been more fortunate in his external condition, his thoughts, also, had been more cheerful and more healthy.’”

These observations are thrown out in a somewhat light, and what may appear to many frivolous, and, on so serious a subject, trifling, and even profane style. But how worthily Göthe thought on this interesting theme appears not only from the general spirit of his works (to those who *know* them), and from the well-known passage about Wieland in the first volume of Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics*, but also from another most express and clear passage in these *Conversations*, which, for the instruction of those who

reverence, and the correction of those who falsely calumniate, the name of Goëthe, we beg leave here to subjoin :—

“When one is seventy years old,” said he, with great cheerfulness, “one cannot fail at times to think upon death. This subject I contemplate in the most perfect peace, for I have the firm conviction that our soul is an existence of indestructible nature, whose working is from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, that, to our eyes indeed, seems to set, but, properly speaking, never sets, shining on in unchangeable splendor.”

We add a few observations, bearing a somewhat later date, on the same important subject. What we have just given bears date the 25th February, 1824. On the 4th February, 1829, Goëthe was found by his “trusty Eckart” reading Schubart, the natural historian. After praising his “common sense principle,” as opposed to the systems and philosophies so much in vogue in Germany, Goëthe goes on to blame him for mingling up religion with philosophy, and this gives occasion to a declaration, on Goëthe’s part, of the principle upon which he was inclined to base the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The whole passage is as follows :—

“Schubart, with all his merits, has one fault. Like Hegel, he insists upon drawing the Christian religion into philosophy, though the province of the one is quite separate from that of the other. The Christian religion is a mighty instrument in itself, by help of which human nature, when sunk most low in degradation and misery, has once and again been enabled to elevate itself; and a religion, which has done this, shows itself to be more sublime than all philosophy, and dependent upon no extrinsic aid from that quarter. In the same manner, the philosopher has no need to betake himself to religion in order to prove certain great doctrines that are founded upon the nature of the human soul, *e. g.* its duration after death. Man ought to believe in immortality—he has a right to do so—it is a dictate of his nature—and he may connect this natural belief with a religious faith; but when the *philosopher*, in the exercise of his vocation as an investigator of the *how* and the *why* in human nature, chooses to build the doctrine of immortality on a mere historical tradition (*Legende*), this is truly weak, and can do nothing for the advance of truth. To my mind, the conviction of the immortality of the soul seems to flow from the idea of *ACTIVITY*; for, if I progress in intellectual activity in the same proportion that my bodily tenement weakens, nature seems hereby to pledge herself to bring me into a state of existence more suitable to the ripe state of my inward man.”—vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

The following short passage on Lavater makes a revelation as to one of the speakers in the Blocksberg Intermezzo, which had

remained concealed to the combined erudition of Messrs. Hayward, Blackie, and Anster. The two latter gentlemen, like wise oracles, say nothing at all upon the subject: Hayward says the speaker is Herder, but it appears that he is mistaken. The passage in the interlude is, in Anster’s Translation, as follows :—

CRANE.

“I seek my prey in waters clear,
I seek it in the troubled rivers,
This scene is my delight, for here
Are devils mixed with true believers.”

The passage in the Conversations runs thus :—

LAVATER.

“To-day (17 February, 1829) we spoke much about the ‘Grosskopften.’ ‘Lavater,’ said Goëthe, ‘believed in Cagliostro and his miracles; and when at last his impostures were brought to light, Lavater maintained that this was another Cagliostro—that the true wonder-working Cagliostro was a saint.’

“‘Lavater was an honest worthy soul (*ein herzlich guter Mann*), but he was subject to not a few illusive influences, and the naked truth was not a thing for him; he deceived himself and others. He and I came at last to a complete quarrel. The last time I saw him was in Zurich; but he did not see me. I was so disguised that he would scarcely have been able to recognise me. His gait was like the stalk of a crane, and for this reason I introduced him as “Kranich” upon the Blocksberg.’

“I asked Goëthe if Lavater had any turn for the observation of nature, as one might be led to infer from his having occupied himself so much with physiognomy. ‘Quite the contrary,’ replied Goëthe; ‘the moral and the religious was his only element. Anything that his book contains about the skulls of brutes belongs to me.’”

We may conclude our extracts, so far as they contain criticisms on distinguished names in German literature, by the following just vindication of Kotzebue, whom some people seem inclined to treat as a mere buffoon, for no other reason than because Mr. W. Taylor made a god of him.

KOTZEBUE.

“I praised Kotzebue, and alluded especially to his *Vereandtschaften* and his *Versöhnung*, which I had seen at the theatre. His freshness of view into the realities of life, the happy manner in which he seizes upon its most interesting situations, and the truth and vigor with which he often paints character, appeared to me worthy of no common praise. Goëthe agreed. ‘What has lasted for twenty years,’ said he, ‘and still preserves its popularity, cannot be destitute of something substantially good. When he remained in his own proper sphere, and did not venture beyond his depth, Kotzebue always produced

something good. He and Chodowiecki were of the same genus; both were masters in painting characters and scenes of every-day life; but when they meddled with the Greeks and the Romans, they made themselves and their heroes ridiculous. You have mentioned his *Verwandtschaften* and his *Versöhnung*; the *Klingsberge* is my favorite piece. Whatever may be said against Kotzebue, one thing cannot be denied—he walked through life with his eyes open.

“On another occasion Goëthe coupled Kotzebue with Iffland, and spoke of them both with great respect. ‘If people,’ said he, ‘will insist on having things what they were never intended to be, Kotzebue and Iffland may be set down as ciphers; but if we would wisely distinguish one genus from another, we must be convinced that we may have to wait long before two men of such decidedly popular talent shall again appear. Of Iffland’s pieces, there is no doubt that the *Hagestolzen* is the best; he there shows that he was, on one occasion at least, capable of ascending from the common prose of life to the regions of the ideal.’”

The following remarks on the value of literary character show by what a high and pure spirit Goëthe was actuated in pursuing his poetical calling;—

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER IN LITERARY MEN.

“‘I have to thank my excursions into the realm of natural history,’ said Goëthe, ‘for the knowledge of how utterly worthless a thing human nature is in respect of high and generous motives. By coming into collision with scientific men, I learnt too soon that most of that craft reverence science only in so far as they derive their subsistence from it, and that they even deify error, when it is the means by which they make their bread.’

“‘In the department of *belles-lettres*, I do not find things much better. A high aim, and a pure unadulterated sympathy with what is sound and good, are *there*, also, phenomena but rarely to be met with. One upholds and cherishes another, because that other in return upholds and cherishes him; that which is truly great delights them not, nay, rather they hate it, and would willingly banish it from the world altogether, in order that they may be able to rise into importance. Such is the mass—and the few that rise above them are not much better.

“‘* * *, who possesses great talents, and yet greater erudition, might have done much good to our literature. But his want of character has rendered useless to the nation his extraordinary powers, and lost to himself the respect of his contemporaries.

“‘We have much need of a man like Lessing; for how did the man support himself so high in the reputation of his countrymen? By his character and his consistency alone. Men as long-headed and as cultivated as he there are many, but where will you find such a character?

“‘Many have plenty of cleverness, and plenty of knowledge, but they are at the same time full of vanity, and, in order to obtain from the shallow multitude the reputation of a *bel esprit*, they lose all shame and all reverence, and nothing is holy before their reckless wit.

“‘Madame Genlis was therefore quite right to protest against the unbridled licentiousness of Voltaire. For at the bottom, however clever his profane witticisms may be, they do no good to the world,—they form a foundation for nothing; nay, they may even do much harm by confusing those who are weak in the faith, and taking from under them their only stay.

“‘And then, what truly do we know,—and how little can we attain to with all our wit?

“‘Man is not born for the purpose of solving the problem of the universe, though he certainly has the vocation to seek the point where that problem begins, and then to circumscribe himself within the limits of the intelligible.

“‘To measure the operation of the universe is a work far beyond his capacities, and to inoculate his reason into the mighty whole is, from his point of view, a most vain endeavor. *The reason of man, and the reason of God, are two different things.*

“‘When we assume human freedom, we annihilate the omniscience of God; for the prescience of God necessitates the course of my actions to be in accordance with that prescience.

“‘I mention this only as one among many instances how little we truly know even on subjects wherein ourselves are most interested, and how delicate a thing it is to meddle with the mysteries of God.

“‘Neither ought we to imagine that, because we have arrived at a high and comprehensive principle, we are therefore called upon, on all occasions, to proclaim it to the world. Only in so far as man can make good use of truth ought they to be entrusted with it. Maxims which the many cannot understand, we should keep to ourselves, but not therefore as a mere fruitless capital; they may and must exercise an influence upon all we do, like the mild sheen of a hidden sun.”

Next comes a *morceau* or two for the students of Faust—all invaluable.

FAUST.

“‘Faust,’ said he, ‘is something altogether incommensurable, and all attempts to bring it more within the region of the understanding are in vain. It would be well also if the readers of this work would bear in mind, that the first part had its origin in a somewhat dark condition of the writer’s mind. But it is this very indistinctness (*dieses Dunkel*) that charms men, and Faust is not the only insoluble problem on which they delight to exercise their wits.’”

And in another passage, which we cannot at present lay our hands on, he advises

Eckermann not to plague himself too much about Faust, *denn es ist tolles Zeug!* it is strange stuff!

The following observation made by Eckermann, and confirmed by the assent of Goethe, on occasion of the fourth act of the second part of the Faust being finished, deserves attention.

"If, as you say, the fourth act is an isolated world in itself, it will be quite in keeping with the rest of the work. For at bottom, what is Auerback's Cellar, or the Witches' Kitchen, or the Blocksberg, or the Imperial Diet, or the Masquerade, or the Paper-money, or the Laboratory, or the classical Walpurgis Night, or the Helena, but each a little world for itself, independent one of the other, though not without a mutual bearing the one on the other? The poet is chiefly concerned to give expression to a world as multifarious as possible, and he makes use of the fable of a great hero merely as a thread to go through the whole, on which may string whatever he best can. The Odyssey and Gil Blas are constructed on this principle."

And again.

"Truly," said I, "this second part of Faust reveals a much more rich world than is contained in the first."

"How could it be otherwise?" said Goethe. "The first part is almost entirely subjective; it proceeded from an individual whose mind was captive to the influence of violent emotion, and I verily believe it is the indistinctness which arises from this state of mind that makes it so popular with the generality of poetry readers. In the second part, again, there is almost no subjectivity; a more elevated, more expanded, more clear, and less impassioned world is here revealed, and *he who has not seen something and lived something, will be able to make nothing of it.*"

"No person need try to read it," I replied, "who has not had some experience in the art of *thinking*; and I should also imagine that a little *learning* would be very useful. I am glad now, that I gave myself the trouble to read Schilling's book on the *Cabiri*, and that I am thus able to understand what your meaning is, in that famous passage of the classical Walpurgis Night."

"I have always found," said Goethe with a smile, "that it is good to *know* something."

We next encounter something good, on the character and exertions of a man whom the student of foreign literature can never name without respect; and, following upon that, something even better on the general subject of *popularity*, and on the popularity, or rather *non-popularity* of Goethe's works in

particular. Besides Goethe's own voice on this subject, we have some very sensible and sound remarks from Eckermann.

CARLYLE AND GÖTHE'S POPULARITY.

"It rejoices me," said Goethe, "to contemplate how the ancient pedantry of the Scotch has of late years given place to a spirit of serious and profound investigation (*Ernst und Gründlichkeit.*) When I bethink me how the Edinburgh critics treated my works only a few years ago, and, on the other hand, consider what Carlyle has done for German literature, the progress which they have made to the better seems really extraordinary.

"What I most admire in Carlyle," replied I, "is the spirit and character which is at the bottom of all his exertions. His only object is to improve and advance his nation in intellectual culture, and accordingly, in his excursions into the regions of foreign literature, he does not seek to lay hold so much of mere originality of genius, as of a high development of moral and spiritual culture."

"Yes," said Goethe, "the spirit with which he goes to work is peculiarly valuable. What a noble earnestness does he display! how seriously has he studied us? He knows our literature almost better than we know it ourselves; at all events, we have no one in this country who has done so much for English literature, as Carlyle has for German literature in England."

"The essay," I replied (in the *Foreign Review*), "is written with a fire and with an emphasis which plainly show how many prejudices and contradictions are yet to be overcome. Malignant critics and bad translators seem to have combined in raising a *fuma* against poor Meister. But Carlyle is a match for them all." To the often repeated silliness that no woman of noble birth, or high feeling, would dare to read Meister, he replies with all cheerfulness, "that the argument *ab esse ad posse* is surely as good in literature as in logic, and that a book which was the familiar study of such a woman as the late queen of Prussia might be safely put into the hands of any English lady, however precise."

"Carlyle has studied Meister thoroughly, and, convinced as he is of the great value of the book, it is his wish that its circulation may become more general, and that every man of cultivated mind may derive the same benefit from it that he has himself derived."

"Goethe drew me to the window to give me an answer.

"My good friend," says he, "I will take this opportunity of letting you into a secret, the knowledge of which will save you a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and be of use to you as long as you live. MY WORKS NEVER CAN BE POPULAR; he who imagines that they ever will be so, and acts on this principle, is in the wrong. They were not written for the mass, but only for individual men who have like longings and like seekings, and whose mind has taken a similar direction."

* *War sich nitch etwas umgethan und einiges erlebt hat, wird nichts damit anzufangen wissen.*

"He was proceeding to go on in the same strain, when a young lady entered and drew him into a conversation. I addressed myself to others of the company, and in a short time we sat down to dinner."

"I can give no account of what was said at table; Goëthe's words lay in my mind, and occupied all my thoughts."

"Truly, thought I, such a writer as he is, a mind of such elevation and of such comprehensiveness, how can he ever be popular! At most, fragments of him alone can become popular! A song, perhaps, which a merry comrade sings to his brother, or a love-sick maiden to her lover, may be popular with them, and even that song can never go beyond the sphere of those who understand what song is."

"And when we look at the matter rightly, is not this the case with every thing of an extraordinary nature? Is Mozart popular? is Raphael popular? And do men in general go beyond a mere *snapping* at the works of such original founts of inexhaustible spiritual life?"

"Yes, I went on to think, Goëthe is in the right! Taking him in his whole compass, it is impossible that he ever can be popular, and, as he himself says, his works are only for individual men who have like longings like seekings, and whose mind has taken a similar direction with his own."

"Goëthe's works, taken as a whole, may be said to be written for minds of an observing and contemplative nature, who are actuated by a desire to penetrate into the depths of the world and of human nature, and to investigate their laws. They are, in some parts, though certainly not as a whole, intended for hearts capable of passionate enjoyment, who seek in the poet for the highest and the deepest woe of human feeling. They are for young poets, who are studying the art of expression, and seeking to know how any subject may be handled according to the rules of art. They are for critics, who receive in them a living pattern, what maxims are to be applied, and how they are to be applied, in a literary judgment, so that a criticism may be at once interesting and pleasing. They are for the artist, whose mind they are peculiarly fitted to enlighten, besides that, in them, he finds the true principles of art, and the rules that render objects fit or unfit for artistical treatment. They are, in fine, for the natural philosopher, not only on account of the great discoveries which he will there find recorded, but specially because in these works he will find a method laid down and acted upon, according to which a sound mind may proceed in forcing nature to disclose her mysteries."

We shall conclude this interesting extract by another very short passage on "popularity," taken from another part of the work.

"Every thing that is very great and very wise can exist only in a minority. There have been ministers who, with the people

and king both against them, have carried their own mighty plans into execution by the energy of a single mind. It is quite hopeless to imagine that reason (*Vernunft*) should ever become popular. Passions and feelings may become popular, but reason will always be in the possession only of the privileged few."

We conclude with the last words recorded by our worthy memorialist. They were uttered in the beginning of the same month, on the 22d of which Goëthe was gathered to his fathers in March, 1832.

"Our conversation turned on the idea of destiny in the Greek tragedy."

"This idea," said Goëthe, "no longer squares with our habits of thinking; it is obsolete, and besides, it is contrary to our religious convictions. When a modern poet makes use of such ancient ideas for our stage, it always carries with it the air of affectation. It is a dress that has gone out of fashion, and, like the Roman *toga*, however suitable in its day and generation, can never hope to be revived among us."

"We moderns should do better to say with Napoleon, that politics is fate. But let us beware of falling into the error of our latest *litterateurs*, who confound politics with poetry, or at least maintain that politics is a fitting subject for poetry. The English poet Thomson wrote a very good poem on the Seasons, but a very bad one on Liberty; and this not from a want of poetry in the poet, but from want of poetry in the subject."

"A poet who means to be active in politics must surrender himself to a party; and so soon as he does this he is lost for ever as a poet: he must bid farewell for ever to his unshackled spirit and his unprejudiced view of human affairs, and allow the cap of narrowness and bigotry to be drawn over his ears."

"A poet will love his country as a man and a citizen, but the native country of his poetical powers and his poetical exertions is the good, noble, and the beautiful; that is not tied down to any particular province or any particular land, but it is seized by him wherever it is to be found. He is in this respect like the eagle, who hovers with free glance over many lands, and to whom it is a matter of no concern, whether the hare on which he is about to pounce runs over Prussian or Saxon soil."

"Further, I should like to know what is the meaning of those phrases:—Love your country—Be an active patriot—and so forth. If a poet has employed himself during a long life in combating pernicious prejudices, overcoming narrow views, elevating the intellect, and purifying the taste of the country, what could he possibly do better than this? How could he be more patriotic? To make such impertinent and unthankful demands upon a poet is as if I should demand of the head of a regiment to become a ringleader in

all political novelties, and neglect thereby his soldiers and their discipline. The head of a regiment ought to have no other fatherland than his regiment, and his best way to become a patriot is to have no concern with politics, but in so far as they affect the discharge of his duties, and to direct his whole energies to the training and conversation of his troops, to the end that, when his fatherland really requires their service, they may be able to acquit themselves like men.

"I hate all intermeddling with subjects that one does not understand, as I hate sin itself; and of all intermeddling bunglers, political bunglers are to me the most odious, for their handiwork involves thousands and millions in destruction.

"You know well it is not my custom to concern myself much about what people say or write of me; but I have heard, and I know very well that, though I have worked like a slave all my life long (*so sauer ich es mir auch mein Lebelang habe werden lassen*.) there are nevertheless certain people, who consider all that I have done as worse than nothing, for no other reason than because I have uniformly refused to mix myself up with party politics. To please these gentlemen, I must have become a member of a Jacobin club, and a preacher of murder and bloodshed! But enough of this sorry theme, lest I should lose my reason in attempting to reason against that which is altogether unreasonable."

This criticism on the connection between politics, poetry, and patriotism, seems to us not altogether distinguished by that soundness and comprehensiveness of judgment for which Göthe is so remarkable. It were well that he had let politics alone altogether; for, when he exclaims against catholic emancipation, palliates the slave trade, and denies that freedom and patriotism are proper subjects for the Muse, we cannot help thinking that he shows the aristocrat somewhat too prominently, and is, to say the least of it, pretty considerably *one-sided*. But this is a long chapter, and we may have occasion to say something on it in our next number. Meanwhile, if our readers shall have derived half the pleasure from reading these extracts that we have enjoyed in penning them, we have done good. The Reviewer seldom has his labors sweetened by such a treat.

explicatives et autres Documents par MM. Baradere, De St. Priest, et plusieurs Voyageurs. Fol. Paris. 1834-5. Au Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines.

2. *Voyage Pittoresque et Archéologique dans le Mexique.* Par C. Nebel, Architecte. Lithographié par les Artistes les plus distingués de Paris. Paris. Fol. Livraisons, 1, 2, 3, 4. 1835.

3. *Collecion de las Antiquedades Mexicanas que ecsisten en el Museo Nacional y dan a luz* Isidro Icaza e Isidro Gondra, litografiadas por Federico Waldeck, e impresas por Pedro Robert, Mexico, 1827—1835.

THE subject comprehended in the three important works which we have made the text of the ensuing article, will be found to possess those features of novelty and originality which we deem of paramount importance, in order to attract public attention to any antiquarian subject whatever. The antiquarian discoveries recently made in Spanish America may, on the threshold of the inquiry, be at once pronounced to be equal in interest and importance to those Egyptian discoveries to which we have called the attention of our readers—while so lately recording the last triumphs in this department, of Rossellini and Champollion. If the former investigation were calculated to startle the reader by the unique novelty of the historical incidents and personages which it summoned up before his eyes as by the spell of a magician—the facts, historical or otherwise, which the present investigation is calculated to bring to light, will be found not less startling by their novelty, than curious by their antiquarian coincidences, and important by their mythological, historical, and geographical revelations. The subject of Mexican antiquities possesses moreover the advantage of being less hackneyed than the subject of Egyptian antiquities. It is comparatively a virgin soil. The golden ore remains in the mine, little worked and scarcely known. The searching eye of some few antiquarians has indeed been enabled to discover the intrinsic value of the buried metal. But they have either seen it dimly through the dark and obstructed channels by which they obtained access to it, or have themselves contributed to render it undistinguishable by the public, by encumbering it with new mountains of pedantic lumber, in the very act of digging downwards to the buried treasures. To the public generally the mine, rich as it is in the most precious veins of antiquarian information, may be considered as all but closed. Mexican antiquities, for reasons which may be briefly stated, may be pronounced a sealed book. It is for the purpose of throwing a

ART. II.—1. *Antiquités Mexicaines. Relation des trois Expéditions du Capitaine Dupaix, ordonnées en 1805, 1806, 1807, accompagnée des dessins de Castaneda, Membre des trois Expéditions et Dessinateur du Musée de Mexico; avec des Notes*
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new light of interpretation on its mysterious pages that this paper is undertaken. In pursuing the investigation we shall endeavor to keep in view the same guiding principle by which we were governed while bringing out into high relief the most novel points of Egyptian discovery, namely, that of popularising the subject—by divesting it of the voluminous and repulsive pedantry by which it has been hitherto overlaid. If we have triumphantly appealed to the chief characteristics of our previous Egyptian investigation, viz. the startling novelty of producing a new volume in the roll of history, and of eliciting, as it were, a new Pagan Genesis, concurrent with and corroborative of the Bible, we think that, before we have concluded, we shall establish the fact that this investigation is imbued with the same popular character of excitement and attractiveness.

The first circumstance calculated to rouse surprise on surveying the stupendous, grotesque, or magnificent monuments of a by-gone people, to which the illustrations of the volumes which head our article introduce the reader, is the carelessness or the supineness with which they have been overlooked or disregarded. Robertson, impressed with the same incredulous feeling, or betrayed by the Spaniards, whose interest at that time it was to keep him in the dark, went so far in his *History of America* as to say, that there is not, in all the extent of New Spain, any monument, or vestige of building, more ancient than the Conquest; that the temple of Cholula "was nothing but a mound of solid earth, without any facing or any steps, covered with grass or shrubs;" and that "the houses of the people in Mexico were but huts, built with turf or branches of trees, like those of the rudest Indians. The same acute and cautious historian merely observes, in a cursory manner, that "the unfortunate Boturiori made an amazing catalogue of Mexican maps, paintings, tribute-rolls, calendars, &c. which were lost." In another passage he treats as a matter of great suspicion the authenticity of the chronological wheel, by which the Mexicans computed time; a specimen of which was published by Carrieri; while the monument itself was actually brought to this country by Mr. Bullock. "If it be genuine," he coldly says, "it proves that the Mexicans had arbitrary characters, which represent several things besides numbers." It is surprising that so acute a critic as Robertson did not feel some suspicion before he hazarded such contemptuous decisions, that he was either misinformed or too precipitate in his judgment.

A fact, which he himself states, ought to have impressed him with due circumspection.

Referring to the Mexican people, who, we shall be able to show, were really in a state of barbarism comparatively with the Tultèques whom they superseded, he yet is forced to admit that the Mexicans, clearly deriving their institutions from the Tultèques, were advanced at the time of the Spanish conquest beyond the then extant points of European civilization in two most distinguishing particulars, namely, in regard to their well-established police, embracing a regular supply of water and sewers, and in regard to the regular posts that they had established. Since the period of Robertson new lights have been successively thrown on the subject, and the vague mists of incredulous ignorance, in the midst of which he recorded these disproved opinions, have been cleared away. Humboldt has since then published his amusing and eloquent account of the monuments that still exist in central America. A Spanish writer, very little known, named Del Rio, in 1782 published his "*Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City, lately discovered in the Kingdom of Guatemala.*" This last work, although it may be said to have been scarcely published in this country, and at all events to have lapsed into a condition of obscurity, supplies more curious and valuable information than Humboldt on the subject. Since then the English public have been made partially more familiar with their existence and their characteristics by the exhibition of Mexican Antiquities brought by Mr. Bullock to this country. We are, however, bound to say that the exhibition tended to impart rather a low idea of Mexican proficiency in the arts,—that it was calculated to confound two races of people—(the conquerors and the conquered)—both totally distinct,—and still to retain in shadow the truth which has rapidly dawned on the world of antiquarian literature, that there exist in New Spain the monuments of a highly civilized people who preceded the Mexicans, as stupendous, as tasteful, and as wonderful, as those of Egypt. Since the last-mentioned work, those which head our article have been published. They demonstrate that the attention of the learned world has been thoroughly awakened to the interests and importance of the subject.

Nebel's *Archæological Voyage*, though extremely limited in the amount of its illustrations, is the most splendid in the execution of their details. But the most authentic and complete account which we have of these monuments results from a commission sent out for the purpose of investigating them, under the authority of the Spanish government. It was headed by Dupaix, who has published an ample account of three scienti-

fic expeditions undertaken by him for their investigation. To these results may be added the fruits of an additional commission confided by the local Mexican government to M. Baradere. They however add little to the facts collected by Dupaix, who must in truth be considered as the chief and best authority for all legitimate inferences on this subject. The illustrations of Dupaix are embodied in the magnificent and expensive work entitled "*Antiquités Mexicaines*," printed in Paris, and published in numbers at the *Bureau des Antiquités Mexicaines*. This work is one of those which we have deemed necessary to place at the head of our article. Notwithstanding the apparently official mantle thus attractively thrown over the French publication in question, we are bound in justice to tear away its masquerade dress, and to state that the greater part is nothing more than a reprint of Augustin Aglio's illustrations drawn from the work of Dupaix, and already incorporated with the great work of Lord Kingsborough, entitled "Mexican Antiquities." A little variety is sought to be obtained by coloring the drawings, and by occasionally imparting to them picturesque (and therefore, as we apprehend, deceptive) effects. The descriptions attached to the Parisian illustrations are of no great depth or value, but they have the merit of being perspicuous in meaning and brief in form. They possess thereby the superior advantage of being publishable, which Lord Kingsborough's work is not. The work of the noble Lord possesses characteristics quite sufficient to repel the most determined book-devourer from attempting to surfeit on the gigantic meal embodied in its voluminous pages. It is in reality an ill-arranged, undigested mass of every class of contribution, in which the editorial work and the *scissors and paste* work are confusedly blended,—in half a dozen languages, some translated, some not translated—with notes piled upon notes, producing "confusion worse confounded." The mischief is considerably augmented by an extraordinary theory which pervades all the original composition, and of the truth of which the noble author appears to have been as convinced as of any truth in holy writ. This theory is, that America was peopled by the ten Jewish tribes carried away by Salmanazer, king of Assyria; and not only the Mexicans, but the founders of the extraordinary monuments preserved in the illustrations of his lordship's work, were Jews.*

It is from the combined series of works which we have thus recapitulated and des-

cribed that we mean to derive the arguments, inferences, and propositions of this paper. Our object will be, we repeat, to *popularize* the subject; to extract the sterling metal from the drossy matter which surrounds it; to extricate it from the revolting mass of learned pedantry and theoretical absurdity by which it is at present overwhelmed; and to impart to it, as far as lies in our humble power, the brilliancy and concentration which are indispensable requisites for attracting public attention.

We have said that this is an inquiry almost new to the public; we can adduce an extraordinary instance of the ignorance prevailing among literary and scientific men in general of the immense sources of information from which they have been excluded by the voluminous pedantry employed upon the subject. It was after the publication of Lord Kingsborough's work, that is to say in 1831, that a correspondent of the Literary Gazette announced a great discovery by a certain Colonel Galindo in New Spain. This gentleman, going out one fine morning in the neighborhood of Palenque, stumbled on the ruins of an ancient city, nearly as wonderful in the architectural details as those of the Egyptian Thebes. The discovery was announced with great pomp, and the correspondent of the Review in question, which is one of great circulation, promised, on behalf of the colonel, to supply a series of illustrations and descriptions of this astounding discovery. Unfortunately the result of the colonel's morning adventure turned out to be a complete mare's nest. The fact is, that Lord Kingsborough's work, published a year before this event, gave the most ample and minute details, in a series of illustrations by Aglio, the artist, of the identical ruins stumbled upon by the astonished *literatus*. The Spanish commissions headed by Dupaix had also given equally ample details of this ruined city. Humboldt exhibited some of the sculptures; and, finally the whole of the ruins had been examined, described, and drawn with great fidelity, by Del Rio, in the publication to which we have already adverted. This circumstance is alone sufficient to show that the subject is, unlike Egyptian antiquities, comparatively new to the reading British public. It is for us to show, in the ensuing remarks, that it is as attractive, useful, and important, as it is new.

The first and strongest conviction, which will flash on the mind of every ripe antiquarian while surveying the long series of Mexican and Tultecan monuments preserved in the various works to which we have briefly called attention, is the similarity which the ancient monuments of New Spain bear to

* See the Review of Lord Kingsborough's Work, in our 17th Number.

the monumental records of ancient Egypt. While surveying them, the glance falls with familiar recognition on similar graduated pyramids,—on similar marks of the same primeval Ophite worship,—on vestiges of the same triune and solar deity,—on planispheres and temples, which, though not characterized by some distinctions entirely American, are not less worthy of the notice of the Egyptian antiquarian,—on relics of palaces at once noble in their architecture and beautiful in their proportions and decorations,—on monuments sepulchral, domestic, religious, or warlike, which deserve the designation of Cyclopean as much as any that are now extant in Italy or Greece,—on idols and sculptures, some of rude and some of finished workmanship; exhibiting different eras of civilization, and often presenting the most striking analogy in posture and gesture to the monumental style of sculpture and of statuary pre-eminently called Egyptian. Lastly, the eye of the antiquarian cannot fail to be both attracted and fixed by evidences of the existence of two great branches of the hieroglyphical language,—both having striking affinities with the Egyptian, and yet distinguished from it by characteristics perfectly American.—One is the picture-writing peculiar to the Mexicans, and which displays several striking traits of assimilation to the anaglyps and the historical tablets of the Egyptian temples. The second is a pure hieroglyphical language, to which little attention has been hitherto called, which appears to have been peculiar to the Tultecans or some still more ancient nation that preceded the Mexicans; which was as complete as the Egyptian in its double constituency of a symbolic and a phonetic alphabet; and which, as far as we can judge, appears to have rivalled the Egyptian in its completeness, while in some respects it excelled it in its regularity and beauty.

The brief and cursory sketch which we have thus given for the convenience of the reader, by way of preface or overture, is indispensable to remove prejudices which may have been excited through the low estimate formed by Robertson and others. The real fact is, that the depreciated view of Mexican antiquities results, in a great measure, from an anachronism carelessly allowed to establish itself among literary men, who have not deeply examined the subject respecting two eras and two nations. It will be our province to extricate the subject from the confusion thereby caused.

A brief enumeration of a few facts will show upon what slight foundation Dr. Robertson must have built his careless appreciation of the monuments of New Spain. A

mania existed in his time, as it does now, in favor of the stupendous importance of every thing connected with the Egyptian monuments. Now what is the simple fact? Pyramids, not inferior to the Egyptian, exist in many parts of the Mexican territories and of New Spain. Some of these pyramids are of larger base than the Egyptian, and composed of equally permanent materials. Vestiges of noble architecture and sculpture are visible at Cholula, Otumba, Oaxaca, Mitlan, and Tlascalala. The mountain of Tescoçala is nearly covered with ruins of ancient buildings. The ancient town of Palenque exhibits not only excellent workmanship in the temples, palaces, private houses, and baths, but a boldness of design in the architect, as well as skill in the execution, which will not shrink from a comparison with the works of at least the earlier ages of Egyptian power. In the sanctuaries of Palenque are found sculptured representations of idols, which resemble the most ancient gods of Egypt and Syria; planispheres and zodiacs exist, which exhibit a superior astronomical and chronological system to that which was possessed by the Egyptians. At Mitlan there exist the remains of a palace which is of considerable extent. Its architecture, though distinguished by characteristics peculiarly American, and different from that of any nation with which we are familiar, is to our view marked by features of stately grandeur and melancholy beauty. The roof of the portico is supported by plain cylindrical columns, no type of which we believe elsewhere exists. The façade of the palace is covered with a beautiful mat-work or basket scroll, which is a characteristic ornament of all the Tultecan monuments, which is often found in the sepulchral chambers of the same extraordinary people, and which Rossellini, by a singular coincidence, found in those of Egypt, among others of the magnificent scroll-ornaments, copies of which decorate his *livraisons*. It is curious that the ground plan of this palace is the Egyptian Tau. Finally, statues sculptured in a purely classical style, unlike the rude deformities of Mexican art, have been found in the neighborhood of Otumba, Mitlan, Xochicalco, and the magnificent flower temple of Oaxaca. These are not the works of barbarians, as Robertson intimates, having no metal implements to work with. This misconception is the result of the before-mentioned confusion of two eras. It is true that the Mexican semi-barbarians produced their rude sculptures with stone utensils, but the civilized people who preceded them worked with copper implements, some of which have been discovered in their tombs. Vases agreeing both in shape and ornament with

the earliest specimens of Egyptian and Etrurian pottery have been found in their sepulchral excavations. Moreover, evidences of an amount of civilization and of social comfort, which are not to be found among the popular and boasted monuments of Egypt, are furnished by the architectural memorials of this great, singular, and almost unknown people. Roads are to be found not only in the vicinity of their great cities, but at a considerable distance from them: artificially constructed, like the Roman military roads, of large squared blocks of stone. These roads, on the same principle as the railroad, affect a continued level. They are in fact *viaducts* as contrasted with *acqueducts*, which these people also constructed. Where they traverse acclivities, they are parapeted, and the evidences both of regular posting stations at regular intervals, and of the regular division of the distances upon the principle of our mile-stones upon turnpike-roads, are still to be observed. Bridges, constructed of the same durable materials, and traversing mountain torrents, are also to be found. In these bridges, an approach to the principle of the arch and key-stone may be in a few instances discerned; but generally they display the primitive and obvious form of architraves of stone, super-imposed on two or more piers of the same massy character and durable materials. Every feature of these structures is at once singular, ingenious, and gigantic. Cyclopean in the forms of their masonry, they are characterized throughout by the same Titanian character of wild and exaggerated grandeur.

The older monuments of New Spain, which are most important, and which most strikingly resemble the Egyptian, are in fact not Mexican. The term Mexican antiquities, as far as they are concerned, is a misnomer. It is indispensable to bear this distinction in view. They are the monumental relics of a great nation, whose existence at the time of the Spanish Conquest had become a matter of vague record under the name of "giants and wandering masons," the traces of whose social civilization had been in many respects obliterated by the incessant irruptions of barbarous tribes from the north—in some respects partially repaired or renewed. Sufficient evidences remain that this nation, which had long passed away from the central seat of its triumph in New Spain at the time of the Spanish Conquest, was a most polished and powerful nation. It has been agreed to call the monuments left by them Tultecan, but our decided conviction is that their erection dates back much further than the era assigned to the Tultecans, who pre-

ceded the Mexicans by six hundred years. Our opinion is that many of the monuments exhibited in the numerous and splendid illustrations of the works under review are coeval with the Egyptian or Etrurian. Many of them we furthermore believe—and it will be our province to demonstrate the proposition by evidence—are, as the Indians in fact told their Spanish conquerors in the armies of Pizarro and Cortes, the works of the nation called "giants and of wandering masons." Now every scholar knows that these terms are merely exchangeable terms employed in every district of ancient Europe, to designate this Cyclopean family, who were called by the same names in ancient Greece and Italy. Our impression is that the Indians were right in the designation which they gave them, and that the monuments of New Spain—we mean those to which we are now especially referring,—for some of them are clearly of later origin—are in reality Cyclopean.

It will be advantageous to establish this point of affinity, and clear it at once from our path before we enter upon the succeeding steps of the investigation. It is our opinion, and we have given reasons for the inference in a former paper, that the pyramids, being nothing but a more regular form imparted to the sepulchral cairn, are structures which may be generally pronounced peculiar to the shepherd or Cyclopean community. There was a distinct record in Egypt that the great pyramid, not improbably the model of all the others, was built by that people. Uninscribed pyramidal temples appear to have distinguished them in Egypt, as the truncated form imparted to inscribed palaces and temples would appear to have characterized the race which expelled and succeeded them. Wherever the expelled community wandered or were driven, their location was distinguished by the same unvarying type both of their architecture and of their government. We cannot do better than repeat the description which we gave of them in reviewing Rosellini. "The republican forms of government of the great pastoral community, as Aristotle proves in his history of all the republics clearly assignable to this extraordinary race, and generally embracing a community of goods, were disseminated throughout the world wherever their wanderings led. These people carried with them in their wanderings all the favorite forms of the Pastoral or Cyclopean architecture—pyramids, gateways, triangular or graduated arches without the keystone, cellular cairns, unsculptured initiatory caverns, irregular courses of colossal masonry, cylindric

columns, and rock-built fortresses, which, wherever they are found, attest their presence."

These facts being admitted or established, the question is, do the monuments of New Spain, as displayed in the illustrations of the works under review, correspond with these unvarying and identifying characteristics? Our reply is, yes; they correspond entirely. Some of the pyramids, as we have said, are larger than those of Egypt. Some of them are different in their model—having somewhat of an Indian character—bearing strong affinity to pyramidal temples still extant in Japan.—(See the work of Sir Thomas Raffles.) The pyramid of Cholula exhibits a most singular identity with the model of the temples of Belus, described by Herodotus, and which, by many scholars, has been considered to be the Scriptural tower of Babel. It consists of eight graduated square towers, each rising above the other, and terminating in a topmost sanctuary, dedicated apparently to the same solar god. But there are more singular analogies between the forms of some of the pyramids of New Spain and some of the most ancient pyramids of Egypt. Among the pyramids on the plain of Saccareh is one consisting of four graduated steps. The illustrations of the "*Antiquités Mexicaines*" furnish a copy of a Mexican pyramid of exactly the same form and nearly the same dimensions. Again, descending galleries, at a particular astronomical angle of declination, lead to central chambers, either for the purpose of mystery or sepulture, in the Mexican pyramids as well as the Egyptian. Quite enough has been said to prove the architectural identity. It is fair to infer, that tribes of the same architectural family built both. In that case, they would be contemporaneous; but the evidences of the same affinity or identity multiply as we proceed.

There are numerous rock-hewn monuments, scattered throughout Central America, which the natives call granaries of the Giants; but which in every respect resemble the Cyclopean fabric near Argos in Greece, called the treasury of Atreus. The form of these structures are generally dome-shaped; a gallery leads to a central room, which is lighted by a cavity from the dome. In some cases, the doorway to this gallery resembles in its Cyclopean structure the gate of Mycenæ; but there are some singular exceptions, in which a knowledge of the arch and of the key-stone (and the same thing has been proved by Rosellini and Belzoni to have existed anciently in Egypt) is clearly assignable to these architectural barbarians. Again, sepulchres have been found constructed on the very same model as those of Cy-

prus and Asia Minor, which probably preceded, but were at all events contemporary with, the most ancient monuments of Egypt. They are generally in the form of the Egyptian cross. A sloping passage, intended to be closed, leads to a vestibule, supported by a single column and ornamented with the mat-work scroll, out of which branch sepulchral chambers to the right and left. In the *Antiquités Mexicaines* rock-built fortifications are exhibited, which precisely resemble similar Cyclopean structures at Tyrrins and Perugia. The walls of their cities and fortresses are built of rough stones, irregularly fitted into each other, and arranged in irregular courses, precisely as all the walls of known Cyclopean origin discovered in Greece and Italy are constructed. There is another and still more remarkable instance of the architectural identity, which we are endeavoring to demonstrate. Some of their palaces, but more especially the combined temple, palace, and city of Palenque, are characterized by the well-known Cyclopean arch, consisting of receding steps of stone in a triangular form. At Palenque a rectangular square is surrounded by cloisters built in this manner, being lighted by windows bearing the exact form of the Egyptian Tau.

We have thrown a rapid glance over the architecture, and over the sculptures which exist in New Spain in the various ruined monuments of the extraordinary and powerful nation whose empire, along with every certain memorial of their name, has long passed away. We shall proceed to draw upon the descriptions and illustrations in the works before us for an equally brief, and, we hope, perspicuous and popular view: 1st, of their personal characteristics and costume; 2d, of their religion and religious rites; 3d, of their hieroglyphical language, and of the state of science among them. We purpose to conclude, by inquiring into the origin of these extraordinary people—whence they came—who they were—how it was that they imbued the mythology of New Spain with the most striking analogies to the mythological system, which is known to have existed in the most remote times in Egypt, India, and even in Italy. We shall advert, in the course of this inquiry, to the theory especially taken up by Lord Kingsborough—and which runs through the whole of his seven gigantic volumes—that they were Jews; and that even the Mexicans who succeeded them were a tribe of the Hebrew nation. We shall inquire into the probability of this startling and rather eccentric theory. We propose to conclude the whole inquiry, by the aid of such facts and evidences as we shall be able to bring forward, with establishing an hypo-

thesis that will satisfy our readers, and will at all events be pronounced not at all improbable, if not entirely capable of demonstration. The personal characteristics, physiognomy, and costume of the extraordinary nation, whose monuments we are discussing, and whom for the sake of avoiding confusion and prolixity we shall call Tultecans—although we doubt the strict propriety of the designation—will be found among the illustrations of Castaneda, accompanying the original work of *Dupaix*; and which are copied by the artist employed in the *Antiquités Mexicaines*, published in Paris at the Bureau of Mexican Antiquities. Both, however, merely reproduce, and thereby honorably prove the accuracy of the illustrations published long previously by Captain Del Rio, in his description of the Ruins of an Ancient City. The sculptures in question are most extraordinary, and bring before us a people as extraordinary as if they appertained to another planet. Their physiognomy is unlike any of the various families of the human race, with which any other sculptures or monumental records had previously rendered us familiar. Their receding forehead, their low facial angle, and the conical form of their heads, would, according to the ordinary principles of the craniologists, indicate little short of idiotism, did we not perceive, on the very monuments where the elementary data of craniology would seem to testify against them, marks of a powerful, civilized, and enlightened people. The sculptures which reveal these novel characteristics in the outward form and lineaments of a distinct nation, are bas-reliefs, which appear in the form of metopes on the square pilasters, which, alternating with similar square door-ways, form the outward façade of the Cyclopean cloisters, which surround one of the rectangular courts of the great temple of Palenque. The architectural forms with which these sculptures are associated are as unique as the sculptures themselves; yet is there a general resemblance to the metopes of the Greek temples, inasmuch as, in the instance of the Parthenon itself, two analogous figures appear on each tablet, one of the victor, the other of the vanquished. Other physiognomical characteristics, not less singular than the low angle of their facial elevation, mark the countenance of the extraordinary people thus curiously preserved for our inspection. The nose is large, long, and prominent, so much so as to amount to a deformity, when contrasted with the receding forehead. The facial line recedes in the same singular manner from the base of the nostrils to the termination of the chin. But, as if these curious physiognomical signs were not sufficient to distinguish

them from any race of people with which we are acquainted, the receding angle of the lower portion of the face is grotesquely broken by an unsightly protrusion of the lower lip. These are the general characteristics of the nation. But there are some of the sculptures which depict individuals less revolting to the European standard of physiognomical beauty. These characteristics are still more important than they are singular, inasmuch as we think they will help, in the course of the ensuing investigation, to furnish tolerable clear views of the origin, or, at least, of the original location of the people.

We follow the subject into the next division, according to the line we have chalked out;—we mean the costume of the people represented on the metopes in question, as well as in the sanctuaries and on the walls of different temples. It has been rather rashly intimated in a learned periodical, which glanced at the subject some few years ago, that the costume in question is perfectly Egyptian. This is not the case; there are some striking analogies with the Egyptian costume, but there are at the same time differences from it as striking. The Egyptian apron, compared with the corresponding Tultecan covering, was very different. It was generally of striped cotton, and folded in a peculiar manner, a portion of it forming a girdle, and passing between the legs, resembling a similar article of dress worn by the East Indians at the present day. But the Tultecan apron resembles the Roman military apron, or the Scotch philibeg. It descends from the waist, and covers the thigh down to the knee; it is, however, distinguished by one Egyptian appendage, namely, by the mimic tail of an animal, which appears (as a mark of ancient origin probably) to have adorned the Tultecan hero as it adorned the Egyptian demi-god. Nothing like a tunic, supported by straps, sometimes covered by a cuirass and girdled at the waist, which was the dress of the military and superior class in Egypt, is to be found in the Tultecan costume. The apron is supported by a baldric, which descends from the right shoulder to the left side, and joins the girdle at the waist.

There are however some strong resemblances; thus the breastplate and collar of the Tultecans were sometimes decorated with a symbol of the sun. The armlets, bracelets, and anklets, strikingly resemble the Egyptian. But the legs of the Tultecan heroes are invested with sandals, some of them reaching above the ankle, and strikingly resembling the Roman; some of them, like greaves, cover the leg as high as the lower part of the knee, and some of them

in every respect seem to resemble the Highland sandal;—so minutely indeed, as even to imitate the same diagonal cross-lined pattern. The patterns of the stuffs of which the aprons are made, are often various and elegant, sometimes flowered, diamonded, or leopard-spotted. Rich ornaments of gold, silver, or jewels, would seem to have been used on the baldric, the girdle, the fringes of the apron, and the sandals. The apron, thus richly decorated for the male, becomes, strictly speaking, a petticoat for the Tultecan females; descending as low as the foot, but equally distinguished by variety of pattern and ornaments. The whole costume might be safely described as at once gorgeous and elegant, and certainly in no wise inferior in either of those qualifications to the Egyptian; but the effect is greatly deteriorated by the grotesque wildness of the head-dress. In the midst of this difference, however, it is curious that there should still be a striking resemblance to the Egyptian style of head-dress. The object was in both cases the same; namely, to express some symbolical properties peculiar to the wearer. There appears to have been a great variety of these symbolic forms in both cases; but some of the Egyptian head-dresses are extremely elegant, some tasteful, some beautiful. Even those that most revolt our notions of correct taste have a certain regularity about them, and the obvious meaning intended to be conveyed by the symbols of which the latter are composed somewhat reconciles us to their incongruous forms. But none of these terms will apply with propriety to the Tultecan head-dresses, which generally appear to have been characterized by a grotesque extravagance, bordering closely on the absurd. The head-dresses in question are constructed out of certain combinations of symbols, like the Egyptian; all having, no doubt, their distinct and combined meaning; but there is neither regularity nor taste, generally speaking, in their separate forms or combinations. There are, however, exceptions. Some of the female head-dresses exhibited in the illustrations of Castaneda are graceful and even elegant. At the foot of the Tultecan victor, as represented in these sculptures, generally appear vanquished enemies, either kneeling or in some attitude denoting humiliation. Their costume is plainer, but their physiognomical characteristic denote that they were a family or tribe of the same nation. The most singular appendages to the Tultecan heroes are the instruments either of war, music, or agriculture, which they hold in their hands; they are grotesque and almost unintelligible. Some of them, how-

ever, appear to have been instruments of music, with a great number of strings stretched on pegs; others are obviously sceptres and symbols of different functions or degrees of authority. There is one concluding remark to be made on the Tultecan costume, which is important, as it may contribute to throw light on our proposed concluding investigation. Attached to the girdles of some of the Tultecan warriors appear, in the form of a warlike ornament, a head or heads (embalmed in all probability) of their vanquished enemies.

We proceed to the next division of the subject; namely, the religion and religious rites peculiar to the extraordinary people from whom the veil of oblivion is withdrawn by means of the illustrations under our notice. There is in this part of the subject, as well as in the preceding, a striking Egyptian analogy. The gods of the Tultecans appear sculptured in bas-relief, in the dark inner rooms of extant temples. We will take one as an instance of the analogy to which we allude. It will be instantly seen that the idol bears no resemblance to the monstrous deformities peculiar to the gloomy superstition of the Mexicans, and which that cruel and barbarous people bathed in the blood of innumerable victims. Portrayed on the inner wall of the adytum of one of the sanctuaries belonging to the great temple of Palenque, appears the chief god of the Tultecan people. He would appear to have been their only god. He is worshipped symbolically under other forms and in other localities; but we are not familiar with any other sculptured indication of a worshipped divinity. Our opinion is, that he is strictly identifiable with the Osiris of Egypt and the Adonis of Syria; or rather, that he is the ancient god called *Adoni-Siris*—a well-known classical combination (and therefore identification) of both divinities.

In the first place, he is enthroned on a couch perfectly Egyptian in its model;—namely, it is constructed somewhat in the form of a modern couch—a cushioned plinth, resting on the claws and four limbs of the American lion. We may at once emphatically say, that there is no real difference between the above couch and that peculiarly designated as Egyptian, and which is reproduced in all the tombs and palaces of Egypt. The god is characterized by the same physiognomy as that which distinguishes his worshippers. He is, however, seated in the Hindoo or Asiatic fashion—not in the Egyptian, his legs being crossed under him. On his head he wears a conical cap, not differing much from that which the *Osiris* of Egypt wears, and connected doubtless, like

the upper division of the *Pschent*, with the symbolic idea of fire, or the upper hemisphere. Two additional symbols—the one Egyptian, the other not, but equally intelligible, namely, the *lotus* and the *column* affixed to the cap, clearly indicate the same triune divinity. Of the *lotus* not a word need be said. Every tyro knows its Egyptian associations; but the *column* is never used on any Egyptian head-dress. It was nevertheless an unquestionable symbol of Osiris, and thus completes the identification. All the remaining appurtenances of the sculptured picture concur in establishing the same hypothesis. It was on the back of a similar leonine couch that both the cognate gods of Egypt and of Syria—Osiris and Adonis—underwent their three days' entombment, previously to their fourth day's resurrection. It was during this interim that, in both cases, their devotees or their priests made offerings to both deities of flowers in pots, and thence the proverbial designation of the "Gardens of Adonis." They were doubtless intended to be symbolical of the lost Hesperian garden—the pagan paradise forfeited by man's fall, and to which the dead and revived Adonis or Horus was destined to restore him. All these characteristics are complete in the sculptured tablets to which we are referring. A priestess kneels before the Tultecan god in the attitude of adoration, and offers him a pot of flowers: but the "sacred garden" in the Tultecan vase does not consist of the mint offered to Osiris, nor of the gilded apples and lettuces offered to Adonis, but of an equally expressive if not a more beautiful symbol, the flower of the blood-stained hand-plant or *Manitas*, held sacred, as all the monuments attest, throughout New Spain. We have only one additional remark to make: on the sculptured tablet over the head of the deity appear, precisely in the Egyptian fashion, the phonetic characters of his name, in an oblong square; and although the oval was devoted to the names of kings in Egypt, the scholar will recollect that the oblong square was devoted to the names of gods. But neither of the phonetic character nor of the symbolic character, which appear to have constituted the two divisions of the Tultecan hieroglyphical language, do we at the present time know any thing. Another sculpture of a more extensive kind appears on the wall of another sanctuary at Palenque; it represents the same divinity, not in a human but in an animal form; but it perfectly corroborates our preceding inferences, and establishes the identification for which we contend.

Instead of being symbolized in the form of the sacred hawk, as in Egypt, surrounded

by rays of lilies, standing on the Egyptian cross, the lower end of which terminates in a heart-shaped spade—a common *anaglyn* on most of the Egyptian thrones—the sacred bird of the Tultecans, the rainbow-colored pheasant of central America, is represented standing on the Tultecan cross—resembling the Christian*—and with its lower extremity terminating in a similar heart-formed spade. The subject of the sculpture shows the simplicity of the worship. Two Tultecan heroes, priests or chiefs, stand beside the sacred bird; one of them holds an infant in his arms; and it may be fairly inferred that the sculpture represents a dedication to the god—perhaps a species of baptism—which we know from Tertullian was a rite practised by the votaries of the god Adonis. There appears to be the indication of a similar ceremony in a detached temple near Milan. The sculptures of the sacellum, representing the god, have been obliterated; but the forms of females bearing infants in their arms, with the apparent intention of consecrating them to the divinity, are seen on the lateral faces of the pilasters of the doorway. The first of the sculptures which we have been describing must, in its original condition, have produced a noble and imposing effect. All the details are tasteful, and highly ornamental. The pictorial parts of the design stand out in a prominent manner, while vertical and horizontal lines of hieroglyphics, peculiar to the people who left these monuments, and descriptive, doubtless, of the ceremony, fill up, precisely in the form adopted in Egypt, all the interstices of this extraordinary sculpture.

The temples, of which we have previously given a cursory and superficial view, themselves supply all that is requisite to complete the argument, if anything be requisite, as to the nature of the religious rites practised in them. In touching this part of the subject, it will be useful to begin with a brief proposition as to the theological character of their architecture.

All the temples of Egypt and Greece have their theological character. These, like the palaces of New Spain, the impressive feature of which is melancholy grandeur, bear upon them the unmistakable signs of their theological origin and meaning. Their extant forms are peculiar to New Spain; but the original type of them is on record; and the antiquarian will not fail immediately to recognise in them the high-places of Syria, Palestine, and Judæa. They are, to our view, most striking, most impressive, and, at

* A similar cross, translated Saviour, appears on the Rosetta stone

the same time, most unique monuments. Like those of the Egyptians, they are all distinguished by architectural peculiarities, exclusively appertaining to the people who erected them. A high-place of three successive terraces or steps generally constitutes the platform of the temple. The terraces themselves resemble, in their sloping form, that which the Egyptian architects peculiarly affected. On the top of the high-place was an oblong rectangular court; in the centre of this court stood the temple, divided, like the cavern temples of Nubia, into three dark rooms, built of stone, and having an ark, or barn-shaped roof. The innermost of these three rooms constitutes the sanctuary. Painted sculptures decorate these rooms occasionally. Sometimes the staircase ascends the high-place in front, traversing the curvilinear terraces in a straight line to the door of the temple. That which we have described (we have the temple of Guatusco especially in our eye) may be considered as the typical form of all the temples and high places of New Spain. They are occasionally built upon a larger or more magnificent scale. Occasional variation was imparted to the square form of the area, and the triple form of the terraces, by staircases ascending to the sanctuary from each of the cardinal points. The effect of these ascending stairs is often very striking; and sometimes the picturesque effect of these peculiar terraces is rendered beautiful by a graceful irregularity, or curvilinear form, being imparted to the outward acclivity of the angle. The high-place sometimes (as at Tehuantepec) has a circular instead of a square ground-plan, and in that case will remind antiquarians of the well-known *Tepes*, or high-places of Syria, which are described as resembling a woman's breast. The Syrian origin of these structures would thus seem to be presumptively made out. We ought to observe, that the sloping terraces above described are made of permanent materials. They are generally constructed of large blocks of stone, sometimes arranged in regular and sometimes in irregular courses, but fitted together with true architectural skill, and covered with a stucco admirably constructed, and as hard as stone. This stucco, in some instances, (as at Oaxaca and Xochicalco,) was ornamented with sculptures, bearing a striking affinity in their design to the style called arabesque. It appears to have been, in some cases, covered with a purple color, which, when these structures were in their "high and palmy state," must have produced a tasteful, if not a magnificent, effect.

The archetypal form of the Tultecan sa-

cred edifices, with such varieties as we have been describing, and which distinguishes their architecture from that which characterises any extant monuments of any known nation whatever, appears to have prevailed throughout the whole extent of the regions of central America occupied by this extraordinary people. But the simple form of sacred architecture, such as we have described, was sometimes combined with other forms of civil and palatial architecture. The combination has produced architectural monuments worthy of the highest civilization. The combination especially existed at the city of Palenque, where the great temple dedicated to Adoni-Siris—as we have contended—appears to unite within its gigantic precincts all the forms of architecture to which we have been just adverting. For the details of its plan, which are at once artificial, intelligible, imposing, and unique, we refer generally to the ample and minute illustrations of Castaneda in the *Antiquités Mexicaines*. A general glance at the structure will, however, be necessary for the purpose of obtaining all the remaining lights requisite to complete our view of the origin of the builders. We are not surprised at the enthusiasm excited in Del Rio, Dupaix, and other more recent travellers, while surveying and describing this vast and singular structure. Neither are we, indeed, surprised at the inference drawn by Lord Kinsborough—especially as it is in full conformity with the Jewish theory of American origination which pervades his volumes—that this vast pile is built after the model of Solomon's Temple. Abrupt and extravagant as such a proposition may appear, we are quite willing to admit that there would be strong architectural ground for the inference, provided his main theory were correct. The structure, as we have said, is calculated to awaken surprise and admiration. It may be appropriately termed an ecclesiastical city rather than a temple. It seems to be the locality of the chief cathedral church of the Tultecan religion. Within its vast precincts there appear to be contained (as indeed was, in some measure, the case with the area that embraced the various buildings of Solomon's Temple) a pyramidal tower—various sanctuaries—sepulchres—a small and a large quadrangular court, one surrounded, as we have said, by cloisters,—subterranean initiatory galleries beneath,—oracles, courts of justice, high places, and cells or dwellings for the various orders of the priests. The whole combination of the buildings is encircled by a quadrilateral pilastered portico, embracing a quadrangular area, and resting on a terraced platform. This platform externally ex-

hibits the same architectural model which we have described as characterizing the single temples. It is composed of three graduated stuccoed terraces, sloping inwards, at an angle of about seventy degrees, in the form of a truncated pyramid. Four central staircases (one facing each of the cardinal points) ascend these terraces in the middle of each lateral façade of the quadrangle; and four gates, fronting the same cardinal points, conduct from the top of each staircase into the body of the building, or into the great court. The great entrance, through a pilastered gateway, fronts the east; and descends by a second flight of steps into the cloistered court. On the various pilasters of the upper terrace are the metopes, with the singular sculptures we have described. On descending the second staircase into the cloistered court, on one side appears the triple pyramidal tower, which may be inferred, from the curious distribution of little cells which surround the central room of each story, to have been employed as a place of royal or private sepulture. It would be pronounced a striking and tasteful structure according to any architectural rule. On another side of the same cloistered court is the detached temple of the chief god, to whom the whole religious building appears to have been devoted—whom we have described as bearing all the characteristics of the Syrian god Adoni-Siris—and who appears to have been the great and only god of the nations who worshipped in this temple. Beneath the cloisters, entered by well-staircases from above, are what we believe to be the initiatory galleries. These opened into rooms, one of which has a stone couch in it, and others are distinguished by unintelligible apparatus carved in stone. The only symbol described as found within these sacred haunts is, however, perfectly Asiatic and perfectly intelligible—we mean, two contending serpents. The remnant of an altar, or high-place, occupies the centre of the cloistered quadrangle. The rest of the edifice is taken up with courts, palaces, detached temples, open divans, baths, and streets of priestly cells or houses, in a greater or less degree of dilapidation.

But we have said enough to demonstrate what this building must have been in its undecayed and primitive condition; and what means for royal or national pomp, or priestly procession, were afforded by the great eastward staircase ascending to the chief gateway, and by the descending staircase leading from the upper pilastered terrace through the same gateway into the cloistered quadrangle; distinguished as it was by the vicinity of imposing sacred structures such as we

have described. A poetical imagination may readily conceive what the effect of the magnificent costume of the Tultecan assemblages must have been, in the midst of the forms of wild but sublime architecture, lighted up at the people's yearly intercalary festival of the "Feast of Lamps," (which they had in common with Egypt, China, and Syria), by vases of burning aromatics and torches of the fragrant *ule* tree.

Every circumstance tends to prove that the creed of this people was all but blameless, being a form of patriarchal deism, which however permitted some few varieties of symbolic representation. The two contending serpents which we have described attest the presence of an Ophite people and of an Ophite worship. It was the symbol by which, throughout the East, (and especially in Persia,) the conflict of light and darkness, of good and evil, was depicted. But the chief god, according to this universal and primitive religious system—whether he was called Adoni-Siris, Horus, Hercules, Balder, or Oromazes—was destined, after a temporary descent into hell, and in the two-first instances a three days' entombment, to triumph over the grave, to supersede darkness by eternal light, moral vicissitude by unchangeable good, and to set his heel upon the crushed head of the serpent of evil, by whatever name that serpent was designated in different countries, Typhon, or Saturn, or Ahrimanes. This would appear to be the simple creed of the Tultecan nation. It is perfectly clear, from the few records of their religious rites which have come down to us, and which are principally derived from the extraordinary rolls of American papyrus,* on which their beautiful hieroglyphical system is preserved, (there is one of considerable extent in the Dresden Museum,) that they were as simple, perhaps we may add with propriety, as innocent. Not only does it appear that they had no human sacrifices, but no animal sacrifices whatever. Flowers and fruits were the only offerings made to the presiding divinity of their temples.

How different such a religious system and such a divinity were from the hideous idols and sanguinary sacrifices of the Mexican people it is not requisite to urge. Sufficient evidence, we are assured, has been adduced to prove the utter distinction between two nations hitherto confounded, namely, the Mexicans and the people whom, for the sake of the argument, we have throughout this paper found it expedient to designate as Tultecans. Our belief, however, is, that they were a branch of the great Cyclopean family, the shepherd kings of Egypt, the Anakim

* Formed of the prepared fibres of the Maguey.

of Syria, the Oscans of Etruria and the Pelasgians of Greece, the Titans or Giants of classic fable; and who are recorded to have been severally expelled from Egypt and Syria. If any evidences were further wanting to prove the above complete distinction, the mere fact of their having possessed an obvious hieroglyphical language, with its proper phonetic and symbolic divisions, would be sufficient to supply the deficiency. The Mexicans, at the time of the conquest, had only advanced on the road of civilization—of which the progress of language is one of the best indices—from the point of the first rudely scratched imitation of natural objects by the Indian savages on trees and rocks, up to the point of the scarcely less barbarous expedient of the picture language, improved as we are willing to admit that language had become, under the intelligent auspices of Montezuma. The interval between this point and the perfected system of hieroglyphical language possessed by the Tultecans is vast indeed.

Nations do not go back on the road of civilization from a complete knowledge to an inferior or barbarian knowledge. The inference is quite clear,—the Tultecans and the Mexicans were two totally distinct nations. The one was just emerging from savage life: the other was highly civilized. The inference is equally fair, that the civilized people were swept away by some sudden irruption of North American barbarians, who occupied their seats, and availed themselves, as far as their ignorance and the obliteration of their victims enabled them to do, of some of the more obvious and elementary arts or sciences of the preceding state of civilization. The same circumstance occurred in Italy when the Etrurians superseded the Oscan branch of the Cyclopean family.

Before we enter upon the concluding division of the subject, such as we have proposed, namely, an investigation of the theory that the people of the monuments were the ten lost tribes—a very few words are requisite to complete all we have to say on the subject of the hieroglyphical language of the Tultecans. We shall be very brief in touching upon it, for the best of reasons: inadequate supply of information. As far as regards its symbolical division, we know but little, or rather next to nothing. It is probable that a light may be thrown upon it, now that the attention of the learned has been awakened to the subject of these very extraordinary antiquities, by a careful collection of the various manuscripts containing the hieroglyphical language in question, which are extant in several of the museums of Europe. In its external form it resembles nei-

ther the Egyptian nor the Chinese system. The general collocation of the symbols is pleasing to the eye, exhibiting an irregularity in the midst of regular design, and somewhat resembles the effect produced by florid or ornamental alphabetical characters. A number of the symbols contain forms of objects with which we are wholly unfamiliar. Culinary, warlike, agricultural, hunting, fishing, and commercial instruments are occasionally seen among them. Sometimes instruments of music, sometimes jewellery, appear; sometimes vegetable and sometimes animal symbols. All that appertains to the *head* whether figuratively or imitatively expressed, would appear to be classed under the form of the *head*, and thus it constitutes a numerous class of combined symbols representing combined ideas. In the same manner all that appertains to the *hand* or the *foot* is classed under the hand or foot.

In this respect, the system resembles the Chinese; and the paramount or radical form of the combined symbol would readily furnish the means of constructing a key or a mode of classification for the whole hieroglyphical alphabet, such as the Chinese *have*; and such as the Egyptians *may have had*, but which has *not yet been found*.

It is our view that any investigation of the Tultecan hieroglyphical system must follow the clue that we have thus given. The phonetic system of the Tultecans is, however, intelligible at a first glance. The sounds intended to be conveyed by the symbols are conveyed syllabically or heraldically. So far it resembles the Chinese. Indeed, the barbarous Mexicans adopted a mode of designating names, which may be also termed heraldic. The names common even up to this day among the North American savages and, therefore, in all probability, among their North American ancestors—such as “Wolf,” “Great Hog,” “Bear,” “Rattle-snake,” “Sword-fish,” or “Hawk,” were represented by *crests* rudely fashioning the same animal forms which surmounted the helmets of their warriors and the diadems of their kings. Indeed, it is curious that similar heraldic names for persons or places should appear on ancient Tultecan shields carved in stone, the forms and symbols of which the Mexicans appear to have borrowed. The phonetic language, as we have said, was syllabic or heraldic. A single instance will suffice to explain this proposition. The head of a Tultecan king appears along with two others sculptured in the pyramidal tower of Palenque. Over it is the name inscribed in the oblong phonetic rectangle. The name is *Acatla-potzin*. It is composed of two words; the first word implying *reeds*; the other

hand. The symbol of a *hand*, therefore, and the symbol of *reeds*, convey the sounds of the name *Acatla-potzin*.

Our great aim hitherto has been to extricate the subject from the confusion in which it has been involved, by drawing a line of marked distinction between the monuments of Mexican and Tultecan art. The Mexican, thus separated, are nevertheless worthy of a separate discussion. There are matters growing out of that discussion, whether philological, as connected generally with the origin and growth of language, or historical, as connected specially with the origin of the savage tribes of America, and with their progress at the time of the Spanish conquest towards civilization, which are replete with the most attractive interest and imbued with the deepest importance. But we should not have space for so long an investigation as this department of the subject, thus detached and distinct as we have proved it to be, would (in order that we might do it adequate justice) claim at our hands. We shall merely say, that ample, voluminous, almost inexhaustible means of throwing full light upon every corner of the subject are to be found in the numerous volumes under our review. Its vast extent renders its present postponement more reasonable, or, rather, indispensable. It will be more convenient to ourselves, and more advantageous to the reader and to the subject, to make it (distinct as it is from the whole train of our preceding argument) the theme of a distinct article.

It has been brought forward as a theory by Lord Kingsborough and others, (Cabrera the commentator on *Del Rio* included,) that the ten lost tribes of the Israelites, who were carried away captive during the reign of Hoshea, king of Judah, by Salmanazer, king of Assyria, and who were by him scattered among the different nations of North Eastern Asia subjected to his rule, passed over into America, which they originally peopled; and that to this circumstance is attributable the striking and almost entire analogy alleged to exist between the ancient Jewish rites, customs, laws, manners, and forms of building, and the whole series of Mexican antiquities, subjected to the public eye in the illustrations of the works under review.

It is due to Lord Kingsborough to state, that he makes occasional distinction between the Tultèques and the Azteques, who founded the Mexican empire; but generally speaking, like all other antiquarian literati who have treated the subject, he confounds two nations and two eras, and having thus—certainly to the advantage of commodiously simplifying his argument—fused together the whole voluminous and incongruous mass of Tultèque

and Azteque, of civilized and uncivilized, elics of antiquity, he erects, upon the hollow and supposititious base thus thrown together, the whole structure of his theory. It will be requisite to bear in mind, before we proceed to examine it, our previous admission, which we now repeat,—that there are points both of contact and of identity between the Tultecan and the Mexican antiquities. This must naturally have been the case, and for the reasons we have stated before; namely, that the Azteque victors, who expelled and occupied the seats of the Tultèques in central America, availed themselves (as the Goths did at the fall of the Roman empire) of such portions and fragments of the arts and sciences and policy of the vanquished people, as were either indispensable or intelligible to them. Those old fragments of the social edifice were, as in the case of the Gothic irruption, commingled or incorporated with the less polished elements and coarser materials of the new. And it may be stated here—since the statement will be of essential service, in enabling us to come to a clear and settled decision upon the subject—that, among other memorials of the knowledge of the vanquished people, the Azteques preserved one which must have been deemed indispensable to any thing like an orderly social existence—we mean the calendars, the cycles, and the astronomical system generally, of the Tultecan sacred or scientific colleges.

There is a strong, and, as we think, irresistible objection to the Jewish theory of American origination, on the very threshold of the inquiry. What are the physical characteristics of the American Indians? The answer to this question, we apprehend, entirely subverts this imaginary structure. The native American population, as every tyro in natural history knows, are *red and beardless*. They are marked by other unmistakable characteristics, which announce them indisputably to be a perfectly distinct variety of the common species, man. They are perfectly distinct from the three other varieties, namely, the Black, the Mongolian, and the Caucasian races. They are most distinct of all from this last, which is the race to which the Jews belong. The American Indians, therefore, cannot be Jews. Is it possible, by any argumentative ingenuity or sophistical adroitness, to induce plain thinkers to believe that the Jews—remarkable for their bushy beards, for their sallow complexions, for the peculiar form of their eyelids and the expression of their eyes, for the *family* model of feature and person, in which the whole nation from time immemorial appears to have been cast—should, through some unintelligi-

ble or supernatural agency, on passing into America, lose their beards, exchange their sallow complexions for that of the red-skinned race, and their characteristic physiognomy for a physiognomy as opposite as it is possible for any thing to be, whether we look to the exaggerated profile of the Tultecan portraits of a red, beardless, and purely American people, or to the flat and broad faces and high cheek-bones which characterize the native Mexicans of the present day, and the American Indians generally? The idea of such a change is perfectly absurd. The Jewish theory cannot be true, for the simple reason that it is impossible.

Having thus cleared away this incoherent impediment, thrown by the laborious fancifulness of learned system-building into our path, we come at once to the question—How was America originally peopled?

Two subordinate questions rest upon this, and may be answered at the same time: Who were the Tultèques of the monuments, or the people so called, and whence came they? And who were, and whence came the Azteques, who superseded them?

From the scriptural account—the only reasonable account (since every day supplies corroboration of its truth) of the first colonization of the earth under different and clearly designated heads of nations, proceeding from a common centre, near the table-land of Mount Ararat, no indisputable light can be obtained. There are two theories, both gratuitous and both improbable:

1st. That an especial race of men was made for the purpose of peopling America, who are not named in scriptural history, and who had no participation in the events recorded by the historian of Genesis.

2d. That the red race, detaching themselves, like the other races of men, from the central ligature of their common birth-place, for the same purpose of colonizing the world, passed into America, either from the northern coasts of Asia, or from the chain of Indian isles which stud the ocean between the south-eastern coast of Asia, midway to the American continent.

We need not seriously discuss the first proposition; we entertain doubts of the probability of the second, considering the earliness of the period, and considering the want of shipping for the transfer. We do not, however, dispute the hypothesis (and we think it highly probable), that America may have been visited at later periods from both points, and perhaps may have been colonised at both points, at least to such a degree as to produce those differences in the native American tribes which were observable when first they were discovered, and which are ob-

servable at the present day. There is more difficulty in accounting for a colonization from the southern coasts of Asia than from the north. The fair inference, therefore, is, that in the first case, the transfer could only have been effected by a comparatively civilized nation at a late period of the world's chronology; while in the latter case there is no great difficulty in the belief that savage tribes may, at any given time, have passed in their boats across the narrow interval which, at Behring's Straits, divides the American from the Asiatic continent. It is fair to infer therefore, in the absence of any decided lights upon the subject, that, for a long period (perhaps for some ages) after the period of the general migration of the human family in the time of Peleg, America remained unpeopled and uncolonized. There is, however, no difficulty in the belief, nor will it interfere in the slightest degree with the credibility of the theory we are about to propose—that at the time of Peleg the red race, accompanying their brethren, the Mongolian race, towards the extreme north-eastern districts of Asiatic Russia, may have passed beyond them towards the shores of the Arctic Ocean; and, after a certain period, constructing boats, (to the construction of which they would be compelled by the necessity of deriving sustenance from fishing,) traversed Behring's Straits, and thus commenced the colonization of the transatlantic continent. This, however, is a problem, and must, we apprehend, ever remain so. It can only be assumed as a probability.

But who were the Tultèques? and who were the Azteques? are the next questions we have proposed to answer. We have already given the most satisfactory reason for not concurring with the proposition that they were Jews. The confusion between these two people (the Azteques and the Tultèques) is in reality as disreputable to writers as the confusion between their antiquarian monuments and language. Both nevertheless are native American Indians. Both belong to the primitive type of red and beardless men. In every other physiognomical characteristic the Tultèques of the ancient monuments differed totally from the Mexican Indians at the time of the conquest and differ now. On the other hand, there is no difference in the physiognomical characteristics of the Azteques, as recorded in the Mexican picture writings, and the Mexicans themselves. Their identity, which the Mexicans themselves asserted, may be considered as proved. There is no occasion to waste time in unnecessary argument. They asserted that they came from the regions of North America; that, after an interrupted progress of many years,

they reached the central district which they occupied at the time of the Spanish conquest; and all the evidences to be collected from the same curious records tend to substantiate the truth of their assertion. It is therefore extremely probable (and it exhibits a singular coincidence between the histories of the New and the Old World,) that savage tribes, descending from the same northern regions of Asiatic Scythia, whence all barbarian irruptions have proceeded, and traversing Behring's Straits, pressed downwards in America, as they did in Europe and Asia from time immemorial, upon the tempting seats of southern civilization, and, expelling the occupants by conquest, established themselves in their room. The picture-writings of the Azteques exhibit the whole progress of this barbarous irruption, from the time when (like the present Arctic savages) armed with fish-bone spears, and clothed in skins, they commenced the long vicissitudes of their aggressive march, down to the time when, invested with a more civilized costume and panoplied in complete suits of armor, with the dentated clubs and condor-visored helmets, peculiar to them, they are seen successively vanquishing the resistance, burning the temples, and storming the fortresses of the central Americans.

Who then were the Tulteques of the monuments is the next question which naturally arises? Who were that extraordinary race sculptured on the monuments of New Spain, who, although identified with the native American population by the two chief characteristics of being red and beardless, differ in every other respect, and not less in their physiognomy and person, than in their costume and in the extraordinary structures which they erected, from every other race of men with which history or antiquarian discovery has rendered us familiar. That they were not Jews, we think is almost self-evident. Our proposition is that they were a branch of the shepherd kings, Anakim, or Cyclopeans. Our opinion is that they were Canaanites; they may have been Hivites (a nation clearly identified with the Ophite worship), and occupying a portion of the maritime coasts of Phœnicia. All the primitive Canaanites affirmed their descent from, or family relationship with, the Anakim, or the giants—the scriptural Titans, who, according to the Oriental language of the sacred historian, “built cities, with walls, and towers reaching to heaven.” The metaphor merely implied the gigantic style of architecture, technically called Cyclopean. These people were clearly the Titans and giants of the poets of early history, and the Pelasgians, or wandering architects, of an equally vague

though later era. They had the same designation in all the parts of the ancient world, and were always associated wherever they went with two ideas, one that they were men of great stature, and masons or builders; the other, that they were expelled from their native seats, and were continually wandering. Thence they were called alternately by the classic giants and wandering masons. They are clearly identified with the Cyclopean structures of New Spain, by the well-known tradition of the Indians, who told the Spaniards, at the time of the conquest, *that they were “built by the giants and by a people called the Wandering Builders or Masons.”* Pagan tradition in the Orphic hymns, in Hesiod, and other fragments of classical antiquity, vaguely depicts them as expelled from the neighborhood of Babel by the wrath of the offended gods, in consequence of having attempted to storm heaven, by building a lofty tower, or, according to another version, by piling rocks on rocks. It would appear that their great offence was their refusing to locate themselves according to a divine law, or, it may be, in opposition to a convention of the whole human race, when colonization and division of the earth became necessary. They thus retained stations assigned to other tribes or families, and were successively driven out by those to whom the lot belonged. Hence their wandering designation and character. Under the well known title of shepherd kings, they made an irruption into Egypt, occupied it by force during one hundred and twenty years, and left behind them the architectural evidences, which always attended their locality, in the pyramids and other primitive memorials of Cyclopean architecture. Thence, also, in process of time they were expelled. They were also expelled or subjugated in Greece and Italy. The same result occurred in Syria. To the Canaanite nation, termed *Anakim* or Giants, all the ancient Cyclopean monuments which exist in the mountain regions of Syria are assignable. Interfering there again with the spirit and tendency of the universal law of colonization, by which all the families of men had concurred in dividing the earth, they retained districts, which, by divine ordinance, had been predestined for the Jews, and were consequently driven from their mountain fortresses and again made *wanderers* by Joshua, the Jewish leader. Wherever the same race occur in the earliest records of Greece and Italy, under the name of Pelasgians, Eno-trians or Oscans, they always exhibit the same invariable characteristics of gigantic architecture, of gloomy mysteries, and of unsettled wandering.

Our theory, after this preliminary synop-

sis, may be as briefly as perspicuously expressed. The builders of the Cyclopean monuments of Palenque, Mitlan, Papantla, Quemada, Cholula, Chila, and Antiquerra, in New Spain, were the Anakim or Cyclopean family of Syria, who, with their brethren, the Canaanites, were vanquished or expelled by Joshua. They were not therefore Jews, but expelled by Jews. They were not the Cyclopean race who, under the name of the shepherd-kings invaded Egypt; but they were a branch of the same family, and we believe them to be represented on the same monuments. Occupying the Ophite land, or the land of the Hivites of Scripture, (and a Mexican tradition, recorded by Cabrera, indeed affirmed that they came from that land with Votan, the alleged founder of the American people,) they were, of course, a maritime nation; and it is extremely probable that they founded Tyre. One colony of Tyre was Carthage, as famous for high-places and sanguinary human sacrifices as the Mexicans. Another was Tarshish in Asia Minor; and it probably gave the name of New Tarshish to the American continent, to which the Phœnicians of the same maritime coast, in all probability, directed their trading *triennial* voyages. It has been assumed, with some probability, by learned men, that Tarshish, called the daughter of Tyre in the Scriptures, may have been Carthage. The same name, which would be tantamount to the designation of New Carthage, might have been imparted to her transatlantic colony, the voyage to and from which required so long a period as three years. It is on historical record that Carthage possessed a distant colony, the knowledge of which was retained as a state secret, not to be revealed, under pain of death. It has been supposed that the relics of the Carthaginian population, on the destruction of their empire by the Romans, may have fled in their ships to this transatlantic colony. An attempt has been made to explain some mythological analogies which the works under review collect and exhibit by some such theory as this. It can, however, only be considered as a conjectural probability, and, as it is our object rather to adduce facts than to follow shadows, we shall leave this historical problem to rest upon its own basis, and proceed to more substantial inferences deducible from ocular proof, and illustrated by historical evidence.

Among the different representations on the walls of the Egyptian tombs and temples of the various nations on whom the Egyptians made war, there is represented a people distinguished by very striking characteristics. They are portrayed on the walls of Lousor as driven to their ships by Sesostris or Ra-

meses the Great. Their deportment, their armor, and their costume, show that they were in a state of civilization, at least equal to that of the Egyptians. They are eminently a maritime nation; they have been supposed to be Phœnicians, and it is difficult to suppose any contemporary maritime nation besides them capable of maintaining a war with the Great Sesostris, and who is moreover recorded to have made an irruption into their territories. Now how are these men, now almost identified with the Phœnicians by the logical necessity of the argument (for in fact there is no historical choice of any other nation)—how are they represented? They are beardless and red-skinned. Part of their costume identifies them with the American Indians, almost as much as their physical characteristics. They wear head-dresses like those worn by the Mexican nobles in the time of Cortes, and the Peruvian magnates in the time of Pizarro. They consist of a diadem, surmounted by a circle of feathers or palm branches, slightly verging outwards. *Anouki* (the *primitive Syrian Cybele*) alone wears this *head-dress* among all the Egyptian gods and goddesses. In fact, on the walls of the flower-temple of Oaxaca and on those of Xochicalco appear individuals of a nation identifiable with the alleged Phœnicians of the Egyptian temples. They are red and beardless; they wear a similar tunic and the same head-dress; and they exhibit moreover, the same elevated and classical physiognomy. We have therefore intimated that statues have been found, approaching in facial outline and model the *beau idéal* of Greek statuary. They agree in physiognomy with the people sculptured at Oaxaca and Xochicalco; nor have they any thing in common with the exaggerated features of the race of men depicted at Palenque. Our inference from the facts we have stated is, that the Mexicans were right in their tradition, that their Tultecan predecessors came with the great ancestor of the American people, Votan, from the Ophite or Hivite land in Phœnicia. In fact, a Phœnician inscription has been found engraved on a rock in Massachusetts.

Many curious traditions respecting this ancient emigration were preserved among the Mexican Indians, and are collected in different portions of the various works which head our article. The lights derivable from them are vague and scattered, but they may tend to impart additional probability to that which cannot be demonstrably proved. Such was the tradition, that Votan and his companions, before the emigration, were present at the building of the great tower; that, in the course of their emigration, they visited or

were expelled from Egypt; a tradition true only as applied to the great Cyclopean or shepherd family, of which they formed a branch. They may, however, have passed it. There is no other land but Egypt to which such traditional designations as the land of the *dragon with seven heads*, the land of the *veils of papyrus*, the land of the *red lake or sea*, could legitimately apply.

The learned reader will here recollect the column recorded to have been found at the western extremity of the African coast, recording in Phœnician characters the flight of the Cyclopean Canaanites from the victorious Joshua; and may couple this with the Massachusetts's inscription. We have adduced proofs, by combining the ancient Egyptian monuments with the monuments of New Spain, in favor of their being the Anakim of Syria or the Hivites. Both were a Phœnician people. Both may have been concerned in the transatlantic colonization. Other probabilities might be adduced. The origin of the *Ophite* worship, or *double-serpent* worship, may be traced to Mount *Hermon*, in the country of the Hivites. It was there that Cadmus, the founder of written language, and his wife *Hermione*, were changed into two serpents, and worshipped under that form. It is quite notorious that serpent worship was the great characteristic of Mexican mythology. That it was a Tultecan dogma also is clear from the symbols which remain at Oaxaca and Palenque, and may have been derived to the Mexicans from the Tultèques, at the same time as the admirable astronomical system of the latter, which no savages like the Azteques could possibly have invented. The astronomical wheels, always embraced by two conflicting serpents, support this view.

We have already referred to an hieroglyphic at Palenque, of two contending serpents, a symbol which the Druids of this country appear to have borrowed from their Phœnician maritime visitors. We may observe, that the fact of the Carthaginians having circumnavigated Africa, and of the Phœnicians making regular voyages to this country, renders the hypothesis of their having once reached America a much more tameable difficulty than it would otherwise appear; especially as the difficulty is lessened by the supposition that, during their compulsory wanderings, or their commercial enterprises, these people may have reached America from the south-eastern shores of Asia and the Indian Archipelago.

If the serpent symbol at Palenque conveys a strong intimation of Tultecan affinity with Syria, there are numerous others of a still more convincing nature. Dupaix exhibits a silver medal, found in one of the sepulchral monu-

ments, which indeed points to the source of the whole Ophite worship. A man and woman are represented in a garden with a great serpent near them. This is obviously a pictural record of the first pair in Eden, the serpent and the fall. The model of the temples in New Spain supplies another link of religious identification. They are built upon the model of the high-places of Phœnicia; some of them, as we have intimated, like those *tepes* or mammiform pyramids, the forms of which were affected by the Carthaginian colonies from Phœnicia. The identity of the god of the temple of Palenque with the Adonis-Siris of Syria has been already sufficiently argued. We may, *en passant*, notice Lord Kingsborough's startling supposition, that the great temple of Palenque and the temple of Solomon were built after the same model. With the disproved theory of the builders of Palenque being Jews, this hypothesis must also be admitted to fall. But there is more truth in it than would at first sight appear. There exists, in fact, a strong resemblance between some of the details of both, and the resemblance arises from there being one Syrian model for both. If his lordship had merely argued for the similarity of the ground-plan of both, we should have been prompted to concur with his inference. We will go further, and say that the model of the final Jewish temple, which Ezekiel describes as a future point of reunion for the whole restored and united Jewish family—and which either imitates or supersedes that of Solomon—is almost precisely like the model of the temple of Palenque; as like, in many respects, as anticipative description can be supposed to coincide with an extant exhibition of the same model.

There remains but one point of coincidence to notice, which we shall do briefly, being warned by the extent of our paper and the limit of our space. We refer to the astronomical system preserved by the semi-barbarous Mexicans, but evidently derivable from the Tultèques, or, rather, traceable to a previous condition of superior civilization. This system was not less desirable for its ingenuity than remarkable for its peculiar and extensive characters. The Mexican zodiac, unlike the Egyptian, (whence ours is derived,) it is subdivided into eighteen signs, and the year into eighteen months of twenty days each. The year was thus like the Egyptian, the alleged antediluvian year of 360 days. Five intercalary days, as in Egypt, (and spent in festivals as there,) were added, in order to make up the periodical complement. But the fact of eighteen zodiacal signs, and of eighteen months instead of twelve, clearly breaks all link of connection between the

founders of the monuments of New Spain and the Egyptians. Where shall we find a similar astronomical system and a similar subdivision? The reply is at once precise, and confirmatory of our hypothesis—among the *Etrurians*. They derived that system, as they did all the arts, from the Cyclopean family called Oscans, whom they vanquished and reduced to bondage. A singular fact may be added. Both the numerals, and the symbols for them, among the Etrurians, were the same as those employed by the Mexicans, and those employed on the Tultecan monuments. Another circumstance will complete our view of the identity between two branches of the same great Cyclopean family, or *Wandering Masons*, as they existed in Italy and Syria, and as they existed (in all probability contemporaneously) in New Spain.

In all the families of languages preserved by Akerblad, there is none on record that bears the slightest analogy to the Mexican dialect. It is as singular as it is peculiar. But this language, as the phonetic names of the monuments demonstrate, was also the language of the founders of those extraordinary piles, whether Tultèques be their proper designation or not. This being the case, it will be admitted to be a most curious corroboration of our theory, that, on an Oscan monument recently discovered near the admitted Cyclopean structures of Perugia, words are found which are perfectly Mexican in their structure. The following are among them—*Spancxl, Eplt, Thunchull*.

There is one more curiously corroborative circumstance to be adduced, and then our argument will be complete. In some of the Japanese islands, and on the south-eastern shores of Asia, which we have inferred to be the point whence the expelled family of Cyclopean wanderers and architects (driven as they were from every colonized region which they necessarily visited) reached the shores of America, are to be found the relics of the same calendar and of the same astronomical system. The zodiac is there divided into eighteen signs, and the year into eighteen months of twenty days each.

We have now done with the Tultecan division of this interesting and important subject. We reserve our investigation of the Mexican monuments and antiquities, preserved in the various works which head our review, for another opportunity; merely remarking, by way of emphatic conclusion, that the term "Mexican Antiquities," hitherto applied to the class of monuments which we have been investigating in this paper, should be exchanged for Tultecan. We believe that we have been the first to draw attention to this salutary and indispensable distinction.

ART. III.—*Umrissе erfunden und gestochen von Moritz Retzsch*. (Outlines designed and engraved by Moritz Retzsch.)—

1. *Goethe's Faust*.
2. *Schiller's Lied von der Glocke*.
3. *Schiller's Fridolin*.
4. *Schiller's Kampf mit den Drachen*.
5. *Schiller's Pegasus im Joche*.
6. *Gallerie zu Shakspeare's Dramatischen Werken:—Macbeth, Hamlet, Romeo und Julia*. 1836.
7. *Die Schachspieler*. (Not yet published.)

THERE is no greater proof of the power of good drawing for conveying the emanations of genius than that which dwells in every one of the productions of Moritz Retzsch. All his published Outlines are now before us, and although there is not a single instance of cross-shading, no color of any kind, the interest they excite impels us to return to them again and again, and every time we look at them we see some new beauty, some admirable touch of feeling, which escaped our previous inspection. So completely, indeed, do they take possession of our minds, that we forget the total absence of those adventitious aids which the higher branches of the art call in to their assistance. All the passions are expressed, and yet there is no lighting up of the eyes, no heightening of the tints, no pallid hues, no harmonious and delicate blending of colors, with which painters are wont to embellish their loving and beloved maidens; the supernatural is introduced without the transparent artifice of the brush, and yet how transparent is the ghost of Hamlet's father! The receding distance of far off scenes is represented; yet there is no mist to involve them in that shadowy uncertainty in which Nature and our best painters clothe them. The depth of chasms, the frowning darkness of overhanging rocks, are all conveyed to us, and yet there is nothing but the outline of their form, and the white paper on which that outline is traced.

What, then, are the secrets of Moritz Retzsch? We should make answer, deep feeling, a perfect comprehension of his subject, and, above all, correct drawing. No one can be more sensible to the charms of color than ourselves; ill-assorted hues give us positive pain; and a group of well arranged flowers is, on the other hand, a positive feast to us. No one can more fully appreciate the excellence of the English school in this respect than we do, but no one can more deeply regret the defective drawing which but too frequently obscures this school. Our eyes have often been riveted to a picture at the first moment of beholding it, with a pleas-

ure which a strong sense of good coloring must give us ; but in too many instances the same picture has created in us a vexation which we have found it difficult to express, and which vexation has been excited by the wrong position of a muscle, the too great length of a limb, or, in fact, that which the multitude, dazzled by the loveliness of the general appearance, would pronounce a defect of no consequence. Disgusted as we are with the cold leaden coloring, the heavy blue and grey tints, the dull masses, and several other characteristics which distinguish the French historical school,—little as we admire their hard and gaudy landscapes—yet their pictures unavoidably inspire us with respect, because their outlines, their perspective, all are correct, and because they accord with that feeling of just proportion, which is an innate sentiment with all who are close observers of, and truly sensible to, the rules established by Nature.

Many great masters have given us their inspirations in outline, but we will here only notice our own Flaxman, because he is so frequently brought forward by the English in comparison with Retzsch. In each of them do we find the conviction, that good drawing will, to a certain extent, and on a small scale, stand alone, forcible, vigorous, and all-sufficient, for conveying to the beholder the fire of the passions, the grace and purity of youthful beauty, the elegance of allegory, or the sterner lessons of morality. Still we think no further comparison can be made between the two artists. In Flaxman's severely beautiful Homer, we have the sublime, the grand, the classic—we had almost said, the impossible—characters of antiquity. In Retzsch we find loftiness, grace, morality, and feeling. Each has a different story to tell, and each tells it with the same perfection. The times of the first are too remote to meet with corresponding feelings in ourselves, and the adventures are too heroic to create our ordinary sympathy. The subjects of Retzsch come nearer to our every-day life ; we irresistibly partake of his conceptions : we feel for and with the actors in them ; and the persons, the stories, and ourselves are inseparable. In order to prove to our readers that we do not advance too much, we will take a brief view of those of his works which have reached this country, and comment upon them with the strictest impartiality.

The Illustrations to the First Part of the poem of Faust, perhaps demand less notice from us than the succeeding productions ; they are the first, they are the best known, and we believe that the mass of opinion is in their favor. Excellent as they are, however, we think that this preference can only

be accounted for by their being the first, and consequently making the first impression. Something, perhaps, may be also due to the widely extended reputation of Goethe's extraordinary poem. We have heard Germans say, that we Englishmen cannot comprehend Faust. With that we have nothing to do here ; we understand Retzsch, very much to the honor of the poet whom he illustrates, very much to his own honor, and very much to our own gratification ; and for the present that must be sufficient. There are two strong feelings always uppermost in our minds when we look at these exquisite productions ; the one is the tenderest commiseration for the unfortunate Margaret, and the other a consciousness of the torment which the demon incessantly inflicts on the being whom he pretends to serve. Bound to obey the wishes of his victim, however extravagant, he contrives to poison his every enjoyment, and to inspire him with that irritation which utterly precludes the calm of entire satisfaction. These two points have been seized on by Retzsch with a masterly hand. That holy passion which ennoble even the devil-bound Faust, which at its commencement fills him with the best feelings of humanity, may well be the scorn of the demon ; and the triumphant malice which marks his features in all the love-scenes, can only be equalled by the matchless impudence and fiend-like exultation with which he listens in the doorway of the garden, where Faust is giving to the poor fascinated Margaret the liquid which is to destroy her child. Nothing can be more finely conceived than the confiding obedience with which the victim listens to the instructions of her lover, still retaining that look of innocence, as if that innocence would never have been lost, had not the devil in person been opposed to her. The character of Margaret's grief, too, is finely contrasted to that of Faust ; witness that exquisite scene, where, unable to spin, and leaning her head upon her hand, she exclaims that "her rest is gone, and her heart is sore ;" witness the utter but quiet despair with which she lies on the floor of her dungeon, and compare it with the restlessness, the headlong career, of him who connects himself with the devil. Only once does Margaret evince that goading sensation which leads to entire destruction, and that is when Mephistopheles assails her in church, and mingles his spirit with her prayers. An indefinable feeling of awe takes possession of us when we read the poem of Goethe, and we cannot close the Illustrations of Retzsch without a breathless sense of the moral which it conveys.

We may often have to recur to the peculiarly felicitous expressions of innocence to

be found in Retzsch's *Outlines*, but we nowhere find it more pure and more perfect than in his delineation of the Fridolin of Schiller; it is the very personification of our dreams of what a lady's page should be; nor is it injured by his devotion to his lady, his humble assistance in the church, or by the surprise and fear with which he learns that the huntsman of his lord has been thrust into the furnace. In the latter scene he stands riveted to the spot,—he is unable to utter a word, and no finer contrast can be exhibited than that which he affords to the miners. To an English eye, the uncouth and fierce appearance of the latter may seem to be exaggerated; but on the large estates formerly possessed by German barons, these men seem to have formed, and perhaps do still form, a race totally apart from the rest of mankind. Buried as it were in the heart of immense forests, beyond the precincts of which they never issued, rendered even more ferocious by their employments, they knew no law but the will of their lord, and were as ready, at his command, to feed their furnaces with human fuel, as with the produce of the woods and mountains in which they dwelt. There is much of graceful beauty in the poem itself, and, save in the signal punishment which the wicked huntsman brings upon himself, there is nothing terrible in it; it has moreover another peculiarity, which is, that it contains nothing marvellous, nothing supernatural; and as we turn over the *Outlines* of Retzsch, and look at the high-born and gentle lady of the castle, the sick child, with his nurse and anxious mother watching over him, we feel as if we were following the history of a domestic occurrence in our own sphere of possibility—a feeling which, perhaps, to matter-of-fact English people, gives it an additional interest.

While we acknowledge the grace, beauty, and vigor of the whole of the *Combat with the Dragon*, except, indeed, the figure of the hero in the last plate, where he looks rather sheepish and awkward, we cannot divest ourselves of the comical feeling with which the sight of the monster inspires us; for it is the dragon of our youthful days, the dragon which we have personated scores of times. "Here comes the dragon to swallow you up," issuing from a mouth which is immediately stretched to its utmost dimensions, sounds as freshly in our ears as if it were but yesterday. We are almost tempted to say, that this is a strong proof of the natural in Retzsch; and, passing over the first plate, where the dragon is pursuing two figures, and a despairing old man and young woman are beautifully drawn in front, we think no one that has a spark of youthful memory in

him can fail to share our reminiscences; we fancy ourselves lying on the stairs, and at a shout of defiance from the nursery-door, slowly rising, with extended jaws, and putting to flight a number of screaming little bullies, the hindmost of whom is dragged to our cave (the landing-place) to be devoured at the first opportunity—a scene which, though magnified, is drawn to the life in the rising of Retzsch's dragon from behind the bank, and the uproarious flight of his shepherds and cattle. The alarm of the flying squires is also inexpressibly droll, the one in front more especially so; for, in spite of his strongest efforts, he cannot get away fast enough, and, in spite of a sword nearly as thick as his arm, evidently thinks, that

"Those who fight and run away,
May live to fight another day."

The fifth plate is one of the happiest of our artist's conceptions, and we could not part with one of the group without injuring the whole. The well-drawn figure of the young knight, listening with absorbing interest to the picturesque old man, who is narrating the danger which he has just escaped, and the weeping figures round him, are perfect of their kind; and there is not a more expressive head in all Retzsch's works than that of the woman immediately behind the old man; the attitude conveys the painful eagerness which pervades her whole frame; she seems to hear with her eyes; every faculty is employed by that one subject, and, if the dragon were close behind her, she would not know it. There cannot be a finer composition than this whole picture, for, besides beauty of form, truth of expression, and variety of attitude, the auxiliary action of the distance is in such perfect keeping, that every stroke seems to bear upon the subject.

The next plate is, perhaps, of less importance; but we cannot forbear noticing the figure of the same young knight, who, for the purpose of ordering a fictitious dragon to be made on the model of the original, has come to its cave to get a near view of it while asleep; he cautiously clambers up the rock, and, placing one knee in a cleft, the whole weight of the figure is balanced upon the thumb of the right hand; take that thumb away and the whole figure would be prostrated: it is a beautiful proof of the value of drawing the extremities correctly, for, were that thumb otherwise placed, that hand otherwise curved, the whole attitude would become an impossibility. By the way, we must be here allowed to remark, that correct representation of the hands and feet is much too rare in England; so much so, that our foreign neighbors are apt to talk of "the *vague*

hands and feet of the English artists." The tuition of the horse and dogs to face or attack the monster is a very spirited design, and the two plates devoted to the actual combat are very forcible. The strength and skill of the last thrust, even while the victor is enveloped in every direction by the tail of the dragon, is admirable. Exhausted by his efforts, he falls partly under the monster, and his companions, who wait at a distance, come to his aid; but so occupied are they in gazing at the huge mass before them, that the hero's squires alone help him, if indeed we except one of his faithful dogs, who is on the point of licking his face, as if to revive and congratulate the master he has been assisting with all his own strength.

If we mistake not, the Pegasus in Harness, of Retzsch, together with his *Song of the Bell*, are less known to the English world than his other works. They are illustrations of the poems so called, and written by the immortal Schiller; but as we must resist all temptation to notice the poems themselves, we shall only make such mention of them as may be necessary to explain the drawings. Both are highly allegorical, and the moral to be conveyed by the first is, that true poetry and genius are not to be shackled,—that they rebel in bondage,—and, if scorned and oppressed on earth, they eventually find freedom and happiness in their native heaven. The frontispiece represents the apotheosis of the bust of Schiller. It is placed in a garden, embellished with statues of the gods and a number of *et cetera*; the temple of the Muses is in the back-ground, and Pegasus is seen dividing the clouds, and surrounded by rays of glory. The first plate belonging to the story shows the poor poet, unable to gain a livelihood by his art; his lyre is mute, his purse is empty by his side, and he sits in a mournful reverie, as if thinking of a resource against his misery: his beloved Pegasus, still free and in fine condition is close to him, and about to graze on the flowers which are blooming in profusion near him. A horse-fair at a distance suggests the idea of selling this noble animal, but the deep dejection of the poet shows that to do so will be a fearful struggle. Throughout the whole of these illustrations the artist has wished to give an idea of an unearthly horse; his back is shorter, his shoulders higher, his neck more arched, his legs more slender, and his mane and tail much more profuse than we generally see them, or than those of the horses in the same work. In the second plate the sale is accomplished; Pegasus passes from the poet, whose words and looks he obeyed, into the hands of the low-minded horse-dealer; a halter encircles his neck for the first time;

he turns his large full eye upon his sorrowing master; and he paws the ground, as if with indignation at the bargain, and at the coarse appearance of those at whose will he is led to mingle with the common-place beasts of the earth. It requires all the eloquence and artifice of the dealer to dispose of so fiery and restless a steed as the winged horse, but at length he falls to the lot of a farmer, who, in Plate 4, is seen mounted on a horse of common mould, a steady, hard-working beast, leading Pegasus home with his wings tied, and who, in spite of the strong reign and hand of his new master, appears quite ready at every step to break loose. Behind them comes a wary-looking equestrian, who it is very evident does not envy his neighbor the possession of his bargain. In Plate 5 behold the poor Pegasus for the first time "*im Joche*," and doomed, by way of taming him, to draw a cart full of large stones; it seems impossible that any single horse should drag so ponderous a load to any distance; the master is in front, holding the reins with a firm, tight hand, his fixed eye and his closely compressed lips showing a determination to conquer the wild spirit before him. The geese cackle, the cock screams, as he is scared from the paling by the cat clambering and caterwauling, the dogs bark furiously, and the noble Pegasus is impatiently waiting for the last adjustment which a servant is making of the harness. With a sort of triumph we see our hopes verified in the ensuing plate; the mettled steed has been too much for the stones, the cart is on its side, the farmer is tumbled into the dirt, the shafts are broken, and, with every sinew stretched, his knotted mane and tail floating in wild disorder, his head tossing in the air, Pegasus is comparatively free; the mother hastily removes her child from the vicinity, and the frightened peasant runs to the assistance of the farmer. A second trial is then made, and the fiery creature is yoked with two other horses, and made to draw a family coach, heavily laden for a journey; but he throws out his legs, dashes through the bog and the forest with irresistible force, dragging after him the poor panting quadrupeds of ordinary mould; the startled deer scamper through the trees, the very frogs leap out of their dwelling-places, and the travellers are frightened out of their senses. The eighth plate shows us the whole cavalcade, brought to the brink of a precipice by the mad course of the intractable animal; the people within and without try to make their escape, and a shepherd, who from below sees their danger, runs to their assistance. Pegasus is brought back in utter disgrace, and placed in the stable among the cows and pigs; no food is al-

lowed to him; and his master, shaking his fist, vows vengeance upon him, and prepares us for some further indignity. The winged horse, however, is not yet tamed, and never was a generous indignation more admirably expressed than in his look and attitude. His beautiful mane and tail, escaping from the knots into which they had been twisted, fall in rich profusion about him; the unquenched fire of his eye, the uplifted paw, the erect, though half-bound wings, all seem to say that something yet harder must be tried before he can submit to bondage. There is nothing exaggerated in the animal, and yet there is a something like human distress about him which is quite touching. In the next plate we are positively grieved for him, for, yoked with an ox to the plough, lashed by the hind who guides him, gored by the horn of his companion, worried by dogs, and worn out with hunger, he at length sinks under his sufferings, and, falling on one knee, he groans in spirit, and implores the aid of Heaven. Apollo descends and stands before the affrighted peasant, whom he reproaches for his cruelty. We then turn to the last plate, and Pegasus is free; Apollo mounts his darling steed, and, singing as he goes, is borne by him with renewed grace and elasticity to his native skies. The poet's song, if once bartered for gold, is lost, and not till it regains its freedom does it regain its full power; but no sufferings can wholly tame it,—no shackles can entirely confine it; it is ever bursting forth in rebellion against its bonds; and where long and iron oppression, and abject misery, break its unbending spirit, its sole relief is in heaven. Thus do we ourselves echo the song of Schiller, and thus are his thoughts expressed by our poet of the pencil.

The Song of the Bell was intended by its great author as a vehicle for the representation of the vicissitudes of human life. Even while it is casting, the world is going on with all its changes, and some of these changes are laid before us by the author and the artist. The illustrations begin with a fine allegorical plate of the bell, and the Hours floating round it, bringing with them Discord, Joy, Pain, and Peace. The forms of these figures are beautiful, and they are so completely suspended in air, that we even expect them to vanish from the paper. The first plate (but marked No. 2) which belongs to the poem, represents the interior of a workshop, with the master of the foundry, and his workmen at their different employments. The furnaces, the mode of supplying them, raking them out, and various operations, occupy the ensuing plates, till we come to the sixth, where we see a christening; the nurse is walking

with a very important look in front of the procession, with the infant under her garment, the parents and sponsors follow, and all seem impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The seventh plate is the christening itself, with allegorical figures above, representing joy and suffering. The eighth is a beautiful scene of domestic happiness in humble life; the infant is lying in its cradle, and the father and mother are about to commence their simple meal. In the ninth plate we are presented with the domain of a neighbor, who is a gardener; the door opens, and the infant, now a child of some years standing, comes with his father to present a rose-tree to his favorite playfellow, the gardener's daughter; the eagerness of the two children forms a lively picture, when contrasted with the calm, pleased smile of the two fathers.

The following plate shows us the *lad* starting for his travels, with all the enthusiasm of youth; even the pain of parting with the gardener's daughter is forgotten, and he seems ready to rush forward with an impetuosity which scarcely admits of his noticing his weeping playmate, or receiving the last injunction of his mother, doubtless an often repeated intreaty or caution. The father, with all his experience on his head, by his serious air, seems to be deeply impressed with the importance of launching his son into the world. In the ensuing plates we trace an increase of stature, and already has the stripling burst into manhood, when, in advance of his fellow-travellers, he sees the sea for the first time, and half rushing towards it, and half turning to announce it to his companions, the action of the figure and the feelings within are admirably expressed. This action forms one of Retzsch's chief beauties; the springiness, the vivacity of youth are shown in every limb; he has evidently leaped at once upon the bank up which the others are toiling, and yet, in the height of his pleasure, he does not forget to inform those behind, that they are close to the wished-for goal: he is not yet old enough to have learned selfishness. He travels to the north, and we see him among the snow-clad forests of pine: he travels to the south, and, while lingering to admire the splendor of the scenery, he narrowly escapes from banditti. At length he reaches his home, a fine, stout youth, and so changed from the slender lad who left them, that he stands before his parents, and for a while remains, unknown; the father shades his eyes from the light on the table, that he may better look at the figure in the obscurer part of the room; the mother ceases to spin, and turns the light fully upon him. "Do you not know me, mother?" seems to issue from his lips, but we have only

to look at the next leaf, and the recognition has taken place; his mantle has fallen on the ground, the distaff is upset, the father hastily rises, and the mother, still quicker than he, has folded her arms round the neck of her kneeling child. It is not long before the proud parents bring their son to the garden-er's daughter, but he is now a tall, elegant young man, evidently "polished by foreign travel;" for he respectfully raises his cap from his head to salute the fair creature, who, from surprise, throws down the bucket of water, with which she was going to refresh the rose tree, grown like herself into loveliness. The consequences of this meeting are not difficult to imagine, and we are not surprised in the seventeenth plate, to see the youth, apart from the noisy festivity of his friends, mournfully gazing at the dwelling of his beloved. In the next scene he brings her a bouquet, doubtless composed of flowers that tell his love; but instead of the noisy exultation which accompanied his first offering, he is evidently now fluctuating between fear and hope, as she, with timid willingness, accepts this decided mark of his affection. The nineteenth plate is the original of that which is now to be seen in most of the print shops in London, where the pair are sitting together by moonlight, and which is called "the German Lovers." The twentieth plate represents the first kiss, much too important a part of the courtship to be omitted, and which Retzsch seems to delight in portraying. At this we do not wonder; for both in the present instance, and in that of Faust and Margaret, he has shown a purity and feeling rarely equalled, and which makes us pity a young lady with whom we once happened to meet, and who refused to look at this particular scene. Here the narrative breaks off, to show us the progress of the bell; the metal is mixed, inspected, and proved to be good, and we are suffered to return to the little story we have commenced. The courtship has been successful, and the bridal procession next appears, where, according to custom, neither the bride nor the bridegroom look half so well as they do at ordinary times. We do not know whether it were the intention of Retzsch to mark this, but we cannot help thinking, that both fiction and reality may arise from the same cause, which always operates against beauty on such occasions; viz. the taking especial pains to heighten it. The bridegroom's wreath, in the scene before us, is anything but becoming, and we like the maiden herself better in her simple little boddice, than in the wedding finery of ribbons and streamers. Very beautiful, however, are they both, even after a series of years, when, with children flocking

round them, the husband takes leave of his family, at the moment of starting for a trading journey; the graceful creature, with her matronly cap, whom he is now encircling with his arm, evidently requires some of his manly nature, to enable her to take comfort in his absence. The ensuing plate shows us that she has taken comfort, by the best means which a good wife has in her power; she is in the midst of her little household, with her domestic employments round her; her little girls are close by her side, and she ceases for a moment to instruct one of them, to enforce order on two urchins of boys, who are quarrelling about the possession of a boat, and cuffing each other in good earnest. The journey has been successful, and stores of merchandize are brought back to the warehouses of the husband; he pauses at his gate to see them enter within, while the house-dog has preceded all others in his greetings; his wife and children, however, are seen in the distance, hastening to meet him. Nothing but his back is in view, but there is so much character in that back, that we could not mistake the master of the property; his erect and noble figure, his attitude, and the perfect repose of rider and horse, say that he is a favored man. Accordingly in the twenty-sixth plate, he stands in a balcony, and with security shows his blessings to his wife, who lifts up her beautiful eyes in thankfulness to Heaven. But out of that Heaven nothing is sure, and afar off is the storm which is to convince him of the instability of human riches. The lightning and the hurricane begin the work of destruction, but we are in plate twenty-eight again made to turn to the bell; it is now in the furnace, and the master and his men pray for its success. Meanwhile the fire rages in the rich man's storehouses; the tocsin sounds; all is confusion, activity and distress, for the whole village is threatened with annihilation. The flames no longer rage, but of all his boasted wealth nothing remains but a heap of smoking ruins, and a very few relics, hastily snatched from the fire. Two or three roofs alone are spared to shelter the inhabitants of the village. More beautiful, however, in sorrow than in joy, the father stands by his wife, counting the heads of his children, and returning thanks to God for their preservation; the resigned mother, with her youngest treasure sleeping in her lap, is comforting the eldest girl, who seems to be overwhelmed with grief. We cannot forbear to notice here one of the minutest, yet one of the most exquisite, proofs of Retzsch's power of detail: one of the boys has saved *his* greatest treasure, and is playing with it, as if, that being safe, he cared not for the loss of all other earthly

things; it is nothing but a wooden horse, whose leg has been broken off, and put on again with a large nail. Retzsch must be a close observer of children to have imagined this, for none but those accustomed to them can tell how dear old toys are to them, and how very much more they are valued if they have been injured and repaired. Agriculture again lays the foundation for other fortunes; the village is rebuilt; and the sower is scattering grain upon the earth; the beginning and the end are here put in fine opposition, for a funeral is seen at a distance. In the next plate the funeral is close to us, and we find it to be that of the lovely mother, whom we have followed from her childhood, through the stages of maidenly and matronly beauty, in joy, in hope, in fear, in doubt, in prosperity, and in adversity, playing her part with an innocence and feminine dignity, which makes us regret, but not fear, to follow her to the tomb. We are next presented with a continuation of the agricultural plates, one of which consists of nothing but finely drawn cattle, returning home in the evening, and here again we find our artist singling out those delicate touches of nature which give such an air of truth to all he does. None but an eye intimately acquainted with such scenes, could have taught the hand to make those cows all rush to the gateway at once, as they always do, as if they were jealous of all that went before them. In another place we have a harvest-home, where all is riotous mirth, and where there is no end to the variety of posture, from the group of grotesque musicians, playing with all their might, to the damsel on the top of the last loaded waggon. Then we have an evening scene in a town, where an apprentice is shutting his master's shutters, and the doctor is going home, leaning on the arm of his servant, who is lighting him with a candle and lantern. Here too all seems to be security and confidence, but in the next leaf is an aged seer on his knees, who seems to foretell the misery that threatens the devoted city. Peace flies away, and war appears to be fast approaching. In the following plate the plot is developed; for, mounted on a table, is a fierce artisan, addressing the mob around him with the greatest vehemence, and inflaming its passions, till oaths are sworn upon brandished daggers, and pikes and different weapons are seized upon with mad fury. We are afterwards shown the plot in full force, and all the savage ferocity of mob revolution is displayed. Numerous ropes are attached to the statue of the king, and violent efforts are made to pull it down; men, women, and dogs are thrown out at the windows; every species of human butchery is

going forward; but in the distant parts of the town the military are arriving in numbers, and prepare us for the return of order. In the mean time the bell is completed, the mould is broken, and the finished work is taken from the furnace, in presence of the master of the foundry, and the principal authorities of the place. "Concordia" is inscribed on it, and other mottoes, such as "Vivos voco," "Mortuos plango," are introduced among much ornament. Peace is now restored, and a beautiful procession is going to the church, in order to hold a thanksgiving; here the idea of multitude is excellently given, but in the following leaf, the bell, in its ornamented steeple, is the sole object in the plate. Season after season then revolves, even the bell and its dwelling-place are no more, and the forty-second plate closes the whole, by showing the bell broken and half buried in the earth, the sturdy oak snapped in two, the church in utter ruin, the grave-stones tossed about in fragments, and even the figure of Time, which has been sculptured on one of them, is cracked across, to tell us that time itself shall be no more.

We cannot close this portion of Retzsch's works without calling the attention of our readers to the profound thought that is evinced in all of them; he must have been able to comprehend his subject not only as a whole, but individually, and has represented it with every individual beauty, without injuring it as a whole. To these perfections he unites a brilliant imagination, which makes all that he portrays display a poetic feeling in the garb of truth. He is decidedly of that school which, in France, would be called the romantic, and which in fact is meant as the natural style, as opposed to the severity and stern grandeur of the classic rules of art: but he is far above the romantic school of that country, in every period of its existence. He seems to think that it is only the beautiful in nature which ought to occupy the painter, and, although he designs the rude, the fierce, and the uncouth, he contrives to give a noble air to every thing he does, as if it were impossible to make his pencil low or vulgar. There is immense breadth in his drapery, but it is never coarse; the folds are large and simple, without making it heavy; and though the full round sweep of woollen material is faithfully drawn, yet his cloaks never look like blankets. Some credit must certainly be given to the picturesque and wholly German costume in which he dresses his figures; his feathers too infinitely add to the elegance of the effect, and, whether placed on the head of the noble or the plebeian, each one plays its own graceful part.

There is not a single instance in common

life of those detestable shorts which destroy all idea of dignity: and while we make this remark, we cannot forbear a recurrence to a celebrated French picture, of the old romantic school, (if we may so express ourselves,) the subject of which is a shipwreck; the vessel is reeling awfully, the sailors are in sufficient consternation, the sea is terrible enough to excite our feelings, but on deck stands a gentleman, about to be wrecked in satin breeches and silk stockings; doubtless a very correct delineation of a true story, but we could not feel the least pity for him if we were to try our utmost. Another instance of the folly of taking ungraceful realities for the subject of a picture may be found in the more modern portion of the same school; we mean a picture of Virgil and Dante, on their way to the Infernal Regions, a work of considerable merit in other respects, but both of the figures are so vulgarly ugly, that, we think, if once Pluto laid hold of them, he would never let them out of his dominions. We love not to think of this production and the poems of the *Æneid* and the *Inferno* together, and we pity the artist who, if he ever read these divine efforts of the human mind, could associate them with the forms he has painted. Now these are faults which have been wholly avoided by Retzsch, even when perhaps his subject might have formed some excuse for them; but although his peasants and his workmen are not polished gentlemen, they still have a dignified nature; and even when he gets into the town, amongst those occupations which more or less tend to degradation—as, for instance, the group in *Faust* gathering round the dying Valentine, the assemblage of rebels in the *Song of the Bell*, all evidently of the lower classes of society—there is not a single figure which disgusts us by its coarseness or vulgarity.

We have now to notice those works of Retzsch which more than all others interest the English public—we mean his illustrations of Shakspeare. How few of our countrymen have ever heard of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, or of his *Pegasus*; but of course it is a matter of astonishment when any one is ignorant of the plays of Shakspeare. We are all of us sharp critics in this respect, and very jealous for the fame of our immortal bard; we feel a positive irritation at a French translation of his works, for they may all be considered as Shakspeare travestied;* but the genius of the people and the language enable the Germans to comprehend him better than any other nation. This is scarcely

matter of astonishment when we consider how many German roots there are in our own tongue—how many actual German expressions we utter in our conversation, and how much German blood has descended to us from our forefathers.

The first play selected by Retzsch is the tragedy of *Hamlet*; and passing over the apotheosis of Shakspeare, which is attached to each one of the series—and is perhaps not quite so graceful an instance of the sportive pencil of the artist as we have seen elsewhere—we come to an introductory plate of the great incident which was the cause, as it were, of the ensuing tragedy, viz. the murder of the King of Denmark by his brother Claudius. The scene is finely imagined; the unconscious victim reclines on a sofa in a summer-house; a stern figure of Justice, placed over him, seems to be threatening the murderer with vengeance; he advances with noiseless step, and, while he pours the poison into the ear of the king, he stretches out his left hand to steady himself, and, as if by chance, rests it upon the crown.

The action of the play itself begins with the first ghost scene on the ramparts; the spirit is waving his truncheon towards the cliff, and Hamlet tries to break from Horatio and Marcellus, in order to follow it. We must here observe that Hamlet is throughout of much thicker and consequently less elegant proportion than any other of Retzsch's heroes; for which we are not aware that he can plead any reason, seeing that Hamlet was of that age in which manly beauty is, generally speaking, in its greatest perfection; his limbs are too large for his height, yet the thigh is not sufficiently full for the lower part of the leg; and the singular costume by which he is always distinguished, is by no means calculated to lessen these defects. We have before remarked the transparence of the ghost, which is peculiarly beautiful in this instance. The next scene is taken from the same subject, and shows Hamlet making Horatio and Marcellus swear upon his sword that they will not betray what they have just seen; the ghost, who exclaims from underneath, is faintly shown; but the three living beings who hear him, look in different directions from him who utters the word "Swear" from below. The idea of a supernatural voice filling the whole rampart is most happily given by their all looking a different way for it, and is one of those delicate but allowable artifices, by which Retzsch so often impresses his full meaning on the beholders, and of which very few are capable. The celebrated soliloquy is the subject of the next plate, and, except in the point on which we have before remarked, the figure of Hamlet is good, and

* We have not yet seen any of the results of Mr. O'Sullivan's undertaking.

gives an idea of deep meditation. We could have wished that Ophelia had been more intellectual in all the scenes in which she is concerned; for, excepting in the last, she does not look capable of having uttered that beautiful passage, beginning with,

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

With the listening and villain king, and the simple old Polonius, we can find no fault. The sixth plate is the enactment of the king's crime by the players. Hamlet, seated at the feet of Ophelia, has his finger pointed to the scene, as if in the act of explanation; but his eyes are keenly fixed on his uncle, who appears to be rising from his chair. The queen, whom, by the by, we have always suspected of being more weak than wicked, is absorbed by the representation; and it is not till afterwards that her full beauty is disclosed to us. The following plate gives us the famous scene of the pipe, which is one of the most masterly of Shakspeare's conceptions, and which our artist has drawn to the life: the large penetrating eye of Hamlet is scrutinizing Guildenstern, as he begs of him to sound the flute; Guildenstern looks in as great a dilemma as his deceitful conduct ought to bring upon him, and the very shape and mien of the man show that he was not a fit instrument to play upon the noble Hamlet. In the eighth plate the king is at prayer; and Hamlet, on seeing him so occupied, is deterred from killing him. The figure of the kneeling Claudius is excellent; and the manner in which Hamlet is driving his sword again to the very bottom of its scabbard, seems to show his vindictive feeling almost as much as the words themselves. The making the queen so beautiful is a fine thought, for it strongly conveys to us one of the temptations which assailed Claudius to commit the crime. Two plates are given to the interview between the mother and son: the first contains the death of Polonius, the second again shows us the ghost; in the latter the attitude and expression of the queen tell us plainly that Hamlet has succeeded in wringing her heart, and the effect of the apparition on himself is well shown; his hair stands from his head, though not so much so as to give a feeling of exaggeration, and his cloak seems to be lifted from his shoulders. For once the fair Ophelia appears in all the loveliness with which the poet has decked her, as she comes with her mournful madness before the eyes of the afflicted Laertes, who gazes on her with an intensity of grief which foretels the part he is about to act in this mighty tragedy of revenge. We then come to the gravedigger's scene—that scene in which our Law-

rence has so finely portrayed the matchless Kemble, that we perhaps look on Retzsch's with a prejudiced eye, though in truth we cannot but be pleased with it. The lofty sentiment of Lawrence's picture was adapted to a single figure, and, besides being a portrait, the subject was too well known to need explanation in England; but Retzsch has a story to tell, and does tell it with admirable force: still those clumsy proportions of Hamlet come so strongly in contrast with the tall dignified figure of our great actor, that, although we do justice to this design as a very fine conception, we yet cannot give it that heartfelt approbation which we generally bestow on Retzsch's productions. The struggle of Hamlet and Laertes in the grave of Ophelia is the next selection, and we find in it that variety of action, that excellent grouping, in which the artist is so happy; we never see any of his faces looking out of the picture,—the subject is almost always the most prominent part of it, and everybody is occupied with it.

We now approach the catastrophe, and, mere outlines as they are, we cannot look at the two admirable creatures about to strive in mortal combat,—the courtiers and mother all in ignorance of the dreadful scene which is to follow—the diabolical but handsome countenance of the king, about to commit fresh murder—the anxious look of the page presenting the cup to Hamlet, as if he alone, besides the villain himself, knew that the poison was there,—without a feeling nearly allied to awe on our own parts. The fifteenth plate relates the close of the same scene, the queen falls, and her dying words are for Hamlet; Laertes is a victim to his own revengeful treachery; Hamlet has also received his death-wound; but before his strength quite fails him, he makes a desperate thrust at the king, and fulfils his promise to the ghost. The poisoned sword enters the breast of his uncle, but there is a want of force in Hamlet's action, which may perhaps be accounted for by his fast waning powers. All is now over; the stillness of death has calmed the human passions of the guilty and the revengeful; the king and queen are lying side by side on the same bier, exposed to public view; the unfortunate and high-souled Hamlet lies in state on a stage above them; Fortinbras is there to take possession, and the beloved friend of the prince is about to tell the story to the uneasy and wondering populace. The judgment of the artist is well exemplified by the parts he has chosen for illustration; they either tell the tale, or lead the attention to the most striking passages in the play; they give room for his excellent powers of composition, and his skill in execu-

tion, to display themselves. But we hope to prove, in continuing our notices of the two last series, that he has felt, even more than in the present instance, the innermost workings of the poet's spirit.

Before we proceed further with the illustrations of Shakspeare, we feel ourselves bound honestly to confess that we are prejudiced; that we received a certain impression of his characters when young, and that that impression has never left us. It was given to us by those great actors who have passed away; and when we say that we have seen the principal parts of *Macbeth* performed by Mrs. Siddons and John and Charles Kemble, we may perhaps be forgiven for the strong bias of our minds. A full acquaintance with the plays of Shakspeare had formed a part of our education from the moment we could read, and we went to the theatre with every nerve throbbing with that breathless expectation which perhaps only the young can feel. We neither spoke nor moved during the performance, and for many hours after it was over we scarcely heard or uttered a sound: we knew nothing of the farce for which we were obliged to remain with our companions, and it was several years before we could dare to acknowledge the intense effect which such acting of such a sublime tragedy had produced. We have been forced to see it since, but with the parts so cast, as rather to heighten than destroy our former feelings. We come then to our present task with a certain fixed idea of how Shakspeare ought to be illustrated; but when we find fault, we are far from setting up our opinion as the standard by which others are to judge, because we feel that other circumstances may have produced other judgment, and new readings have given new views of many of our poet's characters.

In *Macbeth*, the witches hovering near the field of battle are first presented to us; we have been told that they are not Shakspeare's witches: certainly they are not at all like the mad and livid frights, with wigs standing upright from their heads, which we see upon the stage; but we as certainly have no rule given to us by the author as to what his witches should be. To us Retzsch's witches are admirable; their long drapery floats behind them as if it partook of their supernatural character; they glide along the surface of the ground with a peculiar motion, which is neither flying nor walking; they wear a sort of exulting smile: and it is not only by the peculiar turn of the hand, with which one of them points to the battle, that we see how they relish a field of blood, but their very toes seem to be full of malice. We next find them hailing *Macbeth* by his pre-

sent and future titles, and we fancy that we could distinguish her, who calls him king, by her peculiarly demoniacal expression, even were she not pointing to a crown in the clouds. The eyes, too, of these witches strike us as being very remarkable, and exemplify the power of simple but well combined strokes. In each head they assume a different expression: the first, being the one who hails him Thane of Glamis, evidently intending to frighten him by showing him that he is familiar to her; the second, who calls him Thane of Cawdor, evinces more astonishment, and the third, who salutes him with Royalty, has a cunning that leaves no doubt of the wily temptation which she offers to his ambition: yet all this is done with nothing but a set of curved lines. In the fourth plate, Duncan thanks his valiant soldiers, and announces his intention of visiting his castle, a purpose which *Macbeth* receives with the deepest respect; how soon after to be converted into the blackest treason! We think that Duncan is scarcely old enough to answer Shakspeare's description, or to be father to Malcolm. In plate 5, Lady *Macbeth* receives his majesty at her castle gate; and, even at her first appearance, she does not meet our expectations, and we see at one glance that our excellent artist has taken a very different view of her character from that which we have always held. It is impossible to mistake the vindictive expression of her eye as she inclines towards her benevolent-looking sovereign, and we must maintain, contrary to the opinion of many others, that Lady *Macbeth* was not cruel before her ambition for power and rank destroyed all the better feelings of her nature. Her inability to kill Duncan, because he resembled her father as he slept, her great love for her husband, and her confession of how deeply she once felt a mother's tenderness, we think, will justify our opinion of her. One absorbing passion will for a time change the whole nature of the human heart, and in a woman its effects are often more violent than in a man. By her husband's relationship to the king—by his already great reputation—Lady *Macbeth*'s mind was so filled with the thirst for more distinction, that it became a part of herself; she believed herself and her husband to be foredoomed to it, and the opportunity of attaining it, afforded by Duncan's visit, as a special grant from supernatural powers. The times, too, in which she lived, were not those in which an ambitious woman could receive correction from those around her, or from religion; and Lady *Macbeth*'s fierceness is more a part of those times than of herself. Retzsch's delineation of her only once conveys to us an idea even of a com-

manding high-born woman, and that is in the last-mentioned plate, where her eye alone betrays his conception of her character. In the next, when she rings the bell for her husband to take his drink, she looks much more like an attendant than the lady of the castle. The figure of Macbeth in the same scene (the dagger-scene) is finely drawn and conceived. The next plate possesses uncommon power: Lady Macbeth with more dignity than in the preceding, is watching with intense interest for the consummation of the deed. Macbeth is in the act of murdering Duncan, with one hand over his face to stifle the cries that may escape, and with the other he drives the dagger home: his hair stands nearly upright, and his whole appearance is that of frenzied passion, startled at the voice which tells him to "sleep no more." The grooms are disturbed in their slumbers, and the whole scene is wrought up with that horror and supernatural aid, which flows so plentifully from German imagination, and which is fully justified by the play itself. The angel of death, if we may so call it, hovering over them all, is a very original personification of the idea. The life and action evinced in the death-struggle between the murderers and Banquo, is really an extraordinary production; the energy of the muscles, the complicated attitude, the positions of the hands and feet, make it one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the delineator, though the English version of the play tells us, that Banquo's wounds were upon his head, and Retzsch destroys him with a stab in the heart. In our opinion of the next plate, we almost doubt ourselves, for in the banquet scene the inimitable Mrs. Siddons, with her unequalled dignity and grace, stands before us, and destroys the personification of the same circumstances by the artist. There is not sufficient space apparent in the German representation; it looks rather like a cabinet-dinner than a great national banquet, at which all the Scottish chiefs who remained in the country were present; consequently it is confused, and the whole interest of the scene is centered in the ghost of Banquo, which tells admirably. Lady Macbeth has not one spark of that winning and courteous entreaty, which dismissed her guests without giving them an opportunity of murmuring. In plate 10 we have the witches at home in their cave, surrounded by their domestic animals, an assortment of misshapen and malicious monsters, which could proceed from no other than a German imagination; on the shoulders of one of the witches is her pet beast, which we suppose to be meant for the "brinded cat," and which is spitting and snarling at Macbeth with great fury. Ban-

quo and his long line of kings are seen passing away in the distance. The figure of Lady Macbeth, when walking in her sleep, is wholly unfitted to create that intense interest with which the poet clothes the secret workings of her disturbed spirit; she is much more like the common acceptance of a "midnight hag," than that woman in whom stateliness was an inherent quality. Retzsch doubtless never saw the majestic Siddons in this display of her wonderful powers, but his own Schröder looked and walked the character with grace and almost appalling effect, although her personification of it at the last was somewhat different from that of the English actress. We cannot help therefore feeling a little surprise, that he, who seems to be so sensible to the grand and beautiful, should have produced the figure before us, at least twenty years older since she received Duncan at her gate, and wholly unable to utter anything but a screaming command, instead of the noiseless caution with which Mrs. Siddons used to glide off, for fear of being found stirring. In the twelfth plate we behold "Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane," and the watch informing Macbeth of the extraordinary appearance. The heart of the man of blood is evidently shaken, but we would ask why he does not strike the messenger, instead of merely laying hold of his arm. A defect also exists in the figure of Macbeth standing where it does, for he could not possibly at that distance have reached the man. Perhaps the upper half of the body looking nearer to us than the lower may arise from a fault in the printing. The last scene closes the life of the murderer by the avenging sword of Macduff, a circumstance which is not shown on our stage, and which has no authority but that of inference from the poet, but it certainly tells the story better in a series of illustrations.

We now come to the last of Retzsch's efforts in this style. So far from yielding to its predecessors we think that it far exceeds them, and this is a great deal for Englishmen to acknowledge, respecting *the* love-play of their country. The artist as well as the poet has to change his atmosphere and his feelings, from the cool deliberate crimes of the north to those sudden and violent impulses, which produce quicker, but the same results, in southern climes. The history of Romeo and Juliet is a history of impetuous feelings, leading to unpremeditated crime. The most intense happiness and the most intense misery are alike exemplified in the reckless career which accompanies a headlong passion; certain destruction awaits not only those who are guilty of the excess, but it engulfs a number of unintended victims. No finer

exemplification of this exists than Romeo and Juliet; we ourselves have lived in the south, and since then we have not only been able more fully to appreciate the talents of Shakespeare, but we wonder at the fidelity with which he draws his characters, and his perfect comprehension of those nicer touches of the human heart, which are laid bare only in lands whose vivifying atmosphere Shakespeare never breathed, and whose burning sun seems to impart a subtle fire, which is rarely understood by the inhabitant of colder regions. We will now see how far his illustrator has been capable of setting forth his perfections.

The plates commence with the hostile meeting between the rival houses of Montague and Capulet. The prince is seen in the distance descending the palace-steps, in order to put an end to the brawl. The limbs of the two leaders are finely contrasted with the youthful vigor, the graceful roundness, of their followers, and this is particularly evident of old Capulet; his hose hangs upon his shrunk limbs, and perfectly justifies his wife in recommending him a crutch instead of a sword. The countenance of the Lady Capulet is prophetic of her conduct to poor Juliet. We next come to Romeo and his friends, in the act of going to the Capulet masquerade; masks of various kinds are seen crowding into the hall, and a remarkably fine figure, wrapped in a large mantle, is stepping hastily forward. We must pause an instant to point out this figure to our readers, for it so entirely shows the truth of our remark in the first part of this article, concerning the drapery of Retzsch. Romeo, in a pilgrim's gown and hat, is preceding his party, with a lighted torch in his hand; the same elasticity of limb, and freedom of action, mark him in disguise, as throughout the rest of the illustrations. We can scarcely say in what it consists, but an air of dauntless purpose, an utter carelessness of consequences, mark the gallant, warm-hearted, and generous Romeo. We are then led to the masquerade itself, with all its variety of character, grimace, and costume, but Romeo has not only seen the star of his destiny, but is sealing that destiny upon her lips. Juliet is now the innocent, half-formed girl, who seems to be quietly submitting to the embrace, unconscious that it is to awaken in her those uncontrolled feelings, which will lead her to an early tomb. In the scene next placed before us, the mighty passion has taken effect; her whole frame has assumed a different expression; a few short hours have given her a new being; and, with a look of ineffable love, her arms encircle her lover, as if her confidence in his

affection were perfect, and every other consideration worthless. His form and face are of extreme beauty, and contrast well with the old Friar, who is hastening them to the altar. We now turn to the bride, who is taking her last farewell of the husband whom she was only doomed to meet again in the embrace of death; he is half out of the balcony, but again lingers, again returns, as if it were impossible to tear himself from her; but the nurse, a fat, bustling, busy-body, announces the approach of Juliet's mother, and the parting must come. In plate 7 poor Juliet is on her knees, deprecating the wrath of the father, who is cursing her; even the nurse is shocked at his expressions, and the Lady Capulet herself, not blessed with many of the gentler qualities, is entreating him to abate his anger. In vain does Juliet, in all the luxuriance of beauty, plead against her father's will; his purpose remains unshaken, and in his hard, unrelenting features, we see that poor Juliet is decreed to be the wife of Paris. But Juliet is now a woman, capable of a courage which will dare every thing when driven to extremes; and, unshaken by the fancied vision of her murdered cousin, Tybalt, she drinks to Romeo with the potion prepared for her by Friar Lawrence. The artist has finely marked the progress of his heroine's character, as developed by circumstances; in each plate she has acquired more dignity, and in this trying moment, uncertain as to the result of the hazardous scheme she has adopted, her lofty attitude, her intent but fearless gaze, show, that her soul is wrought up to some desperate risk, and that she will not shrink even from positive death, should it be necessary. In the ninth plate, Count Paris comes to claim his affianced bride with the customary train, but Juliet lies apparently dead before him, and he clasps his forehead in despair; old Capulet seems to be awakened to something like remorse; the mother shows compassion when too late, and throws up her arms in agony; the nurse is praying on her knees; and the Friar is trying to effect something like calmness; and the musicians in the door-way stand in stupid astonishment. We must here beg leave to criticise the posture of Juliet; she is not sufficiently on the bed, and could not in an inanimate condition have remained in that position. But Juliet is buried in the fashion of her country, and Romeo has stolen from his banishment back to the city. The poison is purchased, and, alike impetuous in grief and in love, he hastens to the tomb of his beloved, determined to die with her. The artist has given us the meeting between him and Count Paris, who comes to strew flowers round the grave of his

lost bride. Romeo envies him even this mournful pleasure. They quarrel, fight, and Paris is killed; and, as he dies, he entreats to be buried by the side of Juliet. The attitude of Paris is perhaps one of the worst that we have ever seen from the Pencil of Retzsch; he has the air of a *petit maître*; he appears to be dancing, rather than falling under the stroke of a sword; that of Romeo is full of inimitable grace; and the dark melancholy eye is, on this occasion, even more beautiful than elsewhere. Having dragged Paris into the tomb, he throws an arm round the neck of the still insensible Juliet, drinks the poison, and dies. In the following plate Juliet is awakened to all the horrors of her fate. Romeo is dead, and the Friar conjures her to fly to some religious asylum, but on her refusal he leaves her to seek further assistance. The heart-broken victim takes that opportunity of plunging Romeo's dagger into her heart, which is the moment chosen by the artist. It is one of the most spirited and masterly of his compositions; the figure of Juliet, as she listens to the noise that approaches, seems to be perfectly alive, and is admirably shown off by the complete lifelessness of her lover, whose head she supports; his is as perfect a representation of death, as hers is of the living energy of despair. In the concluding plate we have the crowd assembled in the tomb, to view this scene of destruction; the bodies of Romeo and Juliet lie on the ground, lovely in death; and the authors of this miserable catastrophe, when it is too late, become sensible to their errors; their prince sends the lesson home to their hearts, and Montague and Capulet consent to a reconciliation, amid the corpses of those they loved best, and the agonizing cries of the childless and desolate mothers.

In describing these admirable productions, we have as much as possible avoided all technicality; we have attempted to give the spirit of the artist, in humble imitation of his having interpreted the spirit of three of the greatest poets of modern ages. We are not among those who seek to find spots in the sun; we could not in a beautiful whole lower our feelings to seek out minute faults, which in fact can be of no importance, or we should not receive so pleasing an impression of the general effect. We are quite aware, that, as all human things are imperfect, even with all the strictly anatomical correctness of Retzsch, a defective proportion may occasionally be met with; but, admiring the whole as we do, we had rather dwell on that masterly decision of touch, which, with one sweep of the pencil, forms an outline of perfect grace and keeping, and which, with only one more sweep, produces

a perfect limb; those five or six delicate touches which form a face of exquisite female beauty, witness the lady in Fridolin. We had rather notice the freedom which belongs only to the close observer of nature, the boldness which throws nothing into obscurity, because it is difficult to draw, the perfect action, or the perfect repose, alike impressed with the air of reality, the fore-shortening without a single instance of distortion, the force where no shading is admitted but what a few simple strokes will effect, the assistance of the drapery in throwing out the figures in groups, the decorations of furniture, the foliage of the different trees and plants as may be particularly seen in the Song of the Bell (notwithstanding the German, Paul Brill touch of the artist), the accompanying animals, all in perfect keeping, all telling the story—nothing is forgotten, and these details are so appropriate, so well placed, that so far from interrupting the attention, they add to the unity of the picture.

Moritz Retzsch, according to Mrs. Jameson, is fifty-seven years of age, and, if we may judge by our own excellent Stoddart, who designed some of the exquisite plates to Mr. Rogers' two fine works when on the verge of eighty, he may have many years of vigor and judgment before him. We hope he will make use of some of them, in continuing to illustrate our immortal Shakspeare, for his Romeo and Juliet most especially tempts us to be covetous, and cry "more! more!" The accomplished authoress above mentioned has given a very interesting account of our favorite, and an abstract from her pages will be so appropriate here, that we cannot forbear its insertion. She tells us, that when a child he drew and carved in wood, but was so devoted to the wild scenes of nature, that he had serious thoughts of being a huntsman by profession; however, at the age of twenty, he established himself as an artist, and the devastation occasioned to his property by the war, rendered him dependent on that profession for his livelihood. We are happy to hear that he has been successful, and that he lives in great comfort at a sort of farm a few miles from Dresden, except when his duties as Professor to the Academy call him to the city, where he has a lodging and *atelier* in the Newstadt. The character of Retzsch, as described by Mrs. Jameson, is exactly such as we should have given him, had we been asked to judge of him from the works we have seen; she says that he is penetrating, benevolent, and innately polite; that his figure is large and portly, and his head sublime; his eyes of a light blue, wild and large, and his hair profuse and

turning grey. His manners are careless, simple, and perfectly frank. Of the coloring of Retzsch there seems to be a great diversity of opinion, and we ourselves have heard it both praised and censured; at all events it is original, for our authoress, evidently leaning to the first opinion, adds, that no one paints as he does. That his moral sentiments are highly developed both in word and deed, we should gather from his works; in none do we ever see these offended; in the midst of the most highly wrought passion he preserves his purity and decency, and the moral of his subject is always prominent. In some of his supernatural decorations, he may perhaps be called extravagant, but the sentiment is never false. His wife, of humble parentage, is a lovely and loving being, looking up to her husband as to the first of mortals; she is the original of many of his female heads, and we should like to see her, if she were the model of his Juliet, who is even more lovely than Margaret.

Though not exactly called upon to do so, we must say a word or two on the translated passages of our English bard, as they are given in explanation of the plates. They have been taken from the works of Schlegel, Guizot, and Barbieri. There can be no comparison between the respective merits of the German and the French, that of Schlegel being so decidedly the best. That of M. Guizot only confirms the utter hopelessness with which we have long contemplated a French translation of Shakspeare; an instance of this is easily found, and the first which occurs to us is in Hamlet in the passage, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." The German version of the passage is good, and almost literal, but the French have it—"Qui se sent *morveux*, se *mouche*; pour nous, nous ne sommes pas *enrhumés*;" a phrase which would not be admitted into the polite society of any country. The expression of "bare bodkin" is mistaken by both; Schlegel makes it literally the bodkin which the ladies use at their work, and the French call it a sharpened iron; the real meaning being a short sword, or dagger, which is now out of use, but which was so called in the time of Shakspeare. With regard to the Italian, we have been more than once agreeably surprised by its capability in conveying the meaning of our great dramatist. But we feel that we have no right to yield to the temptation of further criticism on this head, and we now close our remarks, with a hope that ere long we shall have the opportunity of noticing another series of illustrations of Shakspeare, from the gifted and inspired pencil of Moritz Retzsch.

We had thus concluded our article when we were made acquainted with the publication of Retzsch's Fancies, six in number, with an English preface, and a translation of the artist's own explanations, from the pen of Mrs. Jameson. We may perhaps notice these at a future opportunity, the length of our present observations having been stretched to our utmost limits. We, however, think it our duty to announce to our readers that a seventh subject has appeared in Germany, which has not yet been published in this country, but which now lies before us. It is Satan, playing at Chess with Man, for his Soul. The imaginative powers of Retzsch here revel in the utmost luxuriance. The finely formed but wicked and terrific countenance of Satan is directed towards his victim, and is watching him with a wariness and stern purpose, that make us tremble for the beautiful and youthful antagonist. The fallen angel is robed in a mantle with broad folds; one hand is supporting his chin, as if he were intent on the effect of some devilish and deeply plotted move, and the other grasps a figure of Peace, which he is taking from the board. The young man rests his head upon his hand, as if he were fearful of impending ruin, and desirous of averting it. Between these two figures, and behind the board, stands the good Genius of Man, anxious and distressed, as if fearful for the youth. The attitude of this angel is as beautiful as the countenance is lovely; the hands are clasped, the wings are half spread, the head is gently turned towards the important charge, and we feel afraid, that at the next move those wings will bear the guardian away. The decorations of the chamber, with the lizard supporters, the soul represented by Pysche in the toils of Death, a beetle above her as the sign of regeneration, are all admirably appropriate, and wholly German, especially the chessmen. On the side of the Demon the king represents himself; his Queen is Pleasure, pressing forward in front of all; his Officers are Indolence, like a great swine, Pride strutting about with a peacock's tail, Falsehood with one hand on his heart, and the other holding a dagger behind him, Unbelief trampling on the Cross, Anger, &c. The pawns are doubts, and alas! for poor Man, the only pieces which he has taken are Anger and one doubt, while Satan has secured several Angel's heads, (which are the pawns of Man, and are symbolical of Prayer,) Humility, Love, Innocence; but Religion, Truth, and Hope, are still left. All the pieces are well set forth, and it is evident that Satan's are coming down in full force against those of his antagonist.

This design requires a long study, and

will afford much matter for reflection ; every part will bear the most minute scrutiny, and it is scarcely possible for any one to quit it without a deep and almost painful sense of the moral which is conveyed by this fine allegory.

ART. IV.—*Poggii Epistolæ. Editas collegit et emendavit, plerasque ex Codicibus manuscriptis eruit, ordine chronologico disposuit, Notisque illustravit, Eques Thomas de Tonellis**. Volumen primum. Florentiæ, Typis Marchini, 1832. pp. 368. (The Letters of Poggio Bracciolini, Pontifical Secretary and Chancellor of the Florentine Republic. Written originally in Latin, and now, for the first time, collected and translated into the Italian language, by Tommaso Tonellis.)

THE interest which the familiar letters of a man of sound judgment and acknowledged talent never fail to excite in the most common-place readers has never been disputed : touched by the magic pen of such a writer, circumstances the most trivial, matters the most local, and opinions the most contracted, assume a consequence, a value, and an expansion, which arrest attention and awaken sympathy. If such be the effect produced by this kind of writing upon him who reads for mere amusement's sake, how great must be the interest it creates in one whose object is the study of the man himself, and of the times in which he lived ! What in the former is a simple wish to gratify a harmless curiosity, or to while away a tedious hour, becomes in the latter an intense desire to investigate the springs of human actions, and, if possible, to discover the rise and fall of the moral barometer.

The Letters of Poggio, an extraordinary man, who lived in extraordinary times, being replete with materials for this kind of observation, we have thought that a few extracts from them, in an English dress, would prove both amusing and instructive ; and we shall, therefore, proceed to lay them before our readers, commencing with those which touch upon the subject of religion, as being best calculated to develope both the character

of the writer himself and that of the age in which he wrote.

"I am delighted," observes Poggio, addressing one of his friends, "I am delighted to find, from the Cardinal di Saint Angelo, that you have formed a friendship with a truly learned and worthy man. If he indeed be such as you describe him, not only is he deserving of your esteem, but, moreover, of your love and reverence, as well on account of his virtues, as of the great scarcity of such men. You must have already perceived, that, as Juvenal says, they are

'Raræ aves in terris, nigroque simillimæ cygno.'

Mark how others of the same rank, a few only excepted, live ! Mark with what sanctity, with what prudence, with what honor they run their mortal course ! Learning I speak not of,—that, together with all the other virtues, has long been banished. These idols of the people are made up of gold and silver ; abandoned to sensuality and sloth, and swollen with luxurious pride. They clothe the plain instructions of morality in pompous verbosity, and employ terror and ostentation to command that respect which they have forfeited by their indifference to religion and by the irregularity of their lives ; and if, as you very justly remark, the precepts and holy living of the Christians of the olden times had not greater weight with us than those of our contemporaries, such examples would, no doubt, be fatal to the true faith. One thing only are they alive to—power,—that they may feed their sensuality and amass riches ; for this is the goal of every effort. Few are the soldiers of the Gospel—many are they who combat for luxury and wealth*. Happening, whilst flying from the plague, to visit the church of Salisbury, I made inquiry there concerning the books about which you have so often written to me. Not a single individual could I find who had ever seen them. Many are the votaries of gluttony and lust, few are the lovers of literature—and even these are uncultivated, being more skilled in learned puerilities and sophisms than in real knowledge.†

"With respect to the Bolognese bishop,‡ I know not whether to be sorry or glad : I regret his disappointments, although I am certain it is no mortification to him to be without that which he never desired : for they who wish for authority, as St. Augustin says, and yet never promote the good of their fellow-creatures, are undeserving the name of bishop."§

Let us here pause to consider in what light this severe censurer of the clergy looked upon, and acted with respect to, ecclesiastical benefices, and we shall then be convinced

* This gentleman is the same who some years ago translated the Life of Poggio, written by our countryman Shepherd. This work he so enriched with valuable inedited matter, and so elucidated by many interesting notes, as to deserve the commendations of the learned author himself.

* Lib. i. ep. vi.

† Niccolò Albergati.

‡ Ep. x.

§ Ep. vii.

how much more easy it is to deal out reproaches than to avoid them.

"At length this patron of mine presented me with something. . . . He gave me a small benefice with a great encumbrance—a cure which produced 120 florins—but which did not suit me from the very circumstance of its being a cure: for, as Gregorio insists in one of his Homilies, it is difficult for him who cannot check his own passions to restrain those of others. But it will not be long before I lay aside a gown which sits too heavy upon me. I have often written to you that my sole object is to secure, by the labor of a few years, a competence for the rest of my days.*

"I wrote to you, in a former letter, that my patron had given me a small cure, upon which I set no great value, caring not for a livelihood which subjected me to the responsibility of the priesthood. The other day he presented me with another, worth forty *lire* clear, which I immediately accepted, relinquishing the other. Had the benefice been without the cure, I should have been content; but the responsibility of this latter is too great for me. I think that I could in exchange for this, find a free benefice, without cure, of twenty *lire*; should I succeed, I should have enough, more I do not desire.†

The above observations throw a singular light upon what follows:—"One thing I wish you to know: these satraps of ours are monsters of ingratitude; a vice common in all those who possess more power than they should have."‡

With more justice and sincerity, Poggio describes himself and all the court of his time in this sentence:—"You know our ways regardless of everything save ambition and covetousness."§

We have seen with what views the Florentine philologist aspired to a benefice. His ambition was to secure himself a living, but he disdained to purchase liberty, at the price of his integrity,—nor were his wishes immoderate.

"As my patron|| is almost always travelling and wandering about like an ancient Scythian, I live here in undisturbed tranquillity, completely buried in by books: food and raiment are provided for me: what need have I for more? What beyond these can kings procure, with all their treasures?"¶

* Ep. xviii.

† Ep. xviii. And in xxi. The benefice has been given me out of ill will.

‡ Lib. iii. ep. xxxi.

§ Ep. xxxix. Several important facts connected with ecclesiastical history are contained in the second letter of the first book—the twelfth of the second—the third, eighth, and twenty-third of the fourth.

|| Henry of Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.

¶ Lib. i. ep. vi.

"I know that you are free from the vice of flattery, a vice generally very profitable to those who frequent the houses of the great.* I would, therefore, entreat you to discontinue writing in this manner, since he who adopts it renders himself obnoxious to the charge of being a flatterer, and he who allows, or is gratified by it, to that of effrontery. Always write what you feel; let not your zeal carry you beyond the bounds of truth; and seek rather to confine yourself to what the subject strictly requires, than to display ingenuity of argument or felicity of diction. Should you, for a mere exercise of your wit, undertake to praise any one, choose such a person, that your commendations may appear what they really are, and not as censures.† What can be more disgraceful to, what more unworthy of, a free man, than to give utterance to that which his conscience cannot approve?‡

"It would give me much pleasure to travel with you; and the more so, as I am at present in such bad odor at court. But you know how contracted my means are. . . . It is very easy to talk about going in quest of new means of subsistence, but very difficult to put it in execution: and then again, can any thing be more—I do not say—disagreeable only, but wretched—than to be forever recommencing life.§

"To no one is such an existence more disgusting than to me. It has already been my lot for more than two years: but I know not whether it be practicable to find in labor a refuge from fatigue; and to enter upon a new kind of life would not only be folly, but stupidity itself. It is a lamentable condition, that of being forced to deliberate upon the means of providing for the few remaining years that are left us: and he who makes a mistake in this (and there are many who do), cannot quit the road he has entered upon without disgrace. The utmost caution is necessary in making a change, while to persevere in a wrong path is downright madness. These two opposite and contrary considerations keep me in such a state of doubt and perplexity, that, placed between hope and fear, I flounder about as if in some quagmire, unable to get into the true road.|| I know not what I could do were I to quit the court, unless it were to keep a school, or enter in some gentleman's service . . . either of which would be most wretched for me. For of all kinds of servitude, the most miserable and humiliating is that of being obliged to obey the caprices of a vicious man.¶

"What I am most desirous you should think is, that liberty and the tranquillity afforded by study are dearer to me than all that is most valued and desired by the multitude. And if I saw a prospect of obtaining these blessings, I would, in order to secure them, transport myself not only to Sarmatia but to Scythia itself.** Could I but procure

* Ep. vii.

† Lib. iii. ep. xxiii.

|| Ep. xi.

** Ep. xviii.

‡ Lib. ii. ep. ii.

§ Lib. i. ep. x.

¶ Ep. xii.

eighty florins a year, I should be content, and, abandoning every wish for riches and honors, devote myself entirely to literary pursuits, as I have always wished to do. This, as I have often written to you, has ever been my desire; and I have therefore come here* to endeavor to find the means of gratifying it. . . . The communication of Cardinal Pisano is very gratifying as far as honor is concerned; but in other respects this office is no introduction to liberty, on the contrary it only leads to slavery. Understand me well: I do not seek that kind of liberty which is clogged with cares and anxieties; but that in which I shall be subjected to the fewest possible,—that which Tully defines as, the being able to live according to one's own inclination. The former is the most holy state; but the spirit will breathe where it listeth. In this state lives our Ambrosio,† whom I repute most happy. . . . but I, who possess not such strength of mind, aspire after that mediocrity, in which I can follow God, and not live altogether the servant of the world.‡ Many endeavored to persuade me, after the death of our Bartholomew,|| to insinuate myself into the favor of the Pontiff, and engage in public affairs. But I am most averse from such counsels; my only wish being now to retire. Such a step, far from being the commencement of tranquillity, would lead to never-ending fatigue; it would be, instead of that liberty I so much desire, the severest slavery. Therefore let him who likes mount towards power, I am satisfied with my condition; nor do I desire more than to be enabled to enjoy it as I please. I see even those die who sit in the seat of the mighty,

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.—Horace.*

"Thy Poggio is content with little, and he will prove it by deeds. I apply myself for some hours to literature, freed from the anxiety attending public affairs, which I leave to those above me. I live in as much liberty as I can; and this secures my cheerfulness. I am equally free from ambition and the desire of accumulating: what is given to me I accept with gratitude; but the withholding of presents causes me no pain, and up to the present day I have never wanted the requisites for an honorable and comfortable subsistence. No one can be richer than I, if I continue in such sentiments. But enough of self; these things are to be proved by actions, not by words.¶

"I ratify and confirm what I lately wrote to you, viz. that I do not intend to spread much canvass to the wind, but rather to furl my sails; the sea of life is a wide and stormy one, and he who blindly trusts to it, endangers not only body but soul also. I will quit it, and as soon as I can take shelter in some

port, where, if I obtain not quiet, (for in this our pilgrimage perfect quiet is not to be hoped for,) I shall at least escape the fury of the tempest. All the fatigues I have hitherto supported have but procured me food and clothing; this only they have brought me that I can call my own,—the rest has become the property of others. What madness to undergo the greatest fatigues, to suffer a continual martyrdom, for things that can be obtained with so little! Thy Poggio will look to his actions: let others speak as they like; I consider it greater strength of mind to despise than to covet those good things of this life, which others seek after with so much eagerness. Death carries these off much earlier than he does those who are solely occupied in living a contented and happy life. I will therefore enter into no one's service, except my own. I cannot say I shall not encounter greater fatigues, but at any rate, they will not be of my seeking: I will bear the weight imposed upon me, but not like a discontented man.

After reading the above, it will scarcely be believed that the same hand had written, ten years before,

"I understand that Gaurino has married a girl, young, beautiful and, *quod est omnium primum*, rich.* . . . I am contriving how I shall quit this place at other people's expense, and I hope to succeed.†

He himself, in a Letter from London, confesses and condemns his besetting sin of covetousness.

"I do not think," he writes, "that I am actually better off here than in my own country, but you well know that I still keep rolling on this stone of Sisyphus, as the means of procuring future ease; and yet it appears to me the very height of folly to hope for a moment's tranquillity in this life, in which nothing is stable, but all is in continual flux and perpetual agitation. And I very frequently laugh at myself for seeking quiet in a place which the wisest men have anxiously fled from, precisely because they have found within it nothing but the deepest misery. It would be infinitely better to abandon all affairs of this world, all vain cares and anxieties, all mundane thoughts, and seek refuge within the harbor of poverty, that is, of liberty, peace, and security. This, however, is the privilege of but few,—of those only whom, as the Scripture says, 'the Father calleth unto himself.' Long have I been in search of a quiet and tranquil life, but whether I am in the right road I know not; for, as I have often observed to you before, I am well aware of the heavy responsibility of the priesthood, and of the great anxiety which accompanies the cure of souls to him who wishes to discharge his duties conscientious-

* To London.

† Traversari.

‡ Di Monte Pulciano.

§ Ep. xx.

¶ Ep. xxii.

¶ Lib. iii. ep. xxix.

* Lib. i. ep. xi.

† Ep. xii.

ly. But reward is due only to those who labor, and the Apostle says 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' But all this is more easy to be said than done, and it is a common proverb, that it is better to fall into the hands of God than into those of man. However, if the affair, that is, the promise of Pietro, should turn out well, I would leave the priesthood to the next comer, not because I have the slightest disrespect for religion, but because I never hope to become what, according to the canon, I should be."*

In the following Letter, Poggio appears to have been more timid and less generous than he has shown himself in preceding ones:—

"We must wait upon the very nod of the great if we wish not to offend their sensitiveness for they are more disposed to resent than to look over a fault. The first beginnings of every thing are difficult and laborious. But, as Virgil says, *Labor omnia vincit*. I endeavor to produce something worthy of me, and to insinuate myself into the good graces of the prince, who appears to be favorably disposed towards me. I have not much business, but, timid and irresolute as I am, I have thoughts enough to occupy me.† . . .

"Believe me, you are not the only one: we have all our troubles. Life is one lengthened pain, and they are generally the most unhappy who are least thought to be so. But the fault is all our own; we seek for misfortunes,—we rouse them from their lairs; and he who is overwhelmed by them is so because he wills it. I judge of others by myself. Were I content with the absolute necessities of life, I should live more free, and more independent of the labor and of the opinions of others; but as I am, I harass myself by an anxiety after superfluities, and by the anticipation of years which perhaps may not be granted me,—an instance of which is my brother's case: I had already married him, and not only provided all that was necessary for housekeeping, but had contemplated a thousand other things connected with his future welfare; but God called him to himself, and thus dissipated my golden dreams. But, blessed be his name for ever and ever, he perfectly knows what is for our good, and this consideration consoles me. Yet I cannot but feel for my mother, at her being thus deprived of a favorite child when weighed down by years and infirmities. Misfortunes never come alone. I had made arrangements for receiving friends, and many had gladly availed themselves of the opportunity; but my house will now remain gloomy and deserted. Blessed be God! Believe me, the being left in this manner alone disturbs me; it may, however, compel me to adopt another mode of life."‡

Devoted to honoring and entertaining his friends, he thus writes to his Niccolo.

"My friends must not be offended if I invite them to my table; it is an ancient and universal custom, and never has, so far as I know, been considered as a vice. Perhaps you are displeased with the expense, and are unwilling to have your parsimony measured by other people's liberality. Well, then, live upon a pound or two of mutton,—be as stingy as you please,—save your money to pay your taxes, and work your fingers to the bone,—I will get rid of *my* money as I like."*

In another Letter, preceding the above, when he was a little less excited, he thus describes his mode of life at Rieti.

"Upon arriving at Rieti, I rented a little house upon the rather large river which runs along the city. After going to mass in the morning, on my way home I walk into the market, looking at and buying what I stand in need of, especially melons, a good knowledge of which Lo Zuccaro considers very difficult to be attained, and moreover advises that every one should go to market for them himself. But Zuccaro's example has not so much weight with me as the authority of that excellent poet, Horace, who, describing his mode of life in Rome, says, that he was accustomed to go into the market, and ask the price of vegetables as well as of wheat. Now I, who am a mere nothing in comparison with him, have certainly no reason to apprehend being blamed if, in an almost country town, I market for myself. Having returned home, I read or write, seated in the grove by the side of the river, which runs murmuring at my feet. After this I give my body the necessary refreshment. The greatest part of my time, I pass in walking, the air being here very fresh, and the environs very beautiful, which, to me, is most valuable. No news reaches me of wars or tumults;† I hear no complaints of the warlike preparations of the King of Arragon, or of France: I am quite ignorant of the machinations of the Duke of Milan, or of the Florentines."

The following extract exhibits Poggio as one of those many literary characters with whom selfishness is religion, and sympathy in the misfortunes of others mere folly and stupidity:—

"It is not for me to give an opinion upon such important subjects; all my wish is, that we should have the disposition and the power of maintaining peace. We do nothing now but throw away our money. But of this enough; let affairs go on as God pleases; all I care for is, lest the weight of the taxes ruin me."‡

* Ep. xxii.

† Lib. ii. ep. v.

‡ Ep. xvii.

* Lib. iii. ep. i.

† Lib. ii. ep. xiv. Concerning Zuccaro, see Tonelli's note, p. 101.

‡ Ep. iii.

He does not, however, continually indulge in sentiments so unworthy of him.

"I have no more to say either upon public or private affairs. The latter are in such a state that they are next to nothing. Of the former it is best to be silent, if one is not desirous of being reputed either a flatterer,—a name most unworthy of an upright man,—or a prating, petulant fellow.* I approve of the strict alliance between us and the Venetians: many are, however, of opinion that this alliance does us not much honor, especially as they are made the arbiters of peace. If this be so, I would much rather fall with honor than rule with ignominy.† But they who ought to wish this, and have the power not to do so, will not."‡

Let those who wish to understand the numberless strange contradictions and inconsistencies of this man, of the man of literature and of human nature in general, read the following words:—

"I know not how the war of Lucca, so foolishly begun, will end. It never pleased me; and surely, while former scars still remained unhealed, it was imprudent to expose ourselves again to new and dangerous wounds. Cicero observes, that they who have justice on their side, though vanquished, are not to be despised. I maintain, that they whose cause is a bad one, are not to be praised, though conquerors. To say in a few words what might form the subject of an essay, I never saw, I never read of any republic more stupid, or of one in which prudent counsels had less weight. With great justice has Aristotle defined the democratical kind of government as the worst of all, and one in which no virtue whatever can possibly take root. I sincerely hope that the rashness of the few may not prove injurious to the many. The tyrant of Lucca, § who has so much oppressed that city, and accumulated so much wealth, after being deposed from office and imprisoned, has been put to the torture, as far as I can judge, in order to force him to disclose his treasures. The Lord of Vengeance has manifested his hand in this; and, like men, cities have also their destined hour. Let us apply ourselves to our books, by which our attention is diverted from such cares."

Whether we consider Poggio in a moral, civil, political, or literary point of view, we shall find good and evil mingled in him in a most extraordinary manner—a fact which renders his familiar Letters doubly interesting and instructive. The style of these

Epistles is also, like their writer, unequal,—at one time running into a loose Italian Latinity,—at another, embellished by real eloquence, and by elegance of diction by no means common.*

Brought up in the study of books, and in that of human nature, this interesting writer had a mind which well understood in what pure and genuine elegance consisted: he was enamored of ancient manuscripts and of new customs; was carried by the caprice of fortune, and by that of his own disposition, to Rome, Germany, and England; was in the service of bishops and popes, and was appointed secretary to the most renowned among the republics of his time; an eye-witness of schisms, revolutions, and wars, he was at one time forced by necessity to beg to be received as a travelling companion,—at another was the mediator between pontiffs, and honored with the countenance of the princes of Italy, and with the favor of foreign monarchs; at one time devoted to the study of the Hebrew, at another delighted with the eloquence of the Fathers, or enraptured with the monuments of pagan art; an admirable translator and historian, and obscene jester, and a severe judge of the moral conduct of others; a terrible enemy, and a mild adversary; an irreconcilable opponent, but a mediator among friends; a caustic impugner of the living, and an eloquent panegyrist of the dead; ready to impute to others heretical opinions,—himself equally obnoxious to them; at one time haughty, at another humble; now kind and now harsh towards his dearest friends: a man, in short, who, both in his good and bad qualities, was more a modern than an ancient,—a type of the numerous contrasts, oppositions, and antitheses, which render his own times, Italy, and human nature itself, inexplicable riddles.

ART. V.—*Kaiser Otto der Grosse, aus dem alten Hause Sachsen, und sein Zeitalter.*
(The Emperor Otho the Great, of the ancient House of Saxony, and his times.)

* Ep. viii.

† Ep. xxxvi.

‡ Lib. iii. ep. xiii. Respecting the political affairs of his time, see Letter xxiv. of book ii.; xvi. of the fourth, and xx. xxii. and xxiv.

§ Paolo Guinigi.

* His moral principles may be seen in pages 35, 36, 37, 41, 44, 50, 62, 63, 121, 147, 178, 181, 209, 320; and in Letters xiii. and xvi. of the first book, and in Letter xviii. of the second, and v. and x. of the fourth. His sensibility is exemplified in pages 92, 99, 107, 109, 139, 150, 169, 172, 179, 180, 186, 187, 191, 193, 201, 202, 241, 283, 302, and 327, besides Letters v. vii. x. and xxiii. of the third book. Lastly, of his studies, some interesting account will be found in pages 1, 2, 20, 27, 30, 59, 80, 104, 162, 190, 202, 219, 273, 275, 276, 277, 278, 281, 309, 310, 322, 323, 331, 349, as well as in Letter xxi. of the third book.

Von Dr. Eduard Vehse. 8vo. Zittau und Leipzig. 1835.

ALTHOUGH professing to be a life of Otho the Great, one of the many distinguished sovereigns who have borne the imperial title, the volume before us cannot be considered as belonging to the interesting and amusing department of literature termed biography. It contains little of personal anecdote, and less of a picture of manners; and is, in fact, merely a detached portion of history, chiefly important under a philosophico-political aspect. Before we speak of Otho, we must, therefore, explain the author's views of the feudal system, as it existed under his predecessors; and as Dr. Vehse, though full of thought, often profound and sometimes original, is neither the clearest, the concisest, nor yet the liveliest of writers, we shall put his ideas into a form of our own.

According to our author, the very essence of feudalism was, what is now considered erroneously if we are to trust M. de Tocqueville, as the purely democratic principle, to wit, the advancement of the highest talent to the highest station. The bravest warrior and ablest statesman, as statesmanship was then understood, was selected by his equals for their king. This king was necessarily well acquainted with the relative merits of the comrades by whose side he had fought, with whom he had acted in critical emergencies; and from amongst them, though expected to be his own prime minister and commander-in-chief, he selected those best fitted to supply his place in absence, to be his deputies as governors of provinces, as leaders of armies. The men thus selected bore the titles of dukes, earls, march-earls, (*markgrafen*, whence marquesses); and, salaries being then unknown, the king, as the reward of their labors, and the means of defraying the expenses incident to, or incumbent upon, their official dignity, assigned to them, in vassalage, ample domains in the provinces committed to their charge. Hence was produced such a hierarchy, if we may use the word in a lay sense, of great men, as commanded the respect and obedience of the nation.

The corruption of this system, of which its overthrow was the unavoidable consequence, our doctor derives from the introduction of the opposite principle of hereditary succession, which wrought destruction in a two-fold direction. Upon the throne, hereditary succession occasionally, but inevitably, placed sovereigns of inferior capacity and energy, who suffered themselves to be governed by favorites, and immediately incurred the contempt of subjects accustomed to be-

hold their monarchs the first in character and in station. Amongst the great vassals, the operation of hereditary succession was different; an occasional weak duke or earl, amongst many, being less important. But the delegated power intrusted to their hands was, perforce, immense, in times when laws were few, manners simple, and war, in some sort, the natural state of society. That power was useful in fitting hands; and it was innoxious whilst it uniformly reverted to the crown at the death of the individual holding it. But when the father transmitted to the son his official power and official domains, the family soon became too potent for royal control or popular resistance, and the country was plunged into the anarchy arising from multifarious tyranny.

If we refer to German history for the illustration of these views—for the general reader, the sketches given in some of our preceding numbers,* will amply answer this purpose—we shall find them pretty much borne out and confirmed by facts. We shall see the bold and able, though rude and not over-scrupulous, Merovingian Frank, Chlodvig (Clovis), not merely conquering, but actually founding, and, upon the pure feudal principle, organizing, a great empire; converting to Christianity his barbarian heathen countrymen, and, comparatively speaking, civilizing them. We shall see his talents and influence enable him to transmit his crown and authority to his sons; his posterity rapidly degenerate; all the great vassals render hereditary their offices and benefices:—which last word our author considers as a far more appropriately feudal designation than fief—and a state of anarchy and misery ensue, which baffles description; which, in our days of law and order, modifying even revolution, baffles the imagination itself to conceive.

From out of the depths of this weakness and wretchedness, we shall see a second great man, or rather a short hereditary series of great men, viz. Pepin of Heristal, to go no further back, Charles Martel, King Pepin and Charlemagne, arise amongst the Franks; the first two acquiring and exercising the power without the title of kings, the third boldly assuming the title likewise. And we shall further see the last of the four, who held this power more securely and independently than his predecessors, who extended the realm far beyond the acquisitions of Chlodvig, and dignified his royalty with the elective title of emperor—we shall see this really great man, Charlemagne, make it

* Vol. VII. and Vol. XV.

one of the main objects of his government to recall and re-establish the feudal principle of life-benefices. He succeeded in getting rid of the hereditary national dukes, who had become pretty nearly independent princes of the several—nations shall we call them, or tribes?—which they governed, and to which they belonged, and in supplying their places by earls for life, of his own appointment. But this really great man, his judgment biassed probably by parental affection, did not perceive that, for the maintenance of the feudal system in vigorous efficiency, it was equally necessary to abolish hereditary succession in his own family, of which he proved the last great man. His immense empire, comprising at his death all German Germany—not the Slavonian portion—all France, Switzerland, the greater part of Italy, and the north-eastern part of Spain, was utterly unmanageable by his feeble descendants. New hereditary dukes, markgraves, earls, started up on all sides; and ere long the tyranny, anarchy, debility, and misery that had marked the decline of the Merovingians was renewed.

The degenerate Carolingians can hardly be said to have been, like the yet more degenerate preceding dynasty, supplanted, at least in Germany. But, happily for the eastern Franks, in modern parlance, the Germans, they became extinct in the male line; and, with regard to the throne, the feudal elective principle revived. Conrad, duke of Franconia, was the first German sovereign not Carolingian. He was a man of courage, fair parts, and, it should seem, of good intentions,* who, according to modern notions, should have made an excellent ruler. But he possessed not the master mind that the times required, that could repress seditious turbulence, repel triumphant foreign aggression, re-invigorate debility, re-organize disorganization, reduce anarchy to form and order; and his reign was little more prosperous than that of his predecessor, Lewis the Child.

It is said that Conrad, who had no son, sought not to perpetuate the sovereignty of his house, but recommended the greatest of his contemporaries as his successor. Whether he did or not, certain it is that the elective principle prevailed, and that the choice made was calculated to do it the utmost possible honor. That choice was the greatest man of his day, already alluded to, Henry Duke of Saxony.

The Saxons were the last of the German nations whom their Frank brethren had forcibly incorporated with their widely extended empire, the last converted from their warlike heathen religion; and they yet retained the most of the genuine German nature, pure, energetic, and enthusiastically liberty-loving, depicted by Tacitus. These qualities had been further guarded from decaying amongst them by the incessant hostilities in which, from the time of their conversion and subjugation, they were engaged with their fierce and warlike heathen neighbors, the Northman Danes and the Slavonians. The dangers ever threatening the Frank empire from these daring and restless foes, and the consequent need of concentrated power in the hands of the governor of this frontier province, were so evident, that, even whilst all the other duchies remained vacant and divided, as left by Charlemagne, the Saxon Ludolf, said to be descended from the renowned Witikind, was made Duke of Saxony, and allowed to transmit his duchy to his son.

Henry was Ludolf's grandson; by his mother and grandmother he claimed the additional illustration of Carolingian and Billung blood, and he was as much distinguished by his personal merits as by his birth. But of his reign, arduous as glorious, a sufficiently detailed account has been given in a former number already referred to; and we shall here merely observe that Henry, like Charlemagne, perceived and appreciated the evils arising from the power of the hereditary dukes. He could not get rid of them, but he labored to break the line of succession, to connect them with himself, when practicable, by the ties of blood, and he reduced them all to obedience. We now come to the subject of the volume before us—his son, Otho the Great.

Dr. Vehse, who is, it seems, a countryman of his hero, appears to have had two main objects in writing his life: the one, to establish the superiority of the Saxon over the Franconian emperors; the other, to vindicate Otho from the fashionably philosophical imputations of having sought the imperial crown through extravagant ambition or inane vanity; the first motive being laid to his charge by such modern classicists as resent the subjection of those portions of Italy deemed part of the empire to a northern sovereign; the second, by modern theorists, who disdain the old imperial supremacy as an empty gewgaw. With the relative merits of the two kindred dynasties—the Franconian emperors descended from Otho by his daughter Luitgard—we, who think with Mrs. Malaprop that comparisons are odorous,

* Conrad has been accused of gaining the crown unlawfully, by conspiracy, and even by the murder of Lewis the Child; but the accusation, of which Dr. Vehse takes no notice, appears to us unfounded.

shall not concern ourselves, the more so, because we must individually confess a foible for the object of Dr. Vehse's contempt, the Franconian Henry IV., arising, perhaps, from our having, in our more susceptible years, read a German tragedy, in four volumes, of which that persecuted emperor was the hero. In his vindication of Otho, we think the Doctor successful, as may be shown by contrasting the two periods of this monarch's reign, preceding and subsequent to his coronation as Emperor. Dr. Vehse thus announces the appearance of his protagonist, and the purpose of his book.

"How Otho advanced the work which Henry had begun in Germany,—how he there confirmed peace, grounded the sovereignty of justice, new organized the constitution of state and church,—how he tranquillized France and Italy—propagated the gospel throughout the countries of Slavonians, through Denmark, Poland, Bohemia and Hungary,—how he adorned his brow with the imperial diadem, secured Europe against the barbarians, and spread the fame of his purely Christian heroism from our quarter of the world to distant Asia and Africa,—this is what it will now be attempted to exhibit."

When Otho succeeded his father Henry, Germany seemed prosperous and tranquil. The dukes not only concurred in Otho's election, but undertook, upon that occasion for the first time, those palace household offices, subsequently considered as the feudal services and titles by which the several German electorates were held. The Danes were at peace with Germany, the Slavonians tributary, the Hungarians repulsed and quiet. But this calm, produced by the dread and awe that Henry had generally inspired, was more apparent or superficial, than real or substantial. The seeds of internal insubordination and external war still existed; and when the sovereign power was transferred from a wise and able monarch to an inexperienced prince of twenty-four, they suddenly germinated. There was, moreover, a third source of evil under Otho, from which Henry had been exempt, to wit, family discord. The first symptoms of mischief appeared amongst the tributary Slavonians.

Henry died on the 2d of July, 936; on the 8th of August Otho was proclaimed and crowned; and on the 28th of September Boleslaus, the heathen Duke of one half of Bohemia, murdered his brother Wenceslaus, the Christian Duke of the other half, renounced his allegiance, and refused to pay the tribute due to his Christian suzerain, the King of the East Franks. Against him Otho sent a Saxon army under his kinsman, Hermann the Billung, who, the following year,

gained a decisive victory over the insurgents, and compelled Boleslaus to do homage and pay tribute as before. The Bohemian Duke seems, however, to have acquired his brother's share of the duchy by his fratricide.

Whilst this war, which may be considered as external, was in progress, internal disorders occurred. Arnulf, Duke of Bavaria, died; whereupon our author observes,—

"Otho had ascended the throne firmly resolved to maintain the rights of the crown and enforce the old constitution, by which no prince of the realm could attain to honors or dignities without the concurrence of the supreme head, chosen by all the princes conjointly. * * * * Upon the news of Arnulf's death, Otho sent a messenger to his three sons, Eberhard, Arnulf the younger, and Hermann, summoning them to his court. He was earnestly bent upon assembling around him, according to old custom, the noblest and best of the nation, that he might personally judge whether they were capable of the ducal dignities, of the official earldoms, with which, in case of vacancies, he thought to invest them. * * * * The brothers did not obey the King's summons, but took possession of the duchy as their heritage. * * * * When Otho heard of their proceedings, he immediately marched with an army upon Bavaria, and with unanticipated celerity appeared in the heart of the province, whilst the brothers supposed him still in Saxony, occupied with his preparations. His first step was formally and solemnly to deprive the rebel brothers of the duchy, and confer this state-dignity upon Berthold, Markgrave of the Etsch (Adige), the brother of the deceased duke, who had from the first disapproved of his nephews' insurrection."

But, before his arms had compelled submission to his sentence, Otho was recalled from Bavaria by an Hungarian incursion into Saxony. He hastened to the relief of his native duchy, and completely defeated the barbarian invaders, who never again attacked Saxony, thenceforward directing the course of their ravages to the South of Germany. From the field of victory Otho returned to Bavaria, and securely invested Berthold with that duchy.

By the time this was accomplished, the King was again summoned northwards by a rebellion, in which almost all nearest and dearest to him were gradually induced to participate. Eberhard, Duke of Franconia, brother of the deceased King Conrad, aspired to the throne, and craftily employed as the instruments of his ambition dupes whom he excited to claim it, sure of being able in due time to set these deluded pretenders aside. They were Otho's elder half-brother Thancmar, the offspring of a first marriage of Henry's, which the Church had pronounced

invalid,—his younger full-brother Henry,—who claimed because born when their father was king, Otho having been born while he was only a duke,—and his brother-in-law, Gisibert, Duke of Lotharingen, who claimed we know not upon what grounds. The rebellion ended only by the deaths of Thancmar, Eberhard, and Gisibert; when Otho bestowed the duchy of Franconia, and subsequently that of Lotharingen, with the hand of his own daughter, Luitgard, upon Conrad, Count of Worms, nephew to Conrad and Eberhard. Soon afterwards he obtained the hand of Ida, heiress of Swabia, for his son Ludolf;—these marriages were concluded whilst Ludolf and Luitgard were children;—and, being cordially reconciled to his brother Henry, he married him to Judith, a daughter of the deceased Arnulf of Bavaria; and, upon the death of Duke Berthold, gave him that duchy, as a sort of compromise with the hereditary rights of Arnulf's descendants. This family rebellion was intermingled with and succeeded by wars with the Slavonians and with France.

At length, however, Otho's energy and ability seemed to have subdued opposition. The Slavonians submitted and paid tribute; the Hungarians remained quiet; his brother-in-law, Louis d'*Outremer*,* was acknowledged in France; four of the German duchies were held by his son, son-in-law, and brother; and a fifth, Saxony, by his faithful kinsman and general, Hermann the Billung. A calmer day seemed to be dawning upon Germany, when, to the disappointment of such fair hopes, the most fearful rebellion with which Otho had yet had to contend broke out. The origin of this new rebellion must be related a little more in detail, as being in some measure characteristic of the social condition of the times.

In the year 951 Otho, then a widower by the death of Edgitha of England, was invited, as a good knight and true, to undertake the deliverance from captivity and persecution of the beautiful Queen Adelheid. This fair suppliant, yet in her teens, was the widow of Lothar, one of the contending kings of Italy, and his rival king and suspected murderer, Berengar, was endeavoring to force her into a marriage with his own son Adalbert. Otho undertook and achieved the adventure; when his success was rewarded with the hand of the rescued captive and the kingdom of Lombardy; Berengar having fled unresisting from his arms, while the Lombard nobles and Lombard cities vied

with each other in doing homage and swearing allegiance to the triumphant champion of the injured princess. Otho thenceforward entitled himself King of the Franks and Lombards.

The King returned with his new queen to Germany, leaving his son-in-law, Conrad, to complete the discomfiture of Berengar, who, though he had fled, had not submitted. The fugitive king immediately entered into negotiation with Conrad; and he, pleased probably with the idea of so promptly despatching his task, made large promises of Otho's favor to Berengar, on condition of his surrendering. Berengar surrendered accordingly, and followed Conrad to Magdeburg, where Otho then held his court.

But Adelheid had not yet forgiven her persecutor, the suspected assassin of her first husband; and the youthful bride's influence over Otho was not small. Berengar was made to wait three days for an audience; on the fourth it was ungraciously granted: he was treated, as in truth he deserved, harshly; and referred to the next diet for the decision of his fate. Conrad was deeply offended at this disregard of his promises; and although, at the appointed diet, Adelheid formally pronounced the pardon solicited by Berengar upon his knees, and Otho restored to him the Lombard kingdom in vassalage, the slight still rankled in Conrad's mind. In his wrathful mood Ludolf sympathized, though exasperated by different and more unworthy causes. His natural dislike of a step-mother was enhanced by Adelheid's especial friendship for his uncle Henry, of whom he had always been jealous, and whom she now established more firmly than ever in Otho's favor and confidence. In the beginning of 953, the son and son-in-law rebelled against their father, benefactor, and sovereign. Every malecontent, every turbulent spirit, joined these mighty filial insurgents; civil war raged; but not content therewith, Ludolf and Conrad invited the Hungarians to assist them, and again those ferocious barbarians ravaged southern Germany.

As, however, we do not propose to write an abridged and therefore uninteresting history of Otho, and have now abundantly shown the character of the troubles that incessantly harassed the early portion of his reign, it will be enough to state shortly that the rebellion was finally crushed, that Conrad submitted, Ludolf was vanquished, and both were pardoned, but, by the sentence of their peers, the German princes in diet assembled, deprived of the duchies of Lotharingen and Swabia. Franconia was left to Conrad, in consideration of his earlier submission.

But we are omitting to give a specimen of

* Louis d'*Outremer* married Gerberga, the widow of Gisibert of Lotharingen.

our author's style of narrative. This must not be; and as we shall very briefly despatch what we have further to say, we will first extract and abstract Dr. Vehse's account of one of Otho's most memorable feats, his great victory over the Hungarians, which put a final period to their devastating incursions into Germany, Italy, and France, and which, moreover, is in our author's best manner.

"The King had just honorably dismissed with presents some Hungarian envoys, sent, as they averred, to confirm the then existing friendship between the Franks and Hungarians, when messengers from Duke Henry brought him word that innumerable hordes from the Pannonian steppes were overrunning Bavaria.

"And so it was. An old writer, the monk of St. Gallen, estimates them at 300,000 horsemen. Such enormous multitudes of them, Germany had never before seen. Relying upon their numbers, they boasted that, if the sky fell not upon them, if the earth opened not to swallow them, they could never be conquered. From Hungarian rage the peasantry of Bavaria fled, with all their moveable property, into the walled towns, castles, cloisters, and churches, or sought refuge amidst the mountains and forests. When the savage heathen broke into holy dwellings, the aged monks were slaughtered, or burnt in the same flames with their monastery, the young and active dragged away into slavery. From the Danube to the Leche, and even as far as the Iller in Swabia, all was laid waste with fire and sword. The desolating torrent poured on as far as the mountains of the Black Forest. Augsburg alone, though protected but by low walls without towers, and swarming with fugitives, defied their fury. The pious Bishop Udalrich defended it with heroic constancy. He, his brother Count Theobald of Dillingen, and some other neighboring nobles, hastened to raise the walls and build towers; resolved, in the town thus strengthened, to check the advance of the Hungarians, or die.

"The Hungarians assaulted the ramparts. The besieged fought like desperate men. The bishop himself, seated on a tall horse, clad in his stole, without helmet, armor, or shield, unharmed by the darts and stones that whistled around him, rode through the ranks of the Christians, exhorting and firing them to the conflict. The Hungarians were repulsed. In the night, Bishop Ulrich* caused the damage of the walls and towers to be repaired. Whilst this was doing, nuns, bearing crucifixes and singing psalms, walked in solemn procession through the streets; others, at the foot of the altar, devoutly implored de-

liverance from the tremendous and imminent danger. The holy man himself addressed fervent prayers to Heaven in behalf of the distressed city. It was near dawn ere he allowed his weary body the refreshment of sleep.

"At day-break he assembled the people in the church, celebrated mass, and administered the communion to his harassed countrymen. He then affectionately exhorted them to persevere in the true faith, and place their hopes on God, who would comfort them; sang the appropriate 23d psalm, and dismissed the warriors to their posts.

"As the rising sun's first beam shone upon the earth, the seemingly infinite host of pagans approached, encircling the town, bringing engines to batter the walls that they were eager to climb. Upon the ramparts stood the Augsburg heroes, well armed, silent, grave, with flashing eyes; their weapons glittered terribly in the sunshine. At this sight the hearts of the Hungarians sank within them. They could not be urged to the assault."

This insuperable terror at sight of the worthy citizens of Augsburg may, we suspect, be a flight of fancy on the part of Bishop Ulrich's panegyrist. At all events, it was not the only thing that saved the town, for at this very moment the Hungarian King Bultzko was compelled to raise the siege by information of Otho's approach at the head of an army. Bultzko hastened with his barbarians to meet the defenders of their native land, in whose host the men of each duchy were led by their proper duke. On the 9th of August, only the stream of the Leche severed the hostile armies.

"The Hungarians did not long hesitate. On horseback they swam the impetuous river, and spread out their innumerable cavalry upon the left bank. When the King saw these hostile swarms stretching beyond the scope of vision, he despaired of its being in human power to resist them. He said aloud, that 'If God struck them not, he and his little band were lost.' Long did the Hungarians hover around the serried German ranks. . . The King commanded his brave son-in-law, Duke Conrad, to lead his Franks against the foe. He, eager to atone for past guilt by glorious deeds, rushed lion-like upon the savage heathen, compelled them to give way, and recovered the prisoners and booty they had taken."

But this was only a day of skirmish; the next was to prove decisive.

"On St. Lawrence's day, the 10th of August, at day-break, the King, on his knees, alone before God, confessed his sins, and vowed that, if the Redeemer of the world would this day grant him victory and life, he would, in honor of St. Lawrence, the vanquisher of

* Dr. Vehse is answerable for this varying orthography; but we suspect it may arise from his sometimes copying the old Latin of the monk, sometimes spelling naturally.

fire,* found a bishopric at Merseburg. The pious Bishop Ulrich now celebrated mass, and Otho, after receiving the sacrament from his hands, addressed his army, exhorting them to conquer or die in the cause of their country and their religion.

"When he had spoken, the King, grasping sword, shield, and the holy spear, sprang on horseback. He was the first to charge the foe, as beseems a king who rules over gallant men. By the first beams of the rising sun the armies encountered. In close order, protected by their shields, man pressing upon man, the Germans advanced against the enemy. The foremost ranks of the Hungarians resisted stoutly; but more and more resistlessly did the Germans press forward. At length many barbarians fled in terror, and a general panic seized the heathen. Their array was broken, their disordered bands driven, pressing confusedly upon each other, towards the Lech, where the fleetness of their horses was unavailing. Fearful was the sweep of the German sabre amidst the tumult.

"Otho pursued the flying Hungarians until night-fall. Immense numbers perished in the flight, some by the edge of the German sword, some in the flames of the villages in which they sought concealment, others in the waters of the Lech, up the precipitous banks of which it was impossible to climb. The bed of the river is said to have been choked with dead bodies. The camp of the Hungarians, with captives innumerable, with a booty in gold, silver, and jewels of inappreciable value, fell into the hands of the victors. * *

"Many a German hero had fallen in the battle. Amongst others, the Franconian Duke Conrad, to whose sword the victory was mainly due. In the heat of the battle and of a sultry summer day, he had loosened his cuirass to breathe freely, and at that moment an Hungarian arrow pierced his throat. His death discharged his debt to his country, and he saw his earnest desire, to wash away the blot of disloyalty with his heart's blood, fulfilled. The king wept over him. * *

"Fearfully did the exasperated peasant avenge his sufferings upon his heathen oppressors. Many were mutilated, crucified, tortured to death; others were buried alive. Of the whole enormous host, according to Keza, their own historian, only seven, and those deprived of their ears, escaped to bear the news of their defeat to Hungary. * * Never since have the Hungarians attempted a plundering incursion into Germany, or any other country: they, who had made Europe a desert, henceforward remained at home and tilled the soil."

But even this glorious victory could not insure tranquillity to Otho's government. Again we see the Slavonians withholding their tribute, foreign war, and internal disturbances. In Italy, Berengar revolted; Otho

sent his penitent son, Ludolf, against him; and Berengar, when his arms failed, is said to have removed his victorious adversary by poison. Again Otho visited Italy, as the minister of retributive justice upon the crimes of Berengar, and again Berengar fled from the avenger.

It was upon this occasion that, after finally subduing his rebellious vassal, and re-establishing his own authority in the north of Italy, Otho, in November, 961, received the iron crown of Lombardy from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, in the cathedral of that city; and then, repairing to Rome, was, in February, 962, crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, in St. Peter's church, by Pope John XII. Hereupon Dr. Vehse remarks:

"This imperial dignity was now, as in the time of Charles the Great, (Charlemagne,) simply the supreme protecting sovereignty of all churches and nations in western Christendom. The emperor was the supreme champion of the Christian world; and, in this sense, Otho, after his coronation at St. Peter's, in addition to his sceptre, bore a globe on his seal. * *

"From this time, Italy, so long a prey to disorder and lawlessness, was restored by Otho to peace, prosperity, and social order. * * The Lombards, who, in the dissolution of all legal and moral relations, had fallen into the very depth of anarchy and barbarism, obtained, through their connection with their kindred Germans, in the energetic nature of their new countrymen, a model after which to re-invigorate and re-elevate themselves. In fact, even Italian writers acknowledge, that, through the union of Lombardy with Germany, at least so long as Otho and the other Saxon emperors reigned, new life was introduced into Lombardy, and the seeds of that heroic spirit were generated, which in aftertimes displayed such grandeur in the republican institutions of the Lombard towns."

It should seem, therefore, that Italians ought not to object to this subjection to German emperors. But what is still more to our purpose, and perhaps still more remarkable, is not from this time forth, for the remainder of Otho's reign, whether, as some readers may suspect, as the fruit of his previous victories, or, as Dr. Vehse conceives, out of reverence for his imperial dignity, Germany was unassailed by foreign foes, undisturbed by internal sedition. So completely was this the case, that Otho for years together ruled that long-turbulent country by deputy, chiefly occupying himself with expelling the Saracens from Italy, conquering the Neapolitan provinces from the Greek empire, and obtaining the hand of a Greek imperial princess for his son by Adelheid, Otho II. In all these objects he was successful. But they are so

* Scoffer's might think fire vanquished him, at least his body, since St. Lawrence's martyrdom was by broiling on a gridiron.

inferior in importance and interest to his earlier struggles and wars, that we think it enough to mention them as amongst our author's proofs that Otho judged wisely in seeking the imperial crown.

We cannot lay down the pen without observing that this book abounds with awkwardnesses of expression such as actually confound us, when proceeding from a writer of Dr. Vehse's evident learning and scholarship. Such for instance, to take an example or two at random amongst many, as sentences left actually imperfect, or expressing the direct contrary of their evidently necessary meaning, by the omission of a word or of several words, the repetition of the word *die* in immediate succession, as *die, die, die*; which the English reader may exemplify to himself, by conceiving such a combination of the word *that* in its different relative and demonstrative capacities. We should ascribe such faults to the printer, were typographical errors of so glaring a character probable, we might almost say possible, in a second edition, which this calls itself, and were the book not provided with errata, amongst which none of them appear. It should, however, be observed, that the errata consist chiefly of pieces of additional information, collected apparently after even this second edition was printed.

ART. VI.—1. *De l'Art Moderne en Allemagne.* Par M. le Comte A. de Raczyński. Paris. 1836. Tome 1. 4to.

2. *Die neuere Deutsche Kunst.* Berlin. 1836. Ister Band. 4to.

THIS magnificent volume, the first of a work that is to be completed in three volumes, published simultaneously in French and German, is illustrated by eighty engravings on wood, executed by the most eminent artists in France, Germany, and England, with a separate cahier of twelve larger engravings. The noble author has prefixed to this volume an Introduction, containing preliminary observations upon the theory of the Beautiful, the Ideal, and the Sublime; upon the history of Painting among the ancient Greeks and in modern Italy; upon the art of Coloring, and upon Collections and Connoisseurs.

The following extract, respecting the history of painting in Greece and Italy, will give the reader an adequate notion of the turn of thought and expression, distinguish-

ing this work from others on the same subject.

"The progress of ideas appears to have its regulated course, and we might be tempted to believe that in this respect there exist immutable rules to which our moral organization is subjected; yet, if it is true that institutions can influence the duration and the prosperity of states, that education corrects or modifies the natural defects of men, we may be allowed also to believe that a salutary direction given to the study of the arts is capable of furthering their progress or delaying their decline. To point out a danger is frequently sufficient to avert its effects.

"Let us examine, under this point of view, the painting of the Greeks and that of Italy.

"Polygnotus, of the island of Thasos, created historical painting in Greece, above five hundred years before the Christian era. He painted in encaustic, and he knew how to give such solidity to his works, that his *Battle of Marathon* at Athens, though exposed to the influence of the air, continued in perfect preservation for the space of nine hundred years. This picture at length tempted the rapacity of a Roman proconsul, who carried it away. Polygnotus made several copies of his picture of the *Taking of Troy*, one of which was at Athens and another at Delphi. Among the figures in this grand composition was that of Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, at the moment when her modesty was sinking under the most cruel outrage. Through the veil which covered her face might be discerned the expression of shame and the flush upon her brow. Polygnotus also introduced into the same picture the portrait of Elpinice, the daughter of Miltiades and sister of Cimon, who had brought him to Athens. He painted *Tartarus* at Delphi. This was one of the richest of all the compositions attributed to this master; it contained eighty figures. This artist excelled in what the Greeks called *ethnography*, or the art of painting manners, passions, and characters.

"Apelles was a native of the island of Cos; he belonged to the school of Sicyone, the rival of that of Athens. He threw a grace and elegance into painting. His *Diana* surrounded by Nymphs on the slope of Mount Taygetus has been admired as a happy and charming composition. He is not less celebrated for his *Venus of Cos*, in which he took Phryne, the courtesan, for his model.

"Aëtion also established a reputation in the graceful style. His most celebrated picture was the *Marriage of Alexander and Roxana*. In this piece were seen a number of Loves playing with the arms and the cuirasses of Alexander, while others lifted up Roxana's veil and uncovered part of her charms.

"Zuëxis, who produced a Helen that was highly esteemed by contemporary artists, lived sixty years after Polygnotus. It was superior for finish and coloring, but was never equalled in regard to expression.

"Parrhasius, contemporary with Socrates, enriched the Temple of Minerva with his

Prometheus. According to Seneca, his painter caused a slave to be put to the torture, in order that he might serve as a model for that figure. This painter was obscene and exaggerated.

"Protogenes acquired renown by his Ilysus; Pausias by his Glycera. Zuexis, of Sicily, also had celebrity. Mention is likewise made of Pauson and Dionysius. Against the former it is alleged that, instead of imparting real dignity to his figures, he gave them rather the air of actors on the stage; he delighted also in exaggeration and caricature.

"The Rhyparographoi painted the interior of kitchens, shops, and such like subjects: others devoted themselves to a class which the Greeks called Dreams. Some attempts in this line were to be seen at the Lyceum at Athens.

"Aërial and linear perspective were unknown to the ancients. Herculaneum shows us that the Romans had made very little more progress in this very important part of the art of painting.

"The human mind then is continually turning in the same circle. Do you not fancy that you recognize Michael Angelo in Polygnotus?—Between Apelles and Raphael the resemblance would perhaps be perfect, if the one had not been inspired by Paganism and the other by the Christian religion. Aëtion is our Albano.

"Zeuxis was to Polygnotus what the Carracci were to the heads of the schools of Italy in the best period. Parrhasius was the Rubens of his time. To him may also be likened all those painters of Italy who borrowed their subjects from the Martyrology, as well as those modern artists who mistakenly delight in atrocious subjects. Lastly, the Ostades, the Breughels, and the Regas, never suspected, probably, that they were Rhyparographoi.

"Does not the portrait of Elpinice, in the Taking of Troy, remind us of the modern anachronisms of those *donatrici* of Italian paintings, or rather of those portraits of popes, sovereigns, and other patrons of the arts, whom the painters have introduced among the apostles of the Last Supper, in transfigurations, and in Gospel subjects in general. In Greece, as subsequently in Italy, in proportion as artists attained facility of execution, and made advances in the mechanical departments of painting and in the theories, genius declined, and with it disappeared feeling and expression.

"Polygnotus imparted grandeur to his subjects. Dionysius represented his with truth. Pauson debased those which he chose.

"We shall now turn to painting in Italy, and examine its revival, its progress, and its decline.

"If we could look for the first symptoms of the revival of arts, we must go back to the year 1200. Athens had already fertilized of old the soil of Italy; it was again from those regions, from Byzantium, that it received the first examples of a regeneration so rich in glorious results. The church of St. Paul at

Rome, that of St. Mark at Venice, that of Monreale near Palermo, and many others, were adorned by mosaics attributed to Greek artists, or rather workmen of that period. These performances are rude and shapeless; but they are the first stones of a solid foundation and of a magnificent structure.

"It may be asserted, with some appearance of reason, that the Greeks awakened the arts in Italy from their slumber; but we should have perhaps still stronger grounds for believing that without them painting would have arisen from its ruins; for among all nations there has been an epoch for poetry and the arts, another for fanaticism, another for the positive sciences, and, lastly, another for sophistry, cold scepticism, and licentiousness. This last epoch is the grave of the noble, the beautiful, and the generous, for it is the triumph of vanity over feeling.

"Cimabue lived in the thirteenth century, in the time of St. Louis and Dante: Andrea Taffi, Giunta Pisano, and Guido of Sienna belong to the same epoch.

"In the fourteenth century painting began to be studied in some of its departments, but it had not ceased to be defective. It was dry and inanimate. The draperies were stiff, angular, and heaped without plan and without reserve. The extremities were badly drawn and frequently too large; the limbs harsh, without muscular substance, the groupes in straight lines; but in the heads we begin already to discover truth, often correctness, sometimes even expression. In this century painting made but little progress; yet Giotto di Bondone, a pupil of Cimabue's, and a contemporary of Petrarch's, alone overleaped difficulties which were insurmountable to the artists of his time. His followers in the career of the arts in the fourteenth century profited little by his example; thus it may be said that Giotto, like the morning star, announced the approach of the light of day, but did not impart it.

"The fifteenth century, that of Lorenzo de Medicis, the Great, the Magnificent, the Father of the People, had the glory of giving birth to the greatest geniuses of painting, to all those who in the succeeding century became the founders of the different schools of Italy. To say that so early as the commencement of that century the Medicis were great and powerful, is to fix with accuracy the epoch of the revival of the arts. In this century painting had not yet entirely shaken off the defects of the preceding ages, but it was inspired by a pure feeling; it was precise and natural. Repose, tranquillity, and devotion, generally pervade the productions of this time. They are almost universally deficient in movement; but I doubt whether this is a defect in painting. They may be charged with the want of aërial perspective. I have also perceived in many of the productions of this century gross faults in drawing; for instance, heads too small for the length of the bodies, and features too small for the face: this epoch is, nevertheless, the most interesting of all. The feeling which

animated the painters of that time was the feeling of a new heart, timid, natural, warmed with enthusiasm for the beautiful, but with a mild enthusiasm, which, when it swerved from the truth, did so in a graceful manner. They were the amiable errors of youth, all of them arising from sensibility. Such were Beato Angelico da Fiesole, Masaccio, Giovanni Bellini, Titian's master, Perugino, and, above all others, Raphael, in his adolescence, and the amiable Francesco Francia. Never did any of the most finished works of Raphael so deeply move me as his *Sposalizie*. While gazing on that picture I felt a delight, an emotion, an agitation, that I cannot express.

"Ghiberti has left us in his gates of bronze, a durable monument of his superior genius. Giotto would, from his works, deserve to have a place allotted to him here rather than among his contemporaries. Cima de Conegliano, Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo's master, Le Verocchio, Leonardo da Vinci's master, and Mantegna, whose example animated the pencil of Correggio, lived about the year 1500.

"The most glorious age of painting was that of Leo X., Francis I., Charles V., Cosmo de Medicis Grand-duke of Tuscany, and Tasso."

The first chapter of Count Raczynski's work contains a history of painting in Germany since the commencement of the present century, a short period of thirty-five years, but rich in important results, in great names, such as Cornelius, Wach, and Schadow; and, above all, distinguished by the foundation or revival of the schools of Munich, Dusseldorf, and Berlin. The latter capital has witnessed the flourishing growth of the kindred arts of Sculpture and Architecture, springing up side by side with Painting, and adorned with the immortal works of Rauch and Schinkel. The same period has also been marked in political history by the reconstruction of the Prussian monarchy after its downfall in 1806-7, with reforms suited to the real wants of an enlightened age, and at the same time conformable to its original genius as a military and civil state, where discipline, order, and economy, give strength and harmony to the practical administration. It has also witnessed the foundation of the new universities at Bonn and Berlin: the perfecting of the other means of popular and scientific instruction; and the conciliation of the just claims of a Protestant state with the principles of religious freedom by an equitable concordat with the head of the Catholic church. But, in all that appertains to art, Bavaria may fairly challenge her equal, if not superior, share of honor with Prussia: and the example of both these states has kindled throughout Germany a

generous flame of emulation, giving new life and activity to that intellectual land. Even the smallest princes and communities of the Confederation are ambitious of not being left behind in this noble race for the palm of superiority in mental cultivation, so much more estimable in the eye of reason than the blood-stained laurels of war. The consequence has been a great improvement in public taste, and a rapid progress in art.

The second chapter of our author's work treats of the revolution which has taken place in these respects during the last thirty years. This epoch is coincident with the disastrous battle of Jena, which, though apparently fatal to German independence, was, in truth, the commencement of a reaction against the ascendancy of France, gradually obtained by the influence of her language, literature, and taste, not less than by her arms and arts of policy. The insurrection of the princes and people of Germany in 1813, to throw off the yoke of Napoleon, had been long prepared by a silent revolution in the public mind, adapted to revive the old national feeling of exclusive patriotism. This revolution was produced, among other means, by the revived study of ancient German models in art and literature, contrasting with the French and classical models, the first of which were exclusively patronized by the great Frederic, and the last had too long monopolized the public estimation. One of the principal authors of this intellectual revolution was Frederic Schlegel. In his publications which appeared in the periodical called *Europa*, and his lectures on the history of literature delivered at Vienna in 1810, he appealed to the venerable monuments of Gothic architecture with which Germany is covered—to her popular poetry, which kept alive the national language and literature from the age of chivalry—of the Hohenstauffen, to that of the Reformation, of Luther, whose translation of the Bible fixed the standard of the language, and, however defective in Biblical criticism, is still the most perfect model of the pure German tongue. The Reformation thus strengthened the prose literature of Germany, though its influence was unfavorable to poetry, and fatal to the arts, which were nurtured, lived, and breathed in the atmosphere of the old religion. The architecture called Gothic was symbolical of the Catholic faith,—its mysteries,—its consolations,—its dogmas. Sculpture and painting also combined to mould the hearts of its votaries to religious love for the blessed Saviour, his spotless mother, the glorious company of saints, the noble army of martyrs. These were the subjects on which the old masters delighted to labor. But the school of Al-

brecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, and Hans Holbein, which promised so much, had no successors worthy of these great artists, who were sustained by the spirit of warm and lively devotion, and by the patronage of a rich and bountiful church.

“Sed vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnon.”

At the time when Schlegel wrote, the works of Van Eick were hardly known: other great masters, such as Hemmeling, Mabuse, and Schoreel, were almost entirely forgotten; and the public had no idea whatever of the state of art in Germany previously to the time of Van Eick. The world is principally indebted to the labors and researches of the brothers Boisserée of Cologne for the knowledge of the facts that Germany possessed a flourishing school of painting before the fourteenth century; and that this school, as well as all the schools of Italy, derived their origin from the Byzantine in one unbroken chain of continuation. The torch of Art, like that of Science, has been thus handed from the illustrious Greeks to their modern successors and rivals. Van Eick was the creator of a purely German school. His works are characterized by a simplicity and purity of sentiment, which we seek in vain among those of his predecessors, whatever might be their merits in other respects. We must look for the distinctive character of old German art in the works of this epoch, and those of the fifteenth century—the times of Dürer and Holbein. In subsequent paintings we recognize the influence of the Italian and Flemish schools of the latter part of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth centuries.

The history of the formation of the collection of the Messrs. Boisserée is highly interesting. In 1803, these young men visited the collections which had been formed at Paris, under the auspices of Bonaparte, and filled with the trophies of the French arms, gathered in the various lands they had subdued. Among these was a gallery exclusively appropriated to the works of the oldest masters. The study of these, directed by the lessons of Frederick Schlegel in literature and philosophy, first excited in their minds a passionate love for the history of ancient art. Smitten with this new affection, they returned in 1804 to their native city of Cologne, that venerable capital where religion and art had found, from the time of the Romans, a sanctuary rarely disturbed by war and revolution. The secularization of the churches and monasteries was then going on, and the works of art which escaped the grasp of the French commissaries fell into the hands of picture-dealers. Our two brothers availed themselves of this propitious

opportunity to commence the formation of a museum of old paintings, which was gradually enriched by the works of German and Flemish artists. This collection, which has since become the property of the King of Bavaria, embraces three periods in the history of art. The first includes the whole of the fourteenth century, and the works of Cologne artists of the school which has received the name of the Byzantine-Rhenish School (*Byzantinisch-Rheinische Malerschule*), from its evident imitation of the Byzantine style. To the latest period of this school belongs William of Cologne, who lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and was then considered the best contemporary painter of Germany. This was the epoch of transition from the traditional and conventional style of the Greeks of the Lower Empire to the imitative paintings of the Germans. William of Cologne is supposed to have been the painter of the great picture representing the Patron Saints of the City in the Rathscapelle, which was removed in 1810 from the Town-House to the Cathedral. In taking it down from the wall, the date of 1410 was discovered, which identified it with the age of that artist, who, we know, was still living in 1430. Göthe calls this picture “the zenith of the arts;” and Schlegel speaks of it in terms still more enthusiastic. Without going the whole length of his admiration, we may observe that, although many of the figures of this noble picture preserve the conventional forms and expressions of the oldest style of German art, others manifest that deep study of nature which had already begun to mark a new epoch. As to this oldest style, F. Schlegel has discovered in a very curious poem of Wolfram von Eschenbach, entitled *Parceval*, a passage which proved that even as early as the thirteenth century the merit of the painters of Cologne and Maestricht was proverbial, and confirmed the opinion which the Boisserées had formed of the merit of the works of the German artists of that remote period.

The second period in this collection embraces the works of John van Eick and the pupils of this school who immediately followed him: Hemmeling, Hugo van der Goes, Israel von Meckenem, Michel Wohlgemuth, Martin Schön and others. To the third and last period, which extends to the sixteenth century, belong Dürer, Lucas van Leiden, John de Maubeuge, Schoreel, Cranach, Holbein, and their pupils, among whom may already be perceived the influence of the Italian school.

This collection, which was gradually augmented to the number of more than two

hundred pictures by purchases in Germany and the Netherlands, attracted more and more the attention of artists, learned men, and the public in general. Göthe, Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Schlegel united to bestow the meed of approbation on the labors of its founders. A portion of it was removed to Heidelberg, where Göthe came to see the pictures and their owners. In the first number of his publication upon "Art and Antiquity," he avowed his conviction, as the result of this visit, of the connection between the Byzantine school and that of Germany previous to Van Eick, as well as the distinctive character and development given to the German school by this great master. The entire collection was subsequently removed to Stuttgart, where the King of Wurtemberg provided a spacious gallery for its reception. Here the finest specimens were lithographed, accompanied with historical notices. The whole collection was purchased in 1827 by the King of Bavaria for 375,000 florins, and is now to be seen in the palace of Schleisheim. Prince Hardenberg, prime minister of Prussia, had before offered to appropriate the sum of 500,000 florins to the same object, one-half to be paid to the Messrs. Boisserée, and the other half devoted to the expenses of establishing and preserving the collection at Berlin under their superintendence. For some reason not explained, this offer was rejected.

The reaction thus produced in Germany in favor of the most ancient school of art certainly went further than was warranted by good taste and sound judgment. Many a picture has been sold at an extravagant price merely because it combined all the appropriate defects of this school, thus leaving no doubt of its authenticity. At the time when this mania raged in Germany, the Italians were accustomed to say, in speaking of some worm-eaten *tavola* which could find no market on their side of the Alps: "*Questa roba farebbe figura in Germania.*" But not all the amateurs of Gothic art were deceived by the mere stamp of age impressed upon its works. The reaction in its favor was mainly directed against the theatrical contortions, the exaggerations of grace and force, which marked the French school of painting in the time of the republic and the empire; an epoch when tragedy and the ballot exercised a despotic sway over art, and secured to the gigantic and the affected a monopoly of admiration. Many pictures have been composed in Germany under the influence of this violent reaction; but its force is spent; and it no longer produces the effect of false imitation of Gothic models in the works of German artists. The reli-

gious character, the purity of sentiment, the charm of physiognomy, predominant in these models is still generally acknowledged; but these qualities no longer render amateurs or artists blind to their faults.

Whilst the Messrs. Boisserée were thus employed in collecting the works of the old German masters, Mr. Solly, an English amateur residing at Berlin, formed, under the advice of Mr. Hirt, a German archæologist of great learning and taste, a vast collection of old Italian, German, and Flemish pictures, of very unequal merit, amounting to 3000 in number. This collection was purchased in 1820, by the Prussian government, for the sum of 610,000 thalers. From the whole number of pictures about a thousand were selected and placed in the magnificent museum at Berlin erected by Schinkel. Among the German and Flemish pictures in this gallery many are of the greatest interest and beauty. Among these may be mentioned the altar-piece of Ghent, by Van Eick; the Passion of Hemmeling; and the portrait of Holbein. Those of the Italian school are all anterior to Raphael, and many of these old reliques do not offer the same interest with those above noted, especially after the impressions left by the galleries of Italy of the masters from whose hands they proceed. The whole collection is admirably arranged to illustrate the history of painting in different ages and countries. In this respect the gallery of Berlin is highly instructive.

Various other public and private collections have been recently formed in Germany. Among others Mr. Bettendorf at Aix-la-Chapelle possesses a numerous collection of old masters, among which are two fine Hemmelings. Councillor Krüger, of the same city, and Councillor Mayer of Minden, have collected a small number of ancient Westphalian pictures anterior to Albert Dürer, which seem to differ somewhat in their character from the school of Cologne, but are inferior in merit to the works of Van Eick and Hemmeling. Mr. Lyeversberg of Cologne also possesses a very curious collection. That of Canon Walraff has since his death become the property of the city, and contains many pictures whose merit is independent of their antiquity. The collection of Mr. Nagler, minister of state, and intendant general of the Prussian posts, at Berlin, is rich in objects of art, both national and foreign. It is only since the wars of Napoleon, since the selection by Denon in Germany and the Netherlands of the works of old masters to be transported to Paris, and since the formation of the Boisserée gallery, that the pictures of the ancient German school have risen so high in public estimation. To those already

mentioned may be added that of the Last Judgment; an altar-piece at Dantzic, by Van Eick, (engraved in the work of Count Raczynsky); the Passion of our Saviour, in the Cathedral at Lubeck; the Burgomaster of Basle, in the gallery at Dresden, by Holbein; the altar-piece of Ghent, of which several compartments still remain there, and others, from one of the principal ornaments of the gallery at Berlin; the four Apostles, and Albert Dürer's portrait by himself; and the frescoes of the same master at Nuremberg.

The third chapter of the present volume contains a remarkably interesting account of the new school of Dusseldorf, founded by Schadow, which we have not room to extract. The fourth, is on the subject of historical painting; the fifth, on the transition from the historical to the *Genre*; the sixth, on the *Genre*; the seventh, on landscape painting. The first volume is terminated by the journal of the author's recent visit to Paris, with a notice on the state of painting in France as evinced by the last exhibition. The second volume (not yet published) will be devoted to Munich and the South of Germany. The third volume to Berlin and the North of Germany, including the works of German artists residing in foreign countries. We shall look forward with increased interest to the forthcoming volumes of a work full of valuable information on the art of Painting and its history, conveyed in a style at once clear and elegant, and embellished with beautiful illustrations from a kindred art which has recently attained such perfection.

ART. VII.—*Wamik und Asra; das ist, der Glühende und die Blühende. Das älteste Persische romantische Gedicht. Im fünfte Theile abgezogen* von Joseph von Hammer. (Wamik and Asra; that is, the Glowing and the Blowing. The most ancient Persian Romantic Poem. Transfer the fifth: into German by Joseph von Hammer.) Wien. 1833.

THE work which we now introduce to the English reader, and which, after a lapse of about seven hundred years, has been recovered from oblivion by the learned orientalist, Von Hammer, is not merely curious as a specimen of the oldest style of romantic writing in Persia, for this could interest but a very small proportion of the reading world; nor even as affording, by casual, and appa-

rently slight, but nevertheless striking references, an insight into some peculiarities of the system of Fire-worship in that ancient realm. It becomes important to the general scholar and antiquary as combining in their most ancient form much or most of those religious principles which hitherto he has been accustomed to see only in the more corrupted and separated state; and attracts the notice of all cultivated minds, by affording evidence of both how far the mystical taste of the modern Persian poets extends back into antiquity, and that it owes its direction, not only to the more obvious causes to which it has heretofore been attributed, namely, a deficiency or perversion of judgment, and the activity of eastern indolence, that seeks, by the wildness and ingenuity of its wanderings, to compensate for the absence of steady and progressive advances in intellectual cultivation, but to the very ground and framework of their religious system itself. It is now demonstrable, in fact, that the errors of taste in this, as in most other cases, sprung as of necessity from the fundamental errors of their religious code, with which it was, and more especially in its origin, closely connected. It was, and is, little more than an illustration of that theological system which adopted and expanded one of the oldest doctrines of the aboriginal Hindoo race into the basis of its own, and saw in Deity, not merely the source and ruler of creation and the origin of light, but also the warm and vivifying essence that became life in the animal and vegetation in the plant; that infused into *matter* itself the properties of *spirit*, and gave to *spirit* at the same time the properties of *matter*, as though neither could exist without the other; and as it bestowed feelings on the soul of man, it lent also, and equally, lustre to the flower at his feet. Every part of existence, therefore, became in the new creed, even more than in the old, an actual ray of divinity; and this latter, though raised above the *Theos* of the Hermetics, and the *Narayan*, or Essence, of the Brahmins, (which were both simply negative and positive,) inasmuch as it possessed intelligence in itself, and was confessedly ethereal, yet only existed as an adjective or dependent principle, contained in, or combined with, materiality.

From a system which, however beautiful in some parts, still disseminated on the whole ideas so indefinite and incomprehensible as those of the Magi, it is easy to conceive how much perversion might arise. Adapted as it was to the unfixed and extravagant genius of the age it pretended to enlighten, it became but a source of deeper darkness to the people that embraced it. It was one further departure from the truth, one more link in the

chain of error. With enough of celestial verity to attract, and but too much of human infirmity to confuse, the senses of those who sought to scan this new revelation, it wrapped its eager votaries in a cloud of light that prevented them from beholding the actual gloom of their own situation. Since it possessed no certainties, every thing was permitted to imagination; and thus the mind that felt itself free to join the Creator at its own pleasure, neglected or disdained the duties by which alone we learn he can be reached; or, haply, with that blind presumption that since received the name of Sooffeism, saw nothing in the Godhead but his own perfect and pervading soul.

It was thus, from the very nature of the doctrines of Zerdusht, that arose the confusion of the *material* and *immaterial*, even in their purest state. The same groundwork, brought previously into Europe by Pythagoras and others, did not produce the same extravagance here; for the genius of Greece was already restrained and correct, and probably influenced in no small degree by the spirit of Spartan severity. This, though unfavorable to the growth of literature at home, yet preserved a standard of rigid sense that tended to check its exuberance elsewhere; but unfortunately its power did not extend to the East, and their imagination rioted uncontrolled,—from the earliest periods of history, if we are to trust all extant historians,—but undoubtedly from the time of the establishment of Fire-worship by Darius Hystaspes. The errors of Magism and Infidelity have been referred by learned authorities to the time of the Sassanides for a commencement, but surely from want of sufficient consideration. Infidelity, as we have already seen, existed from the very beginning, and formed almost an integral part of the original system; and as human beings are supposed by some to be born with the germ of the disorder that is to carry them to their grave, so the Zoroastrian, like all other religions of mortal origin, contained in itself the seeds of its dissolution. The downfall of the first Persian empire, and the neglect of its worship during the five centuries that preceded the ascendancy of the Sassanides, with the consequent interruption of religious feeling, and the interfusion of novelty during that period, all tended to produce the contrarieties of opinion which characterized the reign of that dynasty, and which was indubitably much assisted by the imperfections of the new sacred books, compiled by Ardshir's order from the feeble or fanciful recollections of the priests, which were after so long an interval necessarily crude and contradictory,

and full of monstrous and vitiated imaginings, as we possess them at the present day.

But imagination, thus prone in its abuse to pervert the truth of religion, possesses also in itself a certain redeeming power to save something at least from the degradation that must ensue were that sacred system altogether subverted; and preserves, though only for a time. This power is manifested in poetry. The historian may reach truth by the sure, though slow, process of comparison; the philosopher may obtain it by induction, and as such establish it to the world; but the quick sense of the poet feels it intuitively. While the former, as the loftier forms of creation receive the coming light and assist, by reflecting, its immediate diffusion over earth, he is as the cloud, soaring and separated from the coarser sphere of mortality, that glows with its earliest beam, while beneath him all as yet is darkness. Unfortunately too, like that cloud, his mind is unamenable to any regular and material laws. He cannot, it is true, be really irreligious, because *the beautiful* of his thoughts exists but in *the pure*: on the other hand, he can seldom be confined in reality to the creed of a particular sect, for his spirit is universal, and wants the patience of control. But the grossness of vice forms no part of his nature; it is in fact the antagonist principle to his being, which expires, like the torch, in a wholly corrupted atmosphere; or where it burns, burns only by separating the finer portion from impurity. He errs, and often, for such is the lot of humanity; but his spirit will struggle in its better moments against mental and corporeal pollution, for it is akin to a nobler nature.

It is no wonder, therefore, whatever degree of licentiousness prevailed among the people, and even when, as in the case of Mazdak, it extended to the court, that the composition before us should be free from the extrinsic impurities that clouded religion at the time it was written; for it bears the stamp of a *mens divini*or. Wamik and Asra are personifications of the two great principles of heat and vegetation; the vivifying energy of heaven, and the correspondent productiveness of earth; *the glowing* and *the blowing*, as we may term them, in imitating the learned translator's interpretation. The tale appeared in the reign of Noushirvan the Just; consequently between the years 531 and 579 of the Christian era—a period remarkable in Persia for the introduction of the Fables of Bidpai, and the game of chess, from Hindoostan. It partakes, therefore, of the mystical feeling inseparable from the tenets of Zerdusht, and was written originally in the

Pehlivi, then the general language of Persia, and which prevailed even down to the times of the Abbasides.

As to the origin of this ancient dialect, whether Aramæan or Sanscrit, as differently affirmed, we must be allowed to offer a few remarks, without however going into any lengthened and irrelevant detail. It is admitted on all hands to contain a large proportion of Chaldaic words, which are considered to establish the connection at least, if not the formation, of the language. Sir William Jones and others of the learned have advocated the derivation of the Pehlivi from the Chaldee; whilst the opposite opinion has been espoused by profound scholars, equally and even more entitled to our attention. Assuredly, unless truth lies between the two extremes, we may say without affectation *non nostri tantas componere lites*: but in fact it may not be difficult to discover the source of the error that misled Sir William Jones, if error it is; and it is not so great as imagined. We have only to cast our eyes over the map of Asia to observe the wide diffusion of a single language. The Hebrew was one of its dialects; and this race, confined by religious prepossessions and paucity of numbers, spoke on the sea-coast of Palestine nearly the same language as the Phœnicians; as we find it, vitiated, in the Carthaginian scenes of Plautus, though with modifications. Cognate with the Hebrew is the Chaldaic, which we trace through Mesopotamia and Persia into Tatar; and the fact that his knowledge of the Celtic, or Erse, enabled Vallancey to decipher at Petersburg a till then unknown inscription brought from Mantchou Tatar, and written in the Ogham character, (the Sanscrit Agham? and one of the oldest of the Irish alphabets; itself scarcely more rude than the inscriptions on Babylonian bricks, whether alphabetic or not,) on the one hand; and that the same Erse served him likewise to read the Carthaginian passages alluded to, on the other; demonstrate the identity of language between the 30th and 40th degree of latitude over a large proportion of Asia. This diffusion of Celtic is supported by two facts, not generally known, we believe:—the wandering Northmen, or Normans, in their piratical descents on the German and French coasts styled themselves, Mantchous: as though of that Tatar race. A second curious circumstance was stated some twelve or fourteen years since, namely, that the Irish on board a vessel could hold a freer communication with the natives of Goree than with the Welsh, from the greater similarity of language. The circumstance, as it is, seems to point to what we must consider the obvious conclusion and confirmation

of Bochart; viz. that much presumed Chaldaic is Tataro-Celtic. The fact that no language but the Hebrew preserves a trace of the confusion of tongues is an argument of their formation subsequent to that event; and that the Hebrew is the sole original. O'Connor, we think, mentions something akin to it in his Irish Chronicles, which may, if *credited*, confirm its direct Hebrew derivations.

Writers desirous of inquiring into the origin of the difference of languages have paused, as they well might, at this dilemma:

Did mankind, entering new countries, find them uninhabited? If so, how came they to forget their own, and form a new language there?

Or did they find them inhabited? If so, whence came the settlers and their speech?

By adhering to the Jewish Scripture, even overlooking its miraculous testimony, we are enabled to offer a solution.

We do not hesitate to express our decided conviction that the original general language of the middle line of Western Asia, that is to say, between about the 30th and the 40th degree North, was this *primæval tongue*; so far as remains have come down to us. And the only probable theory of the formation of languages, so far from controverting this opinion, confirms it, to the best of our belief. Admitting that a rude Hebrew formed the dialect of the first family of mankind; wayward, accidental, and compulsory stragglers, from thence, towards the East and West, might, nay, must have been detached at various times, long before any period to which regular tradition or history could by possibility reach: at times too, when the terms of intercourse were confined; the names of objects and wants few; and, not impossibly, the very organs of thought and utterance, such as we now possess them, in some or a great degree undeveloped: and there is nothing difficult to conceive in this; in our daily increasing intellectual and social intercourse we make more terms than we lose. Settling then, with their families, in distant places, fresh names for fresh objects would be required, and former ones be partially forgotten with the things they represented. This process being continually repeated, the original straggling settlers of Tatar could retain little, those of China next to nothing, of the language of Noah and Chaldea, while their own would long remain unfixed and fluctuating. The dialects of intermediate colonies would be gradually lost in the more copious language of numerous communities, who, seated in fertile locations, would increase their own numbers and attract strangers—and form at length codes for language, as well as for law. It is scarcely necessary to add that

children, separated at some of these aboriginal stations by death or accident from their parents, would, if they survived, be compelled to new designations for objects, and one such instance would found a new *language*: as has probably been the case in some islands. Traces of the Chaldaic are found in all other tongues: and the exceptions, which are few, can be easily accounted for, from some accidental cause such as we have assigned, and which it is scarcely possible should not occasionally operate. As it is, however, in cases of difficulty the Celtic, if any, is the general solvent. The Polynesian tongues are doubtless sprung from later migrations.

Long after the seed of fresh languages was thus sown, the original family, whose progressive increase must have been infinitely more rapid than that of their scattered offshoots, would naturally spread and carry their own speech through the East and the West in latitudes similar to those of their own land: and, though repulsed from particular points, their general superiority of numbers and civilization would avail to give the general character of their race and speech to the central continent—though lost to the extremes. Thus the *separated* Egyptian formed his simple tongue, and the *remote* Chinese his monosyllabic. The *peninsular* but *contiguous* Arab, departed less from the original than the *peninsular*, but *distant*, Indian: and the farther promontory, divided between Indian and Chinese, and the Archipelago, owe traces of their connection with the parent land rather to Arabian and Indian enterprise than Noachidal civilization. In truth, the circumstance that all these countries possess an extensive line of sea-coast accounts for a vast increase and modification of terms in all: as the Phœnicians and Carthaginians also.

Three tongues alone of the civilized ancient world prefer a just claim, in our opinion, to the title of primitive or simpliform. The structure of the Egyptian, Hebrew, and Chinese, differs essentially. The first is obtained but in fragments: the second is preserved to a high degree by the fortunate concurrence of religious and accidental causes that have confined the tongue and its speakers within certain bounds. Jewish seclusion also is as far removed from the sage or timid isolation of China, as the narrow and jealously preserved remains of the former vary from the monosyllabic infinity of the latter language.

If the Hebrew parent dialect originated the semi-universal Celtic, this deserves to class with the Arabic and the Sanscrit. The copiousness of the first appears to spring from its unceasing use; of the second from natural vigor; of the third from elaboration. The Erse is essentially oral; the Arabic, though

elaborated, seems boldly to follow in its irregularity of declension and conjugation, that of nature herself; the Sanscrit is an artificial perfection. Each bears the character of its native soil.

The Erse, by its paucity, and almost incapability, of scientific terms, is clearly the tongue of an *earliest* people, polished by intercourse, but not by science. Their own records *bear out no more*.

The Arabic, combining all the dialects of Arabia into one language, shows how one mode of departure from the original language (Hebrew) could have occurred—i. e. by dialectical or vulgar corruptions—so as to differ entirely now from the Hebrew.

The Sanscrit, by selecting a portion, and rejecting the rest, of one or more established languages, offers another mode of departure, (in order to establish its own religious and scientific systems.)

If such then is the case with *written* languages, after their own formation of a grammatical system—which Hebrew and Zend certainly possessed at the time of forming Arabic and Sanscrit—what might not, nay, what *must not*, have been done with unfixed and oral tongues, unreduced yet to system by grammars? The necessary absence (and loss) of those unwritten tongues prevents our obtaining evidence, but the conclusion is inevitable nevertheless.

Philologists overlook, in their love of grammar, the fact that wandering tribes could not have them. They carried in migration the primitives of speech only; hence we find in every *earliest* tongue the primitives derived, or altered from, Hebrew, and, however disfigured in sound, framed on its principle. Every ancient tongue we have is corrupted Hebrew in its primitives at least.

The Teutonic, Gothic, Armenian, Tibetan, Slavonic, and Sarmatian, with various others, seemed rather compound or complex than primitive tongues. In the formation of such many words probably were arbitrarily selected, and others similarly rejected; and hence a vast diversity; as wider separation, difference of ear, imperfect articulation, or even whim, might suggest. We have known an infant that could perfectly articulate *ma-ma*, yet invariably incapable of pronouncing *pa-pa*, otherwise than *pey-pee*, till two years old: many substitute *da-da*: this belongs to articulation. For difference of ear, why does the Indian prefer *chahna*; the Frenchman, *cracher*; the Briton, *to spit*; each as the best representative sound of the action? is it choice or whim? And can this last, or some imperfection of utterance, have called up the "*three-fold Hecate*" of Hotentot pronunciation; the *lingua-palatialis*

CLUCK; the *lingua-dental* KUCK; and the *palatal-aspirate* that defies imitation, and leaves behind, at immeasurable distance, the Teutonic gutturals, and pectoral of Arabian humanity.

We have thus classified languages, not so much according to their dates, as to their mode of formation: 1st, of necessity; 2d, of scientific arrangement; 3d, of selected or accidental adoption: and now turn to our original theory to prove that it is not inconsistent with the Biblical account. The cases of Cain and Lamech* show that, not death, but separation from the community, was the punishment of the most serious crimes, *murder* and *manslaughter*, in the antediluvian ages; and therefore in all probability continued so for some time after the Flood, and in all small communities. The quarrels of their servants induced the *segregation* of Abram and Lot.

Though the tongue or dialects of the different Noachidæ differed, yet "the whole Earth was of one language and of one speech" even afterwards; unless we are to imagine that the building of Babel was prior to the separation into "countries and nations:" and that consequently here, as elsewhere in Scripture circumstances are related slightly out of the chronological order: and the one in point does assuredly seem a *parenthesis* in the History of the Generations. Nor would any difficulty offer in the phrase "as they journeyed from the East," since the Hebrew קר rendered *East*, signifies equally and more properly the *ancient* or *original* land: which in the present case would be North, if referring to Ararat, where the Ark rested. The inhabitants of Earth, gathered in the plain of Shinar, build a tower that its top "may reach unto heaven." The

original phrase—*וַיִּשְׁמַע יְהוָה*—may as well mean *towards heaven*, or *into the skies*, as *reach unto*; and even this last need not be understood literally. We may so understand it, if we believe mankind at that time to have been unacquainted with astronomy; for in their ignorance men are really "but children of a larger growth." But if we are to credit the astronomical knowledge of the Antediluvians and of Noah himself, the height of the tower might have the double purpose assigned to it by Europeans and Asiatics, viz. of acquiring fame, by astronomy; and serving as a landmark to the nations. The phrase of "reaching unto heaven" is, however, but an orientalism for astronomical studies, and thus it is used by Ferdousi in the case of Kai-Kaoos, &c.

The inhabitants of Earth, if gathered together at Shinar, could not have been very numerous; as this would have distracted their interests probably from the one common purpose of that place; and they must have had *nearly resembling dialects* at least, if not *one common language*, to understand and agree to that purpose: both which confirm the ideas of this passage in Genesis occurring out of its place, and of their journey being from the neighborhood of Ararat, and preceding the division into families. The solution offered by Shuckford of the confusion of tongues now becomes a part of the truth, and, as far as it goes, even incidentally strengthens our opinion. The herdsmen had wanted comparatively few terms in the intercourse of pastoral life; when congregated, and to build *city and tower*, a larger vocabulary was indispensable, for the names of art, and also for abstract ideas. Each endeavoring to supply this want for himself, all became confusion: and consequently dispersion, by tribes and families. So far then from the Scriptural account being repugnant, as has been idly urged, to common sense, common experience, or the common course of events, it is perfectly consonant with all three in our view of the whole question. Incident to the general dispersion and dating from thence, our theory of desultory wanderings takes its rise: for the now separated families, preserving the one language, could only have degenerated it at most to dialects, as already observed; and would scarcely have attempted a new creation while possessed of the ancient tongue. Hence the Syriac, Hebrew (?), Phœnician, Chaldean, and Asia-Celtic, were but varieties of one original, itself *the primitive*, or *granite*, of speech; while Egypt and China boast but secondary, though, for aught we can tell, original, formations; the tertiary being probably derivatives themselves, and the sources of deriva-

* The speech of Lamech, which has been deemed obscure, is decisive on this point. Cain, though a fratricide, was not to be punished with death, for *seven-fold* vengeance was to follow his destroyer. Lamech, who killed the stranger that wounded him, was to have his life guarded by a *seventy times seven-fold* vengeance. The first distinction between *murder* and *homicide*.

Observe that the cause of strife, though revolting, is, or seems to be, darkly hinted in the Hebrew: and this reading is supported by the Chaldaic. Lamech would scarcely do more than allude to it, before his wives; but was justified for resisting unto the death; and seems to anticipate, as did Cain from his possible slayers, rather *violence* than *law*.

One reading of the text appears to intimate the exact converse of what has often and erroneously been the cause assigned. We cannot conceive on what ground Lamech has been suspected of taking the wife of another, but the *paraphrase* of the Targum Onkelos leaves it doubtful if the slaughtered man did not interfere with one, or both, of the wives of Lamech.

tion to their successors, and so on to our own times.

We have placed in the second class as to *mode*, and in the third as to *time*, the Arabic and the Sanscrit, both formed, or at least regulated, by science; one after the varieties of nature, the other by the severity of art: the latter demands from us a few words more. The Sanscrit, as we now see it, can neither be considered the language of the earliest Hindoo-Tartar race north-east of the Caspian, nor of that great southern kingdom of the Peninsula which preceded the northern empires, and of which the traces are lost, or exist only in the mute marvels of Salsette and Elephanta. Its riches and consequent refinement, therefore, probably spread northward: and the Deevs of the time of Tahmuraz were in all likelihood a middle race; neither entire *demons*, nor altogether Brahmins, such as we find the latter; but an enlightened tribe of men, early settling near the Caspian, and whose leaders or sages, the real, and first Brahmins, cultivated and brought the language to a high degree of perfection in course of progress to their final seats, amongst the mountains of Tartary and Tibet: the Sanscrit of these classical abodes being but a refinement of the Southern or Hindoo tongues, and the western Zend. We shall recur to this.

It can thus scarcely admit of a doubt that the Hindoo-Tartar race of the Caspian, who instructed Tahmuraz and his Persians, introduced their language with their cultivation into the north-west provinces of Persia, where the oldest specimens of the Zend exist; and that thus this language, as long subsequently the Parsi, a second and improved migration from the East—like the Erse following the Gallic of the Celts into Europe*—gradually in the course of civilization banished or substituted the rude native tongue, the Tartaro-Celtic. Where it could not wholly supersede this latter, the Zend or Scythic inflected its terminations; forming the Pehlivi, as it stands in the specimens now remaining in the Zend-Avosta, which is attributable to the age of the Sassanides at latest, and possesses the relics of a language a large portion of which is generally admitted to be, if not Sanscrit, at least a cognate tongue. The confessed superior antiquity of the Zend over the Pehlivi in those specimens favors our hypothesis. This superiority, however, does not refer to the supposed Chaldaic roots; and be it recollected that the Chaldaic was the sacred, not the vulgar

tongue, of Assyria. The fact that this *supposed* portion considerably preponderates over the Zend* can be accounted for only by the argument, that it formed the groundwork of the Pehlivi, “from which it received its terminations:” and thus the acknowledged obscurity of the Chaldaic might be more rationally explained by the obsolescence of antiquity than by the imaginary derivation from the traders of the Tigris. Some terms, it is true, might have been thus obtained, but the supposition is extravagant for half a language we submit; while its subjection, already pointed out, to the rules of the remainder, disproves the possibility of the presumed accidental adoption. The existence of *many* Pehlivi roots in the Zend, Parsi, and Sanscrit, can only prove it subsequent to them so far: WHENCE THE REST?—It is to be noticed that the Pehlivi of the Glossary is written in Zend characters, *avowedly to render it more intelligible* to the native Persians. The Pehlivi alphabet, as Hammer observes, is Western.

We may further remark that our view is strengthened by the fact mentioned by Erskine; namely, that the Persian terms found in the Greek and Roman writers, from the time of Herodotus, are Parsi rather than Pehlivi. We ourselves adduce one familiar instance, viz. that the Sakas of Xenophon is the Persian Saki, or cup-bearer. Since one portion of the Pehlivi is clearly modern Persian, and another not Persian at all; this last, *if* only foreign and incorporated, but, as is pretended, of the same date (not obsolete), might as freely have been used.

In viewing the question, we cannot attach much importance to the remark of Strabo, by some writers considered decisive of the point, but which to us seems overrated. The portion of the Persians and Medes he speaks of in the passage alluded to were evidently the nearest to the Bactrians and Sogdians; “and they,” he observes, “spoke nearly the same language,” ὁμογλωττοὶ παρὰ μικρόν. (Was it Asia-Celtic, or Zend, or Sanscrit?) Thus then amongst these neighbors some difference existed, and greater undoubtedly amongst those farther apart. Let us add too that the great geographer, himself a foreigner, speaks too loosely in this passage for us to believe he understood the language sufficiently well to determine the question philologically for us.

We may conclude this slight attempt to ascertain and sketch the History of the Persian tongue by observing, that while spread-

* We give this theory as we find it, merely for illustration; and though the general opinion is against it, we believe.

* As in the preceding instance, we use, without adopting, this opinion of Sir William Jones farther than suits our argument.

ing Eastward towards the high lands of Tary and Tibet along the shores of the Oxus, from Mazanderan and the Caspian, the earliest seats of Eastern learning, it descended to Bamian and Balkh, whence the cultivated Parsi tongue followed, with slower steps, the Fire-Worship into Persia, in the reign of Bahman, grandson of Darius-Hytaspes, or Gushtasp. From this time it went on refining, uninjured, perhaps assisted, by the transitory invasion of Alexander the Great, and in spite of the troubled period of the Arsacidæ; till, in the restoration of the second Persian Empire by the Sassanian Ardeshir, it became highly polished, and was established as the court dialect of Baharam Gour under the name of Dari, or the Royal: a name bestowed simply in reference to the place where it was spoken, and not to any peculiarity in itself. This is the epoch of the modern Persian; while the Pehlivi continued to be the language of the nation at large and of writers; and the Zend remained, it would appear, in the north and west, and was preserved everywhere, as we have seen, in the Sacred Books that still profess to contain the religious tenets of the Magians, though the ignorance or denial of some of their most striking absurdities and monstrous imaginations by a portion of their modern descendants throws some doubt on the remainder, and induces a suspicion that tradition has in this instance been more faithful than record.

We must digress a moment from the subject to confess to a strong leaning towards tradition in general, and will venture to affirm, that, in the East especially, it is found almost invariably to contain a large proportion of truth, though ignorance and misapprehension may have filled the chasms with error. The sacred records of the Hebrews, traditional in their earliest portion, are hourly receiving a triumphant confirmation. The traditionary dynasties of Manetho, and the similar narratives of Herodotus and Diodorus, are supported by recent investigation. The progressive research of Europe is throwing a strong light upon many Eastern details, which ignorance in the former and love of the marvellous in the latter countries, had long rendered more than questionable. The dynasty *civilized before civilization* in the Persian legends, and the *Chu-foo-tsee*, find their prototype in the antediluvian world: a short time and the discovery of Philo-Byblius's Phœnician history may determine the value of Sanchoniatho; while geology evidences the monstrous cosmogony of Berosus and Polyhistor, long deemed unworthy of notice. Those fossil *preadamite* formations were, it is true, passed over by Moses, whose object was purely theological or theocratical.

But is there now any difficulty in believing that some of these relics were left upon or near the surface of the earth, though long since destroyed by accident and the action of the air,—thus affording to our first ancestors a means of actual *observation*, independent of any connection with the inspired writings?

It is only necessary to add, that the superior charms of the Persian historical or fabulous legends to the unadorned severity of the Koran, and to the strained and clumsy, and what is still more, the recent marvels of its author; as well as the fierce resistance opposed by the Ghebers to the Arabian arms and creed, and their contemptuous abhorrence of these "lizard-eaters of the desert," all operated strongly to render the Moslem conquerors more than usually intolerant towards the language and literature of the vanquished during their sovereignty in Persia, of which we shall hereafter adduce fresh proofs to those already current. On the expulsion of the Mohammedan Arabs, however, the native princes of the Samanæan and Dilemite dynasties were careful with the historical monuments to restore also the speech and the intellectual labors of their ancestors. In this pious task they were followed, and exceeded even, by the celebrated Sultan of Ghizni, Mahmood, who, descended of a Turkish family, showed himself, like his nation in every age of their existence, peculiarly susceptible of the graces of Persian composition.

We have thus traced the progress of language eastward from the land of Assyria, in conformity with the Hebrew record; and a portion of its progress in returning, blended with a certain degree of civilization towards the West. It will not be difficult, we imagine, to show, that this civilization itself followed the course of language, both in its original march towards the East and its return.

It appears from the best and most authentic information we possess, that the most ancient and sacred depository of the Holy Fire was in the land of Ur, in Chaldæa, consequently the Assyrian empire—the birth-place and fatherland of mankind, according to the Scriptures, and to common sense also. Traces of this sacred fire appear in the ritual of the Jews amongst the most ancient ceremonials; and this reverence for fire, universal in Assyria, and naturally growing out of the value of the original discovery, must have accompanied the communication of its use. Western and Eastern writers agree that a person, named variously Prometheus, Magog, and Housheng, introduced fire into the East from the West; whether as Housheng, and, according to some, Prometheus also, inventing it originally by the collision of flints,—or as Magog, and, according to others, Prometheus

likewise, by simply transporting it there, such is on all hands its reputed introduction into Persia, Scythia, and Tataria. It is clear, therefore, that this introduction of fire must have preceded the discovery of the *sacred flames* of Baku, for, had these been known, that introduction had been useless. It is also equally clear that civilization could not have been far advanced before the introduction in question into those regions, and it is but reasonable to conclude from the foregoing the correctness of the assertions in the *Dabistan* as to the succession of religions, whatever we think of the authenticity of the book itself; namely, that the Sabæan system preceded the worship of fire: nor can we understand the difficulty of this belief, nor of the varieties of planetary forms amongst different nations, which, as far as it goes, strengthens the above proposition, and seems, and with reason, unaccountable to its impugnors.

It is but fair to consider that the true worship of the One God was carried by the descendants of Noah wheresoever they went, in the East or West; and since the vulgar mind can more easily comprehend the *visible* than the *invisible*, the Starry Host, at first regarded as the mere type of Deity, set outwardly in his own heaven, would, in no very long period of increasing religious ignorance, usurp his worship in that very heaven. Hence Sabaism is the natural successor of Theism in an unenlightened age, and the transition to it in the first instance would not be so violent as to the worship of any earthly production whatever. This process, then, is so consonant to the very nature of things, that we can easily conceive it occurring separately in every separate nation or community of the human race; and hence the adoration of stars *necessarily* differs in form amongst them all—a fact from which several striking inferences may be deduced:

1st. The absence of intercourse between those communities.

2d. That the varieties of Sabæan *forms* mark the *number* of those original communities.

3d. That the dispersion of the human race was, as affirmed in the Bible, nearly simultaneous, and while they still possessed the worship of the One God, after the building of Babel.

4th. And consequent on the foregoing, that this dispersion probably occurred, as stated, shortly after the Flood, before they had time to corrupt.

5th. That the dissimilarity observed between the Persian, Hindoo, Chinese, Arabian, and Phœnician planetary representations establishes as many *distinct* corruptions.

We pause a moment from the regular

course of discussion to notice, in reference to supposed planetary systems, that, since the theory of the *Dabistan* supports that of the *Desatir*, we are inclined to regard with jealousy the decision of Erskine on the latter, the language of which he considers factitious, as it resembles no other in existence; and grounds this suspicion of its genuineness on the fact, that in the text and translation no names agree. The same objection would apply to some existing specimens of the *Zend-Avosta*, &c.; and the use of epithets in the East would go far to account for this: but that a whole system of words, governed by grammatical forms, evincing both syntax and inflections, should not be a language, seems a proposition bold enough for Père Hardouin himself. Even if we could imagine an author writing a long work, without the possibility of its being understood, and from no conjectural motive that could not be attained by half the labor, or a tenth part only,—even then it would require no ordinary effort to believe a translator entering into the same spirit as his original, and equally without a motive of influence or gain. “Incredulity is the mother of wisdom,”—and of folly.

After adopting the light of the Heavenly Host as a type for the Deity, the succession was easy to fire, as a type of the planets. We have already noticed the natural veneration for fire, growing out of the necessity for its preservation, since all who knew its uses could not possess the skill to create it, which the recent invention of match-boxes alone has rendered easy, when *Lucifer* performs his functions, by the aid of brimstone, in mystic type of the fall of that “Son of the Morning.” This *veneration*, however, was not necessarily *worship* in the first instance; the Patagonians, we learn, believed it to be a *beast* at first. The sacred fire of Horeb, and the terrestrial exhalations of Karamania and western Asia, might reasonably be deemed by the uninstructed to assimilate with each other, as they (the latter) did certainly with those of the East. It is not a little remarkable too, that, excluding Horeb, these exhalations generally preserve the range of five degrees—34 to 39—latitude north. Since, then, the veneration for fire, traceable in the Scriptures, did not affect the belief of the Jews in the Most High, we cannot concede that it must at once have affected the Sabæan adoration in general, though it gradually displaced it in Persia afterwards.

We see no reason, therefore, for hesitating to admit the fact that the Sabæan idolatry of the *Dabistan* existed before, and down to the time of Housheng at least, and probably later; for admitting Ferdousi's state-

ment to the very letter as a fact, and not a poetical exaggeration, still Housheng, in establishing the *worship* of fire on its *discovery*, did not destroy immediately the Sabæan system. Probably he could not, even had he been so desirous, have done away with it at once throughout his dominions; religions are not so easily yielded to the will: but there is nothing to show that he aimed at this, and therefore the adorations of the stars, and of fire, might well have co-existed considerably beyond his reign. If, however, we regard, as we have a right, the statement of Ferdousi as a mere exaggeration of poetry or ignorance,—it matters not which, and he has abundance of both; since, as it is remarked by his learned editor, Macan, he makes Khosru receive the *Zend-Avosta*, and Zerdusht himself obtain it originally from heaven 120 years *after*; whether, therefore, we regard the poet's statement as the error of ignorance, or of intention, it is probable that he has confounded the *preservation* of fire with its *worship*. The mere quotation from Macan shows that there were two epochs of veneration, (to use a middle term between preservation and worship); and there are in Ferdousi's poem a vast variety of occasions where he contradicts himself, apparently from conflicting assertions of his authorities. One such we shall point out presently, as it relates to this subject.

In the mean time we proceed to observe that the extinction of Sabæism was gradual in Persia, particularly towards Chaldæa and the West, when the early enlightened Hindoo-Tatar race repaid, as we have noticed, the first introduction of fire amongst them, by introducing its *worship* into Persia with their own civilization, at and after the time of Tahmuraz. The interval, filled by their own progress in improvement, between the reigns of Housheng and Tahmuraz, were probably long, for we cannot consent with the Persian historians to receive the latter as the son or immediate successor of the former, any more than Housheng as the grandson of Kaiomurs, but consider him simply as the next personage whose name had descended to those writers. The idea of any regular dynasty in those ages, and in an unsettled country, is, to our thinking, extravagant; that of the *Pishdadians*, or *Just Ones*, particularly so. The best of the Easterns consider it but as a succession, and their imperfect traditions go far to indicate a suspicion of intervals between the four first sovereigns just alluded to, and whose memory and names were probably preserved as the *Just*.

The idol forms of the reign of Tahmuraz might well have illustrated, for aught we can see, the planetary system of Sabæism, even

until both were swept away by the followers of Zerdusht, that is to say, the Magi, about nearly 500 years B. C. To their intolerance is probably due the non-existence of temples, as affirmed by Herodotus, writing considerably within the century, and in all likelihood not sixty years after the event. His testimony too refers to South-western Persia principally, we imagine; at least it cannot be taken of the North-west, where the Magi, like the rest of mankind, slandered by enemies, and far less intolerant than pretended, spared other places besides El Shiz, and this too in Aderbigian, the seat of their own Azar-kosh. There, if we believe the Arabian historian, Masoudi, buildings and statues remained, even in his time, bearing representations of heaven and earth; of stars, animals, &c., just as the sacred ceremonials of their own fire-worship were engraved on the walls of Persepolis, Ispahan, and the Royal Tombs.

It is scarce likely, in truth, that Zerdusht himself would view the Sabæans as more than corrupters, or rather exaggerators, of a delicate tenet, since he also regarded the planets, in common with fire, as symbols of the Deity; and whether we consider his opinion, as given by Herodotus, to mean that Deity did not wear the body of man,—or that the former had not, like the latter, any definite form,—neither interpretation would effect Sabæism more than Pyrolatry.

We have done our best to reconcile Herodotus, the Dabistan, and Ferdousi, without any material violence to the two first. We freely take also the evidence of the last, especially where, as in the Fire-worship of the Deevs of Tahmuraz, it is supported by all probability: but not in the case of Housheng, where the poet contradicts it and himself; for neither Housheng nor Tahmuraz would have abhorred the hostile Brahmin race as Magi, had they themselves held that creed; and this hatred of the Persians for the Fire-worshippers descends to the time of Gushtasp, when they themselves excite odium amongst their neighbors by embracing it. We have endeavored to point out the source of his error, but it was natural; for, in our ignorance, we attribute the qualities that we know to persons and things whose properties are unknown.

The persecuting spirit of the Magian priests has been a fertile theme of reproach with their far less tolerant enemies the Arabs; and this prejudice comes down to the existing age, in disregard of Esop's fable of "The Man and the Lion," and of Montesquieu's remark, "*Les places qui donne la posterité sont sujettes, comme les autres, aux caprices de la fortune. Malheur à la réputation de*

tout prince opprimé par un parti qui devient le dominant !" The Mage has not been more fortunate, and the outcry against him is carried to an extreme by one not usually suspected of aversion to any religion except his own—the historian Gibbon ; who, thinking, but erroneously, to have found the Pishadian monarch in his favorite Medes, blames Newton for considering them Assyrians, and proceeds to charge the learned and enlightened followers of Zoroaster, strangely enough, with suppressing a whole dynasty. "That great man," he observes of Newton, "had not duly weighed the spirit of Persian history ; for the Magi, the sole depositories of the records, acknowledged none as monarchs but the professors of their own religion ; while Sabæism, the creed of the ancient Assyrians, was most inimical to theirs." (!) The generally profound historian appears to have been ignorant that the Persian history was compiled by Ferdousi, directly or indirectly, from the labors of the very sect he has thus vilified,—in great measure at least. His own appreciation of "the spirit of Persian history" was of necessity imperfect, as obtained only through the reflected light of the Arabs ; and we must doubt whether the Sabæan, or any other system, could have been more inimical than the Mahomedan to the Magi ; for it not merely covered them with obloquy, as the blood-thirsty adepts of a detestable science, but acted as the *True Believers* loved to act, up to the letter of their abomination, by extirpating them wherever they were to be found, and at length spared a remnant only by purchased immunity ; thus debasing their creed, despoiling their property, devastating their country, defaming their memory, destroying their bodies, and dooming their souls through eternity !

The fact quoted by Malcolm—(whose Dissertation on the Fire-worship, by evidencing his ignorance of Zend and Pehlivi lays him even more strongly open to the objection urged by the erudite Wahl against his History)—the fact, however, quoted by him, namely, that throughout "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the Ghebers, or worshippers of fire, are, as magicians, the perpetrators of all atrocity, will at once occur to every reader. It is also an internal and irrefragable evidence that that celebrated collection is, like its assumed continuation, "The Arabian Tales," unquestionably of *Arabian Manufacture*, (as agreed of late years by those learned orientalists, Von Hammer and De Sacy,) in opposition to their formerly supposed *Persian fabrication*, whether their *original sources* be *Indian* or not. The case is different with stories of undoubted native invention, such as the Persian tales of

Petit de la Croix, which do not, to the best of our recollection at least, contain these offensive allusions to the faith of their ancestors. The abhorrence of the Arabs for the Ghebers, already alluded to as the cause of their intolerance and oppression towards the vanquished, took its rise indubitably in the feelings of Mohammed himself. We are not aware that what seems a very probable cause has ever been assigned amongst the motives of the prophet's and his chief followers' hatred, and this is—the dread lest, in the Persian religion and literature, his votaries might one day detect much of the groundwork of his new revelation ; for there is no vindictiveness like that of fear, and hence the distinction drawn between the Magians and the professors of the Jewish and Christian faith. For, while on the two latter his own was declaredly founded, their codes of belief being obviously at hand, and their numerous denominations worth conciliating, distance and difference of language alike operated to lessen the chances of detection and proselytism from the openly repudiated creed and disciples of Zerdusht.

Other and worse instances of Arabian intolerance, for they refer, not to religion, but literature, may be adduced ; and one is found in the fate of the work before us. The Fables of Bidpai, brought into Persia by Noushirvan's order, and the History of Persia, compiled under Yezdegird, were laid before the fanatical Omar, and exposed by him to destruction, so soon as, by a partial translation from their *Petitivi*, he discovered that they were literary, not religious. "The Loves of Wamik and Asra" was in like manner laid before Abdallah ben Tahir, the Governor of Khorassan under the Caliphs of the House of Abbas. This bigoted functionary followed the example set by the ignorant zeal of the Alexandrine Destroyer. "We read," said he, "only the Koran and the prophetic traditions. This book, as the work of the Magi, can be but abomination." He directed it therefore to be thrown into the water, as an additional mockery of their religious tenets ; and issued an order, condemning all the books of the Magi to the flames they so highly revered.

From the foregoing considerations, therefore, we are disposed to infer—

1st. That fire, though revered in Assyria and Western Asia, was there always held subordinate and instrumental to a higher worship.

2d. That, in its communication eastward, its estimation advanced as its distance increased from the original seat of mankind and religion.

3d. That the discovery of the exhalations

(of Baku, &c.) raised estimation into worship in Eastern Asia, but not in the West, from the causes assigned.

4th. That this worship originated and spread with the Hindoo-Tatar race through ages, as evinced in the excavations of Elephanta, and elsewhere; and the pilgrimage of Hindoos, even down to this time, to Baku, which they consider its original source; and Meru, the seat of heaven.

5th. That the Hindo-Tatars, or Brahmin Deevs, brought it into Persia in the reign of Tahmuraz from Balkh and Meru.

6th. That the Persians were Sabæans till the time of Tahmuraz; and Fire-worship did not displace Sabæism entirely till very long afterwards.

7th. That Zerdusht first established the pure Fire-worship from Bactria, and retained the symbols of Sabæism, though rejecting its corruption.

8th. That the Magi, therefore, were not so intolerant as represented to Sabæism, since they admitted its symbols with their own.

9th. That the Arabs, who decried the Magi, were far more intolerant, since they extirpated literature as well as religion, and are consequently not to be relied upon implicitly in their character of the Magi.

10th and finally. That the statement of the Dabistan, as to the progressive order of the Persian religions being probable in itself, and consonant to evidence, that work, whatever its age, is derived from authentic sources.

We must turn once more from the more immediate object at the head of our review to offer to the reader some considerations to which we have already referred, and must therefore be pardoned for introducing them here.

The Persian and Western accounts, that represent Housheng or Prometheus, i. e. Magog, communicating the use of fire to Eastern Asia, are important as confirming each other by their agreement, and consequently enabling us to look with confidence on the narrative which proceeds to relate the connection of Housheng and Tahmuraz with the Brahmin Deevs. When we find the latter imparting their letters and language to the conquerors, and find that the terms of that Magian system are Zend, we are at little loss for the originally vanished tongues of the East, since it could have been but one; and, of the ascending chain, that one wanting link must undoubtedly have connected the Trans-Caspians with the earliest inhabitants of Assyria. That this Magian language was Zend*

is surely no forced hypothesis, since from those Brahmins, seated in Bactria, we long after find Zoroaster bringing the same religious system, and employing their Zend* terms for it: a fact which no scholar can doubt. And since the Zend is thus clearly proved to have been of Brahmin usage, and since so large a proportion of it is traceable in the Sanscrit, are we to believe henceforth that the *perfect birth* of Minerva is the myth that enshrines for posterity the first spring of that art-embodied tongue from the brain of the Brahmin Jove? The Greeks might so have expressed it, and we may even receive it as such: but neither the goddess, nor the language, could have sprung from an empty scull: and what, as concerns the latter, could have been the source of its formation, but a tongue confessedly as old, so nearly cognate, and so much more irregular? to say nothing of its superior vocality, which half connects it with the Celtic, and remains to this hour in its genuine offspring, the Greek. The elision of superfluous vowels, and regulation of grammatical forms, are produced by the necessities of a quickened communication, and by the progress of art. They are both improvements; and improvements require the *postulatum* of a previous and inferior state. Such is supplied by the category of the Zend; and shall we reject this, to embrace a cloud?

The passage of the Zend (in whose proper name, *Azieante*, the curious may discover the etymon of Asia, and of Ind also) could not have been more difficult into Greece than that of the Sanscrit, and probably greatly affected the Celtic portion of the former; which portion seems derived from the wandering pirates, or Pelasgians of the general West, if we may include in that term the western coast of Syria to Egypt; or else from the conquests of the Thracian or Assyrian Mars. This Assyrian conqueror, Thuras, may be connected with Thrace, not only by the fish-headed (trans-marine) race, conquered by the Persian king, who, with the Chaldean or Assyrian interfix of *m*, becomes Thamuras: but also by the Pelasgic and Etrurian confusion and omission of the *h* and *th*: (for which, with the *f* and *v*, they both, at first, used a single character:) since the

of which is Zend, as he affirms. The discovery, however, as De Sacy remarks, is not yet completed.

* It is remarkable that Zerdusht did not change the *ancient* terms; so that those he brought from Bactria were *identical* with the existing language of that part of Persia (*Aderbigian*) peopled by the Deevs of Tahmuraz. THIS IS DEMONSTRATION. If Zoroaster had *first* introduced the Zend (a *foreign* tongue) he could not have converted the Persians, for they would not have understood him, or it.

* See Grotefend on cuneiform inscriptions, one

substitution or elision of the aspirate would thus give the etymon of the Greek *Ares*, and the Latin *Mars*, from the Assyrian and Persian names respectively. All the attributes of the conqueror and king correspond with those of the god. We find Tahmuraz, too, in Ferdousi, assembling the sages, or Chaldeans, of his empire. His clay idols are Tuscan, and Indian also; and his Thracian conquests explain the fame of the Ethiopians brought to Greece; as before, by Nimrod, to Assyria. The Celtic portion of the Latin, we opine, might result from the visits of earlier and bolder Phœnicians; but the general speech is proved by Jäkel to have belonged to the great Teutonic and Gothic families. It is singular how many of his derivations find their root in the Zend, though the learned Professor has not traced them beyond the above-mentioned languages. To say nothing of *goume* or *homo*, the Eastern Earth-born, his *ehre*, or honor, is the Zend *egre*; powerful, excelling, *egregius*: his *Den*, the Zend *Din*, or law.

While we express our deliberate conviction that the Zend and the Greek languages are nearly identical in their origin, we must cordially agree in the general proposition of the learned Berlin Professor, that the Latin is from the root of the Gothic and Teutonic, but early separated. But we must add our belief, that the Zend is the parent of the Gothic; and, mixed with Celtic, of the Teutonic also. The Western *X* appears to have superseded the aspirated *S* of the ancient East, every where indeed; for the unknown Eleusinian words, *canx* and *pax*, are but contractions of this kind: the latter, of the attribute *bacsha* of the *Om*, or Deity; the Brahmin *Aum*; never pronounced but with reverence, like "the dreaded name of Demigorgon," and itself, to all appearance, but the Indian mode of pronouncing, *Anhouma*; the *anima*, or soul of the world; the *Bahumid* of the Templars and Syrians; and ever the stumbling block of the Sooffees and their ancient Indian prototypes. We may here observe, that this "secret of the real nature of creation," the probable Hermesian basis of the Western mysteries, is not to be confounded with, though it doubtless arose from, the Biblical "Spirit of God." Ingenuity has been taxed to pervert or personify the term. It is the "Mighty Wind" of some Hebrew translators; and, borrowed with the cosmogony in the East, has made sad confusion there: personified, produced, and creating, but in every case a doctrine of no accidental resemblance. Thus the *Brimh* of Hindoostani mythos is the *Bahman*, or intelligence, created by God and creating all else, of the *Deatir* imitation; and the *Ohnover*, or word,

produced by Ormuzd, creating heaven, earth, and all else, in the *Zend-Avosta*: and now the *λογος*, now the assumed name of Deity, the *om*, itself of the Zoroastrian creed.

We shall take but one more instance of this final from the Etrurian terms of the learned Professor, all which he shows to be Gothic; and it is the word *Aruspea*, from *Aars-päher*, or the *Eagle-spyer*. It is clearly, however, the Zend name for an eagle, as preserved in Mazanderan to this day, and sufficiently familiar to Europe in the Lake Aral, or of Eagles. The last syllable is remarkable as the mode of forming a substantive from a verb; and this answering to the *spectare* of the Latins. Another proof of the Etruscan link, is the infinitive *iduaire*—whence the *viduus* of the Latins; and while the *F* was represented by four different characters* in the Etrurian and some Pelasgian alphabets, which same letters supplied the *B*, *H*, *Th*, and *Ph*, it is idle, we submit, to talk of the *utter uninterchangeability* of certain consonants in *unrefined* languages.

It is indeed difficult to our comprehension, to ascertain the precise state of refinement or unrefinement necessary for obviating the interchange of letters. Loose and indefinite as we ever find the etymology of mere sounds, we are required by some Orientalists to give them a certain weight by believing that the rudest barbarians in the earliest ages, though themselves ignorant of letters, yet preserved the distinctions of settled speech, and the niceties of radical characters, amidst the completest ignorance of their existence: that this, too, occurred in the East, while it has been found impracticable in the enlightened West. Give any acquaintance the correct sound of Lord Byron's poetical hero, and see if his utmost effort does not approach nearer the Northumberland *burr* than the Arabian pectoral, which last is written by Dr. Clarke, *Djour*; by some, *Yoor*; by others, *Yaoor*; while others again do not hesitate to bring that unamiable personage into relationship with a noble English family; affirming, and with truth, that the poet himself invariably rhymes his designation with *hour* and *bower*. Where, we should like to know, are the impassable bounds between—not merely letters of the same organ, for they are confessedly interchangeable—but the fair grammatical array of labials, dentals, palatines, and aspirates, amongst nations of the East or

* Dr. Wall might well have been surprised at the four sounds for *H* in Hebrew and none in Egyptian(?) or Greek. The Greek substituted the *O* for the Hebrew *ghain*, as did the Phœnicians, who pronounced it *au* and Zend *ou*, from the Syriac *O*; the guttural was referred to *γ*, which doubled, gave the sound *ng* in Greek, the Turkish *gn*.


West, in ancient and modern times? We need but glance over the alphabet and give a few specimens at random. The Russian and Spaniard confound *B* with *V*; the Chinese often with *M*; the Pelasgian occasionally, like the Mohawk, omitted it altogether. The *C* soft was the Coptic, Etrurian, and Russian *S*; sometimes *Z*. The German confounds the *D* with *T*. The Persian gives the long *E* the sound of *Y*. The Pelasgian and Etrurian confounded *F* with *V*, *H*, and *Th*; and the Roman, till Claudius, was ignorant of its use. The Persian, &c. knows the soft *G* but as *J*; the Russian aspirates the hard as *H*, the Spaniard as *Hh*; it is often the Arab *K*, and Turkish guttural. The Englishman sounds or omits the *H*, which is an aspirate* breathing in Greek; *Ch* and *E* in Hebrew; and an *I* in Portuguese. *I* is only English and Cingalese. The *J* is the Spanish *Hhota*; the French *Zha*. The *K* or *C* hard is the Telinga *T*, the Etrurian, as well as French, *G*; and Gallic and Arabic also. *L* is the Portuguese, Sanscrit, and Telinga *R*. The English and Italian *Ll* differ widely from each other and the Spanish, which holds a middle place between the French liquid and the Welsh; which last sounds *Cl*, or *Fl*, and *Thl*. *M* is unknown to the Iroquois; and it and *N* are passed over by the Hindoo. The short *O* is the Greek, Phœnician, Coptic, and Zend substitute for the guttural *ghain* so happily defined for human pronunciation as the "*vox vituli matrem clamantis*." The *P* is *B* in Arabia and Germany. The gurgling of the Hebrew and Sanscrit *Q* is faintly preserved in our *Qu*, and lost altogether in the Grecian *Chi*. The *R*, so prominent in Italian speech, is unpronounceable by many organs, and supplied by *W*: it is the Zend and Chinese *L*: a liquid in English; a vowel in Sanscrit and Cingalese. The hissing *S* in English is frequently *Sh*, or even *Zh*; and is the *Z* of the Germans and Portuguese. The *T* varies in Sanscrit and Eastern dialects, through every sound from *D* to *S*. The English *V* is the Etruscan and Teutonic *F*, the Greek and Saxon *U*. The Arabian *W* is *V* and *O* long, as it happens; a doubtful sound in German, and omitted by the Latins, who substituted *A*, and the French, *U*. The *X* is the Phœnician and Erse *Sh*. *Y* is the Persian long *E*, the English short *E* and long *I*; and *Z* is varied by Persians and Arabs even to *Dg*, while it formed the Phœnician and Hebrew *Ts*, which is also German. The sound of *Th* in English is peculiar, unapproached by

the two Sanscrit varieties, or the Greek *θ*; and the nearest approximation is the Romaic *D*; while the Chaldee *Th* was the Hebrew *H*, the Greek *Ss*, and the Etrurian *F*. The *Sch* of Germany is the English *Sh*, the French *Ch* and Dutch *Sk*. The Russian *Sch* and *Schtz*, though the same letter, differ in sound from the Coptic and Zend representatives. The European vowels are either omitted and confounded, or changed to consonants, in many Oriental tongues. Yet, with all this, and ten times this confusion, for we have carefully abstained from Chinese illustration, we are seriously asked to reject *assonants*, and believe in the fixed incorruptibility of *radicals*, in former times, as well as the present. Vowels are the distinguishing mark of European speech, as consonants of the Asiatic; yet, while the test of our application, as above, fully bears out the jest of Voltaire, "that in etymology vowels are nothing and consonants next to nothing," are we to prefer the *dicta* of the philologist to the facts of our experience? or shall we not rather be contented to restrict and receive etymologies only in the cases where they can be supported by historical or other evidence? With these in corroboration, we will venture to affirm it little less ridiculous to deny all assonated derivations, than it is to receive the purest derivations without any thing to authenticate them, as regards *history*, not *words*.

In reviewing what we have written on the theory of language, it behoves us to guard carefully against the possibility of any misunderstanding on a subject where unfortunately we have little beyond theory or conjecture. We are far from confounding the formation of characters with that of languages in any case, for the former must necessarily have been far more frequent than the latter, as well as subsequent in point of time. Even where alphabets existed, the majority were ignorant of them: and stragglers, carrying away the language, would leave their descendants to recover, or invent, fresh characters. With regard to these last we have but three, or at utmost four,* that can be deemed unquestionably original. The Chinese is evidently ideographic, or arbitrary-hieroglyphic: the most ancient inscription found bearing no resemblance to any known forms, consequently not pictural, with the exception of two that resemble serpents; and these, or their proprieties, are, in all likelihood, referred to. This process of invention therefore is *essentially* different from the oldest pictorial Egyptian, and no connection can exist between the two. Even the Chi-

* This aspiration becomes sibilant sometimes: as the Swedish *hjerta* is *serdz*, Russian.

* Chinese, Egyptian, Ogham, and Syriac.

nese lines, perfect and imperfect, are distinct from the Egyptian representation of the genders; and arise from a totally distinct combination of ideas: , the upper being masculine, and perfect; the lower, or imperfect, feminine.

The difference is essential where the two systems seem nearest to approximation; since the Chinese ideographic, even when employed phonetically, as for proper names, and then encircled with a *cartouch*, always represents the whole syllable and never a mere portion, or letter, like the Egyptian: while the Japanese, who borrowed the Chinese characters, use them with their own syllabic signs intermixed, phonetically and symbolically, like the Egyptians. It is remarkable also that wherever hieroglyphics have been known to be invented the attempt to supersede them altogether has proved ineffectual, so long as the system (of government) itself existed. The rude attempt which, like the Ogham, seeks by a kind of numerical process to distinguish the successive characters, or sounds, is also essentially distinct from either of the foregoing; and seems, by its barbarity, to claim the praise of original invention also. This numerical process argues its invention at a period when the very principle of alphabetic characters was rude and unknown; and consequently, when the vulgar were ignorant of letters. It may however have been subsequently *borrowed* for the purpose of secrecy, which was clearly superfluous at whatever time it was *invented*. For the subsequent alphabets it can scarcely admit a doubt that they are all, more or less directly, derived from one common source, however modified afterwards. The Abyssinian can form no exception, since it proceeds upon a clear and definite system, in its conjunction of vowels with the several consonants, which is more regular even than the Sanscrit, and seems an improvement upon it. There appears no reason for imagining that this syllabic combination is the same as the reputed Syriac original invention previous to the first Alphabet; namely, of characters for *syllables*; and which was reduced by the Phœnicians to *characters* for *letters* afterwards. The object of science is to simplify, arrange, and combine: but this *combination* is widely distinct from the *complication* of undigested design: and this last is assuredly not the attribute of the Abyssinian. On the other hand its rejection of the vowel *a* for its first letter is a rejection of the first sound according to nature, in preference for an artificial system. If the Chaldaic be indeed derived from the Syriac, as the oldest character (which last we must doubt) it is itself the parent of a

numerous family. If Taut was the inventor of the Alphabet, it is impossible to consider it any one of those handed down to us as Phœnician; and which, resembling the Greek, Pelasgian, and Etrurian, was undoubtedly derived from the Chaldaic or Hebrew. This last seems in truth the prototype of the Egyptian, though the latter was considerably enlarged afterwards; and here occurs a question upon a point of time. For if the Jews quitted Egypt *before* the Egyptian characters exceeded their own wants, we may conclude that they probably learned the characters of the Egyptians; but if the Egyptian letters were *all* formed *before* the Exodus, the Jews could not have borrowed a portion only. If the former supposition turns out correct,* we can understand the silence of Moses on the invention of writing: for though himself, in this case, the probable channel of the acquisition, he would scarcely seek to remind the Jews that they owed it to their oppressors. Hence too we can conceive the Providence that brings good out of evil, making use of natural means for the improvement of its chosen people, instead of "*an unrecorded miracle*," in the tables of Sinai: and it is to be noticed that Moses was, the second time, directed to write them himself, as Dr. Wall has justly pointed out. We regret that this is almost the only point on which we can agree with that learned writer. It is most probable on the whole that the Jews acquired their written characters through the Egyptians from Phœnicia; and, if we may use the term, insensibly; or else we may presume it would have been recorded. Not impossibly, the letters of Cadmus were Egyptian improvements of the Old Syro-Phœnician forms of Taut. Let us here observe that the invention of letters 850 years before Cadmus would give ample time for any reasonable degree of antiquity to Job. If the tablet of Bellerophon were hieroglyphics, and the tale no fable, could Greeks understand them? Plato confounds the Egyptian Thoor with Taut, the Phœnician. The sixteen original, or oldest, Greek characters, are evidently, as before observed, corruptions of the Chaldee, and common to the Phœnician, Pelasgian,† and Etrurian, races. The second of these names probably, however, in our opinion, includes the whole class of

* The flight of Israel from Egypt, and the arrival of Cadmus in Greece, are, by some, held synchronous, i. e. 1491 B. C.

† A Mohawk or Iroquois alphabet, lying before us, is deficient, like some of the Pelasgian, in the B, F, P, V, X, and Z. It has but sixteen characters: compare this with the fifty Cherokee; and recall the sixteen Pelasgian and forty-eight Zend, or the Sanscrit.

piratical *wanderers* known to the Greeks, and does not refer to any one nation in particular.

We must call the reader's attention to two striking facts connected with written characters. One is, that the Egyptian alphabet, as given by Tattam, includes, besides those referred to, forms that are to be found in the Slavonic, Russian, and Gothic, as well as the Zend also. The other, that the Western alphabets are generally contradistinguished from those of the East, by the circumstance of the former appearing calculated for inscription; the latter, on the contrary, for communication: a fact that seems to indicate a greater degree of civilization in the East, and of enterprize in the West.

Having, in the course of our observations on the Alphabet, been led incidentally to touch on the Etrurian, we must confess our entire dissent from the opinion ascribed to Professor Müller, since the arguments adduced for it appear to us to lead to the diametrically opposite conclusion. If the Greek alphabet never, to the best of our knowledge, contained at one time all the Etruscan forms, is it not clearly more probable that this was derived rather from one common source *with* the Greek, than *from* it? These *Wanderers* and *Architects* of the Mediterranean seem to have had something in common with the *Wandering Masons* of Mexico, whose *Tultecos* seem as allowably derivable from *Tur* or *Tyre* as the *Thorseni* (*THORAMENI*), and *Tuscer* or *Tuisco* of Europe. Although the Etruscan gods were Gothic, and that safe criterion, their early religion, Oriental, as much of their manners likewise, it was largely mingled with the Syrian, Italian, Phœnician, and Egyptian forms. Their *Tartarus* was Homer's; their meteorological superstitions, those of a sea-faring race; their faint wrecks of Phallic worship, Hermesian; some of which sect, we are told, fled to the frontiers of India. Their want of science, however, is not Egyptian; their sculpture not more cold, nor more finished, than much that we see in the East; their want of the sublime was "the natural consequence of a debased and brutal creed, before poetry had rescued the soul from its thralldom," and such are the Oriental. Like these too, their gods were produced and destroyed, the transient ministers of a mightier Principle, undefined and indefinable; while their might was gloomy, as the Gothic or Teutonic deities; and some of their rites wanton, as those of Syria and Asia Minor. Their language is, as far as we can judge of it, a link between the Gothic and the Latin—in great measure at least: and the remainder was probably formed from that mixture and trituration of

words which we find everywhere in the collisions of speech, and more especially on the sea-coasts. If we are discouraged by its unvoiced words and Mexican semblance, yet this is the Oriental form, and even the Egyptian; as too their teacher, *Tages*. And if the characters are European, their value is probably Asiatic; as was first suspected of their language. We are inclined to believe that Mexico may yet, in its western relics, assist us to some portion of this; but not to the degree imagined by those who look barely at the combinations of Etrurian letters. Of these last we feel convinced the powers are misunderstood to this hour, and that many of the characters bear a value widely differing from the Greek, from which, as we have already stated, we cannot therefore think them derived: the more, as it appears they possessed some characters never adopted by the Greeks, whose language rejected many Eastern sounds, familiar to the Sanscrit, and the Coptic, the Zend, and Slavonic, whose characters so strangely and so perfectly assimilated. Of the influence of the most ancient form of the latter upon the Celtic and Gothic, no notice, that we are aware of, has been ever taken: and it has even been often overlooked that the Celtic of modern times must have widely differed from the primal, as it has undergone material changes in the interval, obvious by a reference to its verbal terminations. Of its original shape we can form no judgment, unless by the aid of the Hebrew and its varieties: but this is of the less consequence as regards grammatical structure, where the terms of primary and original necessity, the *natural radicals* of domestic inter-communication (that mother of speech, itself the mother of languages,) are one and the same. Words must have existed, and languages been spoken, before the grammarian could think of regulating the last by defining the former: whether, as in the Sanscrit, by stamping an existing basis with an impress so uniformly perfect that its character could not, and need not, change; or, like the Arabic in its contrary process, that admits and sanctions by regulating, instead of rejecting, the thousand irregularities of dialects, to produce one copious and universal tongue; at least in their own land.

The improved grammatical arrangement of the Arabic over the Hebrew, no less than its copiousness, argues a far later cultivation; and but little consideration is requisite to show that if any one language be divided into dialects, these last, intermixed with the respective bordering tongues in a greater or less degree, and adopting at different periods their several grammatical forms, influenced partially too by their respective neighbors,

would soon come to differ widely from their common parent and from each other. No greater change than is thus explainable would suffice to reduce the Celtic as we see it, in its marked difference from other cognate tongues. Time and intercourse have done the rest. Nor can we in the least divine a necessity for supposing more than the three great divisions of language, as of the human family : the Semitic, preserving the original speech ; the Arabic, descending with Ham ; and the Zend, or Ionic, spreading with the wanderings of Japhet. Whether these last, or the Arabs, as their own statement avers, were the first possessors of peninsular India, may seem to wake a doubt. We ourselves incline to the former, but must notice that the tendency of Hindostan to vocals between the consonants reminds us forcibly, in contrast with other Oriental languages, of the distinction of the Italian from the Spanish, &c. The language of the two hieroglyphic races we have endeavored to account for from accident. We need not dwell on these ; but must notice that India possesses one of the three oldest alphabets, if we may believe Ibn Washih, a fair Eastern authority, who assigns the two others to Arabia and Magh-rabi, (the lands of Fire, and of the Moor,) and who, in his enumeration of these two as civilized countries, is supported by their mention in Ferdousi.

The Indians, we know, claim the Egyptians as scholars ; an early intercourse doubtless existed ; and Indian cattle, &c. are unquestionably depicted in the Egyptian remains. If the camel is absent from their triumphs, this may easily arise from that animal not having at that time descended from Bactria to Hindostan. The omission of the camel from Egyptian pictures has been repeatedly noticed : its name, in both Hebrew and Arabic, seems to refer to its value, or estimation. But it was probably not a native of Egypt in early times, and is omitted in the representation of her domestic animals mentioned by Burkhardt. We doubt the correctness of the general opinion that it was amongst the gifts of Pharaoh to Abraham. The verse in Genesis speaks only of his *showing him kindness* ; under which the live stock prospered probably ; but Abraham was more likely to possess camels than Pharaoh : he came from their native land ; he wanted them for his journey ; he was rich ; and required, less the gifts, than the favorable conduct, of the king. The camel, however, has been found, painted, at Luxor, though rare. Thus we may safely conclude it unknown to the triumphs of Sesostris, and that these extended only partially into Scythia. This invasion is unnoticed by Jews and Persians : it probably

therefore occurred during the time unknown to Ferdousi, i. e. the 700 years of his Giamshid dynasty. Could Giamshid's overthrow, and his death 100 years after, refer to *two* invasions, Egyptian and Assyrian ?—and, if so, the flight of Giamshid to Chin may show that the first invader overran even Scythia. If not—Ferdousi's East-Persian annals are silent on this Bactrian exploit—and yet his agreement with the Mahabharata supports his general accuracy ; an hypothesis that would go far to reconcile the tale of those achievements with the reference of the Priests of Darius, and account for the terms of pure Egyptian origin observable in the East ; such, we would point out, as *Re*, with the aspirate, and the article, the *Horus*, or Sun, indicative of splendor or royalty ; and, according as that aspirate is suppressed or sounded, the *Raj* of the Sanscrit, the *Ahoeroe* of the Zend, the Armenian *Var*, the Persian *Far*, the Etruscan *Var*, the *Rea* or *Resche* of the Gothic, and the Italian *Ré* : itself, in all probability, only the application of the Chaldaic אור, or *Ur*, to the most obvious and glorious source of light—*Ph-ouro*, the King.

To return to the article we are reviewing : the tale of Wamik and Asra appears to have been one consequence of the patronage bestowed upon literature by Noushirvan, and his sage minister, the Vizier Buzurgi-Mihr ; it was translated from the old Pehlivi into the more modern Parsi tongue, by order of Sultan Mahmood of Ghizni ; as were various historical works subsequently, to the detriment of the originals, which are totally lost. The translation of this, the oldest existing romance, was performed by Ansari, whom the sultan had created king of poets, and who held a mimic court, composed of the *genus irritabile*. It was executed while Ferdousi was engaged on the Shah Nameh ; and seems to have attracted much attention, as a second translation was made by their contemporary Jorjani, and a third, by Samiri, afterwards appeared. So far as we can judge, these labors were not mere translations, but restorations also, if we may apply this term to the introduction of fresh passages, supplying the place of those which had been lost even then, and doubtless, enlarging the work by the exuberant genius of the translator, as we find is the case with most Eastern poets to this day.

We have already seen the fate of the work ; and so complete was the destruction that the Persian biographer, Doulet Shah, saw but one single verse of either of the translations, which was that of Jorjani, in a quotation. We shall be the less surprised, however, at this religious horror of the Arab conquerors, when we recollect that neither

the genius nor fame of Ferdousi himself could, in long after years, save him from the odium of a false charge of favoring Fire-worship, as brought against him by native Persians, to ruin him with Sultan Mahmood. That system, which recognized Fire as the Living Word, and, veiling ignorant and speculative presumption in the garb of pious mystery, found in the bloom and increase of nature its objective and correspondent principle, thus personifying the Celestial and the Terrestrial, opens a wide field for the indulgence of that vein of strained emblematic meaning, and idly refined trifling, to which it unquestionably gave rise, and which marks the general character of Persian poetical composition everywhere, in a greater or less degree, but always pre-eminently over those of their neighbors; and even over their own prose, since poetry ever partakes of the essential character of its native religion, and the Zoroastrian scarcely extended beyond the limits of Persia. There its principles combined with the poetical and fanciful genius of the people too deeply to be rooted out, even by the ascendancy of Mohammedism, of which, it is remarkable, they have chosen the most mystical form, that of Ali; and have grounded thereon the most mystical aberrations. The pride of Chaldæan science, and the swords of the Arabs repelled, however, the western progress of pyrolatry; while, towards the north-east and east, it was gradually lost in the wider expansion of that Indian creed from which it was originally but an offset; or was trampled out of existence by the later Tatar tribes of the desert.

It is no wonder, therefore, that, in spite of their great and unquestionable beauties, the labors of the Persian poets should be so little known in Europe, where they are equally difficult to translate or tolerate. Those errors of taste and metaphysical conceits, with the eternal confusion of the Real and Ideal, have justly fixed a repulsive character on their works in our estimation; since what is difficult to understand is seldom worth understanding; and truths in morals, as in mathematics, are at once recognized by properly constituted minds. Unfortunately, in the case of the writers we are considering, the beauties for the most part are few, and confined to their best works; with the large remainder, dull platitudes are relieved generally by turgid bombast and logical mistakes, that render the confusion of the author's brain contagious to his readers, and must ever deservedly impede an intimacy with delinquencies that perplex and straiten the already narrow confines of simplicity and reason. We must, however, exempt from this

sweeping censure, the great work of Ferdousi alone. In his minor efforts, or Ghusuls, he appears to have fallen into the basetting sin of his countrymen; in the same manner, and probably from the same causes as induced what, with due allowance for differences of country, genius, and cultivation, we may call the *similar* derelictions of Milton, &c.

The exemption, too, arises in all probability less from the amplitude of material and historical nature of his subject, than, like the great bard just mentioned, from native vigor of mind and severity of judgment, which place that Persian historical poet so far above all others of his nation. The defects of taste inherent in the latter, extended also unquestionably to him, in his details occasionally; but the very conception of a lofty subject, requires in the mind that originates it a something comparatively akin to Doric simplicity and strength. With him too, we must recollect that, though his subject was historical, his materials were fantastic traditions, which he was to embody poetically, rather than to correct—and we may take his character from the appreciation of his profound and judicious editor, Macan, that for the common embellishment of poetry amongst his countrymen “mystical interpretation, enigmatical allusion, and far-fetched conceits, Ferdousi had no attractions. His subject was historical, and could not be mystified. His sentiments (for a Persian poet) were natural and unaffected; and his style, though not modern, simple, energetic, and perspicuous.”

To return to Wamik and Asra. Mr. Von Hammer had, it seems, formerly announced the little probability that existed of recovering this lost romance; but he was doomed to falsify his own prediction. In preparing, as he tell us, the History of the Ottoman Empire, he discovered, in the course of his perusal of Turkish biography, that the work of Ansari had been translated into that language by the romantic poet Lamai. After three years' labor, and by the aid of his friend the Chevalier von Raab, he at length found it with six others, originally Persian, in the Library of Vienna. For this preservation, therefore, we have to be thankful to the Othman, whom conscious inferiority, and ardent admiration of the Persian poets, have induced to translate their master-pieces into his native tongue, with monkish reverence, though not with monkish fidelity; the translation, as we have already stated, being often paraphrastic and supplementary. In fact, the best original poetry of the Turk, is, like that of Rome towards Greece, but imitation of his Persian and Arabian models, though blended with a due exaggeration of all their

faults of platitude, mysticism, extravagance, and diffuseness. Such, at least, is the conclusion we ourselves have come to, from the specimens that have fallen in our way; and to which we may one day introduce our readers, *partially*, for the multitude of their writers and the insignificance of their works require no lengthened display.

It has been established by nice calculators, that a statement loses one-eighth of its credibility in every mouth that transmits it. If a poem is to be judged by the same standard, the one before us will fare but indifferently. The original work destined, possibly from its heresies, to no ordinary metempsychosis, translated and renovated by Ansari, Jorjani, and Samiri; transferred into his own language by Lamai; thence rendered by Von Hammer, it finally falls to our lot to offer to our readers: Pehlivi, Parsi, Turkish, German, and English, conspire to embalm the defunct personifications of *Love* and *Flora*; with what success we may well hesitate to determine, as this *fünftelsaft* process appears like the Egyptian, extracting the brains and bowels, and leaving the lovers of antiquity to explore the tale of a tegument as dark as his, who

“Dropped a half-penny in Homer’s hat
And hob-or-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass.”

The tale, like the priest Horseisi himself, when relieved from the inward defects of his “anatomical construction,” comes before us in a sadly mutilated state—the Magian inspiration inflated by Persian extravagance; the Turk, “with a mind clouded by ignorance,” as he has been courteously described, doing his best, or his worst, to fashion it to his taste; his labors grievously curtailed by the learned German, who retrenched it to the present form; and (σὺ δὲ μὲς τρίτος ἐξ-εναπίσις*) “the last, mean part, our own.” But such as we can make of it, the reader shall see: a relic of antiquity rather than a poem; and, like many other relics, so much affected by the hands through which it has passed, that we were at first tempted to consider the learned Editor as playfully striving to rival the Friar, who for twenty years had shown the Virgin’s hair to all pious inquirers without having been able to see it himself. We are fully satisfied of our error.

M. von Hammer, however, can need no praise of ours. All Europe must feel grateful to the man who has unceasingly devoted the boundless powers of his mind to render us familiar with the most prominent and popular writers of the East; and has applied his

vast erudition to illustrate the coincidences of manners and institutions from every possible quarter, with an amplitude of research that disdains the charge of prolixity, so fatal to feeble minds. He tells us in his preface, that, had he met forty years ago with this work, so valuable as the oldest of Persian romances, he should have translated it entire, and promises some literal portions in his notice of Lamai for the History of Ottoman poetry—which is to be appended to that of the Ottoman Empire. Let us hope that he may yet see reason to give it us in the entire; either by his own pen, or that of some competent translator. A work like the original, that develops all we can hope to learn of the intellectual state of a long vanished race, is not merely an object of inquiry for the curious, but of interest for existing nations.

In the specimen before us, it is not always easy to distinguish the sentiments of the original from those of the learned Editor, himself so deeply imbued with the genuine spirit of Orientalism; and thus the ability developed is in one sense the great objection. How faithfully, therefore, he has executed his task we have at present no means of ascertaining; for, unlike the *Gul wa Bulbul* of that admirable institution, The Oriental Translation Fund, the original is not given. But a little examination will show that the turn of the thought is often decidedly Eastern, as well as the constant intermixture of the sentimental with the familiar. The introductory stanzas, written with graceful levity, to which we fear our attempt at a version can do little justice, show the Orientalist not only deeply imbued with the feeling and spirit of his original, but also himself a poet of no ordinary pretensions. If one class of writers in Germany must be accused of confusing the knowledge we already possess, the fault is more than compensated by those of her sons, who have so widely extended the limits of that knowledge, and at the head of these stands the name of von Hammer.

We render the opening verses as follows.

Hail to your influence, ye resplendent Seven,
Who in the East assist the Poet’s vein,
When inspiration lifts his heart to Heaven,
With themes of Love, or War’s exciting strain.

And thou, Oh Nightingale of Persian bowers!
Thou Lapwing! chosen to speed the lover’s suit

By Sheba’s queen, in love-devoted hours;
Ye, gentle Genii of the Lute and Flute!
Thou, Lyre! without whose aid the lover’s voice is mute.—

Thou, Turtle-dove! whose note in softest cooing

* Iliad, xvi. 850.

Continuous thro' the strain of passion
breathes ;
And, than Cicada's cry more sweetly wooing,
The wearied soul in Eden's slumbers
wreathes ;
Thou too, Oh Parrot ! that, with speech en-
dowed,
Tell'st honeyed tales of truth and Love's
desiring ;
Propitious hear me all !—Your aid allowed
To this my song, so much your aid re-
quiring ;
Thou, Parrot ! of my Muse, th' interpreter
untiring.

I wander now thro' all untrodden ways ;
I string not now the Eastern Barbyton
To loves of fond Ferhad and Shireen's
praise,
Mejnoun and Leila ;—Balkis, Solomon.
Of Zuleikha and Yussuf long before
Hath even through Europe overspread the
fame :
And how the Bulbul wooed the Rose of yore :
How truest fires the Butterfly o'ercame,
Dying midst constant whirls round his de-
voted *Flame*.

Immortal lives in Oriental tale
The *Spring's* dominion o'er the Gulistan :
In Persian records, too, the themes prevail
Of Khorsu-Parviz, and Great Nushirvan.
Themes such as these not now my Parrot
heeds,
On ancient story here his song bestowing ;
Old, as the old antediluvian deeds ;
Old, as the Rose first into Beauty blowing ;
Old as the Sun himself, first into Passion
glowing.

The anxiety of our learned Orientalist is
well described.

How many long, and anxious star-lit hours
Toiling from earliest dawn to latest night,
To Eastern tomes devoting all my powers,
Have I, myself, outwatched the night-
lamp's light !
Vain were those efforts for the vanished
treasure
Three years beheld me struggling to ob-
tain ;
Circling the East in searches without meas-
ure :
Yet not a jot advanced, with all my pain,
Towards finding this fair Tree, this Fountain-
Source again.

How oft, at lonely night, my sleep it haunted
As Youth's first dream of, Ah ! ideal Love :
How oft I prayed, if Heaven to prayer had
granted,
One beam of hope, one favoring ray to
prove,
Amidst long-darkened halls the treasure
showing :
My tears for Asra's love-inflicted wound,
For Wamik's love-inflicted woes, were flow-
ing ;

Until auspicious hours my labors crowned,
And I at length the lost Asra and Wamik
found.

In the bright blooming Spring of the young
year,
When Love and Blossoms still are love-
liest,
This object of my thoughts first deigned ap-
pear ;
This glorious vision first my senses blest.
The Starry Virgin * stood, arrayed in light,
And in her hand an ear of corn she
swayed :
From those bright glances æther shone more
bright :
While stern beside a Guardian Spirit
stayed,
With spear,† whose radiant beams in daz-
zling menace played.

To this long wished-for vision, the poetical
translator addresses his prayer.

"Oh, Virgin of the Skies !" I cried, "but
deign
To grant that by degrees my aching sight
Behold Thee, thus, absolved of earthly stain,
In all thy glorious glow of roseate light.
Love is to me as life, and Truth a duty :
To deck thee with Teutona's mantle fair
Refuse not to thy slave, celestial Beauty !"
She smiled consent ; and straight I turned
with care
This robe of German speech to fashion and
prepare.

The narrative of the original poem now
commences, and is thus gracefully given.

In times before the Flood, the days of Eld,
When Angels sought communion with
mankind,
When Anahid the earthly lyre still held,
Ere, as the Morning-Star, in Heaven en-
shrined,
She shone the harbinger of Day afar,
And music moved the Stars, the radiance
throwing ;
Where blazed the fiery altars of Senaar,
Lived Queen Asra, as beauty's blossom
blowing ;
And Wamik, fond and true, with love eternal
glowing.

We take the following as a specimen of
pure oriental description, the second verse
especially, which is, in our opinion, the most
elegant and beautiful combination of Eastern
imagery existing. The Narcissus, our read-
ers may be aware, is the favorite simile
amongst Persian poets for the eye ; and the
lotus, with its exquisite purity brightened by
the first clear ray of the opal dawn, stands
certainly unrivalled as an illustration.

* The Virgin and Spica of Arabian and Euro-
pean astronomy.

† Remmah, the Arabian Arcturus.

"The Blooming-One," Asra was justly
named,
For she, in mind and form, a blossom
stood ;
Of beauty, youth, and grace divinely framed ;
Of holiest spirit, filled with heavenly good.
The Spring, when warm in fullest splendor
showing,
Breathing gay wishes to the inmost core
Of youthful hearts, and fondest influence
throwing,
Yet veiled its bloom, her beauty's bloom
before ;
For her the devotee his very creed forswore.

Her hair was bright as hyacinthine dyes ;
Her cheek was blushing, sheen as Eden's
rose ;
The soft Narcissus tinged her sleeping eyes,
And white her forehead, as the lotus shows
'Gainst *Summer's earliest sun-beams shimmer-*
ing fair ;
Her bosom's bloom two young pomegran-
ates fling,
Heaving and falling with each passing air ;
Her gentle growth a lovelier-breathing
spring,
Midst beds of flowering pink and roses blos-
soming.

The more material principle animating
Wamik is far inferior to the foregoing, and,
though possessing merit in itself, presents
the usual oriental confusion of the material
and immaterial, necessarily devolved, as we
have seen from their very creed. The in-
cessant combination of elegant and vulgar
images is a serious objection to Eastern
poetry, and that of Persia in particular, as
continually outraging the severer logic of
European taste.

And eke "The Glowing-One" was Wamik's
name,
For he in form and soul was love confest,
Which, *Vulcan-like, with aye unceasing
flame,
Creating or destroying, knows no rest.
Of fervid essence, Life's supremest good,
Faithful and true, exalted, noble, fair ;
Of dauntless spirit and ethereal mood,
For baser aim or scorn he felt no care—
A Genii, framed of fire, through all the realms
of air.

The lambent flame that lit his radiant brow,
Told inspiration's might and power of
song ;
The sparkling lustres of his eye avow
The conscious soul, in youthful ardors
strong.
Burns in his breast a sense of might profound,
Urging the noblest, noblest deeds to prove ;
His spear sways proudly as his courser's
bound,
His lofty heart no meaner pulses move ;
Born of ethereal Fire, the purest, holiest Love !

* This word is the German translator's.

The *elective attraction* is thus described.

How could, perfection shrined in either form
Natures reciprocal keep long asunder ?
To meet, Senaar, upon thy soil so warm,
And not that moment love, had been a
wonder.
In love, at first sight souls conceive each
other ;
Full oft in life heart thus unites with heart,
Finding at once a path to one another ;
For evermore conjoined, in bliss or smart,
Even as two tapers burn, consuming part for
part.

The Glowing-One, approximating Beauty,
Is doomed for her the lover's flame to
prove.
She knows it,—knows, tho' all untold his
suit, he
Cannot, in loving, ever cease to love.
She, too, imbibes the ardent sympathy ;
Each breast, imbued with panting aspira-
tion,
Glows, kindling swiftly as the Dittany,
When flames contagious offer an occasion,
Full blazing forth at once in eager conflagra-
tion.

The lover thus commences his mystic
conference.

And Wamik thus :—" Fire takes the hues of
Rose,
And blooms not forth the Rose in fiery
glow ?
As well the poet feels, till vulgar prose
Cools down at once his inspiration's flow.
So youthful blood at once will burn and flush ;
In the blue æther starry Roses burn,
And flowery Stars are glowing on each bush :
Why then to two would's thou th' United
turn ?
The Bloom and Glow are one, and separation
spurn."

This, we presume, is the style of antedilu-
vian courtship ; but science is coming again
into vogue ; and, as there is nothing new
under the sun, the tender intercourse of the
two lovers may serve hereafter as an exem-
plar—in our Parks and Zoological Gardens.
The philosophy, however, appears not
wholly unmixed with a theory of sensations.

So Wamik and Asra beguiled their hours
In their fond spring of life—Youth's bloom-
ing prime.
Ah ! moments, thrice and four times crowned
with flowers—
The purest, dearest, holiest, heartfelt time ?
For them each morning fresh enchantment
brings ;
Each unto each is all, nor ask they more
Nor other joys to swell the spirit's springs—
Content with bliss ; nor mines of gold ex-
plore,
As those who vainly gild Love's honeycomb
with ore.

Entrancing thus, the nectar-cup they drain—
Love's fondest, sweetest charms, and visions fair;

And friendship wereto them a kind of bane—
The mystic chain but binds th' enamoured pair:

Touched by a third, the rapture-spell is sped;
Friends are but stumbling-blocks 'twixt men and misses—

Their very presence makes a sense of lead—
Third persons form a party-wall to kisses,
Nor, till th' intruder goes, can they renew their blisses.

A specimen of mysticism follows, but we would point attention to the last line of the first verse, as illustrating what we have already stated respecting the adoption of some Guebre tenets by Mahommed, who has transferred this idea to the Koran.

The world of Fire seven wondrous forms displays

Seven are its Sources, which seven Rays engender;*

Seven are its Shrines, seven Worship-rites, seven Ways;

Seven Fuels feed, seven Tongues proclaim its splendor.

* * *

First of the number is yon effluence bright
Irradiate in the Sun, in every Star;

And who so dull as not to own its might?

That bears from farthest worlds to worlds afar

The Sacred Verse of Light, still learned where Angels are.

One Tongue of Fire in storm and tempest comes,

Pealing the angers of avenging skies;

And in their lofty, golden-vaulted domes,

Affrighted tyrants answer with their cries,
While anchorites, in cells, more earnest pray;

Branded in characters of lightning, riven
On walls of rock, the fearful tale survey!

Echoes the Thunder's voice, unceasing driven,

Alike the fiery wrath or favoring will of Heaven.

We have the two extremes in the next extract.

At home the point of junction is the hearth,

For there you find the family collected;

Oh, heavenly happiness! still upon earth

Best in domestic happiness reflected!

Fire to no guest its friendly warmth denies,

But forwards every act of hospitality:

Heats ovens, dresses meat, melts ores and

ice;

And man, until he learned its useful-quality

Ate acorns raw, and flesh, in all undressed reality.

As without fire mankind is sunk to beast,

So is he slime and senseless clay alone,

If the ethereal spark of Heaven at least

Fire not his mind to glories of its own.

Reason and speech an earthly sign remain

Of Thee, Creation's Lord, in light revealed!

The *Living-World** thro' *Vesta*'s† fire-domain,

Burns fiercely glowing now, now half concealed,

As Genii, blazing bright, with adamantine shield.

Another specimen exhibits the mystical, blended with no inconsiderable portion of beauty, and yet a higher tone of feeling.

"And even as Nature thro' her kingdoms blooms,

So bloom the starry-train, the day, the year;

The day when morning's blushing dawn relumes;

The year, when spring's first-deepening tints appear;

The stars, thro' evening haze, which æther drinks,

The floating glow around their orbits thrown,

That on the gazer soft and softer sinks,—

All blossoms of a world thus glorious shown,
But, chill'd at length thro' years, is gradual colder grown.

"The stars are but the bloom-dust of the flower

That blossom brightest in collected glow;

So in the holiest heart, in holiest hour,

Feelings, like stars, combine in sacred flow,

Friendship, and gratitude, and praise, and prayer,

And love,—the fairest of all blossoms fair
The past, the present, or the future know!

Yet let me pause, and further speech forbear,

Since long to urge my tale thy patient ear outwear."

As it well might, if youthful hearts could ever weary of the one loved voice, whatever its theme. But this state of things is of course too happy to endure, and a grievous change ensues. The lovers are separated, and Asra is transported to the North Pole.

Asrâ, now doomed to rove, a wondrous change

In that far-distant region soon effected:

She found a state of things so new and strange

In nature, that her breathing was affected.

But glaciers melt in streams, and seek the plain;

The frozen fountains all begin to flow;

Ice-flowers bloom thickly o'er each window-pane;

* Zend-Avosta.

† This word is von Hammer's.

* See the Asiatic Researches.

The meadows, green in verdant velvet
show,
And into flowery flakes converts the drifting
snow.

Now hurricanes a soothing air assume,
The night is warm, the day is glad to view ;
The fog condenses into blushing bloom,
Or falls, dissolving upon earth in dew,
Whose tears of joy her liveliness renew :
The brook, unchained, flows o'er its pebbly
bed ;
The Heavens are freshly clad in purest blue,
And flowers of Paradise the land o'er-
spread,—
Such marvels Beauty wrought, such spell her
magic shed !

A different trial awaits her lover, who is
carried to Abyssinia, and, refusing to forego
his faith, is duly placed upon the sacrificial
pile for cremation. There

Naptha and asphalt flowed with hellish free-
dom,
High rose the flames, in preparation grim ;
But he, the Glowing-One can never heed 'em,
The heat of elements was cool to him.
Love is itself the fieriest talisman ;
Therewith he rules them, all their wrath
assuaging,
And walks about, as in a *gulistan*,
Amidst the flames, their idle warfare wag-
ing,—
Shorn of their might, and weak, to passion's
inward raging.

The sufferings of the unfortunate pair are
thus carried to the highest, and, as their re-
union on earth is become hopeless, they are
at length translated, and, like their recording
poem itself, no where to be found unless in
the skies, where she appears as the Virgin
and he as Arcturus. The learned translator
thus sums up at concluding his version,
which, as the reader may perceive, is a con-
densation, with much of the whimsicality of
Lord Byron's *Beppo*—a happy thought,
since it prevents the irregularity of his
original from proving offensive to the taste.

Beauty and Love, thus holding fond commu-
nion,
Are gems in Gemshid's goblet highest
rated ;
Their passion, separation, and re-union,
You find in the foregoing fully stated.
True to my text, I shun circumlocution ;
What there of Love and Beauty is related,
I give ; how both shed light in great profu-
sion ;
How all the stars rejoiced to see them
mated ;
And how bold Remmah waved the spear of
song elated.

ART. VIII.—*Mittheilungen über Alt und
Neu Athen.* Von A. F. von Quast.
(Communications on Ancient and Modern
Athens. By A. F. von Quast.) Berlin,
1834.

THE judgment of Paris was, as every school-
boy knows, the origin of a war, which, though
brief compared with the duration of a chan-
cery suit, lasted ten whole years, till that
memorable catastrophe, the conflagration of
Troy, sent the performers in it home again.
Here, at home we have had something of the
same kind enacted, only the order of things
has been reversed : in our case, contrary to
all critical rule and precedent, the "cata-
strophe," the conflagration, came first ; after
which the fatal apple of discord, with its
motto, *Detur pulchriori*, was to be disputed
for, not by three goddesses, but by a hundred
eager architectural competitors ; and lastly
there was the judgment of London—at least
of the Commissioners—whose decision seems
to have given about the same kind of satis-
faction to the disappointed competitors as did
the decision of Paris to the ox-eyed queen
and the blue-eyed maid. We have fallen
into serious error in saying "lastly," and
were on the point of omitting that which
makes our parallel complete, namely, the
war which is now raging so fiercely through
the architectural world, quite a civil war, in
which the members of the profession are
assailing amateurs and each other in the
most uncivil manner imaginable. How long
this state of things may continue we cannot
guess, nor can we do more than conjecture
that the sudden appearance of one formidable
antagonist in the field, who belabors every
one else without mercy, may now possibly
induce the combatants to forget their own
squabbles, and to stand up for "their order,"
and make joint cause against him as their
common foe.*

* The writer here alluded to, is Mr. Welby
Pugin, who has just put forth a tolerably—per-
haps intolerably—fearless and most extraordinary
work entitled, "Contrasts, or a Parallel between
the Noble Edifices of the 14th and 15th Centuries
and the Miserable Buildings of the Present Day :
accompanied with *Appropriate Text*." Whatever
else may be said of him, this gentleman can hardly
be accused of partiality, since he attacks every
member of the profession to which he himself be-
longs. James, Wyatt, West, Chantrey, Nash,
Soane, Smirke, Wilkins, Wyatville, every indi-
vidual and every modern building that is mentioned
by him, is spoken of only in terms of unqualified
reprobation. None escape his lash except those
whom he does not directly name, so that Barry
has some reason to congratulate himself in not
having obtained his attention. Not only Bucking-
ham Palace, but the National Gallery, the new
buildings at the British Museum, and the Board
of Trade, are a "national disgrace." Even

These domestic matters, however, lie so entirely without the pale and jurisdiction of our journal, and would, moreover, detain us so very long, were we to attempt to bestow that notice upon them we could wish, that we must pass by the host of pamphlets, letters, replies, newspaper articles and magazine articles, which have issued from the press within the space of a very few months—to say nothing of certain oburgatory and recriminatory protestations in the form of advertisements. We can do no more than advert to them very perfunctorily and in general terms; that too, chiefly as they afford proof how imperfectly every style of architecture appears to be understood, what exclusive and limited views are taken of it, and how very far our architects are from possessing sound and well-based theoretical principles, independent of conventional and accidental forms, and applicable to their art in the abstract; which kind of theoretical philosophy, be it observed, is altogether different from—nay the very reverse of—those individual systems of criticism which adapt themselves to one express mode, and which, when examined, almost invariably turn out to be only partial and empirical.

Much benefit has been anticipated—we do not say by ourselves—from the establishment of the Institute of British Architects; yet just now architects seem to understand each other less than ever. At no former period has the profession been in a more unsettled state, one little short of anarchy and entire confusion. Assertions and opinions of the most contradictory nature are put forth and maintained with a pertinacity almost amounting to virulence; neither is our surprise abated when we perceive many of the leaders among the professional men engaged in fiercely attacking and repelling each other. Questions of taste are debated with all the heat, the obstinacy, and the blind intemperance of political partizanship. Courtesy is utterly disregarded; argument is supplied by sneer and personality; and the *odium theologicum* is almost eclipsed by the *odium architectonicum* which is now so rife.

Not content with asserting the superiority

Windsor Castle itself fares not much better. Besides the other plates which contain the *contrasts* themselves, and in one of which we have “The Professor’s Own House,” there are two satirical frontispieces, the second particularly bitter to the TRADE, as Mr. Pugin styles it, and doubtless not likely to be less offensive, because irresistibly ludicrous and fraught with no small portion of Hogarthian whim. With all this, the author scruples not in his preface to lay claim to the “greatest candor!!” Well will it be for him if he does not obtain the *sobriquet* of “Mrs. Candor” Pugin.

of his own favorite style, each writer in his turn seems to consider it incumbent upon him to vilify every other style; as if the excellence claimed for it upon such grounds had something in it particularly flattering. One is so dazzled by the beauties of Grecian architecture* as to be thereby rendered quite blink-eyed and unable to discern in Gothic windows any thing more than “triangular holes in a wall!”† and further contends that the former style is far better adapted to our English climate and a London atmosphere than the other; which certainly militates very strongly against what has hitherto been admitted almost as an incontrovertible fact, namely, that the delicately carved mouldings of Grecian capitals and entablatures become very soon tarnished, and in time almost concealed, by black and soot. Another speaks most scornfully of ancient art, compared with that of the middle ages, and especially of its modern copies and copyists; setting at defiance the recent dicta of the founder of Fonthill Abbey, who, strange to say, after lavishing immense sums on a pile that was to have been a *chef-d’œuvre* of Gothic magnificence, has since declared, that we ought to adhere to Athens and Pæstum, or else to take our models directly from Palladio. Yet Palladio himself has not been spared of late; nor are there wanting those who denounce him as a most fallacious guide in point of taste,—as one whose authority has been of most pernicious influence. Even the admirers of classical architecture are divided into sects and parties, some of whom set up Vitruvius as their oracle, while their adversaries will hardly tolerate Roman architecture at all, much less acknowledge Vitruvius, whom they treat no better than as a pedant and an ignoramus. On some one or two, again, for they are too few to deserve, as yet, the name of a separate sect, a new light has suddenly broken in, and they now, for the first time, discover that we ought to abjure all preceding styles, what-

* We had penned the above when Mr. Hamilton’s “Letter to the Earl of Elgin on the New Houses of Parliament,” was put into our hands; which shows the writer to be as bigotedly opposed to Gothic architecture as Mr. Pugin is bigotedly, because exclusively, devoted to it.

† See an article on “Mr. Barry’s Designs for the New Houses of Parliament” in the London and Westminster Review. The initials W. E. H. attached to that paper, led us to suspect that it proceeds from the pen of Mr. W. R. Hamilton, author of a “Letter to Lord Elgin on the New Houses of Parliament,” there being sufficiently strong internal evidence to identify the writer of both productions. Neither does the discrepancy between the initials of the christian names invalidate such conjecture, it being fairly enough attributable to a typographical error on the part of the Review.

ever name they may bear, to cast off our shackles and leading-strings, and work out, as best we may, some style decidedly our own : * which doctrine is diametrically opposite to that of the *Periodists*, as they have been termed, who refuse to admire any thing for which no exact precedent can be pointed out, and who seem to consider plagiarism and imitation as the proof of genius. Whatever it may do among the next generation, such doctrine is not likely to find many supporters among those who have been taught to consider their art so limited as not only to be incapable of producing any new style, but even to admit of any modifications of those with which we are acquainted. Indeed one of the very latest of the various essays we have alluded to most earnestly deprecates innovation, for which, in the writer's opinion, there is a most unfortunate mania prevalent in the present day. With persons of his stamp the invariable cry is : "What absurdity to attempt to improve upon the Grecian orders !"

As for ourselves, we see no great cause for alarm on that head, because we have still to learn where any innovations of consequence have yet been introduced. Certainly those who advocate the adoption of other forms, and originality of style in architecture, have hitherto confined themselves to theory, without setting any pernicious example themselves to encourage others to follow them. However unsound and heterodox they may be in what they preach up, in their own practice they very laudably conform with established custom ; which shows a mistrust and timidity not quite so laudable in themselves. It is easy to say, that, guided by correct principles of taste, we might invent other modes of architectural beauty : we are ready to believe so ; yet, though we do not question the possibility, we should be better satisfied were those professional men who recommend such attempts, instead of confining themselves to bare assertions, to take some pains to illustrate their own theory by explaining rather more definitely and intelligibly the course that might be pursued, what change might be introduced, and what novel effects

obtained. They might try, for instance, whether it would not be possible to produce some new and happy varieties in the modes of fluting columns, and we ourselves upon a former occasion called attention to one or two felicitous innovations by the great Berlin architect,* which we consider a sufficient confutation of the foolish dislike to innovation merely as such : and, though we should be the very last to encourage any that was bad, we should be among the foremost to hail any that was good. Allowing that it would be quite idle to think of *improving upon* the Grecian orders, it does not exactly follow that it is therefore either undesirable or impossible to produce many varieties, which, although different from, and perhaps not quite so good as, the very choicest examples, should yet be decidedly beautiful. No one has, as far as we have ever heard, thought of improving upon Homer, or Phidias, or Raffael, and yet art has lost nothing because poets, sculptors, and painters have not confined themselves to repeating the particular excellences of those unrivalled masters.

Nevertheless, although we do not at all question the possibility of successful originality in architecture, and that in regard to style and detail, as well as composition and subject, we certainly do think it incumbent upon those who advocate the same views, especially if they are also professional men, to furnish us with something like definite ideas. Unless they do this, and thereby show that they themselves perceive, with tolerable distinctness, how what they so earnestly recommend is to be accomplished, at any rate how it might be attempted with some chance of success, they leave the difficulty precisely where they found it, nor can they complain if we refuse to believe that they are in any degree capable of removing it.† What we have just been saying will, perhaps, be thought to apply quite as forc-

* See Vol. 14, p. 105.—"The Present School of Architecture in Germany."

† Mr. Inwood has furnished, although by no means so satisfactorily as he appears to be capable of doing, some very clever hints in his pamphlet, entitled "Resources of Design in the Architecture of Greece, Egypt, and other Countries." Some valuable suggestions may also be found in a paper by Mr. Trotman, on "A Sixth Order of Architecture," (London's *Archit. Mag.* vol. 3.) But no one has more successfully demonstrated by actual exemplification what beautiful originality may yet be elicited from Grecian sources, and how the feeling and spirit of the best antique examples may be transferred into other forms, than Mr. G. Maddox, many of whose drawings exhibit the most felicitous invention in detail. It gives us great satisfaction, therefore, to learn that he is now engaged upon a series of Etchings, consisting entirely of fragments and pieces of detail composed by himself.

* "The imitation of the Greek has perverted the whole taste of modern Europe on the subject of architectural composition. It gives a style independent of ideas, and is setting (sets) manner above matter. It is the nonsense verses of the school-boys."—*Savage's Observations on Styles in Architecture.*

"The imitation of styles is a valuable discipline for a pupil, but a confession of incapacity in a professor.—*Ibid.*

Such seems also to have been the opinion of the late Thomas Hope, who, at the conclusion of his posthumous work, entitled an "Essay on the History of Architecture," expresses himself very forcibly in regard to this point.

bly to ourselves as to any one else ; yet, that we should here set about attempting what would detain us for at least several pages, is out of the question ; and at all events we have pointed to one or two instances that furnish some data, in support of the opinion to which we incline. Indeed, we are not quite sure that we shall not be accused of having already dwelt too long upon topics altogether foreign from our professed subject and the title of our paper.

Our apology must be, that we conceive the generality of our readers will readily extend their indulgence towards us, for our having thus made an opportunity to touch upon what is now agitating the architectural world, and is not without considerable public interest. Besides which, although not so closely linked with our main subject as actually to call for notice, it bears upon it collaterally, since it will be our task to show that, as far as Grecian architecture is implicated in the various disputes which have been going on, and which seem to betray that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," neither its advocates nor its adversaries, be they professional men or amateurs, appear to understand what it really was ; or, if they do, they entirely overlook one essential and most extraordinary distinction attending it. Before we come to treat of this, however, we must take the liberty of trespassing a little further, and remarking that a strong and not the least curious feature in one or two of the pamphlets which have been put forth is the jealous feeling, ill disguised by a tone of contempt, entertained against amateurs ;—that is, against the very class of the public—by no means an alarmingly large one—who take any direct interest in architectural studies. Unlike the professors of the other fine arts, architects, it would seem, are far more ready to repel than to encourage non-professional followers of it ; as if their art was more likely to be endangered by being generally understood, and had more to apprehend from intelligent cultivation of it than from a totally ignorant public. This betrays them into very awkward and even ridiculous inconsistencies : no doubt it may occasionally be highly inconvenient to have to do with persons who are not very easily imposed upon, and who are apt to exact more originality and talent, than it is in the power of every one who writes himself architect to manifest in his designs ; but it is assuredly not very rational to expect that those who neither understand nor care for the art will be its most efficient patrons, and promote it after the most intelligent manner. No ; the apathy of the public is complained of almost in the very same breath that preten-

sions of cognoscenti are ridiculed, and treated as if some degrees worse than positive ignorance. While it is mortifying that there should be so few capable of appreciating an architect's ability, it is equally or more disagreeable that there should be any one at all who can discern any want of talent. In short, although "heaven-inspired" amateurs, as Mr. Wilkins calls them, are a very troublesome set of people ; it would be an excellent thing to have a "heaven-enlightened" public, one capable of fully appreciating and relishing architecture, gifted with a keen perception of beauties, yet stone-blind to the most glaring defects. Their antipathy towards amateurs extends, however, only to living ones, since praise is ungrudgingly bestowed on those who have quitted the stage,—on a Wotton and an Evelyn, an Aldrich, a Burrowes, a Clarke, a Burlington, a Walpole, and a Hope. The cause of such dislike, no less short-sighted than narrow-minded, may easily be detected ; it is not veiled like the Isis of the Egyptians, neither is it an enigma requiring an Œdipus to unravel it. Yet that the art, if not the professors of it, is under no small obligations to the so much sneered at class of amateurs, is undeniable. For almost all the impulse it has received, and the advancement it has made during the last hundred years—and that it has advanced few architects will dispute—it has been indebted mainly, if not solely, to extra-professional exertions. Who was it who first re-opened our eyes to the beauties of Gothic architecture ? professional men ? Assuredly not : the resumption and study of that style was forced upon them by amateurs. It was these latter who pioneered the way, and diligently labored to remove the prejudices and the obstacles which encumbered it. Who again first roused us from our lethargy, and instructed us to look for models amongst the classical structures of Hellas and Ionia ? Dilettanti and amateurs, who, by their example and their patronage, induced architects to extend their studies to those regions. Had it not been for such persons, we should in all probability be at this moment precisely where we were a full century ago ; as perversely blind to the excellences of the Gothic architecture as were Evelyn and Wren, or no better admirers of it than was Batty Langley ;—still talking of the *five orders*—still swearing by the infallibility of Vitruvius and Palladio.

It is not asserting too much when we say, that to the patronage afforded by amateurs we are principally indebted for any thing beyond elementary practical books on the art. Were it not for them, there would not be sufficient demand to induce even the most

enterprising publisher to bring out any of those splendid historical and graphic works, to which architects themselves are so much indebted for what taste they may possess. Other considerations might fairly be pressed, but we forbear; something might be urged in favor of reciprocity of feeling and sympathy of taste, which ought to render professional men indulgent if not grateful. Yet it is sufficient to have pointed out the impolicy of the conduct they adopt. It appears to us, that they strongly overshoot the mark when they maintain, as they do, by implication at least, that no one who is not also a perfect master of the *science* can be a competent judge of the *art*; since were such really the case, none but practitioners themselves could appreciate or enjoy the beauties of architecture, consequently it must be of little matter to any one else what becomes of an art so completely sealed up from them. Of course architects do not intend to make so unfortunate an admission, yet to such conclusion do their own arguments lead.

By no means do we intend to say, that the mere setting up for being an amateur constitutes one,—that the affectation of taste insures the possession of it. A mere dabbler and smatterer, who knows perhaps little more than a few technical phrases, which he has got by rote, is but a shallow ignoramus and pretender—would that there were none such within the pale of the profession!—but that no one who has not gone through the routine of an architect's office, and become conversant with the practical and mechanical part of building, be his application and study what they may, can be said to understand the art, is a most monstrous argument.* It has been alleged against amateurs, that they are apt to arrogate too much to themselves, and seek to direct the public taste; yet they would not be able to assume such importance, were it not that the public in general are utterly ignorant of architecture as a fine art, and of course must consent to be guided in their opinions by those of persons to whom they look up, as at all events more competent judges than themselves. Do away with the mystery with which the study of architecture has been hitherto involved, as if

for the express purpose of deterring any one save the formally initiated from approaching it; teach them to use their eyes and their reasoning faculties at the same time; in short, let some acquaintance with it become a branch of elementary education, and the few could no longer direct and control the many, who would then have raised themselves to the same level. By such a change amateurs themselves would be benefitted, because, if they desired to maintain their present superiority, they would be under the necessity of going more thoroughly into the study of the art, in order to keep in advance of the rest of the public.

To depreciate the amateur or lay-architect, merely as such, betrays very confined and unworthy notions of art itself: it is making the means with which art works more important than its results, and in fact lowering the æsthetical value of architecture, by treating it as something decidedly inferior to the mechanical and technical part, which is too indispensably requisite to require to be formally insisted upon. And as regards the intellectual department—that, namely, which essentially constitutes architecture one of the fine arts, the professional man and the amateur are pretty much on the same level: the superiority, on whichever side it may lie, will depend upon the greater sensitiveness of the faculty of taste, and the degree in which that faculty is cultivated. That practical skill and long experience are insufficient to impart taste admits of little doubt, since the conviction that such is the case is, unfortunately, forced upon us almost daily. We may be forgiven, therefore, for suspecting that many who rank high in the profession, however able they may be in one branch of their art, are lamentably deficient in the other; perhaps too—for we will hazard the unpalatable paradox—such deficiency may in some degree be ascribed to the very circumstance of their being practical men and able men of business. The qualities most likely to insure success in that character are not exactly those best calculated to refine the taste, or to expand the mind. It is as likely as not, that such reputation will be valued and aimed at principally as insuring lucrative employment. If the amateur be without the stimulus which operates on the professional man, so is he likewise not exposed to the benumbing influence which, for the most part, accompanies it; and it may fairly be presumed—at least when we find him applying himself to a study, the reward of which, to him, consists in the application itself and the mental enjoyment springing from it—that he is sincerely attached to it. The volunteers in any cause are surely quite

* Not long ago, we met with some sneering remarks in the Times newspaper on amateur architects, the writer of which put the following query as an unanswerable clincher: "Who ever heard of amateur generals?" Yet, before we can adopt the conclusion he intended, he ought to have shown that there exists no difference whatever between the art of war and the fine arts. Besides which, he would have done well to call to mind that there is a good deal of amateurship in far more serious affairs, than those of art; to wit, in politics and legislation, neither of which is formally taught.

as much entitled to respect as its hired troops and mercenaries; nor would it be paying the highest compliment to architecture, to maintain that it is incapable of attaching to itself any of the first-mentioned class of followers.

We find that we have been led to dwell on this particular head longer than we intended to do, yet have we not expressed ourselves at all more at length or more forcibly than was required, in order to repel the illiberal taunts and strange prejudices which have been not less industriously than indiscriminately disseminated against a class of persons, who get the ugly name of intermeddlers bestowed upon them, for taking up that which certainly is not literally their "*business*." We have said that, as far as taste is concerned, there is nothing to prevent the amateur from becoming a match for the architect. Those belonging to the profession have certainly not established their pretensions to infallibility; since that they themselves are quite as much at fault as the rest of the world, is apparent from the irreconcilable dogmas and opinions they maintain. Of these, some few instances have been adduced above, and to them may be added the dictum of no less an authority than Sir Christopher Wren, who, in contradiction to all evidence and to his own example, affirmed that architecture admits of no fashions: yet, unless we except columns and their entablatures, and of them only Corinthian ones, modern architecture was till long after the time of Wren utterly dissimilar in its principles and taste from that of the ancients. Stuart and others have since familiarized us with the remains of classic art; and we have now copies of them almost *ad nauseam*,—that is, if the application, oftener the misapplication, of columns alone—feeble, frigid, and defective imitations—can with any justice be so termed. How many recent structures might be pointed out, which are most scrupulously and faithfully unfaithful to their professed originals!—faithful, indeed, as regards one division of the order employed, but very incorrect as to the rest, consequently more incorrect upon the whole than if greater liberties had been taken throughout, because all harmony and "keeping" are destroyed, and the expression of one portion contradicts that of the other. There is no need to go further than the features we professedly borrow from the antique, to show how little we conceive of its real spirit; when we fancy that the suppression of all ornament in the entablature and pediment is consistent with that exactness of imitation which is manifested in the columns themselves. Hence that exceedingly offensive discrepancy and obvious

falling off which shock the eye, that passes from highly finished capitals to bare friezes and scanty cornices.* This is not only an anticlimax in architecture, both contrary to the models we profess to adhere to, and to the principles of composition, but also a species of wholesale innovation, although allowed to pass without reprehension by those who would consider it little short of sacrilege should any one venture to make the slightest alteration in the capital of a column.

It seems to be laid down as a principle at the present day, that want of ornament and simplicity are the same thing—which is, by the by, a vulgar notion; and that consequently by omitting embellishment, we at once secure that simplicity which is extolled as the pervading charm of Grecian architecture. It is rather too much the fashion to speak of the simplicity observed by the Greeks, as if it were not only the predominating, but the exclusive quality of their buildings. After all, too, recent inquiries and discoveries show that with them simplicity was very far from being of a severe character; since, even where the forms and proportions inclined to the latter, a species of embellishment was indulged in which, according to our modern notions, must have been the very reverse of architectural chasteness, especially when applied to the exterior of an edifice; and what we should even consider to be gaudy and meretricious.

That, not content with the richness pro-

* Mr. Wilkins, we regret to say, has furnished us with a most egregious example of this in his National Gallery. The Portico of that edifice—which is, by the by, the only octastyle one in the metropolis, exhibits Corinthian columns after one of the most florid Roman examples, supporting an entablature and pediment, that look quite bare and unfinished in comparison with them; nor is the defect at all diminished by what is in itself certainly a beauty—namely, the close intercolumniation—since this contributes to a richness of effect and relief in the colonnade, which render the poverty of the entablature all the more incongruous. Yet does Mr. Wilkins pique himself upon being ultra-classical in matters of taste. In the portico of Carlton House, where the very same columns, some of them at least, were employed, the entablature was of a piece with them; and so far the order has not been at all improved by Mr. Wilkins' new version of it, which is an exceedingly bald and disjointed affair. Far more correctness has been shown by the architect of the Kemble Tavern, at the corner of Bow-street, where the Tivoli Corinthian has been applied with its enriched frieze: the antæ-caps are, perhaps, too plain and unimportant compared with the capitals of the columns, yet even that is of the two a less offensive error than the one observable in those of the National Gallery, which are disproportionably large and heavy, and quite different in style from the columns.

duced by sculpture,—of which they were by no means sparing,—the Greeks were in the habit of heightening the effect of their temples by painted ornament as well as by bronze and gilding, is now put beyond all doubt. Had such decoration been confined to chiaroscuro or monochrome painting, or merely to a few sober tints, or were the painting confined to compartments, panels, or borders, there would seem to have been nothing particularly incongruous in such practice, especially when we consider that the climate itself allowed it, as the colors would retain their freshness unimpaired for ages, although exposed to the weather. Yet it is nothing short of startling when we learn—as some probably may now do for the first time—that the entire architecture of their buildings was *polychrome*, its various surfaces being covered with positive and very decided colors, strongly opposed to each other; a taste very much akin to that shown in the illumination of the manuscripts of the middle ages. In fact the term “illumination” might, without any impropriety, be applied to this kind of colored architecture.

Even in the interior of a theatre or ball-room, where considerable latitude as to decoration is allowed, a modern architect would consider himself to be infringing all the principles of taste, and running into unpardonable extravagance, were he to paint the architectural members not in imitation of some richer material than that employed, but to variegate them with colors arbitrarily selected and altogether contrary to such imitation; nevertheless, we find this singular practice to have been adopted by the Greeks, and that too, not in buildings where it could be attributed to the fanciful caprices of individuals; but in such important national edifices as the Temple of Theseus and the Parthenon at Athens, which, in their original state, must have made an appearance altogether different from that hitherto imagined. Compared with their polychrome architecture, the species of ornamental painting in vogue at Pompeii, which, although exceedingly fantastical in itself, is to be considered no more than accessory embellishment, like the arabesques in the loggie of the Vatican, may be styled sober, and allowed to accord well enough with the character suitable for the apartments in private houses. Yet while Pompeii has generally been regarded as a proof of the decline of good taste among the ancients, and the style of decoration there prevalent has been ascribed to the flimsiness of the architecture, it merely followed, whether intentionally or not, the precedent that had been established by Athenian art in its most palmy days, and when it had attained its greatest

refinement. What adds to our astonishment is, that polychrome was employed not only for the stateliest public edifices, but for those erected in the severest and most dignified style of architecture; so that, judging according to modern principles of taste, there could have been very little harmony of expression; or rather, there must have been a harsh and conflicting mixture of very antithetical qualities—chasteness of form carried almost to sternness, and gaiety of coloring bordering upon gaudiness. A Doric edifice so embellished must have resembled not so much a Hercules wreathed with flowers, as a Hercules tattooed from head to foot, or covered, like a barbarian Pict, with grotesque figures painted on his skin.

In their polychrome buildings, the Greeks appear to have manifested a more licentious taste than that of the Arabian and Moorish architects, whose predilection for colored ornament has been censured by many as puerile in itself, and diametrically opposed to the “chaste simplicity” of classical architecture. Yet, in their structures, brilliancy of colors was naturally enough suggested by the materials made use of; it was not employed to conceal what was intrinsically valuable, but to give value to what would otherwise have appeared mean and ordinary. The use of porcelain tiles and inlaid pavements could hardly fail to suggest great variety of coloring and patterns, which might very well be allowed to extend itself to the whole of the architectural decoration, in order to produce consistency. But to coat over surfaces composed of large blocks of the finest marble with colors that must entirely conceal the beauty of the actual material, if not suggest the employment of one greatly inferior, is too much like “painting the lily” to be reconcileable with the exquisite taste and *Kunstsinn* attributed to the Greeks. It is rather strange that Vitruvius, who is so pedantically exact and wearisomely minute in regard to many quite unimportant particulars, should not have given any account of such a practice as that we are speaking of; yet as, notwithstanding the pompous pretensions he puts forth in behalf of his professions, he treats his subject very ploddingly and from an exceeding limited point of view, his silence in respect to the use of polychrome would cast no doubt on it, even were the fact itself now disputable. Neither can similar omission on the part of Pausanias be allowed to invalidate our belief in a practice, which recent discoveries so clearly prove to have existed. Ancient writers, and Pausanias among the rest, give us very little indeed that can properly be called description, when speaking either of buildings or

works of art. All that they say amounts to no more than notices of a few particulars ; for, as we have already remarked in another paper,* exactitude of description and graphic delineation were by no means their forte ; a circumstance much to be regretted, as it has tended to render very dry and unsatisfactory a branch of archæological study, which demands fulness and accuracy of verbal explanation.

We will not however, detain the reader any longer by general observations, but proceed at once to some extracts, showing what recent architectural examinations have brought to light, in regard to polychrome embellishment.

"What a striking difference there is," says M. : chaubert, architect to the Greek government, at Athens, "between Roman and Grecian taste, is well known to those who have travelled through Italy, and are also acquainted with the works of our own admirable Schinkel ; I shall, therefore, confine myself to the remarks we have ourselves made since our arrival at Athens. The execution of the temples, more particularly that of the Parthenon, far surpasses any idea it is possible to form of it. The immense blocks of marble all so closely united and fitted to each other, that the different pieces are distinguishable only by difference of tint, as it is of a deeper or lighter golden brown. The beautiful construction of the cornices and walls is not always so well expressed in Stuart's Plates as it ought to have been. The profiles, remarkable for their beautiful sharpness, seem in many instances to have been not perfectly understood by him. He appears, too, to have mistaken the badly constructed door-way, a work of Christian times, for the original one ; likewise the circle, which was probably intended to raise an altar or some other monument upon, for the diameter of the inner columns. These, however, are mere matters of detail that will require closer investigation ; but what will you say, when I inform you that *the whole of the temple* (*der ganze Tempel*) was coated with colors ? That the coffers of the roof were painted, and the frieze decorated with a *mæander* or Greek fret, executed in colors, is what you are already aware of ; but the entire building (both this and other temples) was similarly ornamented with colors, the pigments used for which were thickly laid on in the metopes and pediments, even on the folds of the drapery of the figures, and on the capitals,—in short on all the architectural profiles. So that, what with its *cyolos*, leaf mouldings, and all other lines and ornaments executed in various colors, the apparently simple and plain Doric temple of Theseus must have been far richer in effect than the richest example of

the Corinthian order ; and, in fact, it would be exceedingly well worth while to make an exact restoration of such a polychrome temple."

The expression *der ganze Tempel* deserves to be particularly noted, since it clearly points out that the painting was not confined to certain members, for the purpose of enriching them, instead of its being done by sculpture, but was applied throughout. That such was the case is put beyond all doubt, by the more particular account furnished by M. Semper, of Altona, an architect who has directed much of his attention to the subject of polychrome architecture, and who ascertained that Trajan's column at Rome was originally decorated with colors. Speaking of the building last referred to in the above quotation, namely, the Theseion, or Temple of Theseus, Semper says :—

"This monument still shows upon the whole of its external surface well-preserved remains of a coating of color, the material substance of which is least of all decayed on the south side of the building, although the actual color has vanished through the effect of time, or has changed its hue. It is only here and there—chiefly in crevices or in hollow surfaces—that, by carefully scraping off the external crusts, we can meet with the actual pigment employed. It was thus that the writer, detected two different spices of red, namely, a warm brick red on the columns, the architrave, and the general surface, and a very light cinnabar red on some of the ornaments ; two blues, (azure, or sky-blue, used for the masses, and a deeper blue employed for the ornaments), green, and some rather doubtful traces of gilding. The high-reliefs were also completely encrusted with colors, the remains of which are still plainly discernible in the folds of the draperies. The drapery of a sitting figure on the frieze above the portico of the temple shows itself to have been of a beautiful rose tint ; in other parts green appears to have been the prevailing color. The ground itself of the frieze was blue, and a large portion of the surface is still covered with it. Beneath the neck of the anta of the opisthodomos of this temple, on that side of it which is turned towards the columns in antis, there is still remaining a fragment of blue color, about the size of a man's hand ; and the whole of the *cella* appears to have been covered with it. In the niches which were afterwards constructed, in Christian times, between the antæ of the portico, out of fragments of the ceiling of the temple, we meet with some that are still either entirely or partly covered with the original glass-like enamel. The wall in the interior of the *cella*, from the deep socle to the height of six courses of stone, has been entirely coated with a thicker stucco, as the chiselled surface of the stones and the pieces of stucco still adhering to it plainly enough prove. Nor

* See article on "Landscape and Ornamental Gardening," vol. xvi, p. 149, &c.

can we imagine that this careful tooling of the surface with the chisel was the work of after-times; because, had they found the face of the wall smooth, the Christians would have painted upon that without further preparation, as we find them to have done in the Parthenon."

Sufficient evidence is here collected to prove beyond dispute the existence of polychrome architecture among the Athenians—further, what were the prevailing colors, and how applied. And M. Semper inclines to the opinion, ingenious and plausible even should it be erroneous, that the system of ornamental coloring in vogue among the artists of the middle ages was derived from the polychrome works of the ancients. In both, he observes, we find the same predilection for blue and red, which were brought into harmony by an intermixture of gold, green, and violet. In both, too, do we discover the same principle of coloring the leading architectural forms and members red, and the intermediate spaces blue. At any rate, it cannot be denied that there seems to have been a striking analogy of taste between ancient polychrome and the glass-painting and illumination of the middle—for it would sound oddly here to call them the dark—ages.

In order to afford some clearer idea of the combination of colors, we will now quote Quast's own remarks.

"The pigments were not merely a thin glazing of color to stain the marble, but were applied as a thick opaque coating upon it, so as entirely to conceal the material beneath; and of such coating the temple of Theseus retains more traces than any other. For the most part the colors, especially that produced by blue smalt, have quite disappeared, leaving only a grey crust on their surface, yet the original hue may even now be detected. In this edifice, the prevailing colors were blue and red, both of a full deep tone, yet so applied that one or other of them formed a darker ground relieving that placed upon it. The corona was a full blue, and the guttæ beneath it of a brownish red tint. The leaves of the foliage on the cymatium were alternately red with blue streaks, and blue with red ones: while the intervals between the leaves were filled up with green; which last mentioned color is that of the small leaves on some of the lesser mouldings. Some of the coffers are painted of a brownish red inclining to violet, against which green ornament relieves itself; others, on the contrary, show red stars on a blue ground. The plain architrave of the portico was a bright red; while the frieze was blue with figures in relief upon it, painted in their natural colors, or, in the language of heraldry, *proper*. The walls themselves were yellow, as is proved by the traces of that color still remaining on them. How the columns were colored it is not so

easy now to ascertain. Apparently only the echinus of the capital and the edges of the flutings were painted, while the flutings themselves displayed the pure and highly polished white marble."

Göthe has said that "a white door is a very unmeaning thing," *ein albernes Ding*; and we suspect—as our readers most probably will do—that he would have applied the same remark to a piece of architecture colored as above described: for meaning and architectural expression must have been altogether out of the question; neither does there seem to have been any thing so captivating to the eye as to reconcile it to inconsistency. Supposing the description to be accurate, we should have white columns striped with color placed before a wall; upon these columns would be an architrave painted of a full blue tone, consequently amounting to a mass of shadow, where brilliancy is desirable in order to relieve the entablature from the actual shadows projected by it. The articulation of the whole structure would be made to appear disjointed, and the entablature itself to consist of three distinct horizontal stripes, the only repetition of color being that on the architrave and corona, both of which are blue; that is, both dark surfaces projecting shadows. The result of such a combination could, in our opinion, be nothing else than spottiness, confusion, and indistinctness. Let an artist make the experiment by introducing such a polychrome building into a picture, and we may safely predict, that it would defy his utmost skill to make any thing of it; unless, indeed, he were to place it on bare rock and sand, with only sky behind it. In interior architecture the view is limited to the architecture itself; but in respect to the exterior of a building the case is altogether different, and, unless it forms a mass of tolerably uniform hue, it will not relieve itself as it ought to do from other objects. The predominating hue ought certainly to be, if not invariably lighter, distinct from that of trees or whatever else may become the back-ground to the architecture; whereas, as far as the temple of Theseus can be taken as any criterion of their general taste in the selection of colors, the Greeks appear to have utterly disregarded this principle, by introducing dark surfaces where they must have cut up the outline of the building. Surely the Greeks must have been as enamoured of blue as the inhabitants of some of the Russian provinces, (who are said to apply that color indiscriminately to every part of their houses, and to the utensils they have occasion to paint), when they bestowed it upon such architectural members as the architrave and corona, parts expressive of the framing of a building, and thus making

them besides altogether at variance with columns. In interior architecture, it is both common and allowable enough to put darker columns against a lighter ground; but in external architecture, to make any of the principal members darker than the surface they enclose or terminate certainly does seem quite a solecism. In those buildings which are termed "half-timbered," where a framework of wood was filled up either with brick or plaster, all the salient parts, mouldings, and outlines, were darker than the rest; yet this was perfectly natural, and consistent with, not contradictory to, the material itself.

However, until some experiment be made, as Schaubert recommends, and as we also could wish to see done, by making a restoration—not merely upon paper, but in more satisfactory form—of a Greek polychrome edifice, it is barely possible to judge what the effect would really be. It would, indeed, be hazardous to make any trial so perfectly novel and of such doubtful result with a building of importance, yet the effect might be judged tolerably well by an essay of polychrome decoration on some moderate-sized ornamental structure, for which purpose nothing more than a shell of wood and plaster would be required, because the painting would conceal the material. Still we do not imagine that either the same colors or the same arrangement of them as in the Theseion would prove satisfactory. It would be better to employ light neutral tints, whether inclining to warm or cool tones, for the larger masses; and to confine the positive colors and vivid hues to spaces and situations where ornament would not appear forced, nor cut up the design. After such style is the polychrome specimen of a façade of a house, in a work on ornaments now publishing by Gropius of Berlin; the colors are well sorted, so as to relieve each other distinctly and to produce an expression of gaiety without either harshness or glare.

Still we apprehend that, however pleasing it might be found in itself, polychrome would never answer practically in this country, since no process of painting would enable colors so applied to resist our climate; and not only would they lose their clearness, but partial stains and discoloration would soon take place. For the outside of our buildings we must be content with such variety as can be obtained by making use of different colored materials; and a good deal might, perhaps, be so far accomplished by having recourse to terra-cotta ornament with the colors burnt in, also slabs of the same material, or of artificial stone, for facing walls. Yet, if we must abandon the hope of being able ever to adopt polychrome decoration to

any extent, it would, if any where at all, be both practicable and suitable in such places as the Lowther Arcade, where it would be sufficiently protected from the weather. A covered passage of that kind lined with shops, partakes, in fact, more of interior than of street architecture; and in our opinion it would be more advisable to make the first experiment somewhere within doors. We say make the first experiment, because whatever variety of colors there may be in other respects, unless it be that colored marble or scagliola is employed for the shafts and their capitals, occasionally gilded or bronzed, all the strictly architectural forms are left colorless or nearly so; consequently the effect is altogether different from what it would be were the columns, entablatures, and other mouldings polychrome. For *pæcile* columns, the shafts, *exempli gratiâ*, might be painted with a full and delicate pattern on a dark ground, or *vice versâ*, in the same style as the ornaments usual on Greek fictile vases; and the bases and capitals might be picked out in more brilliant colors. The same decoration would of course be extended to the whole of the entablature, and to the soffits and lacunaria of the ceiling.

It is more probable than not that what we have just suggested will be thought to betray very questionable taste; yet those who would object to such style and application of polychrome would hardly be better satisfied with the taste manifested in it by the Athenians. There is, after all, some danger then that those who have hitherto been warmest in their eulogiums on Grecian architecture, asserting that the more it is understood the more it must be admired, will now, if not entirely retract, at least qualify, their praise. However unimportant the question of polychrome architecture may be in a practical point of view, it is certainly one highly momentous as far as taste is concerned; it being undeniable that we have hitherto quite mistaken that displayed by the Greeks in their architecture, giving them credit for a simplicity which they studiously avoided, even to such a degree that they will probably incur the charge of having been absolutely meretricious. Are we then henceforth to cast off our allegiance to them?—or to set about correcting our preconceived notions and erroneous theories? Should nothing further, therefore, as is most probable, be brought to light on the subject of Polychrome than what has been already elicited, the circumstance of the practice itself having been proved to have existed, and attention called to it, can hardly fail to produce some great change in our speculations on the art. Either the Greeks indulged in

much bad taste, and we have improved their architecture by purifying it from what debased it, or else their modern imitators are very far indeed behind them, and have yet much to learn ere they really enter into the spirit of what they profess to copy. The dilemma is somewhat awkward, to be under the necessity of either reproaching the taste of the Greeks, or admitting that we have all along been admiring, as the perfection of art, structures whose original character has quite disappeared. There is indeed one mode of getting rid of the dilemma, namely, by running away from it altogether, taking no further notice of the matter, and proceeding as we have hitherto been accustomed to do;—which mode, as saving a great deal of trouble, and uncomfortable disturbance of most comfortably settled notions, is perhaps, the one most likely to be adopted.

No other observations or discoveries of moment have been made by any of the architects now at Athens. Great progress has been made in clearing away the accumulated earth, rubbish, and modern buildings from the hill of the Acropolis, without any thing being brought to light except mere fragments of architecture and various inscriptions—that is, at the time Quast published; for during the present year there have been dug up a number of antefixæ, tiles, and mouldings of cornices, all of terra-cotta, which are conjectured to have belonged to some edifice more ancient than the Parthenon. One of these antefixæ is decorated with a Gorgon mask, resembling the Medusa head on a triglyph at Selinus; and affords another instance of polychrome,—the colors, although greatly impaired, being distinctly recognizable. That of the face is of a sallow corpse-like hue; the tongue, which projects from the widely extended mouth, is red, and the hair a bluish black. It is to these that Mr. Bracebridge refers in his letter to the Rev. C. Wordsworth (who has given it as an appendix to his “Athens and Attica”) when he says; “But the most interesting perhaps of these remains are the painted figures and heads, and especially the fragments of columns, triglyphs, and capitals, which *still retain their original colors*, blue, red, and the brightest ultramarine. The capitals in the Theseum, and many vestiges about the Erechtheum, show that the temples were in part colored, but no proof has been given, before the discovery of these primitive remains, that bright and highly contrasted colors were used generally on marble edifices.”

The above will be allowed to be very conclusive evidence: and the discovery which has taken place, although extending only to detached pieces of detail, is more than

usually important, because it clears up at once no less a point than one which decides what was really the taste of the Greeks in architectural embellishment. Several relics of metal ornaments have also been found in some sepulchres that were met with in excavating the ground for the foundations of the new palace; which edifice, as we learn from the above-quoted document, is now to be erected “just without the old Bobonistra gate, where the inscription to Hadrian remains, in a line between Lycabettus and the Parthenon, and on an eminence overlooking the town, the Hymettian chain, and the gulf.” This building, the first stone of which was laid by the King of Bavaria, early in the present year, is to be erected after the designs of Professor Görtner, architect of the *Universitäts Gebäude*, the new Royal Library, the Ludwigkirche, and many other noble structures at Munich. The choice of a site for the palace continued for a long while matter of discussion, and at one time it was proposed to build it on the eastern portion of the Acropolis, for which purpose designs were prepared by Schinkel. Whether Görtner’s edifice will be such as to leave no room for regret that the other design was not adopted, or whether considerations of economy rather than of taste caused his to obtain the preference, we have no means at present of determining; but, judging from the description and accompanying plan of Schinkel’s project, as given by Quast, we do not think it likely that so noble and varied a display of architecture as that would have been, will now be made. Schinkel’s idea was to convert the whole of the Acropolis into an enclosure, one extremity of which would have been occupied by the palace, at no very great distance from the eastern front of the Parthenon. A spacious avenue, laid out after the manner of an ancient hippodrome, would have led in a direct line from the ancient propylea to the new propylea or portal of the royal residence, passing between the Erechtheum and Parthenon, both of which would have been restored. Beyond this portal would have been an open, colonnaded court, while, from the vestibule formed by the propylea, a long gallery, formed into several divisions, with ascents at intervals, and exhibiting, through screens of columns, views into inner courts and gardens, and, in one point, a view of the eastern front of the Parthenon, would have conducted into a magnificent lofty hall, decorated in an unique style, with columns of black Laconian marble, supporting a roof entirely composed of open timber-work richly carved and painted, the prevailing colors being red and pale green relieved by gold. Of the originality and invention

displayed in this hall, Quast, who speaks from the perspective views of it made by the architect, expresses himself in terms of the greatest admiration, affirming that it would have been to the Athenian palace what the Sala de los Embaxadores is to Alhambra. We dare not indulge our own inclination by pursuing the description any further, and shall therefore only add that Schinkel appears to have mastered very happily the difficulties presented by the irregularity of the site, taking advantage of it to give great play and variety to every part of his design; and that the whole of the Acropolis, as laid out by him, would have been rendered a most fascinating spot, where elegance and refinement would have been so happily blended with the sublime, as shown in the monuments of elder days, that, instead of disagreeably jarring with the dignified structures of classical antiquity, they would rather have heightened their effect by just that degree of contrast which would have given reciprocal relief and value to the ancient features and to the new.

We trust that Schinkel's designs for this Athenian palace, though their execution has been frustrated, will not be entirely lost to his admirers, and that, if not introduced into his "Entwürfe," they will form the subject of a separate publication. If ever any one has conceived his subjects in the true spirit of Grecian architecture, designing, as its best masters would have done, had they lived in our times and been called upon to apply their art to other purposes and exigencies than those they had to provide for, it is Schinkel. Nor can more satisfactory testimony be borne to his taste and ability than that of Schaubert, who, after returning to Berlin from Athens, where he had been contemplating the majesty of the Parthenon, and the finished grace of the Erechtheum, pronounced the façade of the Museum at Berlin to be superior to any other architectural production in all Europe.

In this country, unhappily, we content ourselves with erecting portico after portico, all confined to one idea, all nearly upon the same scale, and consisting of a mere range of columns beneath a pediment, with little other difference than what is occasioned by the order employed, or the actual number of the columns.

It is time for us to attempt, if ever we are to do so, something more than this,—to produce some one specimen at least that should be a complete type of Grecian architecture and decoration, concentrating into a focus, as it were, all its most attractive and imposing qualities;—one that, besides being far superior to any thing we have yet achieved, in regard to positive grandeur of dimensions

and nobleness of material, should also exhibit the full effect of columns in combination, by showing at least one inner range of them behind those in front, which disposition conduces so greatly both to perspective variety and motion, and to the play and contrast of chiaroscuro. The whole should be elaborately enriched: besides reliefs on the inner walls, there should be ornamental accessories enriched with statuary and sculpture;—there should be not only bronze and gilding, but coloring, polychrome embellishments, if not subjects in painting. Beauty of design and material ought to be extended not only to the ceiling, but to the pavement. Not only the portal, but the doors themselves should exhibit the most refined taste,—the most finished workmanship. After requiring so much for the interior, a part of a portico on which our architects scarcely bestow any thought whatever, it is almost needless to say that we should demand sculpture, if not color also, to be liberally employed in the external frieze and pediment. Yet where can we point to a single instance where any thing at all like this has been done? Mr. Wilkins's portico to the National Gallery stops very far short indeed of Athenian taste and imagination, although it may perhaps satisfy those who conceive that a well-spaced range of columns is of itself sufficient to constitute a work of Grecian architecture, and to make us perfectly acquainted with all the essentials and characteristics of that style.

Both the profession and the public seem to stick quite fast at this point; yet a wide space remains to be cleared ere we get fairly within the pale of the real τέμενος of Athenian art; for until we produce at least one finished and perfect exemplar, showing not the mere forms alone, but the varied enrichments, the living hues which the ancients delighted to spread over their edifices, with what would now be considered lavish if not tasteless luxuriance,—we may go on prating for ever of Grecian architecture, but it will be of a common-place ideal of our own; nor shall we be able to attain to any adequate conception of it as it actually existed in Greece itself.

ART. IX.—*Von Bruoder Rauschen, vnd was Wunders er getriben hat in einem Closter, u. s. w.* (Of Brother Rush, and the Wonders he performed in a Monastery, &c.) Edited by Ferdinand Wolf and Stephen Endlicher. 8vo. Vienna. 1835. Only 50 copies printed.

THE character and form of the unpremedi-

tated creations of man's imagination depend as much upon external circumstances, and upon impressions from without, as upon the variation of character in man himself. The ferocity of Scandinavian or Gothic heroes could admit into its mystic creed no beings but those which inspired awe and terror, because it was unaccustomed to the quiet enjoyments of peace, to pleasant meadows or laughing glens; it contemplated only steel, and wounds, and blood. The wild hunter, who tracked his prey over the barren mountains which were as much his home as that of that of the beasts he pursued, to whom nature presented herself in her most gigantic and awful forms, himself acquainted only with danger, must have a creed which partook of the character of everything around him—the supernatural world was to him peopled with fierce and malignant demons. Just so the solitary hermit, who in the earlier ages of western Christianity fixed his abode in the deserts and the fens, rude and inhospitable tracts, could conceive them to be peopled by nothing but devils. But to the peaceful peasant, on whom nature ever smiled in her most joyous mood, she was peopled by gay and harmless spirits, who like himself loved to play and laugh—the beings he feared were restricted to the mountains whose heads rose in the dim distance, or their visits were confined within the darkness of night.

Thus, the only beings with whom a Beowulf would claim acquaintance were those against whom he might signalize his valor, the nickers who set upon him in the sea amidst the fury of the tempest, the grendel, the nightly devourer of royal thanes, and the fire drake whose vengeance carried destruction amongst his subjects. The literature which the darker ages have left us is not of that kind which would indicate to us the lighter superstitions of our forefathers. The impressions of fear are deeper and more permanent than those of mirth, and are more speedily communicated. The monks, whose greatest error was not that of scepticism, partook in all the superstitions of the vulgar—they disbelieved none of the fables of paganism, but they looked upon them in a new light. To them all spirits were either angels or devils, and as their canons assured them that the beings of the vulgar creed, which were in fact the remains of paganism, were not to be admitted into the former class, they threw them all indiscriminately into the latter. The creed of the monks could naturally admit of no harmless devils, of none who played for the sake of play alone, and the pranks and gambols and mischievous tricks of a puck or a hobgoblin were only so many modes by

which the evil one sought to allure the simple countryman into his power, to lead him to temptation and sin. But the playful freaks of Satan were not so often performed before the monks themselves, and therefore seldom found a place in their legends. The fears of the peasantry, on the other hand, were soon imparted to their spiritual teachers, and the latter were, or believed themselves to be, constantly persecuted by the malignity of the demons. It is our impression, indeed, that the monkish superstitions were entirely founded upon the old popular superstitions: instead of fighting against the errors of paganism, they soon fell themselves into that of supposing that they were engaged in a more substantial war against the spirits who belonged to the older creed, and whose interest it would be to support it. Thus, in their eagerness for the battle, they created their opponents. As the monks were generally successful in these encounters, they became bolder, and resolved to attack the enemy in his stronghold, seeking solitary residences among the fens and wilds. Hence, perhaps, arose in some degree the passion for becoming hermits. From all these circumstances it arises that, in the legends of the monks, although it is the creed of the peasantry which is presented to us, yet that creed is there so distorted and so partially represented as to be with difficulty recognised.

We have thus but little knowledge of the mirthful beings, the pucks and robin-good-fellows, of the peasantry, during the earlier ages of our history. That the popular mythology included such beings we have abundant proofs in the numerous allusions to them at a somewhat later period, namely, the twelfth century, after which the traces of them again nearly disappear, until the period when the invention of printing, and the consequent facility of making books, created a literature for the vulgar, and when the stories of their popular belief which had hitherto been preserved orally were collected for their diversion. Then we find that, as in earlier ages separate ballads had been woven together into epic cycles, so these popular stories were strung together, and a certain character of reality given to them in the person of a single hero, a Robin Goodfellow, a Hudekin, or, as in the curious tract whose title heads our paper, a Friar Rush. The sudden appearance of these stories and collections of stories gives rise to problems relating to their formation, which the want of a sufficient acquaintance with the stories in their earlier form renders it sometimes difficult to resolve; and it is only by an historical comparison of our scanty data that we can arrive

at any satisfactory knowledge of the nature and sources of the materials of which they are composed.

In this research, we must not reject even the legends of the monks, for they sometimes illustrate the lighter superstitions of our peasantry, as we may easily enough suppose, because, so long as the monks believed the imaginary pranks of the hobgoblins to be so many temptations of the evil one, there was no reason why, though they were generally subjected to severer trials, he should not at times practise upon them the same jokes, by way of diversifying his attacks. When the great Luther could believe a girl to be possessed by "a jovial spirit,"* we may easily pardon the monks if we sometimes find them in their legends subjected to temptations of the evil one which are very equivocal in their nature, and in which he shows himself in a no less equivocal form. Indeed in some of these temptations it is difficult to say what was the harm intended, and we can only explain the monkish story by translating it into the language and creed of the peasantry, and by introducing Robin Goodfellow upon the stage. As an example we will take a saint of a somewhat later period, of the twelfth century, because we have abundant authorities to prove that the frolicsome elves then held their place in the popular mythology. Every one must have heard of St. Godric and his solitary hermitage at Finchale, near Durham, on the banks of the Wear, a spot too wild not to be haunted by hosts of hobgoblins. Generally speaking, though it is certain that they led him a very uneasy life, Godric seems to have been too strong or too cunning for his spiritual tormentors. Once,

however, he was deceived. A goblin appeared to him in the night, and told him that, by digging in a certain place he would find a treasure. Godric was not covetous, but he thought that it would be a more Christianlike act to take the money and distribute it among the poor, than to let it lie buried in the earth—he believed the evil one, in spite of the admonitions of his faith which characterised him as a liar from the beginning,—but out of the hole which he dug, instead of treasure, there came a troop of elves, who laughed at the hermit and fled away. Godric's chief employment was digging in his garden. One day, while he was at work, came a man whose stature and appearance were sufficient to create suspicion—he reproached Godric with idleness, and the saint, who was again deceived, gave him his spade, and allowed him to proceed in his work whilst he himself went to his devotions. On his return, he found to his astonishment that the stranger in the course of an hour had done the work of eight days. With the sacred images which were in his book he put to flight the evil one, and he made the earth which had been dug do penance by lying fallow for seven years.*

If we look upon the two foregoing stories as mere saints' legends, they are out of their place, and appear to us to have no object—the whole amount of the evil done or intended by the devil was but a merry frolic: but when we look upon them in another light, when we consider that Godric himself was but a peasant, and that naturally enough he partook in the superstitions of his fellows, we recognise in the first a treasure legend, one which may be compared with any of those in our excellent friend Crofton Croker's *Irish Tales*, and in the tall gentleman who dug so efficiently there can be no doubt that we have the laborious elf, the Scottish Brownie, the Portunus of Gervase of Tilbury: who, in the same century, tells us that these spirits, when they found any thing undone in the house they entered at night, fell to work and finished it in an inconceivably short space of time (*si quid gestandum in domo fuerit, aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt*,

* See Michelet's interesting work, the *Mémoires de Luther*, 1836, tom. 3, p. 170. The alchymists and the rosicrucians even in the seventeenth century reproduced all the superstitions of the monks and peasantry of an earlier period. In the MS. Harl. 6482 (17th century), a most extensive collection of the doctrines of these people, we have the following account of the hobgoblins. "Of spirits called Hobgoblins or Robin-good-fellows. These kinde of spirits are more familiar and domestical than the others, and, for some causes to us unknown, abide in one place more than in another, so that some never almost depart from some particular houses, as though they were their proper mansions, making in them sundry noises, rumors, mockeries, gawds, and gesticulations, without doing any harme at all, and some have heard them play on gitterns and jews harps, and ring bells, and make answer to those that call them, and speak with certain signes, laughs, and merry gestures, so that those of the house come at last to be so familiar and well acquainted with them that they fear them not at all." The writer goes on to say that, though they seem harmless, they would do harm if they could, and that every body ought to be on their guard against them.

* The life of Godric is given in Capgrave, *Legenda Nova Angl.*—but there exists in MS. a life much longer and very interesting, written by a person who conversed with the hermit, MS. Harl. No. 2277. The digging story is found in the MS. at fol. 48, v^o., in Capgrave, fol. clx. v^o., Ed. Wynk. de Worde. The treasure legend occurs at fol. 60, v^o., of the MS. (Capg. fol. clxij, v^o). The elves mentioned in the latter were very small and black, which was their general color in the monkish stories. Godric often saw such elves, see the MS. fol. 62.

citius humana facilitate expediunt). Godric was frequently a witness of the playful rogueries of the demon, as well when performed upon others as upon himself (MS. Harl. fol. 47, v^o.), and on one occasion the evil one amused himself, and no doubt the saint also, by dancing before him most ludicrously in the form of a distended sack (f. 69, v^o).

Another story which is told of Godric is equally pertinent to our subject. One day in autumn, the saint was gathering his apples. Suddenly there appeared on the other side of his hedge a great rough looking fellow, whose outer garment, open from his neck to his thighs, resembled green bark, beneath which he seemed to be clad in a rough bullock's hide. "Give me some apples, hermit!" shouted the stranger, and he shouted more than once, for at first Godric paid little attention to him. At last the hermit, turning towards him, said that if he would have any he must ask for them in the name of charity. "I ask for them in the name of charity, then," was the answer, in a gruff and rather embarrassed tone. "Take them," said Godric, "in the name of charity, and give God thanks." But the stranger threw them down, and, turning about, after saluting Godric by certain gestures which were none of the most becoming, marched slowly away, leaving however a testimony of his fiendlike nature in the odor which followed him, at which the poor saint was so horrified that "every hair of his body stood stiff like the bristles of a boar." In our note below, we give this curious story as it stands in the original.* It may, we think, be true, as it is told by one who conversed with the hermit, but it must be true just as long afterwards that another person took the keeper of a forest for Robin Goodfellow: such boors as Godric's devil were not confined to the twelfth century. Godric judged of the nature of his visiter by the smell which he left behind him, but to us

the color of his coat tells to what class of beings the saint was thinking of.

Contemporary with Godric there lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, another pious rustic, whose name was Ketel, and whom we may term the elf-seer. The historian William of Newbury relates many wonderful anecdotes of him. While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the waggon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be and whatever they might be doing, and he often saved people from their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence, for he did not tell these things to every body, that there were some hobgoblins (demons) who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power; but that others were small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but which delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the road-side on the look-out for travellers upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity. A story equally curious, as showing how the popular legends were adopted by the monks of other countries as well as of our own, is that of the elf who in the earlier half of the twelfth century haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves, told by our English chronicler John of Brompton. One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that during the night a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for the next morning another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot, and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled

* "Cum poma colligeret in autumpno quidam procerus et circa humeros plusquam homo distentus, lustrabat sepe, habens exterius operimentum quasi de cortice viridi, ab humeris usque ad renes dissutum, interius autem velud corium bovis hirsutum. Qui vociferans, 'Heremita,' dicebat, 'da michi de pomis.' Ille prius tacuit, sed cum importunius instaret, conversus ad eum, 'Frustra,' inquit, 'laboras, nisi pro caritate rogaveris.' Tunc imperfecta verbi prolatione, 'Pro caritate,' dixit, 'postulo.' Ad hec Sanctus, poma proferens ait, 'Accipe, et Deo gratias age.' Ille oblata respuit, et cepit recedere lento gressu cum fetore, posteriora sua ostendens, et verenda nimis longa et horrida pro se trahens. Ex hoc turpi aspectu ita vir sanctus inhorruit, ut omnes sui corporis pilos tanquam setas porcorum exurgere et rigere sentiret. Quanto autem ille temptator longius discedebat, tanto magis et fetor et turpitudine crescebat." MS. Harl. fol. 59, v^o.

all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf (*puerulum nigrum mirandæ parvitas*) sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighboring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished. Similar stories run through the mythology of all the western people;—we will point out the story of the Haunted Cellar in Crofton Croker's *Irish Fairy Legends*, with the premisal that we consider the greater part of those legends as being of Saxon and not of Irish origin.

We could easily multiply our examples of fairy stories inserted among the monkish legends, particularly those of a less ludicrous nature. Godric and Ketel having been both rustics, their lives abound more with legends founded upon those of the peasantry than the life of any other saint, and they thus show us more distinctly the connection between the superstitions of the two classes. We have at the same time a few independent allusions (or nearly independent, inasmuch as though related by monks they are given as popular legends) to these stories in their original form. We will give two examples of such allusions, which are quoted by the Grimms in the introduction to the *Irische Elfenmärchen*. The first is of the ninth century, and is told by the monk of San Galen, whose work is printed in the fifth volume of Dom Bouquet. It is a story of the laborious playful goblin (*demon qui dicitur larva, cui curæ est ludicris hominum illusionibus vacare*), and the latter part of it may be compared with the foregoing story of the elf who haunted the abbot's cellar. Our goblin frequented the forge of a smith, where he played all night with the anvil and hammers, to the no small annoyance of their proprietor, who resolved to drive him away by the signing of the cross. But the elf had formed an attachment to the place, and was not willing to go: "Gossip," said he to the smith, "let me play in thy forge, and if thou wilt place here thy pitcher thou shalt find it every day full of wine." The terms were readily accepted, and every night the elf repaired to the cellar

of the bishop, filled his pitcher with wine, and, clumsily enough, left the cask open so that all the rest of the wine ran out upon the floor. The bishop soon perceived what was going on in his cellar, and supposing that the mischief must be the work of some spiritual adversary, he sprinkled the cellar with holy water, and fortified it by the sign of the cross. The night following the elf entered as usual with his pitcher, but he could neither touch the wine nor escape from the place, and in the morning they took him and bound him to a stake, where he was condemned to undergo the punishment due to a thief. Amidst his stripes he never ceased to cry, "Alas! alas! I have lost my gossip's pitcher!" Our other extract is from a very old *Pœnitentiale* which is preserved in a manuscript at Vienna; it alludes evidently to the same class of stories, and to a practice which had arisen out of them, and points out the necessary penitence for those who "had thrown little bows and small shoes into their cellars and barns, in order that the hobgoblins might come thither to play with them, and might in return bring them other people's goods."

From some cause or other, with which we are not well acquainted, our chronicles of the twelfth century are full of fairy legends. The Cambrian Giraldu, Gervase of Tilbury, William of Newbury, and a host of others, give us so much curious information on the popular mythology of their time, that we can, without much difficulty, sketch the outlines of the vulgar creed. We are there made acquainted with the mischievous elf in all his different shapes, and Gervase even is doubtful whether, on account of the harmlessness of his jokes he ought to call him a *demon* or not—"Ecce enim Anglia dæmones quosdam habet, dæmones, inquam, nescio dixerim an secretas et ignotæ generationis effigies."

The familiar goblin of Gervase of Tilbury, like the fir-darrig of the Irish, and Milton's 'lubber fiend,' loved to seat himself before the remains of the fire after the family had retired to their slumbers: he then appeared as a very little man, with an aged countenance, and his face all covered with wrinkles. He was very harmless, and his great characteristic was simplicity, in which he resembled the rustics, whose houses he commonly frequented. One of his names, indeed, (*folletus*, Gerv. T., the modern French *follet*, which is a diminutive of the old French *fols*, *fou*), signifies the little mad-cap, and may refer both to his simplicity and to his pranks. The *follets* of Gervase haunted generally the houses of country-people, whence neither holy water nor exorcism could expel them. They were invisible, and made known their arrival by throwing

about stones, and wood, and even the pots and kettles. They also talked with great freedom. Giraldus tells us many stories of the domestic and playful elves of his native county of Pembroke, where they were very common, and plagued people by throwing dirt at them, and by cutting and tearing their garments. They took great delight also in telling people's secrets, and they paid no heed to the priests or their conjurations. Sometimes they entered into people, who thus became po-essed, and they there continued their tricks and their conversation. An elf of this kind, in human form, entered the house of one Elidore Stakepole, in that county, where he hired himself as a servant, and proved himself extremely faithful and diligent. As in every instance where an elf, whether puck, or brownie, or troll, has formed an attachment to a place, he has brought good luck along with him, so the family of Elidore Stakepole prospered exceedingly—every thing went well with them. But Elidore, like many another in his situation, ruined himself by his curiosity. The elf was accustomed, during the night, to resort to the river, which shows his connection with the whole family of the Teutonic alfen. One night he was watched, and the next day he quitted for ever the house of Elidore Stakepole, after telling the family who he was, and how he had been begotten by an incubus on a woman of the parish.

Before leaving the familiar elf of the twelfth century, we will present to our readers an inedited legend from a work of that century, the manuscript chronicle of Ralf of Coggeshale, which is particularly curious, from its singular resemblance to the more modern story of the German Hinzelmänn. During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, "a certain fantastical spirit," who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighboring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first the family of the knight were extremely terrified, but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place; but he was by no means deficient in learning; for, when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked

Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt too, readily enough, but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her; at last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock. He also said that he was born at Lavenham; that his mother left him for a short time in a field where she was gleaning; that he had been thence suddenly carried away, and had been in his present condition seven years; and that after another seven years he should be restored to his former state. He said that he and his companions had each a cap, by means of which they were rendered invisible. This was the German tarn-kappe. He often asked for food and drink, which, when placed on a certain chest, immediately disappeared. The writer, from whom this story is quoted, asserts that he had it from the chaplain who figures in it.*

Another story has been pointed out to us in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford,

* "*De quodam fantastico spiritu.*—Tempore regis Ricardi, apud Daghewurthe in Suthfolke, in domo domini Osberni de Bradewelle, quidam fantasticus spiritus multociens et multo tempore apparuit, loquens cum familia predicti militis, vocem infantis unius anni in sono imitatus, ac se Malekin vocitabat. Matrem vero suam cum fratre in domo vicina manere asserebat, et se frequenter ab eisdem oburgari dicebat, eo quod ab eis discedens cum hominibus loqui presumeret. Mira et risui digna et agebat et loquebatur, et aliquoties aliorum occultos actus retegens. Ex colloquiis ejus primo uxor militis et tota familia valde territa est, sed postmodum ejus verbis et ridiculosis actibus assuefacti, confidenter ac familiariter cum eo loquebantur, plurima ab eo inquirentes. Loquebatur autem Anglice secundum idioma regionis illius, interdum etiam Latine et de Scripturis sermocinabatur cum capellano ejusdem militis, sicut ipse nobis veraciter protestatus est. Audiri et sentiri potuit, sed minime videri, nisi semel a quadam puella de thalamo visa est in specie parvissimi infantis, qui induebatur quadam alba tunica, nimium prius a puella rogata et adjurata ut se visibilem ei exhiberet, que nullo modo ejus petitioni consentire voluit, donec puella per Deum juraret, quod eam nec tangeret nec teneret. Confessa est quoque quod nata erat apud Lauaham, et dum mater ejus secum eam deferret in campum ubi cum aliis messuit, et solam eam relinqueret in parte agri, a quadam ala rapta est et transposita, et jam .vij. annis cum eadem manserat, et dicebat quod prout alios .vij. annos reverteretur ad pristinam hominum cohabitationem. Cap[p]ello quodam se et alios uti dicebat, qui se invisibiles reddebat. Cibaria et potus ab assistentibus multociens exigebat, que super quandam archam reposita, amplius non inveniebantur."—*MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. X. fol. 89, v^o.* The confusion of genders makes the latter part rather obscure.

which at once introduces Robin Goodfellow both in name and action. It occurs amongst a collection of short stories, moralized after the manner of the time, and, as a specimen of the whole, we give both the tale and its moral. "Once Robinet was in a certain house in which certain soldiers were resting for the night, and, after having made a great clamor during the better part of the night, to their no small annoyance, he was suddenly quiet. Then said the soldiers to each other, 'Let us now sleep, for Robinet himself is asleep.' To which Robinet made reply, 'I am not asleep, but am resting me, in order to shout the louder after.' And the soldiers said, 'It seems, then, that we shall have no sleep to-night.' So sinners sometimes abstain for a while from their wicked ways, in order that they may sin the more vigorously afterwards. The soldiers are the angels about Christ's body, Robin is the devil or the sinner," &c.*

This last story, if it be of the thirteenth century, is an almost solitary allusion to the pranks of the familiar elf in England for a long period after the century preceding. During the latter part of the twelfth century, and the whole of the thirteenth, a vast struggle and a vast revolution of feelings and notions were going forward in our island. With the change came in gradually a new and more refined literature; the saints' legends were thrown aside to make way for the romances; and the gross and mischievous elves lost their reputation before that of the more airy and genteel race who were denominated by the newly introduced name of fairies. It is worthy indeed of remark, that the manuscripts of the lives and miracles of the English saints are by far the best and most numerous during the twelfth and the earlier half of the thirteenth centuries. We must therefore pass over the centuries which follow, and come immediately to the period of the formation of those histories, of which we shall at present consider the adventures of Friar Rush to be the representative, the more so as his was a story popular throughout the whole of Teutonic Europe.

It had long been supposed that the original of the history of Friar Rush must have

existed in Germany; and at last our excellent friend, Mr. Thoms, (who had previously reprinted in his *Early Prose Romances* the English story) accidentally discovered an early poem on the same hero in the German tongue. He communicated the discovery to his friend Dr. Wolf, who afterwards found several copies of different editions in the German libraries, all of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and from his researches has been produced the curious and elegant volume which we have now before us. This German poem is the earliest version of the story of which we have any knowledge; and, as might perhaps be expected is the simplest in its details. Its hero is introduced to us as a *bonâ fide* devil; but there are too many traits in his actions and character to allow us to be mistaken in identifying him with the elves of whom we have been speaking. There was once, as the legend tells us, a fair abbey—

"In distant land beside a wood,
Well known to fame an abbey stood;
A numerous brotherhood within;
But ill did abbey discipline
Sort with the joyous warmth of youth,
And oftener dwelt their thoughts, in sooth,
On gentle damsel's charms and beauty,
Than on their gospels or their duty."*

The German legend places the abbey in Denmark—

"In Denmarck bey Helsinghore genant,
Do ym das kloster was wol bekannt:"

The Danish poem, on the contrary, fixes it in Germany, in 'Saxon-land;' and the English, leaving the question entirely unresolved, tells us simply that it was 'beyond the sea.' Be this as it may, our worthy friend, Friar Rush, saw that there was a noble occasion of doing mischief, and he repaired to the abbey in the garb of a youth who sought employment. He was well received by the abbot, and appointed to serve in the kitchen. But he soon made it manifest that he was fitted for higher and more confidential service. Before night he performed the part of a skilful envoy, and pro-

* "Nota de *Robinet* qui fuit in quadam domo in qua milites quidam quadam nocte hospitati sunt, et cum media nocte multum clamasset, et milites valde inquietasset, et a sompno impedisset, tandem clamore fassus quievit. Et dixerunt milites ad invicem, 'Dormiamus modo, quia modo dormit *Robinetus*.' Quibus *Robinetus* respondit, 'Non dormio, sed quiesco, ut melius postea clamem.' Et dixerunt milites, 'Ergo non dormiemus hac nocte.'...Milites sunt angeli,...*Robinus* diabolus vel peccator."—*MS. Digby*, No. 172.

* We give the passage thus loosely paraphrased as a specimen of the style of the old German poem—

"Ain kloster vor eim walde lag,
dar in man vil der wunder pflag.
Do waren münch ein michel theil,
sie waren iung vnd dar zno geil,
Vnd schwartz kutten truogen sie dar;
sie dienten gott gar wenig zwar.
Ein yetlicher wolt haben ein eigen weib;
des ward vnder ynen mancher streyt."

cured for the father abbot the company of the dame whom he had long desired. The fame of Rush was soon spread amongst the community, and every brother of the abbey was fitted with a bedfellow after his liking. Time passed on, and Rush made continual advances in favor, when a sudden quarrel arose between him and the 'Master Cook,' who seconded his orders by rude strokes of a staff which lay ready at hand. Rush was enraged, seized the cook, and threw him into a pot which was boiling on the fire, where he was scalded to death. The abbot and the friars, hearing that an accident had happened to their cook, unanimously chose Rush into his place, who in his new office gained daily an increase of their good graces by the excellent dishes which he prepared for them, particularly on fast days. For seven years did Rush serve in the abbey kitchen, and in the eighth, he was called before the abbot, and was made a friar in reward for his services.

One day the friars found brother Rush sitting in the gateway cutting wooden staves, and they asked him what he was doing, and he told them that he was making for them weapons, with which, in case of danger, they might defend their abbey. And about the same time there arose great dissension between the abbot and the prior, and between the monks, and all for the sake of a woman; and each party went secretly to Friar Rush and provided themselves with stout staves. The same night, at matins, there was a great fray; the abbot struck the prior, and the prior struck the abbot again, and every monk drew forth his staff, and there were given plenty of hard blows. Rush, to increase the confusion, blew out the lights, so that none knew his friend from his foe; and then, seizing the great bench, he threw it amidst the combatants, whereby not a few had broken bones, so that they all lay together in the chapel in a most dismal state. When the fray was ended, Rush came with a light, pretended to feel great concern for what had happened, aided them to rise, and counselled them to seek repose in their beds.

The devils of the legends, like the elves whose place they had usurped, were very simple, and were often cheated or disconcerted by a trifle. So it happened in the end with Friar Rush. One day, when he was returning late to his cloister, reflecting that there was nothing in the kitchen for dinner, he tore in two pieces a cow which was grazing in the fields where he passed, and carried the one half home with him to the abbey. Next day the owner was dismayed at finding but the half of his cow. As night drew on suddenly while he was still in the fields, he

took shelter in a hollow tree. Now it so happened that this identical night had been appointed by Lucifer, the prince of the devils, to meet his emissaries on earth, and to hear from them an account of their proceedings; and they came flocking like so many birds to the very tree in which the countryman had concealed himself. Without perceiving that they were overlooked and overheard, they began each to give an account of himself, until it came at last to the turn of Rush, who told how he had been admitted as cook in the abbey, how he had set the monks by the ears, and had given them staves wherewith to break each other's heads—all of which they had done to his entire satisfaction—and how he hoped in the end to make them kill one another, and so bring them all to hell. Next morning the countryman left his hiding-place, repaired straight to the abbot, and gave him a faithful account of all that he had seen and heard. The abbot called Rush before him, conjured him into the form of a horse, drove him from the place, and forbade him ever to return thither.

Rush, driven away in spite of himself by the ban of the abbot, hied over the sea to England, where he entered the body of the king's daughter, and caused her many a day of torment. The king, her father, sent to Paris for the most skilful "masters," who at last forced Rush to tell his name, and to confess that none had power to dispossess him except the abbot of "Kloster Esron," for such was the name of the abbey where he had dwelt. The abbot came, called Rush out of the maiden, forced him into his former shape of a horse, which he condemned him henceforth to retain, and made him carry over the sea to Denmark himself and the reward which the king of England had given him.

Such is the outline of the German legend of Friar Rush. Its learned editors, in their interesting preface, coincide entirely in our views of the character of its hero, and their notion of the process by which the present legend was formed is in the main the same as our own, namely, that the fundamental legend of Friar Rush was perhaps originally a Latin monkish legend, now unknown, which took its birth in Denmark, and which was soon spread orally among the people, thus taking a more popular form—that at a later period the original legend, the popular form which it had thus taken, and the well-known legend of St. Zeno, had all been combined together in forming a larger poem, still confined to Denmark, and that either orally or in writing it was thence carried into Germany, (see Pref. p. xxvii). The proposition, however, as thus put, gives rise to one

or two questions, that may at least be stated, if not discussed. First, are we authorized to infer, from the circumstances of the locality of Friar Rush's abbey being placed by the German poem in Denmark, and of the existence of the legend itself in that country, that that legend was originally Danish? After a fair consideration of the question, it appears to us that the probability at least is for the opinion of Drs. Wolf and Endlicher. But we are inclined also to think that, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and perhaps later, it was very common, when people would tell a legend supposed to have happened in another land, to place its locality in Denmark; we have thus in Giraldus the story of a household spirit who served a bishop in Denmark) perhaps the oldest form of the story of Hudekin); we have several stories among our saints' legends whose scene is Denmark; and the oldest form in which we have yet met with the story of Shakespeare's Shylock is in an Anglo-Latin manuscript, where it is said to have occurred in Denmark. Had the name of Denmark been thus accidentally introduced, the story might have been adventitious to that country, and yet might at a later period have localized itself there.

Laying aside, however, the question of locality, there arises another of much greater importance to the history of the legend—did the character of Friar Rush exist among the people independently of the legend which is now inseparable from his name? or, in other words, was Friar Rush a general or a particular name in the popular mythology? The preface of our friends, Drs. Wolf and Endlicher, furnishes us with a passage which we think sets aside all doubt on this question, because it alludes to a tale that with little variation occurs constantly in the popular mythology;—we mean the “*mira historia*” which Pontoppidan relates on the faith of Resenius,—how a nobleman in Denmark one day threatened jokingly his children that Friar Rush should come and take them, and, how the friar was instantly present, and by force invisible held the nobleman's carriage fast to the spot. We are inclined to think that at an early period there came into the popular mythology of our western lands a personage in the character of a monk or friar. In Germany the monk was sometimes Rubezahl, and the story which we quote for our authority affords us another instance how the writers on witchcraft and spirits in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, like the monks who preceded them, confounded elves with devils, which naturally arose from their belief in the existence of the former, and their own peculiar sentiments with regard

to the latter.* In the popular superstitions of England there certainly existed such a friar, who was not less mischievous than Brother Rush. Every body knows the “*friar's lantern*” in Milton which led the people astray from their path. Harsnet alludes to the practice of laying a bowl of cream to propitiate “Robin Goodfellow, the Friar, and Sisse (i. e. Cicely), the dairy-maid,” in which three personages we suspect that we see three others, the Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and maid Marian of the old popular moricedance. Denmark, therefore, and Germany also, may have had their Friar Rush, and we suspect that such a personage under the same name was well known to our English peasantry, for, the first time we meet with him in England, which is early in the latter half of the sixteenth century, he is by no means introduced as a foreigner. We are inclined therefore to think that the sojourn of Rush in the abbey was originally a legend of Friar Rush, and not the legend of Friar Rush, but that this particular legend became so popular that it either absorbed or eclipsed all the others, so as by degrees to leave its hero identified only with itself. The groundwork was the simple story of the visit of the mischievous elf to a monastery, a legend common enough if we may judge by the German stories in Wierus.

A legend, like a ball of snow, is enlarged by rolling, and so soon as Friar Rush became the acknowledged hero of a history, that history increased rapidly in its passage from one hand to another. In the old version, which was published in England, we have many circumstances that are not found in the German, and these additions show us very distinctly in what light those from whom they came must have looked upon the personage of the friar. The English story of Friar Rush is in prose, is extremely amusing, and is easy of access in the curious collection of Mr. Thomas. During his stay in the abbey, after the battle of the staves, Rush continues here his tricks upon the abbot and monks, at one time covering the abbot's wagon with tar when he was told to grease it, at another drinking wine at the abbot's ex-

* “*Ferunt in montanis Bohemiæ non raro apparere monachum, quem nominant Rubezal, et persæpe in thermis conspicuum, iter per montanas sylvas facturis sese adjungere, eosque bono animo esse jubere, se enim ignaros itineris recto tramite per sylvam deducturum, quos simul ac in nemore in avia deduxerit, ut quo se vertant prorsus nesciant, eum protinus in arborem subsillire, tantumque cachinnum tollere, ut vastum inde nemus resonet. Monachus iste vel Rubezal est Satanas ipse, qui assumpta monachi specie istas nugas agit.*”—*Magica de Spectris*, Ludg.-Bat. 1656, p. 79. (Collected by Grosius.)

pense, and saying that he had given it to the horses, and lastly breaking down the stairs of the dormitory, so that when the monks at night would descend to their matins, they all fall down and break their bones. Such stories also have been told of Robin Goodfellow. After having been driven from the monastery, Friar Rush enters into service, and becomes on the whole a very honest and harmless fellow, still retaining one characteristic of the old industrious elf, that of doing much work in a short space of time. He hires himself to a countryman, whose wife is a terrible scold, and will not permit her husband to keep a servant, in order that he may be obliged to go to the fields, and thus give her an opportunity of receiving the visits of her paramour, the priest. Rush becomes very jealous of the interests of his master. At supper, the first day,

"As they sate at meate, Rush demanded of his master what he should doe the next day? his master answered, thou must rise early and goe to the field, and make an end of that which I was about this day, (which was a great dayes worke); so when they had supt they went to bed. Early in the morning Rush arose and went to the field, and wrought so lustily, that he had done his work betimes; for when his master came to bring him his breakfast, all his worke was finished whereat his master had great marvaile; then they sate downe to breakfast, which being ended they went home, and did such thinges as were there to bee done; when his dame sawe that he had so soone ended his busines, she thought that he was a profitable servant, and said little, but let him alone. In the evening Rush demanded of his master what hee should doe the next morrow? his master appointed him twice so much as hee did the day before, which Rush refused not, but got up early in the morning, and went to the field, and about his worke; so soone as his master was ready, he tooke his man's breakfast and came to the field, thinking to helpe Rush; (but he was no sooner come from his house but the priest came to see his wife, and presently she made ready some good meate for them to be merry withall, and while it was a dressing, they sate sporting together,—who had beene there should have seene many loving touches.) And when the goodman came to the field, he found that Rush had done all that which he appointed, whereof he had great marvaile; then they sate downe to breakfast, and as they sate together, Rush beheld his master's shoone, and perceived that for fault of greasing they were very hard: then said Rush to his master, why are not your shoes better greased, I marvaile that you can goe in them, they be so hard? have you no more at home? Yes, said his master, I have another payre lying under a great chest at home in my chamber. Then said Rush, I will goe home and grease them that you may put them on to-morrow; and so he

walked homeward merrily and sung by the way. And when he approached neare the house he sang out very loude; with that his dame looked out at the window, and perceived that it was her servant, shee said unto the priest, alas, what shall we doe? our servant his come home, and my husband will not be long after, and with that she thrust the meate into the oven, and all that was upon the table. Where shall I hyde me, said the priest? Goe into the chamber, and creepe under the great chest, among the olde shoone, and I shall cover you, and so he did. And when Rush was come into the house, his dame asked him why he came home so soone. Rush answered and said, I have dore all my busines, and master commanded me to come home and grease his shoone. Then he went into the chamber and looked under the chest, and there hee found the priest, and tooke him by the heeles and drew him out, and said, thou whoreson priest, what doost thou here? With that the priest held up his hands and cryed him mercy, and desired him to save his honesty, and hee would never come there; and so Rush let him goe for that once."

We give the foregoing extract as a specimen of the style of the English Friar Rush. The priest broke his word, returned, and was again surprised by Rush, who found him hidden under the straw in the stable. A second time he was permitted to escape, though not till after he had received "three or foure good dry stripes," and had promised solemnly never to return. Yet the priest ventured to break his word again, and in a visit to the farmer's wife their merriment was a third time interrupted by the well-known song of Rush, who was returning from his labors.

"Then wringing her hands she said unto the priest, goe hyde you, or else you be but dead. Where shall I hyde me, said the priest! Goe up into the chamber and leape into the basket that hangeth out of the window, and I shall call you when he is gone againe. Then anon in came Rush, and she asked him why he came home so soone. Then said Rush, I have done all my busines in the field, and my master hath sent me home to wash your cheese-basket, for it is full of haires, and so he went into the chamber, and with his knife he cut the rope that the basket hung by, and downe fell priest and all into a great poole of water that was under the window: then went he into the stable for a horse and rode into the poole, and tooke the rope that hung at the basket, and tying it to the horses tayle, rode through the poole three or foure times. Then he rode through the towne to cause the people to wonder at him, and so came home againe. And all this while he made as though he had knowne nothing, but looking behinde him, espyed the priest. Then he alighted downe, and said unto him: thou shalt never more escape me, thy life his lost. With that the priest held up his hands and said, heere is a hundred peeces of gold,

take them and let me goe. So Rush tooke the golde and let the priest goe. And when his master came home, he gave him the halfe of his money, and bade him farewell, for he would goe see the world."

After leaving the farmer, Rush went into the service of a gentleman whose daughter was possessed, and persuaded him to send for the abbot of the monastery where he had resided, who cured the maiden, conjured Rush into his own likeness of a horse, made him carry him home as well as a quantity of lead which the gentleman had given him, and then confined him to "an olde castle that stood farre within the forrest," and the story ends with the pious exclamation, "from which devill and all other devills defend us, good Lord! Amen."

We have spoken of the collections of tales, which, at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, were formed in England under the title of the *Adventures and Pranks of Robin Goodfellow*, as closely resembling in their shape and character the legend of Friar Rush, and as thus affording a new proof of the identity of those two personages of the popular mythology. Few of these collections have been preserved, but we have good reason for believing that at one time they were extremely popular. There was in the Stafford library, and we believe that it still exists in the library of the Lord Francis Egerton, a unique prose tract, in black letter, of the date 1628, entitled "*Robin-Goodfellow his mad Pranks and merry Jests*," and we believe that there exists also a second part on the adventures of Hobgoblin. Neither of these have we seen, but, before leaving the subject, we will give an analysis of a small tract in ballad verse on the adventures of the former of these heroes, which is supposed to have been printed about the year 1600, and of which a very limited reprint was privately made two or three years ago. Robin Goodfellow, like the familiar elves of the twelfth century, is represented as the offspring of an incubus; whilst he was yet a child his tricks were the plague of the neighbors, whose complaints so grieved his mother, that at last he ran away to escape punishment, and after wandering some time hired himself to a tailor, in whose service he played a joke not unlike that of Rush on the abbot's waggon.

"He had a gounne which must be made
even with all haste and speed;
The maid must have't against next day
to be her wedding weed.

The taylor he did labor hard
till twelve a clock at night;

Betweene him and his servant then
they finished aright

The gowne, but putting on the sleeves:
quoth he unto his man,
I'll go to bed: whip on the sleeves
as fast as ere you can.

So Robin straightway takes the gowne,
and hangs it on a pin,
Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne;
till day he nere did lin.

His master rising in the morne,
and seeing what he did,
Begun to chide; quoth Robin then,
I doe as I was bid.

His master then the gowne did take
and to his worke did fall:
By that time time he had done the same,
the maid for it did call.

Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes
and fetch the remnants hither
That yesterday we left; said he,
we'll breake our fasts together.

Then Robin hies him up the staires
and brings the remnants downe,
Which he did know his master sav'd
out of the woman's gowne.

The taylor he was vext at this,
he meant remnants of meat,
That this good woman, ere she went,
might there her breakfast eate."

Robin afterwards runs away, and, falling asleep in a forest, is there visited by his father, who according to the fashion of the time is called Oberon, and who makes known to him his origin and his power of transforming himself to what shape he will, a power which he delays not to put in practice, and

"—turnes himselfe into what shape
he thinks upon, or will.
Sometimes a neighing horse was he
sometimes a grunting hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
sometimes a snarling dog."

Straight he hies to a wedding, in the shape of a fiddler, and there he puts out the candles, frightens the guests, drinks the posset, and runs away "laughing, hoe! hoe! hoe!" But the last story of our tract is the most curious, with regard to the history of our legends. We have seen that in the English legend Friar Rush took delight in disconcerting and punishing the adulterous priest. In the same manner the German Hudekin hinders a fair dame from being faithless to her husband. Precisely a similar story is told here of Robin Goodfellow. An old man seeks to seduce his niece, who, it seems, was

his ward, and he hinders her from marrying a young man whom she loves. In the midst of her distress, Robin makes his appearance.

"He sends them to be married straight,
and he, in her disguise,
Hies home with all the speed he may
to blind her unkle's eyes;
And there he plyes his worke amaine,
doing *more in one houre,*
Such was his skill and workmanship,
than she could doe in foure.
The old man wonder'd for to see
the worke goe on so fast,
And therewithal more worke doth he
unto good Robin cast.
Then Robin said to his old man,
good unkle, if you please
To grant to me but one ten pound,
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.
Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,
sweet neece, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
to ease my troubled heart.
Then let me a writing have, quoth he,
from your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweetheart
when I have done this deed."

Robin obtains the money and the writing, and immediately seizes the old man, carries him to the chamber where are the niece and her husband, and himself quickly eludes the old fellow's vengeance, and goes to play his pranks elsewhere.

"Thus Robin lived a merry life
as any could enjoy,
'Mong country farms he did resort,
and oft would folks annoy;
But if the maids doe call to him,
he still away will goe
In knavish sort, and to himselve
he'd laugh out hoe! hoe! hoe!
He oft would beg and crave an almes,
but take nought that they'd give;
In several shapes he'd gull the world,
thus madly did he live.
Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a souldier brave:
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare;
brave pastimes would he have.
Sometimes an owle he'd seem to be,
sometimes a skipping frog;
Sometime a kirne, in Irish shape,
to leape ore mire or bog:
Sometimes he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray;
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
and lead them from their way.
Some call him Robin-Goodfellow,
hob-goblin, or mad crisp;
And some againe doe tearme him oft
by name of Will the Wispe:
But call him by what name you list,
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
is Robin the Good Fellow."

We feel that we are already trespassing beyond the limits which we ought to assign to our paper, or it would be easy for us to trace the familiar and mischievous elf in England, in a hundred different shapes, up to the present day. But we have done enough for our purpose—we have shown the existence of this personage of the popular mythology from an extremely early period up to the time of the formation of the adventures of Friar Rush and Robin Goodfellow; we have also, we think, adduced sufficient reasons for supposing that the one, as well as the other, was a general and not a particular name; or, to use again an expression which we have already employed, that the foundations of these tale-books were legends, but not *the* legends of the personages whose names they bear. There is no stronger distinguishing characteristic of the different families of people than that afforded by their popular superstitions, and, were it but on this account, they are well worthy of our attention. Our language, our manners, our institutions, our political position, through ten centuries, have been undergoing a continual and important change; yet during this long period our popular mythology, deeply imprinted in the minds of the peasantry, has remained the same, and, where it has not been driven away by schoolmasters and steam-engines, it still exists unaltered. It has not only existed during this period, but it has from time to time stepped forth from its obscurity and exerted a powerful influence on the world around. First, it was received or retained unwittingly by the Christian missionaries and converts, and created in their hands a race of beings, designated by the name of demons, which never existed in the pure Christian creed. Afterwards its influence was felt by philosophy, and it had no little share in the strange vagaries of alchymy and magic. Next, it appeared in a more terrible form than all; singularly enough, as our forefathers became more enlightened, the popular superstitions seized more forcibly than ever upon their minds; and the destruction of many thousands of persons in the space of a few years for the imaginary crime of witchcraft will bear a permanent and substantial testimony to what superstition can do. The Puritans, who succeeded the Papists, were by no means less superstitious than their predecessors—their devils were but a repetition of those of the monks of earlier times. The popular notion of devils and their works, as it now exists, decidedly owes its origin to the old mixture of popular mythology with Christianity—to it we must attribute the ludicrous character which has so often in popular stories been given to the demons,

their stupidity, and their simplicity. To such devils as these do we owe devil's bridges, and devil's arrows, and devil's holes, and devil's dykes, and the like, which are continually met with in the wilder and more mountainous parts of our island. To these devils, too, we owe haunted houses and haunted castles—they delight in throwing about the chairs and the crockery-ware. Such, also, are the devils who still sometimes make their appearance among the Welsh peasantry, and of whom they tell a multiplicity of tales.

Of these tales we will give the following as a specimen—it is one that we have ourselves heard told in the Welsh marches,—it is the story of Morgan Jones and the Devil. Those who would have another may look into any Welsh guide for that of the Devil's Bridge in Carmarthenshire. Doubtless the Devil's Hole in the Peak had a similar legend connected with it, whose original may also have had some connection with the elf-story told by Gervase of Tilbury as having occurred at this spot. But let us return to our story. Some twenty years ago, when in retired parts of the country the communication between one place and another was much slower and less frequent than it is now, there was a great deal of horse-stealing carried on in the English counties on the borders of Wales. Those counties were and are very full of pretty little towns and villages, in one or another of which there were fairs for the sale of live stock almost every day of the year, and it was easy to steal a horse from one parish, and carry it away and sell it at some one of these fairs, almost before the rightful owner knew that he had lost it. Well, it so happened that about this time lived a lazy careless rollicking sort of fellow, by name Morgan Jones, who contrived to make a living somehow or other, but how it was nobody well knew, though most people suspected that it was not the most honest livelihood a person might gain. In fact, every body was sure that Morgan was deeply implicated in horse-stealing, and many a time had he been brought before the justice on suspicion, but do what they could nobody could find sufficient evidence to convict him. People wondered and talked about it for a long time, until at last they came to the only natural conclusion, namely, that Morgan Jones must have dealings with the evil one.

Now it once chanced that Morgan and some of his chosen cronies were making themselves jolly over sundry pots of ale and pipes of tobacco, at a round white deal table, in the clean parlor of a very neat little ale-house, as all village alehouses are in that

part of the country. And they began to get very happy and comfortable together, and were telling one another their adventures, till at last one spoke plainly out, and told Morgan Jones that it was commonly reported he had to do with the Devil.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that same, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months."

"Ay!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook shooting wild-fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but the Devil himself? But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trowsers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honor, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking a'ter, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'you're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you now, old boy,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff!' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he, 'D—d strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!"

Such is the ludicrous story of Morgan Jones, who had to do with a proper Welsh devil, without doubt.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that we wish heartily some one well qualified for the task would give us a good work on the popular mythology of England, and we wish still more that those who have it in their power would collect the popular legends and the traces of the popular creed as they still

exist amongst our peasantry. In Germany, the reprint of the adventures of Friar Rush is but one book amongst a thousand which have appeared upon their popular superstitions—much has been done also in Sweden, in Denmark, and almost everywhere except in England, where we have scarcely anything on a subject which is so really interesting.

ART. X.—*Grundriss der Seelenheilkunde*: von Dr. K. W. Ideler, Privatdocent und Lehrer der psychiatrischen Klinik an der Friedrich Wilhelms-Universität, technischem Mitgliede des Königlichen Curatorii für die Krankenhaus-angelegenheiten, dirigirendem Arzte der Irrenabtheilung in der Charité, &c. &c. (Elementary Outline of the Treatment of Insanity, by Dr. K. W. Ideler, Private Teacher, and Teacher of Psychiatric Clinic at the Frederick William's University, Technical Member of the Royal Curatorium for Hospital Affairs, Directing Physician of the Department for the Insane at the Hospital Charité, &c. &c.) Berlin. 1835.

THE first volume of this work, which is all that has yet reached us, contains a system of Psychology. The treatment of Insanity is to furnish the subject-matter of the second. It seems but just, before speaking of the author's method of treating diseases of the mind, to give a preliminary account of his view of its healthy and diseased conditions. The former, it is plain, must rise out of, and find its only explanation in, the latter. The work before us is rather a description of moral and mental phenomena, than an inquiry into their essential nature and intimate relations; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, that he does not consider the nature of the elements of the human character to be his province, so much as their operation.

In contemplating the human character, the most prominent phenomena are seen to be those resulting from the operation of the *impulses of our moral nature*, which constitute its foundation. These impulses are not discovered by reflection, nor are they dependent on reason; they are prior to both. They form that which we denominate the character. They are manifested at first, as the consciousness of a feeling, which is, as it were, at a loss for expression. They require their possessor to seek for a sphere of activity calculated for their development and manifestation. A man never discovers from

reflection the course which he is destined to follow, but from the impulse which he receives from his moral nature. These impulses are all necessary to the present condition of mankind; it is only their excess, or want of development, which constitutes evil. We call them, a love of honor, of gain, of life, of freedom, or, we denominate them according to the object towards which they impel us; religion, ambition, &c.

Of course all these impulses are in being long before our consciousness can give any account of them. Nor are we indeed ever conscious of more of them than we have vested in action. The soul is only conscious of its activity; its contemplation never extends beyond the sum of powers which are, or have been, in operation. Thus, an impulse slumbering in the soul has no existence for the mental sense. When it wakes, it often fills even its possessor with astonishment. A false explanation of the mental phenomena, which these impulses give rise to when waking, or when partially roused, led to the doctrine of innate ideas. Between the depths of the soul, where all is more or less hidden and unknown, and its surface, where consciousness extends, there is often but imperfect and sometimes no communication.

Over the impulses Reason has only a very partial sway. She often attempts to change the character, but her influence is never profound. She has frequently succeeded in demonstrating, to her own satisfaction, the nothingness of religion. But our moral nature cannot be finally deceived on the subject which interests it most. Logical demonstration cannot affect, for a moment, the existence of that faith, which is founded in the character itself. Daily does reason prove to demonstration the vanity of riches. But, often, whilst declaiming against them, she is obliged to find means to satisfy the desire of acquisition. The impulses may be checked and modified, but never eradicated, whilst particular forms of thought are not grounded necessarily in our nature, and die successively away. The former are always in the van of reflection, which can often only judge of and correct them by their consequences.

The only true consciousness we possess of an impulse is furnished by the ideas it gives rise to. These, therefore, whether they be combined logically by reason, or fantastically by imagination, are the only legitimate key to the essential nature of the character. These primitive ideas are communicated by the impulses to the understanding, in order that the latter may seek for a sphere of action, in which the former may find their na-

tural destination. For if it were not for these ideas, they would never arrive at manifestation. We should only feel that we were urged somewhere, without being able to denote the direction. The faculty of interpreting every shade of an impulse by corresponding ideas is a matter of education, and is capable of great perfection. Supposing this faculty not to be cultivated by an individual in whom religion is a powerful impulse; as he has no definite idea of what he wants, he is sure to fall, more or less, into superstition. The relative force of the impulses with which we are born, and which constitutes the individuality of our character, remains more or less valid for life. For reason is powerless when she attempts a radical change in our nature. She constructs, but she cannot create, she controls, but she can never destroy. *Naturam furcâ expelles, tamen usque recurret.*

Every impulse is capable of unlimited development. In this law is expressed the grand characteristic of mental phenomena, distinguishing them radically from those of matter, by which, therefore, they can never be explained. If we analyze the impulse which is the source of our favorite ideas, we ultimately recognize a want of our nature, which keeps giving to the understanding problem after problem to solve, and which never lets it rest. Without this primary want, the understanding never arrives at profound conviction, but finds satisfaction in the loose and superficial combination of common-place truths. The more systematic thinker, without depth of moral nature, easily degenerates into a sophist, for he who is not impelled by the living love of truth, never feels the insufficiency of that which has hitherto been discovered, and, consequently, never strikes out boldly a new path of his own.

We have stated that every impulse is originally blind, giving rise, first, only to an indefinite desire, though subsequently, to corresponding ideas. We have to add, that it ought always to be enlightened by the understanding as to its object, and to the conditions necessary for its manifestation in action. Now, wherever an enthusiastic and impetuous nature hurries on to action, without waiting for a clear consciousness of its wants, we have particularly to insist upon the interference of reason. But this latter must not encroach too much on the independent rights of our moral nature. This is a delicate point. Men generally err in cultivating their understanding, to the neglect of their impulses, or, in following one of the latter blindly, without the aid of light from the former. The proper guidance of our impulses by reason is the grand problem

of our lives. But let us still remember, that the latter ought to take a certain direction at the behest of the former, and dictate one herself; that she should not be allowed to paralyze enthusiasm, not to deliver the activity prisoner to a too sober prudence, because the nobler impulses only flourish in elastic independence.

He is doubly unfortunate, whose impulses are strong and whose understanding is confined. The latter is then compelled to call upon the imagination for aid in planning what the character demands, and hence those incongruities and inconsistencies arise with which every-day life abounds. For, seeing that the nature of such an individual impels him to an object, and his understanding cannot instruct him how to obtain it, he is sure to lay hold of fantastic means, and mistake his position altogether.

In opposition to reason, whose province it is to school the wants and wishes by which our impulses show themselves, the imagination creates for them a world, in which to revel in ideal satisfaction, embellishes for them the future with glowing colors, and promises them a brilliant career. It is from the pictures with which it abounds, that the youth first learns in what direction he ought to proceed, for, before Reason arrives at an active age, imagination alone reveals to him the constitution of his moral nature. Reason comes up subsequently to discover the means of fulfilling the indications which imagination presents. But, without the enthusiasm with which the magic of the latter inspires him, he will never be capable of great achievements.

We cannot but pause a moment here, in order to rescue enthusiasm from the equivocal estimation in which it is too often held. True enthusiasm implies a harmony of all our impulses, each active in its sphere, and each lighted on its path by reason. Its highest expression is the creative activity of genius. But the mask of enthusiasm is often assumed by the egotist, in order to gratify more completely some single, selfish impulse. Thus, the political adventurer affects to dedicate all his powers in harmonious concert with the general weal, whilst he is, in fact, only seeking food for his self-love. The same obtains of the fanatic, the essence of whose religion is self-worship. But the extravagance of these impostors ought never to be laid at the door of enthusiasm. On the contrary, seeing that such extravagance denotes discord of the character, and subordination of the higher impulses to the lower, and that enthusiasm essentially requires the contrary relation, they ought rather to be esteemed radical and absolute opposites.

Having treated of impulses as the ultimate elements of our moral nature, we now come to the *feelings*, which express the state of those impulses. Each feeling may be referred to an individual impulse. The former denotes the condition of the latter, and is either encouraging or disheartening, according as the impulse be checked or furthered. When it pursues its career uninterrupted, it gives rise to a feeling of pleasure. When its operation is checked, a feeling of pain is produced, which excites a reaction against the obstacle. A given impulse, exceeding its natural bounds, necessarily checks the operation of another, and the pain which is thus produced is called *remorse*. The violence of remorse is in proportion to the force of the impulse which has been wounded. It is only when we allow the higher impulses to overpower the lower, that we escape the feeling of remorse. The painful state of mind induced by the latter is generally described as having its origin in the workings of *conscience*. It is an error, or a figure of speech, which attributes to the latter an independent existence. Moreover, it is no universal absolute judge. Its power varies according to the force of the impulse which has been injured, and it cannot be said to exist, where the nobler impulses, having been deadened, feel no longer the pain from injury which we denominate remorse. The object of remorse is to depress the aggrieving impulse by re-acting on it, in order that reason may effect, with greater facility, the work of correction. But in this she scarcely ever succeeds, because, generally, men either render her entirely subservient to their all-engrossing impulse, or, where she preserves independence enough to oppose it, they reject her interference altogether. Where she effects correction, it is by calling forth the energies of the aggrieved impulse, and assisting in claiming for its interests respect from the aggressor. But, too often, when the interests of our honor, for instance, have been injured by the predominant operation of a selfish impulse; the pleasure which we feel in the gratification of the latter is such as to preclude the perception of efficacious remorse.

Every impulse which enjoys a free course of activity is accompanied by a feeling of pleasure. The degree of pleasure indicates the intensity of the impulse. As it is a property of the latter to give rise to ideas, corresponding, in their nature to its direction, and in their number to its intensity, we come to the conclusion, that the higher the feeling of pleasure, the fuller the flow of ideas. But the mere feeling of pleasure can never be

the object of life; at most, it can only show that the object is being fulfilled.

Here, we come to touch upon the distinction which is practically made between the man of feeling and the man of action. One man is said to act according to the dictates of his understanding,—another, under the control of his feelings. But the difference lies in the different force of the impulses in the respective individuals. When one or more of these latter are strong, and deeply rooted in the character, they force the individual to march straight forward to their object, and he cannot, consequently, loiter in his course, to luxuriate amongst the feelings with which their operation is attended. Such a man hastens to his journey's end, and, his mission being that of fulfilling an essential condition of his nature, he cannot afford time to lie down amongst the flowers of the pleasant way-side. This is the man of action. He lives in the aspiring, endless development and manifestation of his moral impulses, and not for the feelings which are of trifling and finite importance. But where impulses are not so deeply rooted in the nature, the necessity of striving to satisfy them by action is not so profoundly felt. Life becomes a journey without significance, and without a philosophical end. When the character is so weak as to shun reality, where alone is to be found the vest of action, in which the impulses of our soul ought to be clothed, the latter take refuge in an ideal world, where they find exclusive satisfaction in imaginary success. The pleasure which is experienced in this fictitious gratification becomes the business of life. This state is sentimentality, and its votaries are called men of feeling. Men of action are rather inclined to hide their feelings, in order that they may not be suspected of acting merely to gratify them. It is not to be supposed that they do not feel even more intensely than other men. People of the coldest exterior often burst into the wildest passions, when an impulse is violated, to whose gratification they had devoted all their powers. No feeling ought to be a motive of action. We do not say that it may not produce actions which are denominated virtuous, but we affirm that they are no signs of virtue in the individual agent. Many think they atone for crimes by suffering from remorse. This is an error. Remorse, in itself, is no virtue; it is only of value where it leads to active reformation. It is much easier to indulge in it, than to subdue it and act according to the lesson it has taught. And this latter practice is the only one conformable to duty.

A grand error of our age is to develope

the impulses with which we are endowed, not for the object which they ought to attain, but for the feelings which they may produce. We have seen this practice prevail, in the form of sentimentality, in individuals on whom it is in a manner forced by their weakly constituted character. But where it is adopted by all classes of society, it becomes a formidable vice, and may lead to terrific results. Such a practice constitutes the effeminate degeneracy of our moral nature, which characterizes the luxurious decay of civilization. In such a state, all impulses are developed, but none is actively manifested. As the individual feelings become guides, the universal standard of truth and virtue can never be practically acknowledged. Whilst ideal generosity is indulged in, the real impulse is often sacrificed to selfishness. The gross sensation of pleasure is all that Epicureans live for. Still they are generally the severest judges; they demand unnatural purity, just as their writings are full of flimsy characters, made to combine all imaginable perfections, and still to partake of sensuality enough to render them favorites with the vulgar public. Of these wretches, each sees the worthlessness of the others, but all are satisfied with themselves. Lies are the current coin of such society, truth is unpardonable pedantry. Originality of character becomes odd affectation, for the forms of society and the caprices of fashion are to level every thing to one tame standard, in order that no impertinent superiority may render inanity jealous. But, though thus united against all elevated endeavor, each reserves to himself some sneaking plan to awaken envy, and obtain a paltry distinction. Every thing is fashion by turns, religion and atheism, politics and philosophy, illumination and mysticism. Women govern, because they best understand the art of dissimulation, because they best communicate elegance to manners, and because their favors are the highest prizes which pampered sensuality knows. At last, however, such insipid debauchery becomes too stale, and the want of strong excitement makes itself instinctively felt. Hence, the desire of violent emotion, whether it be wrung from the contemplation of actual horrors, from bloody dramas, or frightful romances, in short, from any thing which can rouse our impulses, so as to allow us to coquet with the feelings they produce. This is the prostitution of our moral nature to the basest purposes. When the literature of the day takes the stamp of such society, it paves the way to the madhouse. For, thus, clear judgment is beguiled by phantoms, all industry consumed in idle reveries, experience undermined by groundless doubts and captious misgivings,

so that the mind is left without ground to stand on, and sweeps, without support, in a void. What is the life of a madman but romance, which excludes from him entirely, as it does from many partially, a calm view of reality, preventing him from seeing what hurts and what suits his soul, leading him astray from practical prudence, keeping him a prisoner to his feelings, and striking him with mental blindness?

After considering impulses and feelings generally, we have next to inquire into the modifications of our moral nature which are due to *sex*. The first grand point in which the female differs from the male is, that her reason never embraces and comprehends the interests of her moral impulses. To speak familiarly, she obeys the latter, without reasoning upon them. This organization enables her to answer promptly the numerous and repeated appeals to her affections, which are made by her duty and situation. Thus, she may be said to cultivate the heart, and she acquires a tact and sagacity, where the affections are concerned, which logic never arrives at. Medical philosophers have universally promulgated the opinion, that the organization of woman has no other object than that of the propagation of the species. But the psychologist is compelled to indicate their due limits to material explanations of the significance of sex, in order that woman may not become a mere amplification of the uterine system, and thus lose all moral importance.

To give a definition of the sexual relations, we must keep in mind all the bearings of our nature. All sensual motives which connect themselves with individual impulses serve the latter only as vehicles by which they may arrive at practical manifestation, but the grand original importance of our moral impulses, as the foundation of the social system, lies quite out of all connection with the laws of material existence, and cannot be explained by these. Therefore, behind the material form of sexual difference and its evident object lies a moral expression of the same, which only finds a practical application in the former, but is in no wise contained, or exhausted, in it. For, seeing that a union of all moral qualities, of which many are so mutually-contradictory and incongruous, was impossible in one individual, nature divided them, between the sexes, which thus form, according to the beautiful definition of Plato, the two halves of a whole, and which naturally tend to a union, where the one may complete the other. The cold systematic understanding of man would drive every thing to extremes, overreach itself in calculation, and, after developing only

one side of our nature, would find itself in perpetual contradiction with all that belongs to the other, if the soft affections of woman did not teach him that reason, alone, is insufficient for the intimate recognition of truth. Indeed, to answer the numerous appeals to her sympathies, and to remain faithful to the law which devotes her more to others than to herself, she must necessarily want all the predicates of the male character. Hence, geniality in science and originality in art are denied her, in order that she may not be unduly inclined to action, and that impulse, not reflection, may be her guide and judge.

We now come to the consideration of the nature of the *passions*. We define passion to be the despotism of a single impulse. Whenever an impulse has grown out of its healthy limits, engrossed in its interests all the powers of the soul, deadened the other impulses, or enlisted them in its service, it becomes a passion. The number of passions, therefore, is indicated by the number of impulses. When one of the former has fully asserted its mastery, all internal opposition only serves its purposes by rousing it to such intensity that it easily imposes upon reflection a sophistical subserviency. A sense of past experience, and not the voice of reason, is the only sure check to passion. When the operation of the latter has once been followed by punishment, the individual will recollect the fact when he may be on the point of yielding to it again, and such recollection may restrain him, though he may have forced his reason to come to the conclusion, that he would be justified in obeying his sovereign impulse. Here we have the basis of the true theory of punishment; the more modern ones are pseudo-philanthropic.

We must be careful not to confound the essential nature of passion with those wild and unconnected fits of passion, which answer to the vulgar idea of it. Instead of being devoid of reason, consummate passion has all reason under its sway. Instead of being inconsistent and unconnected, it is characterised by resolution, steadfastness, and consistency. The fits of passion or rage come under the head of feelings, and indicate a temporary condition of our nature, when some mighty impulse has been painfully interrupted in its career. Then, when the passionate impulse is possessed by the feeling of rage, it is true that consistency vanishes, and that reason, which was formerly subservient, is now in utter abeyance.

We shall best illustrate the general nature of passion, in contemplating some of its varieties.

Religious passion is the most terrible, be-

cause the impulse out of which it grows is often but scantily represented by definite ideas, whose aid is required by the understanding to educate and guide it. Yet in the place of individual ideas we have here universal revelation. But this pure source of truth scarcely ever reaches the mind undefiled by ambition or bigotry. Consequently, reason but too often schools the impulse by the aid of some cruel dogma, or lets it run wild in obedience to the dicta of fanatics.

Religious passions have very little to do with the form of belief, inasmuch as they can be kindled by any; they are always to be traced to the original constitution of our moral nature. Even a truly pious mind finds real satisfaction in the weakest and falsest conceptions of the Deity. And, seeing that the religious impulse makes men entirely dependent on the divine law, or what is taught them as such, the priest obtains unlimited empire over them, by artificially fostering the fear they entertain of a God represented to them as an angry despot, and by refining on the remorse which they already feel for the slightest transgressions, till their lives become nothing but suffering.

All who believe themselves inspired of God are out of the bounds of ordinary morality. For as the voice within them, which they suppose to come from Heaven, is nothing but the ardent and involuntary expression of impulse, which it is beyond the reach of reason to tame or rectify, such individuals are consigned to the care of a blind guide, which may easily take the most prejudicial direction. But these are not the only fruits of mystic conventicles. They create an indisposition to act, they render the mind unfit for anything but idle contemplation, and not only induce extravagant susceptibility and puritanical mopishness, but, seeing that the spirit which prevades them is monotonous and wearisome, their votaries sigh for religious exercises, in which the vanity and restless discrepancies of their nature may find satisfaction, and for which their perverted understanding is sure to discover a command in some passage of the Bible torn from its connection with the rest.

The religious passions, by intimate combination with others, often form real monstrosities of our moral nature. Such is religious pride, which, assuming a supernatural holiness, seeks only to make others idolize itself. Of this vice we find examples in the Bramins of the East, which would receive our admiration, if we were not conscious of their ignoble source. But our every-day saints are prevented by the police, or by the fear of the mad-house, from running into the extremes with which former

history abounds. All they can do is, to place themselves high in the favor of the Deity, look down with incredible disdain upon those whom they designate of this world, spit their fanatic venom at every innocent pleasure, anathematize every religious opinion which does not square with their own, and prophesy the destruction of the world, which is to perish in a hell of sulphur, like Sodom and Gomorrha. The pride of self-delusion, which is not embarrassed by the most flagrant inconsistencies, sufficiently explains their exempting themselves from all works of Christian love towards a degenerate race, and their indulging even sensual propensities under the mask of a severe morality.

The fanatic is the despot of the soul. His object is no other than that of destroying the moral and mental constitution with which God has endowed us, and transforming the creative and reproductive soul into a spiritless automaton, obedient to every impulse from without. In short, the end and aim of his exertion is mental suicide.

An ostensibly passionate love of freedom is often a disguise for an ignoble principle. The young are especially prone to denominate all self-sacrifice slavery. What they understand by liberty is, the license which permits an impulse to grow into a passion. After introducing discord into their own nature, they think themselves capable of founding universal freedom, though it cannot exist without perfect harmony. Most of the apostles of freedom are themselves in slavish subjection to a single, selfish impulse.

Much of the passionate philanthropy of our time is of a more or less selfish nature.

"The most disinterested, the purest, and the noblest of mankind, from an enthusiastic idea of virtue, and a plan for realizing happiness, is very often as much disposed to proceed arbitrarily with individuals as even the most selfish despot, because they both comprise within themselves the object of their exertions, and because the former, who models his actions to suit an idea of his own, is nearly as much opposed to the freedom of others as the latter, whose ultimate object is himself.*"

Virtue acts nobly in obedience to the law which we suppose to represent universal truth, youthful enthusiasm to realize its own ideal, and love on account of its object.

As the health of the corporeal system consists in the harmony of the vital powers, so does that of the moral system in the harmony of the impulses. The practical denomination of moral health is morality. Passions,

therefore, are diseases of our moral nature. To view them as often necessary, and, in many cases, salutary, was reserved for modern liberalism, whose indignation is roused as soon as a check is proposed to ignoble propensities or headlong passions, and which only sees perfection in the unrestrained development of every impulse, careless of the education of any.

Let us finally protest, once more, against the confounding of passion and enthusiasm. The former implies complete discord; the essence of the latter is perfect harmony.*

We pass now to the treatment and cure of the passions. The elder German psychologists contend, that passions, once developed, become essential elements of the character. They assert that a man under their dominion cannot be cured, because he will not. According to them, therefore, the executioner alone can hope to combat them with effect; and madness, springing out of them, can be chained and awed, but never subdued. But this doctrine, which very generally prevails, is calculated to drive the physician to despair. Let us inquire if we have really no means of effectually curing the madness of passion. Reason is impotent, because, as we have already said, the prevailing passion keeps her in slavish dependence. We have even seen that the opposition which she may make is actually calculated to carry passion beyond its ordinary limits. But though reason, which in these cases is the refuge of the vulgar, is of no avail, still our plan of operation is perfectly plain. Inasmuch as every passionate condition of our nature is caused by a false relation of our impulses to each other, in which one or more have engrossed all the powers of the soul, so as utterly to oppress the rest, the process of cure presents us a two-fold problem, which is, firstly, to reduce the predominant impulses to their healthy measure, and, secondly, to awake and excite the others to such an extent, that a general equilibrium may be again established.

The old method of cure fails in leaning exclusively on restriction and repression. It is true that these are primarily indicated; it is also true, that they are sometimes all that is required; where, for instance, the oppressed impulses are elastic enough to assert their rights as soon as the pressure of opposition is removed. But, in the majority of cases, the impulses in question have been injured by the passion which has risen and grown at their

* Schiller.

* This position, for the expression of which our philosophic terminology is insufficient, would stand thus in German, *Die Leidenschaft giebt dem G. me:he eine möglichst einseitige, der Enthusiasmus ne möglichst vielseitige, Richtung.*

expense,—consequently, they require excitement and re-invigoration. Often, when the favorite passion is apparently suppressed, it continues to work on in secret. This is always to be feared when former inclinations are backward in showing their force. The individual tries to conceal his passion, in order to watch his opportunity for indulging it. Often, indeed, he is not aware of it, for, as we have before remarked, our consciousness does not extend far into the depths of our nature.

The means of cure, therefore, must be found in the soul itself. The law of nature, by virtue of which all operations tend, when undisturbed, to harmony and health, will assist our efforts. In short, to give this law play, by combating the discordant oppressor, and rousing the discouraged oppressed, are the grand indications, and not any foreign law of concord, which the physician without is to bring, by a series of manœuvres, into the suffering soul.

We have now arrived at the second division of our subject, which treats of the relation of the soul to the body. Before entering into its strict consideration, we will succinctly discuss the supposed absolute dependence of the former on the latter. We allude to the doctrine of materialism, which teaches that the moral constitution is only an expression of the physical. Our opinion is, that whoever glances for an instant at the impulses of our nature, and at their relation to each other and to the understanding, must come to the conclusion that their end and aim lie quite out of the range of organic mechanism, and that their operations constitute them a world of independent phenomena, although the effecting of the latter may be aided or impeded by the structure of the body. Further, every mind differs, and the difference is not partial or accidental, but consists in a quite original constitution of the whole. Who dares to say that these innumerable fundamental differences between mind and mind are wrought by trifling modifications of the nervous system? We know *nothing* of these modifications; in health, we cannot discover the slightest variation in its structure or composition, and by this *nothing* are we to explain the wonderful diversity of human character? Materialists assert that there can be no activity without an organ, as if all plastic activity must not be antecedent to the structure which it calls into existence. To be consistent, they must show us how thought is produced by the chemical proportions of the cerebral substance, how it may be possible that a little more sulphur in the albumen of the nervous fibre may produce a Newton, or a larger proportion of hydrogen a Socrates. They are

bound to admit, too, that, by changing these chemical proportions, either by diet or medicine, it is possible to transform an ass into a genius, and an assassin into a hero of virtue. Or let them show that the difference between the mental capacity of Napoleon and of an imbecile may possibly correspond with the difference in the specific gravity of their cerebral substance. As they make the mind depend entirely on the body, and as the latter fares worse in civilized countries, in order to be consistent, they are bound to consider, like Rousseau, civilization an evil. Some half admit this, in asserting that it carries within itself the germ of decay. They deny the mind an independent existence, on account of its intimate connection with the body; would they then deny plants an independent existence, because they cannot live out of the soil, and because they receive from it innumerable modifications?

We now pass to the relation of the soul to the body, or rather to the modifications which it is capable of effecting in the latter. Of course it operates upon it by affecting the vital powers. Since the time of Haller, the general idea of the vital powers has not advanced further than the principles of irritability and sensibility. But it is plain that these cannot be primitive vital powers, because, as they never make their appearance till after the animal fibre has been formed, they can have nothing to do with the process of formation. Our object here is not to determine what these vital powers essentially are, but to prove that irritability is not one of them. Their intimate nature is but imperfectly known. The best image we have of them is furnished by the operation of the *imponderabilia*; more especially by that of the electro-magnetic principle—only that the formative principle of the human organism recomposes as well as decomposes, whilst the power of electro-magnetism is confined to decomposition. We denominate the decomposition and recombination of the animal fibre the vegetative process. On this process the operation of all faculty and all function is based. In producing the animal fibre it produces also, as we have before stated, irritability. Now, the consumption of this irritability affects the integrity of the vegetative process, that is to say, should it be too promptly or too slowly consumed, the process of decomposition and recombination is so affected, that abnormal structure may be the consequence. Finally, irritability is consumed in every act of moral and physical life.

Our province now is to describe how mental and moral phenomena can so consume the stock of irritability that, in the first place,

an adequate quantity may not be left for the effecting of physical phenomena, and that, in the second, the vegetative process may be so disturbed as to cause an abnormal structure of the animal fibre.

The mental phenomena are not carried on merely by the aid of the cerebral substance, as substratum to the immaterial power. Were this the case, there is no reason why, during the process of thought, all the functions of the body should not be carried on with their usual activity. The truth is, that the irritability which is essential to the function of digestion, may be conducted by the nerves from the stomach to the brain, and there be employed as the vehicle of thought.

Muscular activity stands in the same antagonistic relation to deep thought. Kant observed, that the fatigue of the latter was very much greater during walking. At the end of a long day's journey on foot, one is not only incapable of reflecting on, but even of properly perceiving, the beauties of a new region.

To some, these explanations may savor of materialism, but we have never denied that mental phenomena do not demand a material substratum, though they are effected by an immaterial power. Moreover, should the former, which we agree to call nervous fluid, principle, or irritability, be in an abnormal condition, it is plain that it cannot correspond with the motion of the latter; in other words, the active manifestation of mental power is dependent, to a certain extent, on the condition of the nervous medium.

When the powers of the soul, instead of being vested in thought, are absorbed by a powerful impulse, the nervous irritability is roused, but, instead of being concentrated in the brain, it flows to the external senses, and generally to the peripheral terminations of the nerves. It is necessary to hold fast the contrast which the general state now presents with that which it exhibited during abstract thought. There is an elastic feeling in every limb, inviting, as it were, to the manifestation of the impulse and the venting of the irritability in action. Hence the tendency to words and voluntary motion. Hence loud laughter and gesticulating grief. Hence, also, the torment which the raving madman suffers when, in order to tame his precipitate will, we forcibly prevent its manifestations.

The effects of this increased general irritability are shortly visible in the different systems of the body. Indeed, it is the rapidity with which the circulation is affected by the impulses which has led some theorists to place their seat in the heart, and to deny that they act on it indirectly through the general nervous irritability.

When the impulses of our moral nature are in a depressed instead of an excited condition, the effects produced are the reverse of those last described. In the first place, we observe a diminished capacity of thought, and a sluggish state of the irritability. The power of perception in the external senses is limited. Thought itself is confused; the figures of the imagination flow into each other. The memory takes in the smallest space of the past, is fragmentary, and presents capricious associations of ideas.

This diminution of nervous activity finds a material expression in a feeling of desolation and oppression, sometimes in a state of apathy bordering on want of consciousness. At its greatest extent, it produces paralysis. It is especially felt at the centre of the ganglionic system (at the solar plexus) as a weight, and as a feeling of anxiety at the *scrobiculum cordis*, which communicates itself thence to all parts of the body. It is plain, that a continuation of this state may vitiate all the secretions, and produce chronic diseases of all the chylipoietic viscera. The circulatory and respiratory systems show, both of them, symptoms of the general oppression. The weak degree of innervation of the heart is shown by the palpitation which congestion produces, and the slowness of the breathing has to be compensated by sighs. The effect of this depression of the nervous principle on the vegetative process is still involved in mystery, but it is apparently connected with the production of carcinomatous and encephaloid matter.

When an impulse is aggrieved, its natural reaction against the aggressor constitutes anger. Let us examine the effect which this state of our moral nature is capable of producing on the body. We have considered moral affections, which elevate or depress the irritability. It is the characteristic of anger to act upon it in the secreting organs, in such a manner as to cause a vitiation of the secreted fluids. It is not, therefore, a mere stimulant. It can deprave the saliva, milk, and gall. Children have died in convulsions of the milk which they have sucked from the breasts of angry women. A case is on record of one which expired suddenly, as if struck by lightning. But such catastrophes only arise when anger is manifested in the shape of fury.

Vexation, by which we here mean anger debarred from active manifestation, is often more prejudicial than the latter passion. Anger can exhaust itself even on lifeless objects; but vexation, being necessarily confined, often protracted, acts upon the vegetative process, and has a great share in producing numbers of chronic maladies.

Here we cannot but pause a moment to express our conviction, that the storms agitating the atmosphere of the soul, which floats throughout the corporeal edifice, have the greatest share in the origin of those diseases respecting the primary nature of which modern pathology is quite in the dark. It is exclusively occupied in dividing the body into different systems, on which it calculates the prejudicial effect of bad nourishment, imperfect clothing, unhealthy temperature, &c. But the question has never been answered, why these circumstances affect only certain individuals. To say that it depends on the irritability of the individual is an answer certainly, but not even a step towards an explanation. Whence this diversity of irritability? It is mere assumption to state, that of itself it differs so much in different persons and at different times in the same individual as to account for the weak, powerful, or negative effect of a morbid agent. The true physician supersedes the necessity of such an unjustified assumption, by connecting these different states of the irritability, as effects, with the states of our moral nature as causes. The most palpable proof of such relation is the law, by virtue of which contagion is impotent when it is met with courage, and omnipotent when it encounters fear.

We have already described passion to be a state of discord of our moral nature, in which one impulse dominates and extends itself, to the prejudice and at the expense of others. In its first stages, an internal struggle is its necessary attendant. This struggle in the moral nature must be expressed also in the physical, and the state of the latter which it produces is strictly analogous to that brought about by secret vexation. It exhausts the irritability, and saps the foundation of life. All kinds of functional anomalies are the consequence.

But the operation of deep-rooted passions is especially betrayed by morbid modifications of the vegetative process. The structure of the whole body often displays a general degeneration. Hence the various forms of cachexia, and hence the innumerable varieties of complexion, which indicate that the body has long been suffering a morbid change from an habitual moral disease.

ART. XI.—*Chronik des Landes Dithmarschen*. Von J. Hanssen und H. Wolf. Hamburg. 1833. (Chronicle of the Country of Dithmarsch.)

WE might affirm, without fear of contradic-

tion, that nineteen out of twenty English readers never heard of the obscure district of the Danish province of Holstein, called Dithmarsch. This district can nevertheless boast of achievements in its struggles for liberty which rival those of the states of ancient Greece, or the heroic deeds of the Swiss in the early period of their confederation. These are delineated by the authors of the masterly work before us with an energy and a warmth that render the picture doubly attractive. The chroniclers, after giving a particular description of this marshy tract, of the dykes constructed to defend it against the sea, of the antiquities, manners, and customs, proceed to a history of the country. From the latter we learn that the Dithmarschers were combating for freedom much about the same time with the Swiss; that they achieved victories equally glorious; and that, when it was no longer possible for them to maintain their independence in a country perfectly flat and wholly destitute of natural defences, their rulers allowed them to retain extensive privileges and liberties, in order to avoid exasperating them afresh.

That natural sympathy which is felt by the English reader with every nation which has the spirit to assert its independence, cannot fail to be powerfully excited in behalf of the heroic inhabitants of the petty district of Dithmarsch. It was by the victories of Bornhöved, Oldenwörden, and Hemmingstedt, that they more particularly signalized themselves—all victories of independence, and at the same time victories won by German over Danish blood; for it was invariably the Danes, who, prompted or assisted by the counts of Holstein, sought to subjugate this little German tribe. From among these heroic deeds we select the narrative of the battle of Oldenwörden, when, in 1319, consequently only four years after the famous battle of the Swiss at Morgarten, Count Gerhard of Holstein unexpectedly invaded the country of Dithmarsch with a large army.

“The enemy penetrated without resistance through the strong barrier between the present churches of Nordhastedt and Heide to Hemmingstedt, and slaughter and plunder marked his way. The Dithmarschers capable of bearing arms assembled in haste, and marched to oppose him. But, being twice beaten in one day, their little force was dispersed, and Gerhard pursued the fugitives into the marsh as far as Oldenwörden. Here, being closely pressed, they threw themselves into the church, which they barricaded as well as time permitted; and there they sought to maintain themselves in hope of relief. Count Gerhard, enraged at this defence made by such a handful of men, ordered the church to be fired, that he might force them to quit

that retreat. Despairing of escape, they implored mercy of the conqueror, and promised to acknowledge him as their ruler. Had Gerhard listened to the voice of humanity, he might have made himself master of the country at a cheap rate. 'But,' says Rhymer Kock, 'the Holsteiners were much too proud, and would not grant mercy to the poor Dithmarschers.' The count, on the contrary, ordered more fuel to be brought, to increase the fury of the fire. This was done. The flames ascended; and the lead with which the church was covered began to melt, and to pour down into the building. In this emergency the besieged, deeming it now impossible to escape death, resolved that, as they must perish, each would do his best to take a Holsteiner to the grave along with him. Inflamed with revenge and the rage of despair, they hastily threw open the door of the burning edifice, and rushed upon the surrounding Holsteiners. Certain of victory, and not dreaming of any change of circumstances, the enemy's force had already dispersed, searching the houses and plundering the coffers of the Dithmarschers. The few who had remained near the blazing church were easily overpowered; and a detachment of the foe, returning fatigued from foraging and laden with booty, perished in like manner. Appalled by the superiority of the enemy, the country had already given up all resistance; but, now that the scale turned in favor of the vanquished, all who had fled and concealed themselves came forth, and scoured the roads to cut off the retreat of the horse, or attacked such as they fell in with singly. In this manner twelve German princes and lords, and upwards of 2,000 of their people, perished. Count Gerhard and Henry of Mecklenburg, who, according to military usage, were at a considerable distance with the colors, escaped only by precipitate flight. Great was the booty that fell into the hands of the conquerors. The consumed church was rebuilt on a larger and grander scale, as a monument of the victory, and a convent was founded at Marne and amply endowed. The Dithmarschers had, however, to lament the loss of many brave men: the unsuccessful actions which they had fought with the invading enemy had cost much blood, and 1700 had fallen for liberty."

The narrative of the battle of Hemmingstedt, in 1500, is more circumstantial, and, in the like proportion, more interesting.

"King John, returning in 1499 from his coronation in Sweden, repaired to Holstein, to his brother, Duke Frederick, and concerted with him the means of reducing the neighboring republic, as a favorable opportunity for such an enterprise seemed to both of them to have arrived. The first thing that the princes had to do was to raise a numerous army; for it was not yet customary to keep standing armies, but, whenever a quarrel broke out, the prince, as feudal lord, summoned his nobles with their retainers, and

also such of the commonalty as were capable of bearing arms, to attend him. If the force thus collected appeared insufficient to overpower the enemy, the prince took into his service hired troops, which on the conclusion of peace were immediately dismissed, and then continued to rove about under the command of military adventurers, till some other belligerent state secured their services by pay or the hope of plunder. The more the martial spirit of nations diminished, the more these mercenaries were employed. In Germany, about this time, the *Lansquenets*, (*Landsknechte* or *Lanzenknechte*,) armed with lance and sword, were particularly distinguished for their valor and discipline. A mercenary force of this kind, which acquired high renown in the military history of the 15th century, was the Great Guard, from 4000 to 6000 strong. They fought on foot, under officers of their own election, and were composed, as an old chronicler tells us, 'of all the nations that be under the heavens.' This remarkable body recruited itself from time to time, and thus subsisted almost a century—a proof that it was an institution adapted to the times. It had gained a terrible renown by its valor, and still more by its cruelty. The purpose for which this guard was engaged by the princes was kept so secret, that many of the members of the body itself knew not against whom they were going to fight. This was a politic proceeding on their part; for, in consequence, the ancient allies of the Dithmarschers, Lüneburg and Hamburg, who might easily have destroyed those troops by opening the sluice, suffered them to pass unmolested through their territories to Holstein. The leader of the Guard, named Jürgen Slenz, a German gentleman of Cologne, called by the Dithmarschers Junker (Yunker, equivalent to our squire) Slenz, was remarkable for military skill and hardihood, but above all for his gigantic stature. Crossing the Elbe at Winsen, this force landed at Eisslingen. It was joined by the Schleswig-Holstein knights and nobles, with their dependents, 2000 in number, 6000 private soldiers, Danes, Frieslanders, and Schleswig-Holsteiners, together with some thousands of Germans, under Adolph and Otto, sons of Gerhard of Oldenburg.

The emperor, indeed, had but recently forbidden all participation in any enterprise undertaken for the conquest of Dithmarsch; yet the hopes of a rich booty induced many even of the nobles of Germany to join the princes. These troops were further reinforced by 8000 volunteers, who had never been in battle, and several thousand grooms, so that the whole formed an army estimated by most writers at 30,000 men—such an army as was rarely seen in those days, and destined to invade a country which had only 7000 men capable of bearing arms to oppose to it. Hence the little republic was regarded as already conquered, and the proud foe even imagined that he should subdue it without striking a blow. Nay, so confident of victory were the invaders, that they went to the

combat as to a festival or dance. Many of the nobles, without armor, were adorned with gold chains, and were even accompanied by their younger sons. In order to purchase booty, for that was their grand object, many carried with them considerable sums of money, and also their signet rings, for the purpose of entering into bonds and contracts. The army was followed by empty waggons, destined to carry away the spoil that should be taken. Nay, to such a pitch did the great carry their infatuation, that, anticipating the ecclesiastical titles which awaited their return to Denmark as conquerors, they began to call one another, 'Reverend Abbot of Sorroe,' 'Dean of Lund,' &c.; hence it was afterwards jocosely observed, that never had so many churchmen been slain as in the battle of Hemmingstedt."

The Dithmarschers were single-handed: they had no auxiliaries, for Hamburg and Lübeck were afraid to assist them. But they were resolved to defend themselves; their women encouraged them to resist to the utmost, and even joined their ranks. They awaited the attack of the enemy at the Nordhamme, and had barricaded that inlet. The invaders pursued a different route, and, faithfully breaking the truce, entered unexpectedly at Windbergen, where a wedding was just then celebrating, as in a time of profound peace. From that place the king penetrated into the heart of the country, and took the principal town, Meldorf, on the steeple of whose church he hoisted the Danish national flag, the Danebrog. Such of the Dithmarschers as were unable to escape were put to the sword, and women and children were not spared.

"The capture of Meldorf, and the account of the slaughter there, struck no little terror into the Dithmarschers collected at Wörden. Many were disposed to purchase life at the expense of liberty; nay, there were not wanting even traitors base enough to inform the enemy of the sentiments and plans of their countrymen. Others advised that they should abandon the *terra firma* and retire to Büsum, whence they might easily regain the rest of their territory when the hostile army should have dispersed. Most of them, nevertheless, declared, with undaunted spirit, that valor alone could preserve the independence of the country; that in Meldorf and the Hohen Geest nothing was yet lost but what they had themselves abandoned to the enemy. 'The principal point,' said they, 'is the marsh: this belongs to us, and may be defended by arms and by opening the sluices. The defeat of the defenceless people of Meldorf ought not to appal us but to inflame our revenge. A foe who violates the law of nations by a breach of the truce, cannot expect the aid of the Lord. Let us remember the achievements of our forefathers. If God

should grant us the victory, it will be the more glorious on account of the great superiority of the enemy; and if it be his will that we should cease to be a free people, it were better to die like our fathers than bequeath servitude to our children.' By such arguments they animated each other to the most strenuous resistance, and determined either to conquer or perish.

"A lucky accident enabled the Dithmarschers to make preparations for receiving the hostile army. Some spies sent out from Meldorf on the 15th of February were taken by them: and from one of these, a Frieslander, whose life was spared on condition of his confessing the truth, they learned that it was the intention of the princes to turn the Nordhamme, and to take first Heide and then Lunden, in one day. They immediately resolved to cut off the communication between Meldorf and Hemmingstedt by means of a redoubt. This plan was proposed by Wolf Isebrand, a shrewd and brave man, who, by counselling this measure, and by his activity in carrying it into effect, became the saviour of his country. In the following night, while the enemy at Meldorf were indulging in dreams of plunder, the Dithmarschers, favored by a thaw which had set in, threw up with all possible despatch a redoubt, making it as large, as high, and as strong as they could. The precise site of this redoubt cannot now be ascertained, the ground having since been levelled for the purposes of agriculture. Wolf Isebrand, under whose direction the work was begun and finished in the night, posted himself with 300 men in the redoubt. This handful of brave fellows, whose courage bordered on temerity, since they alone proposed to keep the enemy in check till their compatriots should gain time to collect from the rest of the country, belonged to the three parishes of Oldenwörden, Hemmingstedt, and Neuenkirchen. They planted some field-pieces on the rampart, and, to omit nothing that could contribute to render them victorious, they took a bold and virtuous young woman into the fort with them, to act as ensign: because the people of Wursten in Friesland had, in the preceding autumn, defeated the Guard by means of a young female. The damsel who ventured to be the leader of this daring band was from Hohenwörden. Neocorus knew not her name; Carstens calls her Telse, daughter of Olde Kumpens Hans. As she vowed everlasting celibacy in case of victory, so the brave band promised to found with the spoil a nunnery, in honor of the Virgin Mary, whose name they adopted for their battle-cry.

"When the eventful Monday dawned, Nature appeared to be in league with the Dithmarschers. A keen north-west wind blew, accompanied with rain, hail, and sleet. The proposal of the commander-in-chief to wait another day was nevertheless rejected, and the army put itself in motion amidst martial music and the discharge of cannon. Foremost, at the head of his Guard, rode Junker Slenz, clad in armor glistening with gold, over

which he wore a shirt of mail. Then came the infantry, followed by the cavalry, and the latter accompanied by the princes. The artillery was partly in the front, partly in the rear, which was closed by a countless train of carriages and sledges, some laden with baggage and munitions of war, others empty to carry off the expected booty. Athirst for blood and plunder, shouting '*Wahr di Buer, de Garde de kumt*'—(Beware boors, the Guard is coming), the enemy rushed into the marsh. Their courage, however, soon cooled; for the army, battling with the inclement weather, could proceed but very slowly upon the narrow and deep roads. It so happened that the ditches for a considerable part of the way had been cleared out only the preceding autumn; and neither men nor horses could without extreme difficulty get through the mud which had been thrown up from them, and which, softened by the thaw and well trodden the night before by the Dithmarschers in their operations at the redoubt, rendered the road almost impassable. Nearly exhausted with their short march, the soldiers heartily wished that they might soon be at Geest. Suddenly, the foremost of them perceived the redoubt, raised as if by magic; and a brisk fire of cannon and musketry, which opened upon them, did fearful execution. Every shot upon the densely crowded mass, which could not move on either side, was sure to tell; and the Dithmarschers plied their guns with equal skill and rapidity. In vain the enemy brought up theirs, and directed them against the fort; for the rain made them nearly unserviceable.

"In this emergency, the advanced guard laid their long spears across the ditches, threw upon them planks and hurdles, brought for the purpose, to be used in case of need; and thus part of the Guard were enabled to deploy on either side. But their hopes of forming here in regular order of battle, and thus advancing with greater confidence to the attack of the redoubt, were disappointed: for the number of ditches prevented any kind of order. Encouraged by their confusion, some of the Dithmarschers made a sortie, and endeavored to dismount the enemy's artillery. Several fell, partly by the fire of their own people, and the others retreated to the redoubt: but, at length, reinforced by the men of Wakenhusen, who had hastened to their succor, they accomplished their purpose, and the enemy's guns were dismounted or thrown into the ditches. This increased the confusion in the army, and every one was aware that nothing but a rapid flank movement could enable them to turn the Dithmarschers and rescue themselves from their perilous position; for they could not advance, and flight seemed impossible. The multitude of the invaders effected their own destruction. The Guard now endeavored to turn the redoubt. No sooner did Wolf Isebrand perceive their intention than he rushed out of the redoubt at the head of his 300 heroes, upon the 30,000 adversaries, with a hardihood akin to madness. Twice did the enemy, stiff with cold,

and sticking fast in the mud, repel their attack; but the third time they broke in among them, reversing the battle-cry of their foes, and shouting, 'Beware Guard, the boors are coming.' Bare-foot, and without defensive armor, they leaped to and fro, by means of their long poles, across the ditches, and threw great numbers of their opponents, exhausted by the inclemency of the weather, without difficulty into the water. Junker Slenz, as brave in combat as he was arrogant before, made every possible effort to save the honor of the Guard, and to encourage his men to resist the assailants. He shunned no danger, and where the battle raged the fiercest, there he was to be found. The 'great Rhymer of Wiemerstedt,' so we are told, went up to him, and thrust his spear with such force into the mail-shirt of the general, that the head, bent with the shock, was left sticking in his armor. Two others, coming to his assistance, struck the brave warrior from his horse with the spear, despatched him with a halbert, and tumbled him into a ditch. With the death of their leader the courage of the Guard completely forsook them; every one was now intent only on saving his own life. But by this time the danger was fearfully increased. For, the moment the first shot was fired from the redoubt, the men left to guard the dykes in the parish of Nordermeldorf opened the sluices. The water, driven inland by the north-west wind, speedily rose, and soon not a trace of a road was visible to any one not acquainted with the country.

"The invincible Guard fled with the utmost precipitation, and fain would the rest of the army have followed them; but it was so hemmed in that any rapid movement was impracticable. Fields and ditches were not to be distinguished; the cavalry could not stir from the spot; and the innumerable waggons, mostly abandoned by the drivers, were immovably fixed in the slough. Despair now seized the luckless invaders. At the rear flight was impossible; on their flanks were the ditches, and the yet rising inundation; and in front the enemy, whose numbers were continually receiving fresh accessions of persons of both sexes. Thus all was lost; nay, there was not even any chance of escape by flight. Under these circumstances, the remaining infantry, whom the incensed Dithmarschers attacked on the dispersion of the Guard, struck with terror, lost all their energy and were incapable of resistance. The rout soon became general. Great part of those who escaped the sword found their grave in the ditches, or were crushed or trampled to death in the bootless attempt at flight. In vain did the horse, in the rear of the infantry, strive to assist them; for the least movement on either side consigned man and beast to destruction in the ditches, hidden from sight by the general inundation. Thus the brave cavalry were forced to look on inactive at the slaughter and drowning of the whole of the infantry, till it came to their turn, and the carnage began in their own midst. The Dithmarschers at first aimed

chiefly at wounding the horses, and in all quarters were heard shouts of '*Schone den Man, schlae de Perde*'—'Spare the man, slay the horses.' The animals, wounded with pikes or musket-balls, ungovernable by spur or bridle, caused great destruction among their riders, throwing them off and trampling upon them, or plunging along with them into the ditches. Then arose fearful and heart-rending shrieks from the dying and the wounded, and those who, as Neocorus expresses it, 'saw nothing before their eyes but that insatiable life-devourer, Death'—(se segen nichts anders vor ehren Ogen alsz den unersettlichen Leventfreter, den Dooth), mingled with the neighing of horses, the clash of weapons, the uproar of the flying, and the shouts of the conquerors,—'Slay the man and spare the horses.' Now, that the victory was no longer doubtful, the desire of booty induced the Dithmarschers to reverse their former cry. The smoke from the powder, the steam from the horses, together with the splashing of the mud, snow, and fog, produced so thick a darkness that friend and foe could scarcely discern one another. Some of the cavalry in the foremost ranks escaped through the ditches filled with carcases; the rearmost, it is said, by opening a way through the overthrown waggons and sledges, with the assistance of the garrison left at Meldorf, which hastened to their succor. In this manner, as it is supposed, King John and Duke Frederick also escaped. In the space of three hours the bold peasants had almost entirely annihilated the powerful army before which the Swedes had trembled—a mere handful to so many thousands. This event is rendered credible solely by the attendant circumstances; for the conquerors themselves were filled with amazement when they beheld the multitude of dead bodies which covered the field of battle. After the inundation had subsided, they found that very few of the dead had perished by wounds, most of them having been drowned unhurt in the water. The number of those who fell cannot be stated with certainty; but the loss of the enemy may be estimated without exaggeration at from fifteen to twenty thousand men; for it was only by far the smaller part of the army that returned to Holstein. Upwards of four hundred of the Schleswig-Holstein nobility and gentry died on the field of battle: among these were Hans von Ahlefeld, the standard-bearer, with ten of his kinsmen; four Ranzaus, and among them Breide, brother of John, afterwards General Ranzaus; four Buchwalds, and many foreign gentlemen. Even the two princes of Oldenburg, the king's cousins, never returned home. The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein were plunged into a general mourning for the dead.

"The loss of the Dithmarschers was considerable. Not more than fifty or sixty natives, and eight foreigners, fell on their side in the three hours' fight; and, including those slaughtered at Meldorf, and the slain during the whole war, they had only about three hundred dead to mourn for. After the uni-

versal rout and flight of the enemy, the Dithmarsches hastened from the whole country to the field of battle, and plundered the fallen foes. The women, too, came in great numbers, and helped to collect the booty. Every individual who still showed signs of life was despatched by the exasperated conquerors, who, in their rage, even mangled the inanimate bodies. Stripped stark naked, and many of them mutilated, the carcases of the gentry and all the cavalry were left lying among the dead horses on the field of battle, a prey to rapacious beasts and birds. In vain did several noble families, the Ranzaus, for instance, solicit permission to bury the bodies of their kinsmen. For years the ditches were filled with the bones of the slain—melancholy memorials of the disaster of the Holsteiners and the Danes, as well as the irreconcilable antipathy of the Dithmarschers to the gentry. Some thousands of the infantry were meanwhile buried; and the few who, on the day after the battle, were found surviving among the dead had their lives spared by the conquerors.

"The booty was immense. At Meldorf the Dithmarschers found the tables laid, and broached the wine-casks of the king:

Se drunken und seden ehme gute Nacht,
De ehnen den Win dar hadde gebracht.*

Among the spoil was found the Danebrog standard. Ever since the time of Waldemar II. (in whose campaign in Esthonia it is said to have fallen, as a token of victory, from heaven) this standard had accompanied the army, as a sacred protection, in all important military expeditions, and was solemnly delivered to every new king of Denmark by the archbishop of Lund, on taking the oath of allegiance. When Hans Ahlefeld, the standard-bearer, was killed, it fell into the hands of the Dithmarschers. It was probably taken by an inhabitant of the parish of Oldenwörden; for, on the division of the colors among several churches, where they were placed over the altars as memorials of the victory, the Danebrog was allotted to the church of Oldenwörden. Perhaps, however, this distinction might have been conferred on Oldenwörden because the people of that place, conjointly with those of Hemmingstedt and Neuenkirchen, had fought most heroically for freedom; perhaps Wolf Isebrand, the deliverer of his country, was a native of Oldenwörden, and thus the standard accompanied him thither; or it may have been in honor of the maiden of Hohenwörden that this sacred relic was given to her church, to perpetuate the memory of her heroism."

Surely these deeds deserve to be as generally known as the achievements of the Swiss in behalf of their independence.

* They drank, and merrily bade him good bye,
Who had brought the wine for their revelry.

ART. XII.—*Grammaire Turke : précédé d'un discours préliminaire sur la langue et la littérature des Nations Orientales : avec un vocabulaire volumineux, des dialogues, un recueil d'extraits en prose et en vers : et enrichie de plusieurs planches lithographiques, extraites de manuscrits anciens et modernes.* Par Arthur Lumley Davids, Membre de la Société Asiatique de Paris, &c. &c. Traduite de l'Anglais par Madame Sarah Davids, Mère de l'Auteur. 4to. pp. 214. London. 1836.

WE are glad to see the work before us assuming a shape that permits us to lay it before our readers; and rejoice to find that a subject, which but a short time since would have been passed over with indifference by all but the initiated few, has now become sufficiently popular in our own country to merit and meet with deserved encouragement, and even to induce a translation into the French language. There it is calculated to assume its proper place, by the side of M. de Jaubert's volume; and to receive for its clearness and perspicacity the applause of our intelligent neighbors, ever active in the profoundest researches of history and of language, to an extent that might reasonably stimulate Britain to a wider rivalry than she has yet attempted.

To the merits of the work itself, as a Grammar of the Turkish languages, no doubt is due a considerable portion of the success it has obtained. The juncture, too, was favorable to its appearance; we mean, in a political point of view. The terrors of alarmists at the gigantic designs of Russia on the eastern portion of our own empire had attracted a considerable degree of interest to the existing state of Asia: and, though the panic, as natural, was found to be exaggerated, a strong light was thrown upon the nature and tenure of our Indian possessions, and, though incidentally, upon general Asia also. The former inquiry showed us with distinctness alike the strength and the weakness of our position in Hindostan: the power of mind over masses, of discipline over irregularity, civilization over ignorance, and of improvement over fatuitous supineness. It taught us also the very weakness of our strength in the gradual diffusion of knowledge amongst the governed, till the *mythos* of antiquity conveyed one more lesson to our senses, and *confidence in native opinion* ceased to be the inert mountain-heap which the prostrate *Enceladus* of India might one day in his struggles overturn from the very foundations.

But the apprehension that was found to be somewhat too strongly excited for Hindostan proper, had a stronger support beyond the

immediate limits of our sway. The wastes that in Asia interpose their quietude between kingdoms, and offer, in the silence and solitude of nature, a breathing-place and barrier to the restless ambition of man, were then beheld waking into the novel existence of a European league; and the breath of European policy was detaching and stirring up the very sands of the desert to overwhelm or undermine our Indian Empire. The *trames* of Russian enterprize were spread over Persian ground, and diplomacy formed a rail-road through *Tatary* towards *China*. Nor was this all: an Eastern Empire the Muscovite, in his sober moments, knew to be a splendid fallacy;—the *name* of power with the *reality* of weakness, unless some additional and nearer point offered a *fulcrum* for sustaining the wide extent of his exertion. Russia, though willing to acquire territory, was not, in truth, desirous of relapsing into an Eastern Power: dazzled, but not blinded by, the gorgeous dreams of *Catherine*, her successors thought rather of consolidating their sway: the Black Sea was an open passage into the heart of their home, and *Alexander* saw, and *Nicholas* seized, in Turkey itself, but "*the key of his own house.*"

A voice, to which we ourselves were the first to call attention, awakened England from her passive state. Already, and before it, the keen eye of her military minister had seen the tendency of Muscovite politics, and the mad infatuation of Turkish imbecility and presumption: but "*the bow had burst from his hands.*" Russian intrigue, Greek independence, and English liberality, manifest in a sudden and somewhat incongruous love for loans and classics, had done their worst, as usual, at *Navarino*: Turkey, without armies, fleets, money, resources, patriotism, enthusiasm, military skill, institutions, or government; with nothing, indeed, but insulated bravery, the sense of wrong, and the weak shield of a just cause, rushed into contest against a prepared enemy in the hope of leading the van of Europe: that hope was vain; and she sunk, undone, with the bitter consciousness too late that all had been foreseen, foretold her, and fatally disregarded. Unaccustomed to the nicer complications and hidden wheels of European policy, the Sultan glanced on the course of the tide without thinking of its *undercurrent*. He looked too, not at his kingdom, but at himself; and thought that he who had done so much might do more. He forgot that his deeds had been hitherto but *undoings*; and, having just planted new institutions, he attempted to gather fruits from them—they were bitter enough!

In the fatal errors of *Mahmoud* he was en-

couraged by mistaking, from its subtlety, the policy of Austria : that policy has never yet been explained : it was neither the consummate wisdom which its highly-gifted framer believed it, nor the folly and vacillation, or treachery, ascribed to it by others. The fault was *not in the scheme, but in its application* ; with an *European* power it could scarcely have failed ; but with an *Asiatic*, its success was *impossible*. But one statesman in Europe, out of Russia, understood the genius of Eastern despotism : *Wellington* was slighted ; and the profound skill in combination,—foresight, and judgment of *Metternich*, were rendered worse than nugatory :—for Turkey, *the man had arrived*, but not the time.

It is not here the place to discuss the course of the Austrian diplomatist. We reserve the consideration for a future opportunity ; but, we must repeat, it has never been fairly rated. It watches all, prepares for all, and fears all, but meets all ; it never vacillates, but never proceeds : its *momentum* is that of a *pendulum*, derived, not imparting ; its might is inertness ; its weight, a mere poise. It balances amidst action, and acts but to neutralize ; its own motions are, simply, to impede its own progress : buried in complications to preserve unity, it never cordially joins, nor cordially opposes ; and, with this peculiar but ungenerous selfishness, it is never misled but always misleading, and misunderstood, and misrepresented. Had *Mahmoud* been *Metternich*, Turkey had outwitted her circumventor ; had *Metternich* been *Mahmoud*, Russian arms and arts had been paralyzed on their own soil.

Though seemingly discrepant, this political view is not unconnected with the volume before us, nor with the considerations to which it applies ; and these are not confined to Turkey. The tribes from which this latter power is descended, and with which she still retains the affinity of language, yet wander through the wide plains of Tatar, the destined tools, and prey, of the Muscovite. To Europe their existence is scarcely known ; to France alone, and her science-seeking sons, their language has been an object of curiosity : while to England, whose interest is connected with theirs, for these last are but the steps to our Eastern throne, the one and the other are a *tabula rasa* : neither national pride, rivalry, nor palpable inferiority, have roused us to emulate our active neighbors in this field. *De Guignes*, *Visdelou*, and *Remusat* have no competition to fear from English inquiry. History, antiquity, science, language, policy, all here are abandoned to the Gaul or the Muscovite. The interests we should consult, and the ties we should form,

to balance the desert-tribes against their and our barbarian enemy, are beyond the sphere of an English vision : we prate of history, and disregard its sources ; of philology, and derive it from derivation ; of science, yet shun its research. A nobleman is martyred for some chests of tea at Macao : a soldier carries steam to the Indus ; but the great wall and the Himmaleyah are the boundaries of trade, and suffice, therefore, to bar our scientific and political vision of Tatar, shut up as we are in the “happy valley” of ignorance !

This is the more to be regretted as we can undoubtedly point to numerous instances of hazardous enterprise in those very regions : individual exertions, that only establish the general rule ; since what British spirit and daring have achieved when unassisted, indicates the successes to be expected from an organized course of proceeding. But our own view for the present must seek only the literary field, and the sole champion there, to the honor and disgrace of our literature and endowed societies be it spoken, appears in a youth of 20. Shunning the safe obscurity of Societies' Transactions and papers, *rudis indigestaque moles*, ARTHUR LUMLEY DAVIDS came forth, with a confidence which his talents fully justified, to proclaim to the English public that one path of learning still remained for them to attempt. The “preliminary discourse” to his Turkish Grammar combines all that is novel in foreign works on the subject, and though the philological accuracy of his studies, and the wide extent of his reading on this point, are in themselves astonishing, and would have been admirable even at the allotted *three-score and ten* of human existence, we are still more struck with the maturity of judgment manifest in the selection of subjects and details ; the *acumen* with which these are examined ; and the sound conclusions, for we cannot call them theories, deduced from existing information. There is nothing jejune and hastily fancied ; no buoyancy of youth's inexcusable presumption ; no arrogance towards those who had preceded him in his labor. He is not elevated at correcting even some slips made by *Remusat*, a name endeared to Oriental learning ; yet, with all humility, we are somewhat inclined to doubt in our own mind this learned Frenchman's thorough acquaintance with Chinese, at least if his version of *Iu-Kiao-Li* be taken as the test. But we say this with no feeling of depreciation : on the contrary, it is only the shallow and ignorant that fear to launch out boldly, lest their errors should be fatal to their reputation : *M. de Remusat* could not fear this : and, as regards any science, even erroneous information is

better than none, for it provokes inquiry, to elicit Truth. But *M. de Remusat* is above our censure, or our praise; and he is unfortunately beyond it now. In him France has lost one of her ablest scholars; Europe and the World one of their wisest teachers. He is dead—but hosts of admiring disciples crowd along the track which their great master trod, eager to vindicate his labors by their own: he is dead, but Learning still survives, to crown the silver hairs of her unrivalled *Sylvestre de Sacy*.

We have spoken of the soundness of *Mr. Davids'* conclusions and we shall adduce an instance of this; the more remarkable as it is blended with an error in the premises, which in truth is not his, but arising from the unfortunate prevailing system of neglecting the genuine sources of inquiry and resting content with superficial information, however slightly or suspiciously acquired. In combating successfully *M. Remusat's* opinion of the *Nestorians* having furnished the characters of the *Ouighours*, *Mr. Davids* observes that "the resemblance of the latter to the *Zend* is greater than to the *Syriac*: and when," he continues, "we remember the connection of the ancient followers of *Zerdusht* with *Tatary*, if indeed this country was not the birth-place of their religion, it does not seem improbable that the *Zend* and *Ouighour* had the same origin." And he proceeds with singular felicity of distinction: "the resemblance of the *Syriac* to the *Ouighour* is more apparent than real; that of the *Ouighour* to the *Zend* is more real than apparent. In the latter the different mode of joining the letters prevents a whole page of *Zend* and *Ouighour* from producing to the eye the same effect as a separate comparison of the letters. In the former, the the connection of the letters presents an effect that does not really exist."

It is clear that *Mr. Davids* was correct in his remark as to the greater similarity of the characters: but we cannot but regret that his premature decease prevented so able and ardent a scholar from extending his researches farther into a subject so manifestly unexamined as that of writing. A few vague and contradictory statements from the ancients, inconsistent not less with each other than with what we know to be facts, are all that we possess on this important head: and it were to be wished that some unprejudiced scholar, of all the great names that adorn our literature, should enter upon the question in a spirit of acute, we had almost said *sceptical*, inquiry. Should this hint be neglected, we may be tempted hereafter to show that there exist strong grounds for doubting all that we possess of information on the subject: but

our more immediate business is with another portion of the volume.

Mr. Davids' remarks on the singularity of the *Ouighour* possessing a *verbal auxiliary* in the compound tenses whilst the *auxiliary* itself has no separate existence in their tongue; though it remains the verb substantive of its derivative language, the modern *Osmanli*, or pure Turkish. "At what period, and from whence then," he asks, "did the *Osmanlis* obtain this important addition to their grammatical system? If the verb existed in the primitive dialect, why has it become extinct? If it had existed in the *Ouighour*, should we not find some traces of its use? And if, at a more recent period, it was adopted by the *Osmanlis*, how has it been so generally introduced, not only in the written dialect, but also in that which is spoken by all classes?"

The answer to this question is not so easy as it appears, since the same singularity is found in other languages: for to answer one difficulty by another, similar, is only to show that two exist, instead of one; a process that by no means approximates to a solution. In fact, like the confluence of Latin negatives, they only strengthen the *negation* of our knowledge. To reply, that they belong to an older tongue, without bringing proof of this, is but to shift the difficulty by begging the question: and who can say what is that older tongue? Is it of necessity *lost*, because we are not aware of it? Or is it in existence, to our own knowledge, and we leave it unexamined? Our own opinion decidedly leans to the latter answer; and this, from no hurried consideration of the subject. We are satisfied that every language that existed has left some traces behind—that these are more numerous than generally imagined—and that they are sufficiently so to account for the adoption, adaptation, and formation of every civilized, i. e. cultivated language existing over the globe.

This theory is bold, and may seem presumptuous, but it is a presumption, we opine, fully borne out by facts. If we follow the course of languages, simply and carefully, with minds divested of early and narrow prepossessions, derived from those, who, if we candidly consider, could not and did not possess the requisite information; and consequently could not impart it, had they even been free, which they assuredly were not, from the vulgar vanity of referring all to themselves:—if, we repeat it, we sit down candidly to examine the proofs which languages have left of their existence and combination, we shall find these, the more closely we examine, tally the more perfectly with history, the better we become acquainted

with it. But the inquiry must be commenced in a *cosmopolitan* spirit, not an *exclusive* one,—to receive every fact, whencesoever it comes, and whether militating for or against any, and every, preconceived theory, notion, impression, or system, or whatever else we may choose to term our own imaginings—and the test of such facts will be, their being supported by, and supporting, or even destroying, other evidence; for *apparent* contradictions, like oppositions in the *arch*, support the key-stone of Truth: rules have exceptions, and necessarily; for *rules* are *derived*, *exceptions* are *principles*. But if, on the other hand, we indolently concede to certain nations the possession of primitive tongues without examining, where are we to stop? At least twenty claim a priority over the rest, not two of the twenty will bear close investigation.

The question is too long and too complex in itself, to say nothing of the complications wherewith ignorance or levity has interwoven it, to enter upon in our present limited paper. But it is one that must be discussed before we can make any further progress in the *History of Nations and Languages*. Why have we been so long stationary hitherto? Is it not, because, in all human probability, we have hitherto followed a wrong or insufficient course? Because, figuratively speaking, in our partiality for ancient systems, we have employed *numbers* instead of *letters*: because, like some mathematicians, till recently, the novelty of the *calculus* prejudiced us against its efficiency; and the consequence is, that the *highest results* are wanting. Glance undismayed over the formidable volumes of *Adelung*, and see how feeble in portions is even that mighty monument of human labor and research. Recall the names of the most learned of living men, and see how slow the steps of their advances; how imperfect the master-pieces even of these, the mightiest of the earth—with all the stores of antiquity behind them; with all the wisdom of modern times around; with all the knowledge of the present hour at their feet, what is their forward progress? “That which has been, comes but again, and there is nothing new under the sun,”—but that which *has been*, *has it come again*, or is it only our *fancy* of the *past*, that we would vainly waken now into real existence? There is Nothing new under the Sun: for truth is old; older than the Error that hides it from the view. In the long neglect of ages the threads of history have become entangled, and our hasty efforts have but drawn them into knots. Is the task so vain, or so difficult? A single thread even forms the clue for the rest, if we can be satisfied to follow it with patience. But will

it offer itself to an unregardful view, or must we not try several before we come to the right? And must we not for a time disregard all those that have been proved ineffectual already, to find perchance hereafter that these themselves were interwoven?

ART. XIII.—*Novum Testamentum Græce. Textum ad fidem Testium Criticorum recensuit, atque conditionem horum testium criticorum in Prolegomenis exposuit, præterea Synaxaria Codicum Parisiensium typis excubenda curavit* Dr. J. Mart. Augustinus Scholz. Vol. II. Lipsiæ, 1836. pp. lxi. —469. 4to.

WE congratulate the Students of Sacred Literature on the completion of this most valuable critical edition of the New Testament, which demands—as it will doubtless find—a place in every large or well selected library. As the plan of Dr. Scholz's arduous undertaking was detailed in our sixth volume (pp. 257—259), it is only necessary to add, that this second volume contains the Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse, with various readings; and that in the Prolegomena the learned editor has given a detailed account of the MSS. of these books of the New Testament which have been collected whether by his predecessors or by himself.

ART. XIV.—*Voyage Philosophique en Angleterre et en Ecosse.* (Philosophic Travels in England and Scotland.) Par Victor Hennequin, 8vo. Paris. 1836.

SHOULD this grandiloquent title excite in the mind of the reader—as we confess it did in ours—the hope that we were about to learn the deeply considered views and opinions, founded upon patient observation, of some experienced statesmen or profound philosopher of France concerning the peculiarities of the English character, and their connection of action and re-action with the social and political condition of England, as well with what continental speculators deem the theoretic defects, as with what we feel to be the practical excellences of our free constitution—should, we say, such a hope be excited, the first few lines of the dedication will dissipate the illusion. But if the expectation of here finding valuable critical observations

upon our English idiosyncrasy, upon our national faults and follies, be thus disappointed, it is succeeded by another, perhaps not less intrinsically interesting, and this second expectation is abundantly fulfilled. The volume before us is a happy illustration of that existing state of society amongst our mercurial Gallic neighbors which has produced the recent change in their descriptive title, the substitution of *La Jeune France* for *La Grande Nation*. In France—and would it were only in France!—youth does indeed seem to rule with absolute sway, and gray hairs to be voted the mark, not, as among the unenlightened Spartans, of experienced wisdom, not merely of prose and prejudice, which, it must be owned, sometimes disagreeably accompany them, but of downright actual stupid ignorance. But to the book which confirms this assertion.

Our philosophic traveller appears, by his own showing, to be a philosopher yet in his teens, and he dedicates his philosophic views of England and Scotland, all formed in the short space of one little month, to his father, not as a proof that these views and notions have received the sanction of that father's judgment, for he rather intimates that they will be as new to the paternal as to the general reader, but in token of the author's character, and of gratitude for his education, of which they are the first fruits.

But we doubt that, in saying a little month, we do scant justice to M. Victor Hennequin's rapidity of glance and judgment. He names the 6th of October, 1834, as the date of his entering a Seine steamboat at Rouen; and, as he gives no further date, neither that of his second embarkation at Havre, nor of his landing at Portsmouth, it should seem that he considers this as the commencement of his *Voyage Philosophique* in England. But as we do not see how he could even enter upon his survey of England either on the Seine, or during the business of *visiting* his passport, &c. at Havre, whatever he might do on board the English steamer, a day or two must surely be subtracted from the beginning of the month: whilst, with respect to its end, we confess ourselves sorely perplexed, by our author's twofold information, *i. e.* that he departed upon the *sixth* of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder plot. Now, though we must frankly acknowledge that we have outlived all pretensions to be classed with *La June France*, we cannot think that we have quite outlived our memory, and we have no recollection of the Guy Fawkes celebration having been put off in the year 1834; nor can we believe that Young England would consent to any reform of such a postponing character, even for the sake of the burning of

the parliament house that escaped being blown up upon the former occasion. Hence we are actually driven to suspect that M. Victor, vigorous young philosopher though he be, must have made some little confusion about his dates, and have actually completed his philosophic study of England upon the ever-memorable 5th of November. If so, we evidently have to subtract another day from the month of philosophic travel.

But did we say, that we had learned nothing with respect to England from the volume before us? We blush for our precipitancy, and almost fear our readers may suspect us of endeavoring to conceal the maturity that might, in France at least, disable our judgment, under a semblance of boyish giddiness. We hasten to recant the rash assertion. We have learned very many things, which, till the moment of opening this philosophic journey, were utterly unknown to, undreamt of by, us; and the only excuse we can offer our momentary forgetfulness is, that to our foggy insular estimation they have not appeared quite as important as they are novel. We have learned that all English ladies eat plum-pudding for luncheon at pastry-cook shops, occasionally relieving this somewhat heavy succedaneum for the want of a substantial breakfast with *well-spiced ices*! and also, that despite their strange luncheon, these same English ladies, who, out of their excessive delicacy, habitually make their beds with their own hands, are actual angels so long as they keep to white gowns, but become utterly vulgar and contemptible when, in unsuccessful imitation of the elegant *Parisienne*, they put on a colored silk or a chintz muslin.* Moreover, we have learned that our stage-coaches patiently wait the leisure of every individual outside passenger, and rarely if ever travel after dark; M. Victor Hennequin met with one solitary exception, the night coach that conveyed him to Dover; and he explains this nocturnal quiescence by the deficiency of inside accommodation and the impossibility of sleeping comfortably outside; observing that, from this custom of resting for the night, the boasted English light and fast coaches do not accomplish a long journey sooner, if as soon, as the roomy French *Diligence*. We have also learned that Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned in either a cellar or cow-house, we cannot clearly make out which, of Edinburgh castle, just before the birth of

* It should not be forgotten, that the time and place of these philanthropic observations was October and the Strand, our traveller having lodged himself in the city; where he marvels not at finding the boasted splendors of the Pulteney or Clarendon.

James I.; and that, although removed to a more decent prison-chamber prior to her becoming a mother, she could secure the life of her royal infant only by dropping him from her window into the hands of her faithful adherents:—further, that the Regent's Park is the most fashionable part of London, and that it was very bad taste, a bad taste analagous to that of the unlucky wearers of colored silks, to place the helmet of Achilles upon the head of the Duke of Wellington in Hyde Park; whence we gather, that the statue, which we always took for the copy of a well-known antique, is neither more nor less than a cast from the British hero's own individual person! somewhat larger than the life we must still be permitted to believe.

Have we said enough to prove our contrition for our hasty and unadvised misrepresentation of this most quick-glancing and quick-judging traveller's discoveries in England? We hope so; for we begin to be weary of their enumeration, and would fain refer such readers as may be curious in these matters, to the volume itself, in order to proceed to the more important portion of our task; to wit, our author's philosophizing upon the materials thus collected, and his views of the English character. With respect to this last, we must premise, that our philosopher of eighteen is no prejudiced Anti-Anglican; on the contrary, he strenuously reprobates the Anti-Anglican prejudices of the Continent, which he ascribes to the fact of our countrymen being there misunderstood and indeed, never seen to advantage, save at home, with a three-decker in the back-ground. He himself having thus seen them, our philosophic traveller lauds the sociable civility that he everywhere met with, as also the morality and good feeling of the nation. We must give an extract upon this subject, and the following may prove satisfactory, especially, considering the horror naturally, nay necessarily, entertained by every French explorer of England, how philosophical soever, for English roast beef, plum-pudding and ale, and our luckless traveller seems never to have met with any more delicate refection. Yet we must think, that had he, in the true spirit of philosophic inquiry, ventured to taste that awfully sounding compound, ginger-beer, he would have expatiated less energetically than he does upon its intoxicating nature.

"One of my travelling companions had an introduction to Dr. C. (at Birmingham); but scarcely had the doctor perceived that we were French, when, without even opening the letter, he received us cordially, I might say, with self-devotion; for, immediately abandoning his occupations [dying patients included, we presume,] he led us about the

town through a drenching rain. A Frenchman cannot express too much gratitude towards English society; from Dover to Glasgow (spelt Glasgow) he is sure of meeting none but smiling countenances."

* * * * *

"Dr. C. was ready and easy in conversation, and, in so far as I may judge from our ephemeral relations, very superior to those national prejudices of which we should all be ashamed. He carried his magnanimity to such a height as to own, (it is not every Englishman who would have done so,) that in England coffee is undrinkable, and that he was delighted to see Frenchmen, in the hope of obtaining from them instructions as to its preparation. These I was incompetent to give him; but I was deeply touched by his frankness;—literally, his *procédé*."

But this passage, however affecting and flattering, proves only the unprejudiced liberty of Dr. C. and our traveller; and we begin to feel remorse, old and hardened critics as we are, for our unhandsome treatment of this author—a professed philosopher of the consummate age of eighteen, and we have as yet neither commented upon nor exhibited his philosophy! We will forthwith endeavor to amend an already repented fault. The better to do so, let us consider what are the chief topics of modern French philosophizing. Civilization, liberty, and the arts, more especially the theatre. Seek we then a *tirade* upon one or the other of these; and lo! we find all combined; beginning with the drama and liberty.

"We visited Drury Lane theatre. We were not, upon the very threshold, compelled to wind between two wooden barriers; we did not, as in France, find, at the exit from this timber labyrinth, an official, dividing the continuous human stream into platoons, and with an iron arm repelling all other breasts until each several swarm has winged its flight. Here, three vast doors, inscribed pit, gallery, boxes, opened at once to receive us. The Englishman will not submit to be cramped: his liberty is not, like ours, the fruit of theories transmitted from the educated classes to the populace; it results from every individual's instinctive desire to be at his ease; a difference observable from the very beginning of the civilization of the two countries. It was by the physical sciences, by the application of mind to nature, that English intellect first developed itself. The induction that shaped the vessel's keel and lifted massive stones,* has since been exercised in a more general direction, but has retained that research of material perfectibility, that com-

* We beg to assure the reader that we use our best diligence to translate faithfully; though without holding ourselves responsible for the intelligibility of our version, any more than for that of the original.

*fortable** which no other language can express. In France, on the contrary, civilization is the daughter of scholasticism; with us, from the subtle disquisitions of the Sorbonne, sprang our modern philosophy, and through philosophy, modern science, industry and legislation. Theology is a flower that has produced its fruit; henceforward barren, it has withered on the stalk, and those old men who now gravely train their purple robes in the solemnities of our universities, appear to me miracles of simplicity.

"That British instinct of individual liberty, that propensity which does not, as in France, rally men around a banner, but impels them to seek singly, by their individual energies, the promotion of their respective interests, would be a principle of dissolution if it were not counterbalanced in the Englishman by peculiarly ardent family affections, and a tenacious love of his country; but scarcely are these ties loosened, scarcely has he set foot on the Continent, where he is no longer obliged to create for himself a factitious politeness, in order to represent England worthily in the eyes of foreigners,† before he resigns himself without restraint to his own nature; he does not conceal his disdain for the customs of the countries that he traverses, and upon no occasion does his hat quit his head. If this character grow feebler in England, it appears in full force in the United States. Upon that uncultivated soil, where he has had to create for himself a new family, a new country, the Briton has set no bounds to his egotistical independence. America is the caricature of England."

* * * * *

"I shall not dilate upon the comic opera of the *Duenna*, it is painful to criticise captiously an honorable nation. But if the defective organization of the English nation, as regards the arts, were not a fact attested by all the artists of Europe, I would ask no proof beyond this single scenic representation. One of the characters wore a white satin frock coat, rose-colored slashed pantaloons of the age of Henry VIII., and a black velvet toque with a white plume upon his head, whilst from his shoulders two long green ribbons hung down behind. I am aware that the part was meant to be ridiculous; but is such a confounding of all colors and all epochs legitimate ridicule? To analyze the music would be difficult. It consisted of cadences without meaning or end. When the actor stops, one knows that the melody is closed; and the public applaud most loudly him who has sung the longest."

Most singularly fortunate have we been in

* We hold this to be not perfectly correct, though a very general idea—the German *heimlich* seems to us nearly a-kin to, if not identical with, comfortable.

† One might have supposed that it was precisely upon the continent that it was most necessary to represent England worthily to foreigners.

this dip, which, thus touching upon the arts in general, at least as they exist in England, reminds us that with respect to their present state, or, shall we say, their natural progress, our author entertains philosophic opinions not confined to the meridians of France and England, but that may be termed European, or cosmopolite. To the reader they are, however, introduced, most properly in philosophic English travels, *apropos* of the hedges that cut up England into small fields, and are as repugnant to our philosopher's taste, as are the large parks inclosed by *iron railings*! that he constantly passes, to his political theories respecting the due division of property.

"How completely is matter the humble slave of thought! Because the Englishman clings to his gold, to his land, behold the country change its aspect, dividing itself into petty portions, *bristling with brambles and thorns*." [Assuredly an original view of the effects of high cultivation and inclosures.] "The soul alone acts and moves; all else is fashioned by its gait, as are the folds of a robe by the motion of the limbs. Even Art, that son of the Eternal, because he needs a little matter for his manifestation, because he is on one side akin to dust, because he is not merely Adam animated by the breath of God, but likewise Adam formed of clay,* Art itself must receive laws from reasoning unconnected with the senses. Reflection deifies beauty of form; instantly, Apollo and Venus spring from the rock under the chisel of the sculptor. Subsequently, Reflection becomes Christian; so does Art; and upon the canvass, where intellect reigns without obstacle, and nearly without auxiliaries, he produces the Virgin of the Middle Ages, with her modest eyes and her circlet of gold about her hair (the halo probably). Reflection stops not here, but soars high above the saints, those mysterious intercessors, upon whom the soul long rested, as if fearful of gazing upon the unity of the Supreme Cause. Even painting is now felt to be too coarsely substantial, and whilst it gradually becomes portrait, miniature, lithography, a nation throngs to the operas of Meyerbeer, to the symphonies of Beethoven, and Art, in his entirety, has taken refuge in music. Thus the artist frees himself first from the block of marble, then from the easel, retaining only the lyre and flinging away all that could burden his steps in his eternal pursuit of thought."

Our former extract has shown that the English artist is as yet far indeed from the happy unincumbered condition of the lyre; but we are not altogether without a faint hope that he may be approaching the statu-

* We confess this double Adam is too many for our comprehension, to say nothing of the general difficulty of the ratiocination.

ary and painting epoch—and we shall indulge our readers with the extracts that encourage this hope. Upon his arrival in London our philosophic traveller visited the Colosseum, and says: “Here we were first introduced into a museum of painting and sculpture (the Saloon of Arts), as remarkable as any collection of this description can be in England.” Accordingly, we thought that his investigation of the arts in England was over. But no, at Manchester he was seized with a curiosity respecting provincial artists, which, with its results, he thus describes:—

“I was curious to admire in their compositions, these Rubenses of the forest, [Manchester is about the last place where we should have looked for foresters of any sort.] these Raffaeles of the hammer and pincers, to see what flowers art can produce upon this soil of cogged wheels and chimneys. Having purchased the right of entrance to the Museum, we traversed several rooms lined with pictures. I sincerely pity two or three ordinary painters, compelled by the spirit of nationality to bury their works amongst these formless productions. * * * The faults were those of children scrawling with charcoal on the wall; arms bent the wrong way, and heads in profile with full-face eyes.”

We really must wonder, impressed as we now are with the bad taste of all English men and women, that even manufacturers should admit profiles with two eyes into their museums or exhibitions, unless, indeed, it be for the ingenuity of the blunder; we, for our own poor part, cannot conceive where the second eye can be stuck in or on, and feel half tempted forthwith to mount the roof of a Manchester coach, in order to solve this difficult problem. Meanwhile, it is some comfort to read M. Victor Hennequin's remarks upon the National Gallery, which he visited after returning to London in his way home.

“Accustomed to English museums, we were feeling in our pockets for shillings, when the guardian, assuming a majestic attitude, said ‘There's nothing to pay here.’ * * * * The pomps of the Luxembourg and the Louvre are no more to be sought in this than in the other collections of Great Britain. The *local* is small—it is a suit of rooms which the *Bearnais* could hardly enter, where the *Romulus* of the Sabines would be cramped in poising his spear. But it must be owned, that between the pictures of London and those of Manchester, is found the full distance separating the capital from the country town. Amongst several pictures really worthy of the *Quai de la Ferraille*, we recognized the practised hand and vigorous thought of Hogarth. Here we have not an insulated lesson,

but a complete course of morals; the *Marriage à la Mode* is a severe drama, in which you follow out, through all its developments, the history of a young uneducated nobleman, married, for the sake of her fortune, to the daughter of a rich merchant. It is impossible to depict more forcibly the hideousness of this union of a parchment to a money-bag.”

From these observations we gather, that our philosopher considered the Correggios, Rembrandts, Salvator Rosas, &c., of the National Gallery to be as much the work of English artists as Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, and it is not a little flattering to perceive that, upon the whole, he thought this last piece the best, at least the most tolerable; and we conclude that, had he visited the British Museum, of which he seems never to have heard the name, our compatriot artists would likewise have had the credit of the Elgin and Townley marbles. But we had forgotten that France, far outstripping us, has of course reached the musical age of art, and it is with the condescension with which men smile at the attempts of children, that the philosopher of eighteen notices at all the obsolete arts of sculpture and painting.

But, to end with a word in sober earnest. We, who unlike some of our brother periodicals, are little in the habit of indulging in the uncourteous though not uncritical practice of laughing at the books subjected to our censure, are almost ashamed of having spent so much time and ink upon M. Victor Hennequin, whose *Philosophic Travels* we have sometimes suspected to be of kindred manufacture with the pseudo-memoirs with which the French press has latterly teemed. All we can say in our defence is, that we, not being angels, have spleens; and were inclined for once in a way to laugh *currente calamo*. We have now done with M. Victor Hennequin, and have only to hope that M. Hennequin the elder is well satisfied with the fruits of the education bestowed by his care upon his son.

ART. XV.—*La Càmpania Sotterranea*, with a short Account of the Edifices excavated within the Rocks of the Two Sicilies and in other Countries. By Guiseppe Sanchez, Librarian of the Borbonica, &c. Naples, 1833. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE work before us, which fills up a wide chasm in the general as well as in the par-

ticular history of the nations of the earth, may justly claim the merit of novelty, presenting as it does facts either totally unknown, or else clothed in so new a dress as to possess all the charm of originality. Caves and grottoes are herein proved to have formed the primeval habitations of our race, and rocks and mountains to have been fashioned into temples dedicated to the service of the *Most High*. Paradoxical as these assertions may at first sight appear, they are so strongly supported by the author's arguments and authorities, as to acquire the force of historic truth. Thus the syrens, fauns, tritons, and all the host of mythological semi-deities, are resolved by him into so many celestial constellations. Nor is the interest arising from novelty the only advantage presented by this work, since the light which it throws upon many difficult passages in Homer, Virgil, Petronius Arbiter, Strabo, Seneca, and others, cannot but materially assist the labors of the classical student. The complete analysis of so excellent a production, and a full detail of its most prominent beauties, would prove no less amusing to our readers, than interesting to ourselves, and we cannot, therefore, but regret that our limits preclude us from giving more than a rapid, although correct sketch of the matters treated of.

Commencing with an account of the edifices excavated in the rocks in various parts of Africa, Asia, Europe, and even America, the author proceeds to a particular examination of the vast grottoes, many miles in extent, of Abyssinia, as well as those wrought in the solid granite rocks of Egypt, and which Pancoucke has noticed in his "*Travels*" lately published at Paris. In describing the celebrated grotto of Memphis, M. Sanchez indulges in many curious reflections upon the instructions delivered within these cavities of the earth to the youth destined for the priesthood, and expatiates upon this and other circumstances which render subterranean Egypt far more wonderful than Egypt above ground. He then proceeds to treat of the monolithic edifices of the Indies and of continental and insular Greece, as well as of the numerous grottoes, caverns and other artificial excavations found in the North of Europe, in France, England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. One of the most striking descriptions is that of a Theban cavern, in which Antigone, the daughter of the incestuous Jocasta, was imprisoned in the flower of her youth.

His next observations are more immediately connected with Italy, referring to the magnificent ruins which have been discovered of subterranean cities, provided, like our mines, with air-shafts for the due supply

and circulation of air and light. These ruins are to be found extending for miles, as in Pantalica, and along the site of the valley and castle of Jépica; these edifices, furnished with windows, are ten or twelve stories high, and are excavated out of the hard rocks, thus confirming Ælian's assertion that the Sicilian youth were brought up within the dark bowels of the earth.

Book IV. treats of the caverns discovered in Eastern, and V. of those found in Western Campania, together with other details, which, although appertaining to the general subject, are more particularly connected with the land of Italy. The author's observations show the immense extent and numerous branches of the catacombs of San Gennaro, which reached from Pozzuoli and Cuma on one side to Castellamare, Sorrento, Nola, Capua, &c., on the other; and, supported by the authority of ancient writers, prove that these caverns were used as dwellings, public roads, temples and holy places especially set apart for mystical rites and oracular responses, and also that they were provided with long apertures for the admission of light and air, and with numerous vomitories leading upwards to the surface of the earth. Nothing can be more satisfactory or convincing than our author's proofs that the Cimmerians were not aborigines, but that they came from the North; that Homer, when singing the descent of Ulyses into Hell, described with all the spirit of a religious poet the rites practised in those primitive habitations of man, and that Virgil did the same when he depicted the abodes of the blessed and the damned.

His next subjects are the nature of the religious worship practised in the caves of the Avernus and its environs, the Cumean Sybil and the various oracles down to the latest period. He proves the Sybils and Syrens to have been only emblems of the celestial signs of the Virgin, the Pleiades, &c., and that as such both of these were personified and had their temples, altars and mysteries in those underground abodes.

In the XVIth book, after describing subterranean Naples, he shows the Neapolitan caverns to have been the principal theatre of the Satyricon of Petronius, in which full scope was given to the depraved manners of that age. The XVIIth book contains a discussion upon the learning which was taught in those ancient caverns, and proves that from these catacombs proceeded many of the philosophical and religious sects.

Our author then narrates the manner in which these caverns served as an asylum and a security to the Christians during the days of persecution, for Naples being a free town, these unhappy victims of pagan intolerance

rance flocked from all parts to find safety in the subterraneous cavities of its neighborhood. Under the ninth or Dioclesian persecution, several hundred of the followers of Christ who had fled for protection to the house of Cromatius, the prefect of Rome, took refuge, by the advice of Pope Caius, in these caves and grottoes, by means of a communication which these latter had with a neighboring villa belonging to that prefect, but being all discovered, they purchased the glory of martyrdom with their blood. It was in the branch of the catacombs which adjoins the suppressed church and convent of Santa Maria la Vita that the Neapolitan bishop Paul resided, and that he baptized and exercised all the episcopal functions during the persecutions of the Iconolasts. These caverns have, moreover, served the Christians as places for holding councils and synods, for oratories and retreats for ascetics; and it was in the grottoes near *Buca di Montedragone* that during the reigns of Dioclesian and Maximilian was held an œcumenical council known by the name of *Concilium Sinuessanum*, and that the festivals of the *Sinassi*, *Agapæ* and *Gilicerni* were celebrated.

If, as we are informed in the XVth book, the pagans used these caves as sepulchres, the Christians imitated them by converting them into burial-places; thus in the catacombs of San Gennaro without the walls, as well as in those which are under the archbishop's palace, were buried all the Neapolitan bishops and consular dukes up to the ninth century. The two Stephani enriched these subterranean cathedrals with many costly ornaments and precious relics, and after the destruction of Cuma, the bodies of the saints were transported hither with great pomp and in solemn procession, and exhibited for the edification of the faithful. In these catacombs also San Severo delivered his sermons; adjurations were made and oaths taken upon the body of San Gennaro, and there likewise are found churches, monasteries and hospitals.

Book XIV. is distinguished by the author's profound erudition, when treating of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin paintings and inscriptions found in the Neapolitan catacombs: the succeeding book is also rendered deeply interesting by his endeavors to ascertain the exact time when they were used as chapels and places of prayer, and from these investigations we learn that it is now nearly a century and a half since mass was first performed in the catacombs of La Sanità, where there was a magnificent underground church richly ornamented with fresco paintings.

The XXVIth and last book proves the use made of these caverns as dwelling-places.

The typographical part of the book reflects much credit upon the author for the care which he has bestowed upon it; nor will the learned reader be displeased to find copious indexes, both of the subjects treated of and likewise of the authors quoted as authorities. The *Guida delle Catacombe di S. Gennaro fuori le mura*, which is subjoined as an appendix, will prove very serviceable to the dilettante and the traveller.

Any commendations of the author and his work would be totally superfluous; the reputation so deservedly acquired by the former, and the great importance and deep interest of the latter, will prove a much more powerful inducement than any praises of ours, not only to the learned and scientific, but to all who are desirous of improving themselves, to study a work, as replete with novel and useful information as with interest and entertainment.

ART. XVI.—*Catalogus Codicum Manuscriptorum Bibliothecæ Palatinæ Vindobonensis. Pars I; Codices philologici Latini. Digessit Stephanus Endlicher. 4to. Vienna. 1836.*

BESIDES the extreme value, and we may add too, the extreme rarity, of *good* catalogues of the contents of the many rich collections of ancient manuscripts which exist not only abroad, but at home also, they, as well as all matters connected with foreign libraries and literary institutions, have now an especial interest from the inquiries which have lately been carried on into the present condition and prospects of one of our most important national establishments—the British Museum. On this account, perhaps, we are the more eager to point out to our readers the first part of the excellent catalogue of a part of the manuscripts of the grand imperial library at Vienna, which has just reached us. We shall at once be saved the trouble of entering at large into its praise, by the simple statement that it has been compiled by a person so profoundly learned in Latin manuscripts as Dr. Stephen Endlicher.

We are far from agreeing in the spirit in which the inquiry into the affairs of the British Museum was set a going; yet we never feared—and we do not now fear—that the final results can be other than beneficial. We think that the examination has clearly shown that if there was any thing like neglect or “delinquency” in any party with regard

to the British Museum, and particularly with regard to the library, it can be laid only to the charge of the government, which, rich as it is in comparison with other governments, has suffered itself to be behind them all in its encouragement of the great literary and scientific institutions of the land. We trust that the time is come when the British Museum will be made a much more national affair. When we compare with it the libraries of other countries, we find it infinitely exceeding them in the excellence and liberality of its management and government, and in the only point where we ourselves perceive any default in what has been done, namely, its catalogues, the libraries of no other country can bear a comparison with it. At the same time it must be confessed, that the catalogues, particularly some of the catalogues of the manuscripts, are very defective; and nothing do we so fervently desire as to see something done to improve them.

Dr. Endlicher's Catalogue is printed in an extremely convenient size for such a work—one which it is doubtful whether we ought to call large octavo, or small folio, but which has become well known by its general use for Penny Magazines and Penny Cyclopædias. It is rendered valuable by the accurate manner in which the contents of the manuscripts have been described, by the care with which their dates have been fixed and their history ascertained, by the full and excellent indexes, and, not the least, by the numerous interesting and inedited scraps of early literature with which it is interspersed. It is accompanied by some beautiful plates of fac-similes.

ART. XVII.—*Etudes de Géographie Critique sur une partie de l'Afrique Septentrionale*. Par M. D'Avezac. Svo. Paris, 1836.

SINCE the occupation of Algiers, the northern districts of Africa, interesting in themselves, have, in England, as well as in France, gained considerably in importance. If this occupation become permanent, as it now seems highly probable that it will, and if thus the African tribes be by degrees brought into friendly contact with Europeans by commercial relations, we may hope at length that the cloud of obscurity, which has so long been spread over the geography of interior Africa, will disappear. But we may expect also a

more immediate advantage to geographical and historical science in the accurate survey of the newly-acquired territory and the adjoining states, a territory which is, on many accounts, so interesting to the historian, and which, from the jealousy or barbarity of those who held it has been hitherto very imperfectly examined. Although the position of the French is as yet rather circumscribed, and its frontiers have been in an almost continual state of hostility, yet there have already appeared some interesting sketches of the people, of the country, and of its statistics.

M. D'Avezac, who is the Secretary General of the Geographical Society of Paris and a member of our own Geographical Society, has, in the little book before us, executed judiciously, and, as far as his data would permit him, very satisfactorily, the task of furnishing us with something substantial and tangible that may serve as a foundation for future researches; he has endeavored to reduce to a correct standard the imperfect and inaccurate itineraries of northern Africa which have been given by former travellers. He has taken as his ground-work the curious itinerary which was furnished to Hodgson, the American Consul at Algiers, by the Hhâggy Ebn-el-Dyn El-Aghouâthy, of which a translation was first published by the Oriental Translation Committee, and of which M. D'Avezac has given a French version, more correct in the European orthography of the names, at the commencement of his book. In the long critical commentary which follows, M. D'Avezac has confronted the foregoing itinerary with those of Shaw and all the other European travellers in Barbary, and with the best European maps, and he has compared the results with the account given by the Arabian geographers, and with the ancient official itineraries of Antonine and the Peutingerian tables. The entire result of his investigation of these authorities, and of some valuable inedited materials which he had procured, he has consigned to paper in the formation of an excellent map of this part of Africa, including the coasts of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, and Tunis, as far east as Gerba, and the whole of the country inland described by the Hhâggy and in the routes indicated by the Arabian geographers. It would obviously require more space than we can at present afford, to follow M. D'Avezac through his investigations. In fact his is a book which cannot be abridged or cut into extracts; and, as we cannot present our geographical readers with a part of it, all we can do obviously is to recommend to them the whole, which we do warmly and honestly.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

NO. XXXV.

FRANCE.

THE *Commission Historique* of M. Guizot has just published three new volumes, namely, the first volume of the "Mémoires militaires relatifs à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV." edited by Lieut.-General Pelet; the "Procès-Verbaux des Séances du Conseil du Roi Charles VIII." edited by M. Bernier; and the valuable collection of inedited works of Abelard, by M. Cousin. Four volumes more are expected towards the end of the present year, among which will be the first volume of the Chronicle of the Wars of the Albigenes, in Provençal verse, edited by M. Fauriel, and the first volume of the Chronicle of Benoit, edited by Francisque Michel. We hail the return of M. Guizot to office as a good omen, and under his direction the important labors of the Commission will, we doubt not, be pursued with redoubled vigor.

M. Cousin will, we expect, immediately put to press his collection of inedited works of Roger Bacon, which will also form a volume of the publication of that division of the *Commission Historique* which is occupied with moral and intellectual history. He has lately made an interesting communication to the Academie des Inscriptions on the MSS. of Roger Bacon which he has found at Douai and St. Omer. At Amiens he has found an unknown work of this philosopher's, consisting of "Questions on the Physics and Metaphysics of Aristotle."

We have lately visited the Imprimerie Royale at Paris, and were charmed with the good management which is conspicuous in every department. Very important and extensive improvements have been made in every part under the direction of M. Le Brun, its present superintendent. Several important publications are in progress, par-

ticularly a series of Oriental works, with translations, in large 4to., which will form the most superb specimen of printing that we have ever seen.

Several volumes of the publications of the Institute are in progress. A volume of Bréquigny's Charters is just ready for publication. A new volume of Dom Bouquet, and the first volume of the Collection of the Historians of the Crusades, the latter edited by M. Guérard of the MSS, department of the Royal Library, are making rapid advances.

We some time ago mentioned a proposal to publish among the historical works of the *Commission Historique* the whole body of the romances of the Carolingian cycle. A report on the subject had been drawn up, but it has not yet been laid before the committee, which, during the late ministry has, we suspect, been very irregular in its sittings. Separate romances, however, of this cycle continue to be published. The "Chanson de Roland," edited by M. Michel, is ready: the romance of Parise la Duchesse has lately been published by Techner, of a size to range with the Garin and Berte of M. Paulin Paris, who also, we believe, is preparing for publication a new romance of this series.

M. Paulin Paris has also in the press a catalogue of the French MSS. of the Royal Library. M. Robert, the intelligent librarian of the library of St. Geneviève, is likewise printing a catalogue of the MSS. under his charge.

A Numismatical Journal has been lately established in France under the title of "Revue de la Numismatique Française." It is published at Blois, and is edited by Messrs. E. Cartier and L. de la Saussaye.

Mr. Ferdinand Wolf, of Vienna, the editor of the curious German poem on Friar Rush, which we have reviewed in our present number, is printing at Paris a *Floresta* of Modern Spanish Poetry, which, judging from the first sheets, of which we have obtained a sight, seems to promise us an admirable work.

M. Raoul Rochette has just published in a very handsome quarto volume, as a supplement to his collection of *Monuments Inédits*, a work entitled "*Peintures Antiques inédites, précédées de Recherches sur l'Emploi de la Peinture dans la Décoration des Edifices sacrés et publics, chez les Grecs et chez les Romains.*" It is illustrated by several very curious plates.

The interesting and valuable library of the late M. Pluquet, consisting entirely of works relating to or printed in Normandy, will be sold by auction at Paris, by M. Sylvestre, on the 5th of December next, and the five following days.

The Society of the History of France has completed the printing of two volumes, which will be delivered to the members at the next general meeting. One of these is the first volume of the "*Histoire de Gregoire de Tours*," text and translation; and the other the "*Correspondance inédite du Cardinal Mazarin.*" The "*Chronique de Villehardouin*" is also partly printed. It has been determined that the society shall publish a yearly volume, with the title of "*Annuaire Historique de France*," commencing with 1837. It will contain, among other matters, a variety of notices relative to the geography, history, literature, bibliography, and fine arts of France.

M. Balsac published his first novels under the name of Horace de St. Aubain. These are now printing in a collective form, as the *Œuvres complètes de feu M. Horace de St. Aubain*.

The printers of Paris have opened a subscription for the purpose of either erecting a monument to their recently deceased and truly eminent colleague, Firmin Didot, or having a medal struck in honor of him.

The following statement is given of the present sale of the newspapers of Paris:—

Gazette de France, 9800 copies; Journal des Debats, 9400; Constitutionnel, 8300; Courier Français, 6300; Temps, 6200; Quotidienne, 4600; National, 4200; Bon Sens, 3200; Estafette, 3100; Journal de Paris, 2200; Echo, 2100; Moniteur, 1900; Impartial, 1500; Messenger, 1400; Journal du Commerce, 1400; France, 1100.

The Tribunal of Commerce at Paris has decided that original articles in the newspapers cannot be copied into other papers till the expiration of five days, in which time

they may be dispersed over the whole kingdom: and it has sentenced some of them to pay a pecuniary penalty for violating this regulation.

GERMANY.

Engelmann of Heidelberg has commenced the publication, in parts, of an "*Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie, oder Lebensbeschreibungen der berühmtesten und verdientesten Deutschen aller Zeiten*," by Dr. Heinrich Döring.

The early period at which the annuals are published in England has often been subject of complaint. It appears, however, that on this point the German publishers are still more hasty. Thus we observe a new "*Taschenbuch für das Jahr 1837*," by the title of "*Immergrün*," announced for publication by Haas of Vienna in the month of August.

Göschen of Leipzig has announced the speedy publication of "*Untersuchungen über Bevölkerung, Arbeitslohn, und Pauperism in ihrem gegenseitigen Zusammenhange*," by Dr. Fr. Schmidt, in one Svo. volume.

The house of Cotta of Stuttgart has produced the first part of an edition of Gothe's Works, to be completed in two volumes, exactly similar in form to the Works of Schiller in one volume. They will be illustrated by engravings on steel, by eminent artists, and a fac-simile of Gothe's handwriting.

Much attention is at present given in Germany to the Anglo-Saxon language and its monuments. Leo of Halle has published his *Angelsächsische Sprachproben*, which is only a reprint with unnecessary alterations of a good part of the *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica* of our Countryman, Mr. Benjamin Thorpe.

At Vienna, Dr. Endlicher is publishing an historical review of the monuments of the Old High-Dutch language.

Weber, of Leipzig, has produced the first volume of a work, which, as the title, "*Bibliopolisches Jahrbuch für 1836*," intimates, is intended to appear annually, and promises to be of considerable utility to booksellers, for whose use it is specially designed. The principal portion of the volume consists of a general geographical and statistical view of all the towns of Germany and other countries, which, being intimately united by the central point, Leipzig, constitute the corporation of the German book-trade. These are given in alphabetical order, and the article devoted to each enumerates the institutions literary and scientific, the collections of the fine arts, the newspapers and other periodical works, and the names of the pub-

lishers, book and music-sellers, and mentions the most important manufactures in each. The introduction to the present volume exhibits the state of the bookselling trade in several of the countries of Europe and the United States of America, together with the laws relative to publication; and it concludes with a reduction of the coins of the different states to the convention standard. A map of what may be termed German Europe, with its principal places of business, terminates the volume.

The house of Behr of Berlin has commenced the publication of a collection of English dramatic pieces, with the title of "The British Theatre, revised and corrected by Prof. G. F. Burckhardt," Svo. The first and second number contain "The Hunchback" and "Virginius," by Sheridan Knowles; the third, Poole's "Patrician and Parvenu;" and the fourth, Talfourd's "Ion." The following numbers will appear monthly."

The first volume of a new German translation of Chateaubriand's collected Works by Dr. A. Neurohr, has been published by the house of Wagner, in Freiburg. It is to be completed in 54 volumes, at the rate of four groschen (six-pence) per volume.

Meyer of Brunswick announces a "Galerie berühmter Buchdrucker," (Gallery of celebrated Printers,) to appear in parts at intervals of two or three months, in imperial 4to, at the rate of twelve groschen (1s. 6d.) each part. The first part, which has made its appearance, contains portraits of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schöffer. In the second, third, and fourth, will be given those of Lorenz Koster, Ivo Schöffer, Johann Mentelin, Aldus Manutius, Johann Froben, Johann Oporin, Robert Stephanus, Christoph Plantin, Melchior Lotter. In this gallery it is intended to include eminent contemporaries.

Dr. Wetter of Mainz has just given to the world the results of his many years' inquiries concerning the invention of printing, in a thick 8vo volume, accompanied with numerous lithographic fac-similes, entitled, *Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdrucker-kunst.*

The principal of these results the author has himself thus adverted to in his preface: "The opinions that Gutenberg invented the art of printing (that is to say, the composition of moveable types for the purpose of producing impressions) at Strasburg, I have proved to be invalid from the consideration of the facts deduced from the documents of Dritzehn's law-suit; from a critical examination of the hitherto adopted explanations of technical terms which occur in them; from a comparison of those documents with the undeniable testimony of the inventor, his workmen, and their descendants; and from the refutation of all the arguments brought forward by Schöpflin and his successors. At the same time I have directed attention to

the transition from printing by means of a rubber to that with the press, and to the absolute necessity for the application of block printing in order to the production of books properly so called; also to the true meaning of the term 'forms' in the acts of Dritzehn's suit, which signifies nothing more than mirror-forms, as metal mirrors were then cast in forms or moulds. I have given its full importance to the fact that Gutenberg, even after his removal to Mainz, printed by means of solid blocks; shown that it was by sawing these blocks into single letters, that he passed on to what may be properly called book-printing, produced complete evidence that he at first printed with wooden types, and connected these types by stringing them on cords, into lines. That Gutenberg also invented cast metal types, though only by means of cast matrices, and printed the 42-line Bible, is placed beyond doubt by the interpretation of the testimony of P. Schöffer, recorded by Trithemius; the date of the invention, (1450-1452,) and of the first diffusion of the art, is fixed beyond contradiction; and the claims of the city of Haerlem, which are far less tenable than those of Strasburg, are for ever annihilated."

The printers and booksellers of Germany have agreed to defer the celebration of the invention of printing, which was intended to have been held in the present year, as being several years too early for the secular anniversary of that event. The erection of the monument of the inventor Gutenberg, at Mainz, is also postponed, as the marble quarries in the Rheingau cannot furnish the material for the pedestal before next year.

A monument is also about to be erected to Gutenberg at Strasburg, where his first attempts at printing were made. David the sculptor, a native of that city, will furnish the model gratuitously, and the cost of the bronze will be defrayed by a subscription.

A monument has been erected at Gernshcim in Hesse, to commemorate the co-operation of Peter Schöffer, a native of that place, in this invaluable invention. It consists of a colossal statue of stone, twelve feet high, raised upon a pedestal of the like elevation, erected in the handsome square of the town, which will henceforth bear the name of Schöffersplatz. It was opened to the public view on the 9th of June last, being the birthday of the Grand-Duke of Hesse. The statue was executed by M. Scholl, sculptor to the court.

Dr. Hufeland, whose high reputation as a medical writer and practitioner is well known in this country, died at Berlin on the 25th of August, having just entered upon his 75th year.

ITALY.

The *Galleria litografica de' Quadri del Rè delle due Sicilie*, with illustrations by R. Liberatore, in folio, has advanced to the 14th part.

There has just appeared at Naples *Le Antichità di Pesto, e le più belle Ruinè de Pompei, descritte, misurate e designate da Francesco de Cesare, 1836.* Ten plates comprehend the most remarkable architectural ruins of Pæstum, and twenty-four are devoted to Pompeii.

Molini, bookseller of Florence, formerly librarian of the Palatina in that city, is preparing for the press "*Documenti di Storia italiana.*" During his residence in Paris in 1831 and 1832, he undertook a fruitless search for an important letter of Benvenuto Cellini's, on a new edition of whose life he was then engaged. This led him to the royal library, which possesses, in its 1200 folio volumes, the richest source of authentic and mostly autographic documents. As they relate chiefly to the transactions between France and foreign states, from the reign of Charles VI. to Louis XIV., Molini copied from the first 203 volumes (which come down to the reign of Francis I.) so much as appeared to him important for the history of Italy. It consists of about 500 letters from popes, kings, princes, ambassadors, and others, which the editor purposes publishing in chronological order, with notes by the Marchese Gino Capponi, the chief object of which is to determine the time and names of such of these letters as have no signature. The first volume will come down to the sacking of Rome in 1527; and the narrative of that event written by Francesco Vettori, deposited in a library of this city, and never yet published, will probably be annexed to it. Should this undertaking experience due encouragement, the public may look for the appearance of a chronicle of Pisa, of the 12th century, which Molini likewise copied at Paris.

The celebrated archæologist, the Abate Fea, died at Rome on the 18th of March last, at the advanced age of 88 years, during 50 of which he had exercised a most decisive influence on the knowledge of Roman antiquities and topography. Born in 1753 at Nizza, or, according to other accounts, at Pigna, near Oneglia, he early selected Rome for his residence, and most of the antiquities found there since that time were either discovered or first examined and described by him. As the translator and commentator of Winckelmann he is known to all Europe. His numerous minor pieces, which appeared between 1790 and 1835, form four thick 8vo. volumes, three of which relate to Rome and its environs. The continuation of the *Miscellanea* constituted his last literary employment; but death overtook him before he could bring it entirely to a conclusion. The Archæological Institute has lost in him one of its most zeal-

ous members. The post of chief superintendent of antiquities to the Pope, left vacant by his death, has been conferred on Pietro Visconti, son of Alessandro, a distinguished connoisseur of medals, and nephew of Ennio Quirino Visconti, the celebrated archæologist.

Tommaso Sgricci, the celebrated improvisatore poet, died a short time since at Florence, in the 38th year of his age. His talent was of the most extraordinary kind, for it was not confined to mere extemporaneous poetical effusions upon a given theme, but extended to dramatic composition, one of the most arduous walks of poetry, and apparently of insurmountable difficulty, when not the dialogue alone, but the plot and characters, are all to be provided impromptu, matters that require not poetical inspiration alone, but much judgment and deliberate reflection; and even supposing that the poet has previously sketched out the general course of each of the subjects proposed, he must be endued with incredible presence of mind to be able to seize on it instantaneously, and give the whole express shape from beginning to end. Yet it was thus impromptu that Sgricci recited many five-act tragedies; among which may be mentioned his *Bianca Capello*, and *Morte di Carlo Primo*, with which he astonished his audiences at Paris in 1824. Some of these pieces were afterwards printed, having been taken down by a shorthand writer during their recitation, and, when the peculiar mode of their construction is considered, they astonish even in that shape. Sgricci may fairly be allowed to have possessed the talent, or rather faculty, of improvisatoreship in a much higher degree than the most eminent of his predecessors, his subjects being such as not only required the usual poetical *estro*, but a sustained flow of it, together with inconceivable readiness of conception, and power of arranging continued scenes and dialogues. Herein he eclipsed the renowned Corilla, Fantastici, Bandettini, Gianni, and others, of whose extraordinary powers an interesting account is given by Fernow in his "*essay Ueber die Improvisatoren.*"

SPAIN.

WE are assured that M. Weisweller, general agent at Madrid for all the houses of the Messrs. Rothschild, is commissioned to purchase, at the approaching sale of the monastic libraries, any Hebrew MSS. and printed works on their account, and to send them to Frankfurt. It is therefore to be hoped that these sources, which are particularly rich for the literary history of the middle ages, will be rendered more accessible to the learned than they have hitherto been.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE Academy of Sciences at Petersburg is printing in the Mongol language an heroic tradition, which is a great favorite with the Mongols. It is a "History of the Deeds of Gesser Khan and his heroic Adventures"—a translation of which could scarcely fail to interest the European reader.

The Travels in Arabic of Abufasla are printing at Petersburg under the superintendence of, and with a Russian translation by, Professor Heitling.

MEXICO.

IN the year 1822, Mr. Waldeck engraved, in the line manner, from the drawings of Captain del Rios, the seventeen plates for the work of that author, which was translated at London, and published by H. Berthoud. A suspicion arose in the mind of Mr. Waldeck that the designs were incorrect, and he felt a strong desire personally to ascertain the fact. An opportunity was offered, in 1825, by his being appointed hydraulic engineer to the Halpujyahua Mining Company in Mexico. He set out for Mexico in the month of March. Various circumstances rendered his stay but a short one; he left the mines at the expiration of ten months. On his arrival in the Mexican capital, he resolved to carry into execution his original purpose—to give himself up to Mexican archæology, and, by his studies, acquire the knowledge which would enable him to visit with beneficial effect the ruins of Palenqué. Being admitted into the Museum of Mexico, he copied there all the curious manuscripts, as well as the finest specimens of sculpture, in stone, jasper, and terra cotta. This first collection consists of 160 water-color drawings, relative to ancient and modern costume, usages, natural history, and picturesque scenery, and contains also a hieroglyphic grammar, and a copious vocabulary of the Aztec language. A valuable article of this collection is a copy from an original portrait of Montezuma, which was painted by an Italian goldsmith who accompanied Ferdinand Cortes.

Mr. Waldeck attempted, at Mexico, a lithographic publication, with an explanatory text, of the rich and beautiful collection belonging to the University; but, the country not being favorable either to the arts or to study, the work which, besides, was very imperfect, in consequence of the extreme difficulty of working the stones, did not succeed, and was discontinued after the appearance of the fourth number.

In 1832, by the exertions of Viscount de Chaptal, and the influence of Don Lucas Alman, then minister, of Don Francisco de Fagoaga, the chief Alcalde, and of general Morau, Mr. Waldeck obtained a sum sufficient to enable him to make a journey to Palenqué. The subscription was to have amounted to

10,000 piastres; but, when only 4437 piastres were subscribed, he determined to set out with what remained of that sum. The purchasing of arms and provisions of all kinds for this long and difficult expedition, and the conveyance of his baggage and assistants, left him, on his arrival at Palenqué, only 3300 piastres, and, with this sum in hand, he began to excavate the monuments, and put the whole of them in a state to be designed.

This labor lasted seven months. In the course of it, the revolution brought about by Santa Anna having acquired more stability, the subscription was put a stop to, and M. de Chaptal wrote to Mr. Waldeck that he must not reckon upon any more help from Mexico. Mr. Waldeck's assistants now refused to go on, and he was obliged to dismiss them, after having paid their wages, and a sum to cover the expenses of their homeward journey. Thus he was left alone and penniless among the ruins, but still too intent upon his enterprise to think for a moment of giving it up. Resolved to subsist by hunting, he resumed his toils; but, at the expiration of two years of fatigue and danger, when he had made 119 drawings, and an interesting collection of reptiles, insects, and zoological preparations, famine compelled him to abandon the superb antique monuments which he had studied with so much delight.

The result of his researches is, that the destruction of Palenqué was the consequence of a war with a neighboring power, (which could be no other than Ehul-hà, capital of the kingdom of Tlepollan,) that the city was taken by assault, and was left uninhabited. This event happened 900 years before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. The Tulteques perhaps knew nothing, except by tradition, of this extinct nation. Neither the religious worship, the hieroglyphics, nor the architecture of this ancient people has any connection with the Tulteques and Azteques; their archives, which still exist uninjured, go back to a prodigiously remote period. The Palenquians were formed by a mixture of various nations of the old continent; to all appearance, the Chaldæans were the original stock, and the main body consisted of Hindoos. The astonishing sculptures, which still remain, are of a quite different character from all that has hitherto been known.

Still influenced by an ardent spirit of inquiry, Mr. Waldeck, in February, 1834, journeyed to the province of Yucutan, amidst the ravages of the cholera, and the misery and famine which were caused by the pestilence. There, supplied with pecuniary aid by a munificent and learned Irish peer, he undertook to explore, in the interior of that fine peninsula, the monuments which he knew to exist there. He first bent his course to the mountains of the centre, on which he found the vast and superb city of Ytzalan, which has a width of half a league, and extends eight leagues from north to south. The enthusiasm of Mr. Waldeck had been excited by the fine relics of Palenqué, but here it was raised to a still higher pitch—for here he found monu-

ments in excellent preservation, the workmanship of which, for splendor, interest and solidity, exceeded all that could be imagined. He labored with unabating ardor for two years, and was about to visit a second time the ruins of Chichen Ytza, when, on the 16th of January, 1836, in consequence of an order of the Mexican government, all his drawings and papers were seized. Fortunately, he had duplicates of the documents, and, since his arrival in England, he has been engaged in replacing, from his original sketches, the drawings which were taken from him. The scientific bodies of London and Paris have expressed to him the interest which they take in his researches; and his correspondence with a learned member of the Institute (M. Jomard) has gained for him a medal from the Geographical Society of Paris. He is now preparing for the press a narrative of his travels. The first part will be that which relates to Yucutan. Mr. Waldeck deems it necessary to hasten the publication of it, for fear that the drawings which were taken from him may be sent to Europe to be clandestinely sold; a measure which the dishonorable action committed with regard to his property authorises him to consider as not improbable. The *Inquiries in Yucutan* are dedicated to

Viscount Kingsborough, author of "*The Mexican Antiquities*," which have been already noticed in a former volume, and in the present number of this Review.

The *Travels* will treat on the statistics, customs and usages of the country—in a word, on all that can interest an observing mind, whether amusing, useful, or instructive: they will also include many anecdotes, characteristic of the manners of the Creoles and Indians; a sketch of the commerce of the province, and of its future importance relative to political geography; an ancient Yucatee ballad of considerable beauty, and curious for the light which it throws on the ancient history of the Maya; a copious vocabulary of the Maya language, for the use of travellers who may wish to visit the country; an Essay to prove that the Yucatees are of Palenquian origin; and a Summary of the ancient history of the Maya, from a century before the conquest till their subjugation, which did not finally take place till the year 1700. The work will be illustrated by a general map of the province, the interior of which was unknown, and by 22 or 23 plates, engraved or lithographed, according to the style of the subjects, and accompanied by an explanatory text.

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

NO. XXXVI.

FOR JANUARY, 1837.

ART. I.—1. *Franz der Erste, Kaiser von Oesterreich und sein Zeitalter* (Francis I. Emperor of Austria and his Times), von Hermann Meynert. Leipzig: 1834. 8vo.

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It is a remark which we have often heard repeated, that the rest of Europe is very imperfectly acquainted with, and has formed most erroneous notions concerning, the Austrian Empire. In this opinion we cannot coincide; for, admitting that many details which would give a clear view of the state of the country, its revenue, and its resources, all of which the imperial government is very studious to conceal, must necessarily be unknown to strangers, as they are so to the subjects of the state; we think that Europe has still formed no very improper notions as to the character of the inhabitants or of the government of that nation. Secluding itself as far as possible from all community of interests with neighboring states, and holding in view an object which it pursues with an eagerness that precludes all regard for the opinions and advantage of others, its gov-

ernment cannot be surprised if it has not always been an object of encomium to contemporaries, whose opinion it has moreover professed entirely to disregard. Nor can it occasion wonder if neighboring nations, believing that the blessings of internal peace and subordination can be as easily obtained by simpler means, and a less obtrusive exercise of restrictive power, deeply regret the self-exclusion of so important a member of the grand community of civilized states from the duty of promoting the common weal of all. Full justice has ever been done to the amiable qualities and varied talents that distinguish the inhabitants of the empire; but, from the passive part they have played while the most momentous questions were discussed in a great part of Europe, they have no doubt attracted less attention and excited less interest in other lands than their peculiar circumstances perhaps deserve. Under a patriarchal government, however, where so much depends on the personal talent and qualities of the sovereign, the decease of a monarch, who for nearly half a century directed the development of the national resources, forms an important epoch for the country, rendered more than usually interesting by the state of Europe at the period.

The biography of the Emperor Francis I. of Austria possesses therefore a double interest at this moment, because his life formed an important link between the past and the immediate future. A long reign, a steady, unswerving pursuance of the line of policy he had laid down, gave him the power of fashioning the empire to what it now is; and consequently all who wish to comprehend its present state, or to form conjectures as to its

future progress, must by no means neglect to study the character of its deceased sovereign.

If the biography of the late Emperor be inseparable from the history of the development of Austria, that of his favorite minister, who long aided, and at length guided, perhaps, the projects of his sovereign, is not less so. This remarkable man, who has steadily pursued his way with an indifference to public opinion almost unexampled, whose penetration enabled him to probe with equal success the character of the monarch whom he served and of the people he had to rule, will afford us by his manner of dealing with prince and people the justest estimate of both; nor can we go far astray, if we place ourselves under the guidance of so clear an eye and so shrewd a tact in action as he is acknowledged to possess.

If fortune had resolved to contrive a throne for a favored mortal, from which he should not find it difficult to arrogate a superiority over at least one quarter of the globe, she could not have devised materials better suited to its accomplishment than those composing the Austrian Empire. The inexhaustible resources of every province, each large enough to form a separate kingdom, combine with the varieties of mental power displayed in the inhabitants to form materials for the creation of an unconquerable power. The agricultural profusion of the Polish provinces and Hungary, the mining wealth of great part of the latter country, the industrial spirit of the inhabitants of Bohemia, its agricultural wealth, the mines of Carinthia, and the fertility of Lombardy, united, offer a mass of internal wealth unrivalled by any other European land. Mighty navigable rivers traverse the states in all directions, and afford means of communication to commercial enterprise, to which the possession of no unimportant extent of sea-coast likewise invites. In the population such varied elements unite as might be expected to turn these means to the best advantage. The skilful industrious Lombard, the wily Illyrian, the hardy Hungarian, the meditative German, the patient persevering Bohemian, and the fiery but versatile Pole, form a mixture of energies admirably calculated to correct and to assist each other. This is the empire as it now presents itself to our view, and the dominions were not less extensive to which Francis succeeded in 1793. He then possessed Belgium instead of Venice, but the exchange has been materially for the advantage of the state; thus too, both Austria and Germany have been respectively gainers by the abolition of the Holy Roman Empire. It is no doubt easier for us who

have the experience of forty years, the most fertile in historical results that any age of history affords, to form a clear judgment of the true course which the Emperor Francis ought to have pursued on his accession to the throne, to consolidate his power and insure the prosperity of his people, than it was for him at the time, bewildered as his view must have been by the failure of the well-meant but inconsiderate changes attempted by his uncle Joseph II. Had any enlightened friend been at his side who could have pointed out where the real faults in Joseph's policy lay, it is probable that the unsophisticated mind of the young emperor, which raised the hopes of his subjects to a high pitch, would have comprehended the truth; and the firmness which he sufficiently displayed in after-life must have insured his success in acting up to it. As it was, nothing could be more natural than that he should deem the people incapable of appreciating efforts made for their good, and consider his uncle as the victim of the basest ingratitude. It was, however, more than a mere error of judgment which prevented both of these monarchs from rising to the generous wish of desiring the good of the people, regardless of *who was the author of the benefit*. Joseph, as well as his successors, was evidently quite impressed with the notion that the sovereign, as representative of the Supreme Being, was the chosen dispenser of his favors, and that the people, to use a British phrase, *had no right* to any advantages which did not originate with him.

The method adopted by Joseph II. to introduce his intended improvements was perfectly accordant with these notions. Abolishing without hesitation the customs of the different countries which he undertook to reform,—the municipal oligarchies of the Belgians, the patriarchal aristocracy of the Bohemians, and the irregular inconsistent privileges of the Hungarians,—he required all to surrender the portion of good they possessed, and to receive at his hands what he imagined to be a fuller measure of the means of acquiring prosperity. He could never conceive that it was less the good which he offered, than his assumption of the power or rather the right to bestow it, which all united to dispute. Did he assemble the representatives of the people? did he explain the insufficiency of the old customs and the impediments they offered to the advancement of the nation, calling upon them to assist him in devising means to remedy those evils? No; in the plenitude of arrogant power and the confidence of delegated wisdom, he planned laws from the midst of a distant and enervated capital for the citizens

of Belgium, for the nobility of a Slavonic, and the rude and haughty freemen of a Tatar, nation. What wonder then, that he should totally fail in an attempt so far beyond the powers of the most highly gifted individual! What wonder, that he should be falsely estimated both by those whose hopes had been excited and by those whose fears he had roused!

It was probably the experience thus gathered, strengthened by the terror and disgust which the disgraceful scenes of the French revolution were adapted to awaken, which brought the conviction into the mind of the Emperor Francis, that an unlimited power in the chief governor of a nation is the surest pledge of its prosperity; and that, as all popular reforms tend to limit that power, they must be opposed as the sources of all evil. He also looked upon this high prerogative as an inherent right in his family, one holier and less disputable than any other; and the line of conduct which he pursued aimed at first procuring its acknowledgment by all his subjects, and then at securing it against all attacks. Until this was attained, there could be no question raised as to how much he would consent to sacrifice to the wishes and advantage of his subjects. A consistent support of these principles naturally involves the necessity, in cases where the interests of land and sovereign apparently clash in a hostile manner, of letting the former sink in preference to the latter; or, in other words, it must be presumed that the sovereign lends importance and power to the state, not the state to the sovereign. The whole reign of the late emperor, and the whole administration of the minister, have been consumed in the realization of this wish, to which Austria is indebted for its present state; and according to which it seems that the future prospects of the country are to be calculated. That the pursuit of such a line of policy in Austria required no secret caballing, no concealed undermining of ancient laws and customs, no attempts to bribe or deceive public opinion, is a fact of great importance, as it at once develops the character of the nation, or union of nations, of which that empire is composed. Yet, such is the fact. That unity of purpose in the government is there considered as unattainable without a sole governor, not only the two works first cited at the head of our article inform us, it being the text which they profess to illustrate, but is taught as an axiom by every professor of law in the Austrian dominions.

Yet the avowal of this doctrine and the determination to act up to it, be the consequences what they might, on the part of the government, have proved no impediment to

its realization. The distance between the Dalmatian peasant, who stands perhaps on the lowest degree in the scale of European civilization,* and the Lombard who claims a very elevated one,—between the uncultivated freedom of the Hungarian, and the crafty subserviency of the Slavonian,—is so great, that it might cause the boldest legislator to despair of establishing any thing like a reciprocity of interest between them. Yet one and the same law-book has been introduced into all the Austrian provinces, with the exception of Hungary; and the manifold elements of discord from the Vistula to the Po have been reduced to the tranquillity of passive obedience. An army has been raised which, as far as its *matériel* is concerned, is perhaps the most formidable in Europe, and which is ready to take the field in any direction at a moment's warning; while the public credit has been supported, so that the funds of the country are marked by a decent figure in all the markets of Europe. Yet all this has been effected without the slightest digression from the bold line of conduct laid down; the attainment of all these desirable results has ever been regarded as secondary to the introduction of the patriarchal form of government in every province, and a note from the emperor's cabinet supersedes at will the authority both of law and custom.

That the efforts made to establish this power have been attended with the fullest success is a fact that does not admit of the slightest doubt, and that the imperial fiat is now as obsequiously followed by the Poles, the Italians, and the Hungarians, as by the Austrians, has been of late sufficiently demonstrated. The course of the last year and a half furnishes a variety of proofs. The suppression of the liberal party in Transylvania was effected in the autumn of 1835 by the Archduke Ferdinand at the head of a military force; the leader of the opposition, Baron Wesselini, lies at the present moment under an impeachment for high treason. Numerous arrests of Hungarians supposed to be desirous of revolutionary movements took place in the month of July this year, in a manner contrary to both the spirit and letter of the constitution of that country. Yet

* A gentleman has assured us that, while on an official tour through Dalmatia in 1830, he threw a handful of small coin amongst a groupe of the inhabitants who had assembled at the unusual sight of a carriage, and whom he supposed to be beggars, but who immediately took to their heels without picking up the money. A very wise measure was to take into pay as soldiers the numerous robbers that infested the country, many of whom now form the escorts of remittances from Zara to the imperial treasury.

no general remonstrance, no ebullition of national discontent, attended these proceedings. In Bohemia, a society for the encouragement of national literature and the study of the antiquities of the nation drew on it the jealous eye of the government. Its title of *Matce Ceska* (Bohemian Mother,) was suppressed, and its members warned to proceed with moderated ardor. The liberation of the imprisoned members of the *Giovane Italia* in the spring of this year, on the condition of their emigrating to America, may be looked upon as denoting the extinction of the once formidable liberal party in Lombardy; while, in the month of June, a number of Polish students arrested at Vienna and imprisoned for some time without any crime being openly imputed to them* afford a proof of the unwearied vigilance of the police, and of the passive contentment of the citizens, amongst whom the event excited not the slightest interest, and was scarcely known beyond the circle of acquaintances of the parties concerned.

It is a striking characteristic of the two biographies before us, that, in detailing the accomplishment of this great work, while in the life of Prince Metternich the emperor's name is only introduced as often as decency absolutely requires it, the minister is scarcely ever mentioned by the historian of Francis. We must not, however, infer from this, which is perhaps explained by the recent decease of the monarch, that the slightest want of harmony ever existed between them. The late emperor's temper had acquired a tinge of gloom in latter years from the numerous disappointments he had met with in the course of a long life; and the close of his reign was marked by an excessive jealousy of interference, and a wish to monopolize all the details of government. All those nearest to his person were exposed to the effects of his irritable caprice; his aid-de-camp, General Appel was dismissed unceremoniously for having shown imprudent attentions to the present emperor. The body physician M. de Stift, of whom in his capacity of statesman we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, was suddenly released from his important functions in the council of state. But not the slightest coolness was at any time remarked towards the favorite minister, who was too well able to distinguish between the shadow and the substance of power to risk sacrificing the one

for the other. The death of Francis I., whose end was viewed with an indifference at Vienna altogether inexplicable to those who had not watched the slow decay of his popularity in proportion as the selfishness of his character demonstrated itself,* has made little or no alteration in the position of the princely minister, except that of depriving him of a screen against the still dreaded tribunal of public opinion.

The life of Prince Metternich is of the two the more important document at the present moment, inasmuch as he still lives and guides the empire as before. He had also the power, if dissatisfied with the work, to prohibit it, and probably also to command any alterations he might think proper. We may therefore take the following statement for his political confession of faith, and we extract it less for any novelty it contains, than for the sake of illustrating the assertion we made a few lines back, that nothing can be farther from the intention of the Austrian rulers than a concealment of their political principles. Speaking of the demands made by the nation after the French war for concessions in accordance with the spirit of the age, the biographer remarks:—

“The irreconcilable and inborn hatred existing from all time between the state principles of *historical right* and revolutionary ideas which have arisen from its denial and aim at its destruction, has never been casual or awakened only by temporary interests. It resembled, on the contrary, the repulsive power of two contending forces in nature; it was a necessary, an unavoidable action. This historical right, however, presents itself in its fullest growth and perfection in the constitution of all those countries which formerly belonged to the Roman-German empire, whose head for centuries was the sovereign of Austria; and not less so in the hereditary territories of the imperial house. It was firmly rooted both by conviction and hallowed reminiscences in every nation of Germanic origin and speaking a Germanic tongue. How destructive to the internal organization and happiness of those countries would not the renunciation of these old hereditary rights have been! How useless for the defence of all material interests, which had suffered so

* As the sufferers were not informed of the distinct fault for which they were arrested, it is supposed that their error consisted in subscribing together for the purchase of books in the Polish language. Their books and papers were seized, and every thing Polish confiscated by the police.

* A late portrait of the monarch, by M. Amerling, a splendid work of art, which represents him in the uniform of a Prussian Field Marshal, has a trait of harshness in the eyes too candid to have met with approbation. It was intended as a present to the King of Prussia, but another portrait was substituted, under the pretence of some error having been committed in the arrangement of the decorations of knighthood. It is now destined, we hear, to be placed amongst the collection of the Belvedere at Vienna, so that this distinguished artist will be indemnified by having his fame perpetuated amongst his countrymen.

much from the war ! since, as it was easy to see, the most unconditional submission to the arrogance of the enemy would scarcely have delayed this war, so expensive in blood and treasure, and would never have entirely prevented it. This consideration alone would have made it imperative on the prince, as servant of the state, to undertake to combat to the utmost the revolution, *its principles, and its consequences*. But it was not alone the interests of the state which he was called upon to represent that roused in him this dislike of innovations and revolutions ; he followed in it his fullest conviction, derived from a clear insight into the peculiar nature of those doctrines and the manner in which they had been applied. The strict love of justice which attended all his steps caused him to recognize, once for all, in the chaos of revolutions, together with their accompaniments, something that conflicted with his feelings—a sufficient reason to induce a man like him to declare himself to the world their enemy and combatant.”—p. 149.

Historical right is a term recently introduced in Germany by writers on history and national law, to denote the species of prescriptive right to certain immunities and privileges claimed by their possessors upon the ground of their having been long enjoyed. History is in such cases called in as evidence. But in no work have we been able to find a precise definition of this somewhat vague term, nor can we account for the exclusion of the histories of the middle ages in most countries, of the free imperial cities, and of the Hanseatic league in Germany, by those who most frequently appeal to its authority.

A little further on the relative position of the sovereign in the political scale of the empire is thus defined :—

“An attentive look at the nature and component parts of the Austrian empire must dissipate all wonder at his wish to keep at a distance from the destructive movements of the times. In a united monarchy like the Austrian, in which such different parts and varying interests have been bound up at different epochs to a whole, nothing less than a consistent support of a public administration founded upon a gradual historical development, nothing but a concentration of all the ideas according to which the government is conducted in the person of the monarch, can be even dreamt of as a means of promoting a powerful unity, and of attaining the highest aim of the state, the good of all.”—p. 177.

The amount of responsibility here imposed upon the sovereign seems rather unfair in proportion to the weight of the task, which is in no way diminished by the reasons assigned for the necessity of entrusting the entire guidance of the state to the hands of an individual, viz. the difference existing between its

component parts and the conflicting interests that have to be reconciled. It is, however, unnecessary here to collect evidence to prove what is so universally known, that the two political principles cited above have always guided the conduct both of the late emperor and his minister. The importance attached to their public avowal and justification in 1835 rests upon the probability of their continuing to be the maxims on which the policy of the Austrian court will for the future be founded. This it is which makes a slight retrospective view of the events of past years interesting, and even imperative upon all, whose task is to watch over the political balance of European power.

“The line of policy adopted by the Austrian court, in order to “keep at a distance from the destructive movements of the times,” is explained by the biographer to have existed, not in measures of internal police alone, but in the endeavors to effect a restriction of the press in Germany, in the direct interference to suppress the revolution of Naples, and in the indirect intervention by urging an obsequious ally to undertake the crushing of the revolutionary party in Spain. England, it is stated, opposed to each of these attempts ineffectual remonstrances, with the exception of the latter, to which it is declared (we know not with what truth) that Prince Metternich had the address to procure the concurrence of George IV. during his visit to that monarch at Hanover.

To the minute detail of the negotiations which preceded the march of the Austrians to Naples which our author gives us, or rather to its publication at the present moment, we are inclined to attach some importance when we regard the state of the political horizon and the nature of some recent events.

When the Neapolitans in 1820 heard that the Austrians intended interfering to suppress the constitution they had extorted from their king, Prince Cimitilè was sent to Vienna to deprecate the intervention, and to give assurances of the wish of his government to conform as much as possible to the desires of the Austrians. The answer given by Prince Metternich at a personal interview is stated as follows :—

“The present Neapolitan revolution is the work of a profligate sect, the work of surprise and force ; were the courts to grant it any countenance, even by silently looking on, it would be equivalent to scattering the seeds of rebellion in lands where it has not yet taken root. The first duty and the highest interest of the powers required them to crush it in the beginning. As to the readi-

ness of the Neapolitan government to endeavor to prevent the extension of the Propaganda, even if it be really able to do so, it merits but little gratitude for that which we shall require from it as a duty. The recognition of the new order of things in that kingdom would both shake the foundation of our own state, and deprive Naples of the only means she now possesses of opposing the terrors of anarchy. These means are: order and the support of those principles on which alone the tranquillity of states is grounded; and these principles will conquer as soon as the government is resolved to maintain its former institutions against the attacks of innovators and party spirit.

"When the ambassador, not a little astonished at these remarks upon the true state of things, inquired: 'If a peaceable arrangement was quite out of the question?' the prince continued as follows: 'Here arrangement is not the object in view; we must apply a cure. Use your endeavors to cause all the well-disposed men in your country to request the king to re-assume the reins of government, to annul every act since the 5th of July, to punish the individuals who have brought their country to the brink of destruction, and finally to adopt measures likely to ensure the happiness and prosperity of the people; then will Austria, all Europe, support you in this praiseworthy undertaking.' On Cimitilè's expressing his doubts that, in the actual state of things at Naples, men could easily be found to hold such language, the prince replied with noble confidence: 'If you do not find such, his majesty, my emperor and master, will assuredly supply them. He, the ruler of men who avow these principles, and who have power sufficient to effect the good I have pointed out to you, will come to your aid. *Dispose of 80,000, or, if needful, of 100,000 Austrian troops, which shall advance at your first requisition, and conduct you to Naples as conqueror of the rebels.*' This, under existing circumstances, when the Neapolitan government was unable itself to oppose with energy the continually increasing rebellion, was probably the only true course to be adopted in order to hasten what was unavoidable. But the prince, whether he did not see this unavoidable necessity, or did not choose to see it, expressed with bitter feeling his regret, that, having come to prevent measures of violence and bloodshed, the Austrian cabinet should devote itself wholly to such extreme measures. 'Yes,' continued Prince Metternich, and concluded the interview; 'blood must flow, but it will fall upon the heads of those who have sacrificed the honor and happiness of their country to the suggestions of selfish ambition. As for me, I throw off all responsibility, for I only act as the interests of my nation make it incumbent on me to do.' "

The lines in Italics, in which the readiness is expressed to supply the want of statesmen at Naples by 80,000 Austrian soldiers, are in capitals in the original; and as the book

is not only, as we have said, not prohibited in Vienna, but advertised in the court newspapers, the author cannot be suspected of wishing to satirize the minister. It is somewhat to be lamented that a consistent pursuit of a system, professedly intended to make all countries happy and prosperous, should fall so hard upon a nation struggling to rise from the low station into which it had sunk through mismanagement for several centuries.

The semi-official publication of the language which the Austrian minister held towards the representative of a people, who were far from being considered in the light of rebels by the major part of Europe, is, we repeat, not without importance. The author states expressly the opposition offered by France and England to the measure at the Congress of Troppau, and the difficulty with which the Emperor Alexander was brought to consent to it. It was only by conveying to the Russian emperor the first intelligence of a revolt among his guards at Petersburg, that Prince Metternich obtained sufficient ascendancy to convince that sovereign of the necessity of stopping rebellion abroad, in order to conquer it efficaciously at home; on which he gave his cordial support to the measures against Naples, and afterwards to those adopted against Piedmont. Thus far the biographer conducts us, passing lightly over the epoch of 1830, and the memorable scenes to which the last French revolution gave rise; but his declaration of the principles of the Austrian cabinet furnish the readiest key to the policy which that power has pursued up to the present moment, as well as to that which we may expect it to pursue in future. We cannot pass over the complacent boast of the author, who arrogates to the prince the merit of having maintained the peace of Europe by his consistent policy for the last twenty years, without entering a partial protest. These twenty years have witnessed not fewer changes than the period which preceded them; the sole difference being, that it will probably require more time, we trust not more bloodshed, to correct much of the evil accomplished in them. They have witnessed the crushing of those energies in Spain and Italy which would, if left untouched, have regenerated and restored to the social federation of civilized states two of its fairest ornaments,—the dismemberment of a kingdom, strengthened for the purpose of checking the ambition of France,—the annihilation of another, established as a guard against the preponderance of Russia—as the natural consequence of the latter event, the augmentation of the influence of the lat-

ter power in the East, with the attempted encroachments on our commercial connections with the Black Sea and its dependencies. The gradual ascendant which Austria has slowly gained is not less remarkable a feature of the times than those we have mentioned.

If the continuance of Prince Metternich at the head of affairs under the auspices of a new sovereign seems to promise a continuance of the foreign policy hitherto pursued by Austria, it should not escape our notice both that the measures of that court since 1830 have borne a character of decision very different from what they presented before that epoch, and that the relative position of Austria itself has thus gradually changed with regard to the other powers of Europe. The intervention to put a stop to the Neapolitan revolution was preceded by long negotiations and had occupied two congresses. The occupation of the States of the Church by the Austrians in March, 1831, was effected with a precipitation which called for a decided counter-movement on the part of the French. The latter power contented itself with opposing a barrier to territorial acquisitions on the part of invaders, while Austria improved the opportunity so well to extend her moral ascendancy over Southern Italy, that the occupation of Ancona, by offering a seeming guarantee that its views were loyal, has rather assisted than impeded its efforts. In short, the Austrians have so often of late assumed the dictation of the policy to be followed by Italian States, that it has grown into a right of patronage which has no parallel in any other part of Europe.

The ascendancy of Austria in Germany is also observable in the direction which the affairs of the federative body have of late years taken. The ordinances of Frankfort, in 1832, a measure dictated by Austria, and for the full merit of which our biographer lays claim on the part of this minister, were a direct infraction of the treaty of Vienna, which guaranteed internal independence to every state of Germany :—

‘The more reasonable among the Germans, and even some governments who formerly reproached Prince Metternich with too much timidity, began now to see that not *they*, but *he*, had rightly judged of the spirit of the times; they therefore willingly and thankfully seconded his renewed endeavors, the consequence of which was the publication of the resolutions of the Diet of the 28th of June, 1832. The contents of these resolutions are generally known, and public opinion has already pronounced on their real tendency; consequently any apology or justification of them would here be unnecessary.’ * * *

“A similar object, together with the completion and clearer explanation of some points of the treaty of federation, occupied the great congress of ministers assembled at the desire of Prince Metternich at Vienna from the 13th of January to the 13th of June, 1834, some of whose resolutions have been published by the Diet.”

The purport of the resolutions of Frankfort was, as our readers may remember, the institution of a Court of Control, named by the territorial sovereigns of Germany, to watch over the proceedings of the states-general in each kingdom and duchy. The sittings of the chambers in the different states were ordered to be held with closed doors, and the official publication of their proceedings, which had been adopted voluntarily by several, among others by Hanover, was prohibited. Other points related to restrictions on the press; and the resolutions not yet published are said to concern the universities and the system of education. As the whole of the proceedings on this occasion involve a question of considerable importance to England, besides the wanton insult thus offered to the nation of Europe in which intellectual improvement is most generally spread, we may be allowed to cast a look at our own share in the transaction. The passing of the resolutions at Frankfort and Vienna was accompanied by military preparations, on the part of Austria especially, which no pains were taken to conceal. The journeys of Count Clam Martinitz to Berlin was avowedly for the purpose of concerting plans of military operations, in case resistance should any where be offered; and such resistance was expected by all who knew under what sickness of heart the inhabitants of western Germany suffered, at the long deferment of their ardent hopes. May we not now ask, had opposition been offered what would have been the result? A military occupation of the rest of Germany by Austria and Prussia? Did this contingency enter into the calculations of Mr. Cartwright at Frankfort, when looking on at the proceedings of the Diet? Were the instructions furnished to Mr. Strahlenheim and Baron Ompteda communicated to Lord Palmerston, to Sir. F. Lamb, or to Mr. Cartwright? Or was Hanover allowed to risk the chances of a war, in which it must eventually look to England for aid, without showing the courtesy of making such communications as might avert the evil by making it the subject of timely negotiation? It is well known, from the disposition evinced by the inhabitants of Brunswick and Hanover, in 1830 and 1831, that there was every probability that the first burst of opposition

would ensue from that quarter? The promises of the sovereign before he ascended the throne were not forgotten; and the mere fact of the persons arrested for state offences in 1830 being still imprisoned without the sanction of any judiciary tribunal shows that the people had grievances of the highest order of which to seek the redress.* Did then the occupation of Hanover by Austria or Prussia enter into the scheme of European politics for the year 1833? Or was it the fear of such a threatened calamity that induced the Hanoverian government to direct Mr. Strahlenheim to affix his signature to the resolutions? If the latter was the case, there will be little more proof, we think, required that Austria has attained an ascendancy in Germany, which it is the interest of England and France jealously to observe. It is unnecessary to add a word respecting the concurrence of the other minor states of Germany, the inability of whose sovereigns to defend, unsupported, either the rights of their subjects, or their own, against their powerful allies, is unfortunately for them too well known both at home and abroad.

In the progressive acquirement of this influence, there can be no doubt that the Austrian government was solely guided by the desire to suppress all discussion of those political principles which tend to throw a dubious light upon the monarchical form of government. In this wish it must have been cordially joined by the Prussian cabinet, and we are ready to believe that serious views of conquest were entertained by neither court. It would only seem that all parties, in their eagerness to attain the immediate object in view, were inclined to overlook the difficulty that must present itself, when an appeal to force should have roused a gigantic power to a full consciousness of its immense strength, while the counterpoising weight might prove insufficient to restrain its projects within their original bounds. As it is evident that, in an enlightened age like the present, with the examples of France and England, probably also with those of the Peninsula before their eyes, it can scarcely be expected that either the numbers or demands

of the liberal party on the Continent will diminish, Europe has to look forward, if this system of policy be suffered, to a continued series of interpositions on the part of Austria and Prussia to regulate the affairs of the smaller German states; for which those powers having made due preparations by maintaining enormous standing armies, it must be tolerably clear to what issue such a state of things must tend.

In perfect harmony with former proceedings, and, indeed, a step unavoidably necessary for a power that considers its safety endangered by every concession to the popular cause, and which shows that Austria can not confine its suppressing system to Germany alone, was the recent occupation of the Republic of Cracow. The true crime of this state was that, all the historical reminiscences of Poland centering in it, as long as it remained free, the hopes of the Poles had a gathering point, and their nationality could not be effectually extinguished. The cathedral of Cracow contains the tombs of almost all the Polish kings, and the ashes of the heroes who adorn the history of that nation. The university is richly endowed, and might offer a pure source whence the Polish youth could imbibe enlightened ideas and unprofaned knowledge. Some of the most distinguished refugees had devoted themselves to historical researches, in which they were supported by contributions and assistance from the partitioned provinces, where their productions, although entirely devoid of political allusions, formed a new and strong band of union by the recollections they were calculated to awaken in every breast.* The

* The following list of works, which appeared in Cracow in the course of the years 1833-1835, will demonstrate the activity displayed by the refugees, and which probably constituted the crime for which they were condemned.

PERIODICALS.

Pomniki historyi i literatury Polskiej (Monuments of Polish History and Literature), 3 vols., irregular.

Powszechny Pamiennik nauki i umiejetności (General Remembrancer of Art and Science), monthly, 1835.

Quartalnik naukowy (Quarterly Review of the Fine Arts), 1835.

Pamiennik farmaceutyczny (Pharmaceutic Remembrancer), annual, 1834-1836.

Roznik kliniki chirurgiczny (Clinical and Surgical Annual), 1832-1836.

Themis Krakowska (Cracow Themis), monthly.

Dziennik Ogrodniczy (Gardeners' Journal), 1831-1833.

Encyclopædyja rzeczy Polskich (Encyclopædia of Poland), in numbers.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

Biblioteka Zaluskiego, edit. with notes by Muczkowski.

O Stanie obecnym literatury Czeskiej (The Present State of Bohemian Literature), translated from the German by Muczkowski.

* A short time before the publication of the Resolutions of Frankfort, a diplomatic character in Germany revealed to a friend and countryman of ours the fact of their existence. The Englishman expressed his doubts as to the possibility of enforcing them, adding that, during a recent tour through western Germany, he had seen every citizen with a musquet in his hand. "My good friend," returned the minister, "you seem to forget that on these occasions it is artillery which decides, and you certainly saw no cannon in the possession of the citizens."

probability of finding one day in Cracow a nucleus round which the Poles could rally as a nation, and not mere zeal to execute justice upon the assassins of the murdered emissary, was the real cause of General Kaufmann's expedition. Cracow was for the partitioning powers that which Persepolis was for the Persian conqueror; with the historical remembrances of every country the national pride will fall. We know that it has been studiously asserted that the Austrians undertook the occupation, in order to anticipate or prevent a like movement on the part of Prussia; but before this exculpatory argument be admitted it should be shown both that the city and its inhabitants have been gainers by falling into the hands of the Austrians; and that the interest of Austria was to support the independence of its *protégé*. The answer to the former query is contained in the hundreds of victims delivered up to Russian vengeance, after being induced by fair promises to submit to the Austrians, as well as in the treatment of those individuals, whom the Austrian government thought proper themselves to detain as captives. The answer to the old-fashioned question "*Cui bono?*" must be drawn from the political views of Austria, which estimates the suppression of every thing resembling popular political power as the greatest gain. When Cracow is abandoned by the occupants, it will be left to destruction by decay, a means not less certain, although slower, than that which the celebrated speech at Warsaw threatened to

inflict upon the latter capital. Deprived of all that could give it internal energy or ornament, and stripped of the commerce which hitherto supported its inhabitants, the oldest capital of Poland will dwindle to a shadow, the appropriation or annihilation of which will excite no jealousy on the part of rival nations.

The Austrian government having thus successfully forced the neighboring States of Italy, Germany, and Poland to acknowledge its power, if not its right, to prescribe their form of government and internal policy, there remain but two others touching its frontiers whose weakness could offer any temptation, and whose internal state could furnish a pretext for hostile or amicable interference; these are the northern provinces of the Turkish empire and Switzerland.

The dubious aspect which the subjection of the Slavonic provinces of Turkey to the Ottoman government has of late years assumed is well known; and it will also be presumed, that the repeated assumption of independence by the different governors is as little favorable to internal tranquillity as it is likely to promote external strength. So little information is communicated to the rest of Europe by the Austrian newspapers, and so cautious is the government to suppress the publication of official details even within the hereditary states, that the true nature of the quarrels which so frequently take place between the Bosnians and the military colonies planted on the Hungarian frontier is a perfect mystery. Certain it is that, on two occasions within the last year and a half, the militia of the frontier has marched into the Turkish territories, and taken most summary and efficacious vengeance on the supposed perpetrators of injuries and their kindred. In the month of June this year, a strong division commanded by major-general Baron Waldstätten, with two pieces of cannon and twelve rocket-guns, entered the province of Bosnia, and fought a pitched battle with the capidan of the district, who demanded assistance from adjacent provinces. The alleged offence was the murder of an Austrian soldier, who had been killed by a shot from the Turkish side, (we know not on what provocation,) and the capidan's refusing or neglecting to punish or deliver up the perpetrator occasioned a combat, which was obstinately protracted through the whole day. Not only the village in which the murderer was supposed to reside, but five or six others also were set on fire by the rockets and destroyed; while the Austrian Observer gave a list of 500 killed and wounded on the Turkish side, and of 23 killed and 114 wounded on the Austrian side; an energetic manner of as-

Liber 20 Artium. A most singular Manuscript, supposed to be by Twardowski, the Polish *Faust*, long fastened by a chain in the Library of Cracow, edit. Muczkowski.

Historija języka łascińskiego w Polsce (History of the Latin Language in Poland), Mecherzynski, 1833.

Historija Szlaska (History of Silesia), Kulawski, 1833.

O potrzebie banku w Krakowie (On the Necessity of a Bank in Cracow), Meciszewski, 1835.

Historija ludu Żydowskiego w Europie (History of the Jews in Europe), 1 Vol., 1834, anonymous.

Groby Królów w Krakowie [The Graves of the Kings at Cracow], A. Grabowski, 1835.

O Słowianach przed Chrześcijaństwem [Of the Slavonian before the Christian Era], Chodakowski, 1835.

Przewodnik Krakowski [Cracow Guide], 1835, S. Gieszkowski.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Opis geologiczny Tatrów [A Geological Description of the Tatra [Carpathian] Mountains], Zeisner.

A work on Astronomy, by Weisse and Steczkowski.

What strengthens us in the supposition that these attempts to preserve the Polish language, and to add to the literature of the country, were viewed with dislike by the partitioning powers, is the circumstance of all the copies of several works on Polish customs and history having in the summer of this year been bought up by the Russian government. Among others we may specify Golebiowski's '*Lud Polski, jego Zwyczaje*, [The Polish Nation and its Customs].

serting the national honor, it must be confessed !

It must also be observed, that the vernacular language of Bosnia and Servia, being a dialect of the Slavonic, differs very little from that spoken in Croatia and Sclavonia, as well as the military frontier provinces ; so that this part of Turkey seems almost marked out by nature for a separation from the rest at a future day. The inhabitants, although as schismatic Greeks more inclined to side with Russia than with Austria, would still prefer almost any Christian rule, which was at all tolerable, to that of the Mahometans ; while the enclosed situation of the provinces, cut off as they are from the sea by Dalmatia, must destroy all hope of their forming an independent state. Then comes the pretext, which is not altogether without foundation, of removing, by sanatory regulations, so dangerous a neighbor as the plague from the hereditary states. The slightest threat on the part of Russia of an advance towards Constantinople must render it necessary once more to anticipate the encroachments of that dreaded power, and even partition treaties are not things of so ancient a date as not to be fresh in our memories.

This was considered, no doubt, as too unimportant a point to demand the attention of the biographer : but, if he has left it untouched, he has not omitted to explain the nature of the relations at present existing between Austria and the Swiss Confederation. After a statement of the indignation excited in Austria by the foolish expedition to Savoy, the following citation is given from a Swiss newspaper, said to be of the liberal party, and consequently well adapted to express the opinion of the majority and most enlightened of the inhabitants :—

“Prince Metternich is opposed to every change in the treaty of 1815 ; since this alone was ratified by all the powers, as harmonizing with the rights of the people as they were then established ; he will not look on unconcerned at any revolutionary movement, which can draw after it the overthrow of the guaranteed federative constitution of the Confederation. This is the tendency of the whole course of the proceedings of Austria in conjunction with the other German powers, as regards the Swiss Confederation, and which continues and will continue to be so in future.”

Thus the guarantee given by the treaty of Vienna of the inviolability of Swiss independence is the pretext assigned for interfering forcibly at a future day, to prevent any modification of the government that does not accord with Austrian notions. The plots of the refugees to revolutionize Ger-

many could not come at a more seasonable time ; the opportunity, as we have seen, has been eagerly seized, and the way paved for a future protectorship of the Confederation, similar to that established in Piedmont. A plausible pretext is now put forward for interference in the internal regulations of the Swiss government ; the aristocratic party in that country has long looked to Austria, and in fact only existed by its assistance ; and, after a few years, what we now consider as a casual and temporary measure of self-defence will grown into an established right of control, the exercise of which can only be prevented by force of arms. The conflicts of the various parties in Switzerland, although apparently presenting an interminable labyrinth of uninteresting intrigues, are perfectly intelligible to those who have studied the spirit of the times, and watched its symptoms on the continent. Instead of expecting the internal troubles, both of Switzerland and Germany, to cease, we must, on the contrary, look forward to their increasing, or at least continuing, until the several rights of the different classes in those states are satisfactorily defined and fairly respected ; until the rights of their subjects abroad, as members of the great civilized family of Europe, are respected by their neighbors, and an unlimited field is thus opened to the spirit of enterprise.

We are compelled to repeat the assertion that peace cannot be expected on the continent until such a modification of the existing governments takes place as shall cause the rights of the individual citizens to be respected, under all circumstances, at home, and abroad. If we consider for a moment the frequent communications which exist between the different German states and France and England, is it not evident that the contrast between the situation of the citizens of these different countries cannot possibly be concealed ? Can we expect the Germans, amongst whom enlightened ideas are perhaps more generally spread than in any other land,—whose institutions for education have been lately taken by us as models,—and whose literature ranks as second to that of no European nation—will voluntarily assent to the assertion, that they are not yet ripe for institutions which were settled, in the form in which they demand them, two centuries ago in England ? Can they look without a feeling of emulation at the prosperity and power of this country, and are they not fully aware of the causes of our wealth and their own poverty ? There can be but one answer to all these questions ; and, instead of looking to a speedy termination of the intestine troubles that have

so long afflicted the greater part of the nations of the continent, we must, as we have said, expect them to continue, and even to increase in frequency and virulence, as long as the present system of opposition by force is continued on the part of the different governments.

What part is then left to those nations who have no other object in view than to maintain peace, and to preserve the balance of power in Europe? The desirable policy of not interfering in the internal affairs of foreign nations is rendered difficult of observance, when other states eagerly seize the pretext of domestic discord to extend their influence or increase their power. At all events, it has become necessary to devote serious attention to a subject which has grown important, as avowedly forming the mainspring of the policy of one of the greatest European states. If it were possible to fix limits for such a political system, it might perhaps be prudent to concede some smaller considerations in order to secure the grand object, the maintenance of the peace of Europe. But the system of crushing, by armed interference, the demands which must, by turns, be made in every country for an enlargement of popular rights, can only be justified by the supposition that no progressive mental improvement takes place among the people which would entitle them to what they claim; and, as no government has hitherto gone the length of attempting to prove that civilization is stationary in any part of Europe,—each, on the contrary, ascribing the greatest proportion of this progress to its own nation,—we do not see where these demands are to finish, or where the pretext for encroaching on the rights of weaker states is to cease. It would be fruitless, as it is evident, to imagine, for instance, that Great Britain, by withdrawing her support from the Swiss cantons, would render the republic of Cracow in the slightest degree a desirable neighbor for Austria or Prussia; or that any want of sympathy with the inhabitants of Hanover or Saxony would cause a remission of the jealousy with which all the states of Italy are watched. On the other hand, although it is so clear that this system of policy has a tendency to extend itself as long as it meets with little or no opposition, it betrays an internal weakness in the states that adopt it, which makes them fear the chances of any serious collision. Powerful as are the resources of Austria, yet it is well known that many elements are afloat in that empire which, in case of a contest where the national honor was not concerned, would contribute seriously to lame her efforts; it may not, therefore, be an uninteresting inquiry to trace her actual situation and her

power, for the purposes of defence or of aggression.

Great difficulty attends an attempt at a statistical survey of the resources of Austria, owing to the care taken by the government to conceal official, and especially numerical, details, the betrayal of which is looked upon as a crime only second to high treason. Works, it is true, exist, which profess to give minute information on all subjects connected with the government and the country, but they are either, like the *Encyclopædia* quoted at the head of our article, deficient in every important particular, or, from the known strictness of the censorship on this head, exposed to the suspicion of wilful misrepresentation. Still, as it is impossible to form a correct idea of the power of Austria without a full consideration of the complicated machine of its government, we shall submit to our readers what information we have been able to collect.

From the mixture of nations which the population of the Austrian empire is composed, the unequal state of civilization in the different provinces, and the various interests of all, it will easily be supposed that the actual state of public opinion also varies in different parts. We have, moreover, here to reconcile the contradiction of systems and theories which are generally considered to be false and an evident increase of prosperity in the nation. We are therefore necessarily driven from reasoning in the gross, and seizing only great results, to the study of minuter details. The mere facts of a progressive increase of population, of an augmented industry in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, of a consequently apparent addition to the comforts and enjoyments of the population at large, may perhaps satisfy the faint curiosity of one but distantly interested in the inquiry. The native of the country is differently placed; he is entitled to examine whether this improvement is proportioned to the means which the country affords; whether these means have been employed in a manner to ensure the continuance of these benefits; or whether the momentary advantage of the nation has been purchased at the cost of its future and lasting welfare. He has, moreover, a right to ask whether these advantages have been acquired without the sacrifice of blessings, which from ancient custom or revered tradition he may be induced to value higher than mere sensual enjoyment.

Taken from this point of view, the German portion of the inhabitants have reason to be best satisfied. Their language is that in which all the affairs of government are transacted (except in Italy), and their customs

and forms are more or less forced upon the other nations of the empire. The capital, the heart in which centre the veins that convey the contributions of the provinces, lies in their territory; and the middle classes are consequently somewhat more enlightened and industrious than the same classes in the other provinces. But, though possessed of much moral influence, they are the smallest portion in point of numbers. The archduchies of Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, and Tyrol, in which the inhabitants may be considered as exclusively German, contain 3,757,368 souls, scattered over a territory of 1710 square geographical miles, giving consequently a population of 2197 per square mile. This scanty population is owing to the mountainous nature of these districts, the average quantity of arable land and vineyards in these provinces giving only 1764 square Vienna *joch** in the geographical mile. The remainder of the surface is mountain, forest, and marsh land. The mountainous districts are, however, by no means wholly unproductive; rich mines of salt, iron, and copper, are scattered through them, and extensive tracts are used as grazing land; but it is evident that the population is on the whole not sufficiently numerous either to draw the full advantage from the land, or to assert any political supremacy over the other provinces. The influence of the centralizing system of government and of fashion, which draws the wealthy inhabitants from the provinces to the capital, alone allows Austria to be counted among the Germanic states of Europe. About 2,500,000 Germans are calculated in the other provinces of the empire, as colonists, military and civil functionaries, &c.

The largest portion of the inhabitants of the empire are Slavonians, whom we class without entering into too minute ethnographic details under four heads:—

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Bohemians, Moravians, | |
| Silesians | 5,802,750 |
| Poles | 4,445,000 |
| Hungarian Slavonians, including Dalmatia | 4,300,000 |
| Illyrians and Carinthians | 1,200,000 |
| amounting together to 15,747,750 souls, or a number nearly equal to the total sum of all the other nations in the empire taken together; viz.— | |

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| Germans | 6,200,000 |
| Hungarians (Magyars) | 4,500,000 |
| Italians | 4,650,000 |
| Wallachians | 1,800,000 |
| Jews | 475,000 |

* Equal to 101,518 French hectares.

| | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| Zigeuner (Gypsies) | 110,000 |
| Total, | 17,735,000 |

The Slavonian inhabitants, important as their numbers and geographical situation ought to make them, have ever been treated with the least consideration by the German rulers. In the present state of the empire they form two distinct and extensive divisions, one to the north and the other to the south of the Danube, between which the Germanic territories lie enclosed in the form of a wedge. The northern Slavonic mass, including Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Galicia, and the north-west quarter of Hungary, contains a population of about 12,500,000 souls, speaking three or at most four dialects of a common language, none of which differs from the other so much as the Danish tongue does from the High German. A traveller possessing a moderate knowledge of the Bohemian or Polish, which are the only written dialects, can travel with ease and make himself understood in all the other Slavonic districts. But, though possessing so remarkable a bond of union, and long involved in the common fate of subjection to strangers, there seems never to have existed anything like a wish to draw together for mutual support or defence. This may partially be explained by the circumstances in which these different countries were at the time of their incorporation into the Austrian empire. The Bohemians had long considered themselves as forming part of the German empire, and in their rivalry with the other provinces seem to have been in some degree ashamed to assert their nationality. Until lately no Bohemian of the higher classes studied his native tongue, and all were in general flattered by being taken for Germans. They consequently had but little sympathy with their unpretending brethren, the Slovacks of Hungary, joining in the supercilious but groundless contempt which the Hungarians of Tatar descent express for them.* The Poles were long too much occupied with the hope of restoring the independence of their country within its former limits to look beyond the Carpathians; and, indeed, it was not until the weight on all was increased, as it has been of late years, and all hope of external help cut off, as it at present seems to be, that any of the nations in the territories we have alluded to thought of looking upon their neighbors and fellow-sufferers as brothers and supporters.

* The Hungarian proverb says, "Tot nem ember," (The Slovack is no man).

Within the extent of country we have described, every mountain, every river, every town, every village, bears a Slavonic name; a sufficient reason to make strangers, of whatever nation, despair of success in converting the inhabitants into Germans or Hungarians, or in making them assume any foreign language or manners. Many things too have contributed of late to promote a feeling of nationality on an enlarged basis amongst them. All these nations, isolated from the rest of Europe by the Austrian policy, were thrown more upon their own internal resources, which they have considerably improved. A natural consequence has been a relative improvement in the state of these different provinces, exactly proportioned to their respective means. In Bohemia, where the average of the population gives 4133 inhabitants to a square geographical mile, and where the soil is much less productive than in Moravia and Gallicia, manufacturers have been introduced with considerable success. An interesting work* on this subject shows that Bohemia possesses 75 glass-houses, of which 20 produce plate-glass; 126 paper-mills; and a great number of iron, copper, and lead works. The quantity of lead produced by the mines in 1834 was, 1321 tons; of arsenic, 61 tons; of iron there was produced, rough, 11,027 tons, cast 9738 tons. The manufacture of percussion caps for guns and cannon is carried on extensively, 65,000,000 caps being produced annually. In the year 1835, 14,000 tons of beet-root were manufactured into 7,500 tons of sugar; 120,000 cwt. of flax into linen; 30,000 spinners produced 85,000 cwt. of cotton yarn; and 1,400,000 pieces, of from 20 to 35 yards, were printed; 80,000 cwt. of wool was manufactured, and 5200 looms produced 120,000 pieces of woollens from 14 to 20 yards per piece. Various other branches of industry are attempted with more or less success, and sufficiently demonstrate the industrial spirit of this part of the empire. It must, however, be confessed that the above statements respecting this province, together with its very considerable agricultural produce, are far from giving a true idea of its productive power. The Encyclopædia estimates its farming produce as follows:—

“Wheat, 3 millions Metzen, (1 Metzen = 1.72 bushels English); rye, 15 millions Metzen; barley, 6 1-2 millions Metzen; potatoes, —; wine, 26,145 Eimer, (the Eimer = 15.9 gallons English); 1,000,000 cubic toises of

fire-wood. The amount of live stock, which is on the increase, is 142,036 horses, 243,779 oxen, 650,779 cows, 1,590,672 sheep. Game of the choicest kind in incredible quantities, stags, roebucks, wild boars, pheasants, woodcocks, &c.”—i. 336.

The truth of our observation will, we think, be sufficiently substantiated by the fact, that by far the greater part of the farming, and almost all the manufacturing, undertakings originate, as the Germans say, *from above*; that is, they are carried on by stewards and other agents on account of the landed proprietor. This method, which is notoriously the least advantageous in business, is here rendered necessary by the difficulties which the administration of government throws in the way of the poor man, and which are seriously detrimental to small beginnings. This brings us to the grand cause of dissatisfaction with the government in Austria, its tendency to limit freedom of exertion. In this complaint the inhabitants, of whatever nation they may be, unite, not indeed in the grand chorus which in an enlightened nation must be victorious, and would bring about an immediate change; it expresses itself in the vague and inconsistent murmurs of men who feel an oppression which they cannot detect, and who demand a remedy without distinctly perceiving the malady under which they suffer. The fact is, that the greatest ignorance prevails in the mass of all classes, high or low, as to the simplest laws of political economy; and the exception formed by some enlightened individuals only renders the contrast with the blindness of the many more apparent and striking. In speaking of the finances, we shall have occasion to show the errors to which the neglect of this most useful of studies has led, but it cannot be wondered at when one finds the works of the English and French economists proscribed throughout the empire, as tending to fill the heads of the people with a number of vain theories, which experience has shown to be impracticable. This is the true root of the evil. The inhabitants of the Austrian empire are dissatisfied, for they feel themselves inconvenienced by the existing laws. They have hitherto demanded no specific remedy, because the great mass is ignorant of the cause of their suffering. They are not disaffected, because they do not see that this disagreeable position is caused immediately by the government. They know that there are other nations in Europe as heavily taxed as themselves, although, as we shall see, they are called upon to contribute enormously; but they have not yet learned that other nations enjoy the blessing of unrestrained ex-

* Skizzirte Uebersicht des gegenwärtigen Standes, &c. von Gewerbs- und Fabrikations-Industrie, von Kreutzberg.

ertion, almost the only privilege that the citizen of any state cares for. The nature of these restrictions we shall hereafter explain when speaking of the sources of government influence.

Bohemia must be looked on as the most flourishing province of the empire. The nobility is enlightened and public-spirited, and pains are taken to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes. The number of 40 grammar schools and 2556 peasants' schools gives one of the former for 95,000 inhabitants, but of the latter one to 1120 inhabitants. The middle classes are unfortunately possessed with a passion for entering into the innumerable government bureaux, which drain the country of so much talent and exertion, a loss which would be more seriously felt, if the sway of the noble landed proprietors were less mild, and the spirit of industry less spread among the lower orders.

The remarks we have made above may be extended in a general way to all other Slavonian provinces, which, although possessing sources of inexhaustible wealth, make but slow advances, owing to the same restrictions. A national spirit is however awake in all, and the education of the peasants has become an object of serious attention, the example of Bohemia rapidly spreading to the neighboring Slavonic districts. In the Slowack country, public-spirited individuals have established schools, the Hungarian constitution enabling them to do so unimpeded. Galicia alone remains behind in this race of improvement, the government not establishing, and the influential men neither demanding, nor, indeed, seeming to wish for, schools for the improvement of the lower ranks. Some provinces, however, labor under the peculiar grievances of their own.

On Galicia the whole weight of the iron sceptre of Austria has of late years been deemed to fall. No sooner was the insurrection in the kingdom of Poland completely subdued, and the means of future resistance, as far as Russians could discover them, eradicated, than the lenient policy which Austria had shown towards the Gallicians changed. Prince Lobkowitz, whose humanity and prudence had saved the province for the empire, was replaced by the Archduke Ferdinand; and a system of inquisitorial proceedings has for the last three years been carried on, which has totally alienated what attachment had begun to spring up among the people towards their new rulers. The object of the government in all these proceedings is an absolute mystery. It is true that the people of Galicia manifested, in 1830, the most ardent sympathy for their brethren

at Warsaw, and immense supplies of money and provisions were daily sent over the frontier. The governor, aware of his inability to suppress the working of these natural feelings, wisely chose to wink at such irregularities, rather than expose the province to the dangers arising from still greater excitement, if he forcibly attempted to restrain them. Thus, when the storm had passed over, the Gallicians could only rejoice with trembling that it had not overwhelmed them in its career: while they were gratefully sensible of the mild treatment they had experienced from rulers whose apprehensions seemed likely to dictate a very different policy. This was the moment for a prudent minister to seize to attach such an important province to the government by the strongest ties. But, so far from thus improving the opportunity, researches were gradually made after individuals, who had either served in the revolutionary army, or carried on correspondence with Poles in the Russian territories. These inquiries were also instituted with all the wanton harshness of delegates in a remote part of the empire, and screened from public opinion by the secrecy of their proceedings. Men of all classes were summoned to Lemberg; members of the most illustrious houses,—peasants, whose poverty and ignorance were no match for the intrigues of such an inquisition,—and Jews, whose helpless situation exposes them to every species of tyranny—were compelled to spend months in attendance on this tribunal; and the scourge of the executioner is said to have been frequently used in secret to quicken the confessions of tardy witnesses. Every day saw transports of prisoners in irons, under military escort, travelling towards Lemberg, many of whom died in prison;* while those who, after a long delay, and being exposed to every insult, were at length released, received no other satisfaction than the certainty that all these inquiries had led to no result. Not a single trace of any thing like a serious conspiracy against the Austrian state could be discovered, nor could any thing worthy of publication, still less of punishment, be tortured out of the imprudent marks of sympathy shown by the most unwary to their suffering countrymen who had taken refuge among them. The greater part of those who labored under the heaviest suspicions were set at liberty in the month of June this year, ignorant, for the most part, of the charge intended to be substantiated against them, and against which no means of defence could consequently be provided. The province in

* In addition to the usual prisons, several hotels of the nobility have been hired for the last two years for the same purpose by the government.

the mean time was treated as if it had been in a state of actual revolt. Upwards of 50,000 regular troops were quartered through it, and instructions were given to the officers and civil *employés* to mix as little as possible in social life with the inhabitants. The effect which such treatment must have produced upon a high-spirited people it is easy to surmise, and the government, when tired of so useless a system of rigor, will probably be unable to discontinue it when it shall desire to relax.

All these political sins of omission and commission occur at the present moment at a very critical time, and will assuredly, if not speedily compensated for, meet, before long, with their reward. The increase of population, and the gradual spreading of sound notions of government and political economy, which neither police nor censorship can wholly suppress, are every day rousing the Slavonian population to a sense of their true interests, and of the power accruing to them from union; and, should one common feeling of discontent awaken them to the necessity of united resistance, their power must be irresistible.

The Slavonian population of the southern states of the empire are not less favorably situated, being in possession of the long tract of mountainous country which stretches eastward from Tyrol, following the course of the rivers Save and Drave, from which a branch, diverging at right angles, runs south along the sea-coast through Dalmatia. The provinces of Carinthia, Carniola, Istria, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and what is called the military frontier, are peopled by Slavonians, with the exception of the principal towns; and although the state of the civilization varies so much in each of those provinces, still there is a spirit of nationality prevalent amongst them, which makes them fraternise like men having common interests. The military frontier, Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, form part of Hungary, and have a prospect of waiting some time, if the improvement of their social state is to depend on the general progress of that country. Istria, Carniola, a part of Carinthia, may, with the exception of some mountain districts, be considered as equally advanced in cultivation with Bohemia. It is worthy of remark that the valuable mining districts, with the exception of those of Transylvania, lie all in Slavonic districts, the Slavonians, as original inhabitants of the country, having probably maintained their ground in the mountainous chains which limit and intersect the empire. Although mining is carried on to a considerable extent in these latter provinces, the mines of Istria alone furnishing a large sum annually

to the imperial treasury, yet it is probable that the entire riches of these mountainous districts are far from being ascertained. There is, perhaps, no spot in Europe so remarkable for singular natural varieties, nor any so little travelled, even in our curious age, as the chain extending from Carniola, through Croatia, into Hungary: the want of roads, but especially the depression of all individual exertion by vexatious *bureaux* and restrictive laws, prevent the inhabitants from seeking new sources of industry, as well as from turning those already discovered to the best account. In Carinthia are mines in which native steel is found, and yet the English manufactured steel is sold cheaper at Trieste than the mines can afford to deliver their produce* at that city. Many similar instances of undeveloped resources might be adduced from different parts of the empire, but nowhere are they so striking, on account of the vicinity of the sea, and the consequent facility of finding a market for produce of all kinds. The Slavonian population of these provinces is said to amount to 2,500,000 souls: the dialect they speak is more ancient in its grammatical forms than that of the Bohemians and Poles, and bears more resemblance to the Russian and Servian.

The race of inhabitants of Tatar descent, who, under the name of Magyars, claim the moral, although by no means the numerical, supremacy in Hungary and Transylvania, are distinguished from the other nations of the empire by an energy of character which has only lately taken a useful direction. This valuable pre-eminence they owe to their invincible attachment to their old institutions, which, imperfect as they are acknowledged to be at the present day, have kept alive the pride and energy of the people, while the nations around them have sunk into a melancholy indolence and supineness. In number not exceeding 4,500,000, and surrounded by Slavonian and other tribes to the number of 6,000,000, they maintain an undisputed superiority within the country, and have even formed the chimerical notion of forcing their language and manners upon the rest of their fellow-countrymen. But a more useful and nobler direction has within a few years been given to their exertions by the patriotic spirit of some distinguished men, among whom the most conspicuous at present is Count Stephan Szecheny. This nobleman has almost single-handed, in opposition to all the direct and indirect impediments which a blind and jealous government and

* The steel hanging bridge across the Danube canal at Vienna, suspended from only two main chains, one at each side, is the only one of the kind in Europe.

rude national prejudices could raise against him, opened a steam communication from Presburg to Constantinople; thus furnishing his country with a new and invaluable field of enterprize, at a moment when the endeavors making to draw a portion of the East once more over Asia Minor to Europe give a cheering promise of prosperity likely to accrue to his country by his means. He is accordingly looked upon as its greatest benefactor at the present moment, although suspected of not being warmly attached to that kind of reform which could raise the lower classes of his fellow-citizens in the social scale. It is, perhaps, also for this reason that he has been able to avoid direct collision with the government, which views every step taken for the advantage of Hungary with a jealousy natural to those who prefer a weakness which they can easily guide to a strength that they might have cause to fear. Another distinguished man, Baron Wesseleni, whose attention is more directed to procuring guarantees for the political freedom of his countrymen, has, as we before stated, been less successful in the execution of his projects, and has subjected himself to open acts of hostility from the court and its party. The happy idea of attracting foreign trade into Hungary, by way of the Danube, must in a short time show its effects by encouraging the spirit of adventure, which the natives possess in abundance, to strike into that useful channel; and, if prosecuted on a liberal footing, may enable them to assert their own rights against the encroachments of the Russians, which their government seems inclined to neglect. This jealousy of Hungary must be conceived in its full force, before indifference on the part of the Vienna cabinet to a Russian settlement at the mouth of the Danube can be imagined; for, according to all western calculations, the stoppage of this grand outlet for its productions must inflict a much more serious wound on the future prosperity of the empire at large, than even the contagious neighborhood of a powerless republic could on its political tranquillity; while the possession of Cracow, should it eventually be conceded, will, we fear, prove but a poor indemnity for immeasurable sources of wealth, which it will be impossible to cultivate without such a channel of communication with foreign lands.

The Magyars have, as it is, valuable rights. Their language is used in all public transactions, and their nationality fully respected. No passports are necessary within the country, in which they are not overburdened with *bureaux*, like the other provinces. Separate chanceries at Vienna transact the

business of Hungary and Transylvania, and their diets impose only the taxes of which they approve, and with which they are by no means liberal. In return for this exemption, every thing Hungary exports is loaded with a heavy duty, even on importation into the other provinces.

If the Slavonic nations of the empire have reason to complain of the little care taken to consult their national customs and feelings, it may be imagined that the Italians are scarcely less exposed to annoyance on this head; not that they by any means stand on the same footing with the Slavonian nations, for the Italian language is that used in all the public offices and courts of justice in the united kingdom of Lombardy and Venice. The Austrian code of law has been translated into Italian, and is studied in that language in their universities; and the Italian jurists have contributed very much towards its improvement. Still, as the finer feelings in an enlightened nation are spread through a wider circle of its population, and many things are for them oppressive of which a less cultivated people would scarcely be sensible, there can be no doubt that the invincible hostility they bear to their present rulers is not without foundation. The repressing character of the Austrian Sway, under which mediocrity makes the greatest progress, while talent and energy are looked upon as two disturbers of the public peace which cannot be subjected to sufficient control, is little suited to the tastes of an ardent people, among whom democratic ideas have descended as a legacy from the flourishing days of their state. Many concessions have been made by the Austrians, in order to conciliate the inhabitants, especially of the cities, where the direct taxes upon industry are much lower than in the provinces northward of the Alps; but the same system of innumerable *bureaux*, and the same destructive institutions of monopoly, weary out the aspiring spirit, and cramp the nerves of enterprize. Yet the Italian provinces must be reckoned among those whose subordination depends upon the presence of an imposing military force; and, to the skill with which the government subdues the discontented of one province by the power it borrows from another not much less dissatisfied, it is indebted for the effective subjection in which all are retained. But an armed force, of even more approved reliance than Austria could muster, would never have succeeded so completely in establishing the power of the government in a manner which renders all thoughts of resistance so hopeless that they are abandoned on all sides. Much subtler, though, as it would appear, more expensive, checks on the ebullitions of popular

spirit have been forged, the tendency of which is for the present to tame the refractory by presenting innumerable obstacles to every attempt of innovation, and eventually to destroy all dangerous energies so timely, by means of early training, that the task of governing shall be rendered easy, and constraint robbed of its bitterness.

In order fully to understand the following statements, the principles which, when speaking of the late Emperor Francis, we showed to have been adopted as leading state maxims, must not be forgotten. The undisputed sovereignty of the emperor in every province is the first demand upon the subject, and, as the royal person is multiplied in each by thousands of representatives, the duty of submissive respect is one of those most frequently called into practice. It is part of the plan of government, in every German state, to employ one half of the nation to govern the other; and the paternal care of the sovereign is studious to prevent the number of *employés*, who live at the expense, and, as they doubtless imagine, for the benefit of their fellow-subjects, from being diminished. The Austrian state *Schematismus* presents a list of upwards of 25,000 individuals bearing appointments in civil offices, and the number of those whose appointments are either of too low a rank, or of too secret a nature, to be introduced in company with the first men of the country may amount to as many more. Let us imagine these civil officers dependent solely on the crown, dispersed through a nation which contains so many jarring elements, that it unfortunately seems to be a matter *primo loco* decided, that much loyalty cannot be expected;—let us follow each of these gentlemen as he enters into society, anticipating defection in all out of office, and necessarily disposed to vindicate the authority that lends him consequence;—let us add to these the number of 13,000 officers and non-commissioned officers of the staff and commissariat department, all of whom are likewise to be found within the empire, at the head of an army, which on the peace establishment amounts to 270,000 men, and we shall see that the government has monopolised, by means of these individuals and their families, a powerful number of their defenders in every social circle. When we add that the secrecy observed in all transactions,—especially, however, in the administration of justice,—screens every individual from the share of responsibility which every public officer ought to incur towards the public, some idea may be formed of the fearful power thus created, and of the abuses to which it must be subject. If we conclude these officials, civil and military, to require a

rather superior degree of education to enable them to fulfil their respective functions, it must be evident that an immense mass of talent is abstracted from the middle classes of the nation, which, in the pursuit of science, agriculture, commerce or the fine arts, could not be otherwise than productive of the greatest benefits. The nature of their employments in the *bureaux* is nowhere of a tendency to encourage a serious cultivation of any of the above-mentioned useful sciences in the *employés*; while on the public they may be said to operate in a directly prejudicial manner, as no individual can take a step of the slightest importance in life or business, without requiring the sanction of some of these government officers, and finding no small difficulty in procuring permission to become an industrious member of society.

This leads us to another grand source of influence to the government,—the system of monopoly in trade. A fact that the history of the last fifty years has sufficiently proved, is that popular tumults seldom originate amongst the peasantry of a country, and that the great problem of internal police is to keep the inhabitants of the towns satisfied and tranquil. To this end every city in Austria, beginning with the metropolis, is allowed to grant the freedom of trade to only a limited number of individuals, so that the mere fact of an apprentice having served his time by no means warrants his setting up in business. Strangers, who come into a city, must either show that they are provided with means of support, or that they can procure employment, otherwise they are at once expelled. In return for this privilege of exemption from much competition, the merchant, tradesman, &c. pays a tax of no trifling amount, bearing the candid designation of earnings-tax.* In this manner the whole industrial class in Austria, being in some measure dependent on the government, which naturally has it in its power to introduce a system of competition at will, and not dissatisfied with a state of things which assures to it a certain competence apparently on easy terms, is gained for the present system. It does not seem that any exact compact exists between the trading classes and the state as to the number of privileged individuals in every branch; the butchers, however, form an exception, their number being fixed. This immunity is purchased by an extra tax called the slaughtering tax. Merchants and bankers are kept from increasing in number by its being necessary to show a certain amount of capital as a qualification for the permission

* Erwerb-Stener.

to enter into trade. Whatever inconveniences arise from such a municipal system, and that they are not few in number will easily be supposed, are thought to be fully compensated for by the tranquillity which is stated to reign throughout the empire. Although numerous arrests take place annually in the different provinces, and the state prisons are full in all directions, yet, as the capital continues tranquil, the most self-complacent comparisons with other lands are constantly published, and strangers are forced, at length, to believe what they hear on all sides repeated. It is true, that Vienna bears to the eye of the stranger a most smiling appearance. The city, although small and narrowly built, is kept remarkably clean; and, no paupers being tolerated in the streets, and, indeed, all signs of pauperism being removed by the municipal and police measures alluded to above, the very absence of all the inevitable casualties of humanity has something awful in it to the considerate observer, even though he may never have heard of the artificial means used to sift its inhabitants.

The following anecdote will, however, serve to show that in Austria the same means produce the same results that they do in other countries, and that the government has found no spell to charm useful effects from measures which we should think tended to the destruction of the social state. The number of the butchers in the capital being limited, nothing was more natural than that they should conspire against the public. They were therefore compelled to submit to a monthly assize, fixed by the magistrates, according to the reports of sales furnished by commissaries, from the different cattle fairs. These magistrates, together with the commissaries, it is publicly asserted, are taken into the pay of the guild, which can afford to deal more liberally towards them than even the state itself; and the manner in which this arrangement came to light was as follows:—On the first approach of the cholera morbus to the metropolis in 1831, the court, fearing scenes of disturbance on its appearance, took measures, among other devices for improving the state of the poor, to ensure a sufficient supply of provisions and to prevent any advance in price in the most necessary articles. Among the rest, the butchers received an advance of 1,000,000 florins of silver to buy up beasts, and to secure them an indemnity for not raising the price of meat in case of an advance in that of live stock. When the danger had passed over (no advance in the price of cattle having taken place) they were called upon to account for the sum which they had naturally not neglected to draw, and a commission was appointed to

audit the accounts. It seems, however, that, after an exercise of no common ingenuity, a considerable sum remained for which no one could account, when on a sudden the sittings of the commission were broken off, and the papers disappeared. The public, however, having heard of the circumstance, some murmurs arose, and an inquiry was set on foot, at the desire of some influential officials who were not interested directly in the matter. The first sittings of the commission of inquiry led to the discovery of the enormous conspiracy existing to defraud the public and the state, in which many men holding elevated situations were more or less implicated. A panic struck the guilty, and the price of butcher's meat was reduced in the ensuing month from ten kreutzers to six kreutzers per pound. As the commission proceeded, however, the ground was found to be more and more delicate the further they pursued their researches; their case became difficult, and their steps irresolute. This was no sooner remarked by the tradesmen than, assuming an air of confidence, they threatened to shut up their shops with one accord and starve the capital, well knowing the fear entertained in certain quarters of discontent among the mob. No preparations having been made to prevent such a measure, the government was obliged to submit; the inquiry was suppressed, and butcher's meat is at the present day sold at Vienna, a city situated in one of the most fertile districts of Europe, after a succession of favorable seasons, at ten kreutzers or 5*d.*, per pound—the bones and fat being apportioned at the same price to the purchaser in proportion to the weight of consumable meat that he demands. This, then, is the true state of the capital, which boasts of its tranquillity, while all the other countries of Europe are disturbed by liberal factions. Let us only conceive the immense tax levied daily on the inhabitants by tradesmen of all kinds, who are joined to a greater or less extent in similar combinations, and who thus absorb sums which ought to form a continually increasing capital, capable of being most usefully employed; let us add to this the fact that, while new inventions and the improved state of agriculture are increasing the productive power of the country, the price of the necessaries of life in Vienna rises annually, while it is in the power of a few tradesmen to rouse the populace to rebellion at any moment they please, and we shall be able to judge of the degree of praise to which such a tranquillizing policy is entitled.

Another rich resource of influence for the government arises from the extensive patronage of the church. The superior dignities are stated in the *Encyclopædia* to consist,

including those in Hungary, of 11 Catholic archbishoprics; 59 Catholic bishoprics; 151 abbots and probsts, with domains and revenues; 156 titular abbots and probsts (deacons); besides an innumerable host of canons, deacons, archdeacons, and heads of convents. The monasteries have been reduced to the number sufficient for the service of the churches and the care of education, but still the number of the clergy is immense, as may be inferred from the above enumeration of the hierarchy; in addition to which, the united Greek church has 5 bishoprics; the Armenian Catholics, 1 archbishopric; the schismatic Greeks, 1 archbishopric and 10 bishoprics; besides inferior dignities, all of which, together with the nomination to all parish cures, are either presented by the crown or under its influence. These charges are also well provided for. The Encyclopædia states the revenue of the Archbishop of Gran, primate of Hungary, at 360,000 florins (36,000*l.*), but common report values the see at three times that sum. The archbishoprics of Prague, Olmütz, and Vienna, are proportionately well endowed, and, indeed, the revenues of the church, including the tithes, when compared with the price of necessaries in so productive a land, may be said to exceed in amount those of the clergy in any of the great states of Europe. Independently of the effect which the prospect of this golden harvest may have upon the members of the clergy, it is certain that they look upon the mutual support of church and court as equally indispensable to both parties; and, while the authorities protect and put them forward upon all occasions, they are not remiss in faithfully preaching and teaching the enjoined doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience. They have of late been considered so powerful an arm towards resisting the innovations of the age, that it has been planned to increase their influence, even at the risk of once more reviving a lesson which must still be too recent to be forgotten. The proposal to place the whole of the elementary education throughout the empire in the hands of the re-established Jesuits is said to have been discussed and approved in the council of state in the spring of the present year, but delayed, partly perhaps from the apprehension that the public mind, which is decidedly opposed to the increase of clerical influence, was not yet sufficiently prepared for so bold a step.

It may seem strange that, when enumerating the means at the disposal of the government to maintain its influence, we should have left the nobility, so powerful a body as they are supposed to be, to the last. But we have done so intentionally, for, without some

idea of the other sources of power, it would be difficult to imagine that the Austrian nobility possess so little influence as they really do in the country. The complete supremacy of the sovereign was not regarded as achieved so long as any class of society was able to dispute it, and the weakening of each separately was the grand task which has been so successfully accomplished. A leading principle has been established in rather a remarkable manner for a country, the nobles of which not only derive their origin from acknowledged ancient stocks, but (by far the greater part) have their genealogical trees adorned by the praises of history, according to which the holders of offices at court and in the government take precedence of the members of the most illustrious houses that live in independent retirement. Not only the Germans, whose love of rank and outward distinctions is proverbial, but the Bohemian and Hungarian nobility, have not been able to stand this test, and throng to the capital to procure the keys of chamberlains, or stars of orders, which are much too indiscriminately distributed to be respected. The Italian nobles observe a more dignified reserve in general, but on the whole it is a singular spectacle to see nobility of Europe, which ranks in point of wealth next to the British and Russian, sacrifice voluntarily its independence for the smiles of the least brilliant and condescending of courts. The royal family make so little parade, the duty of receiving presentations being undertaken by Prince and Princess Metternich, and the necessity of observing the exterior of justice towards the mass of the subjects being somewhat imperative, that we confess we are at a loss to know in what the privileges of the Austrian nobility consist beyond the mere title. They meet with difficulties when they wish to travel; they are obliged to educate their children within the country, and only under special favor obtain permission to employ foreign tutors. Respecting their rights as members of the provincial states-general, or, to use the modern phrase, as hereditary legislators, the Encyclopædia, which may be looked on as an official source, gives us the following information. Under the head *Landstände* we find:—

“In the German, Illyrian, Bohemian, and Gallician provinces, the states-general are divided into four classes:—1st. *The prelates*; viz. archbishops, bishops, prelates, deans, and chapters. 2dly. *The Nobles*; viz. princes, counts, and barons. 3dly. *The Knights*, or inferior nobility. 4thly. *The Citizens*, or deputies of the royal towns and boroughs. In Tyrol the four classes are those of the prelates, nobles, knights, and peasants.”

Under the word *Landtag* (Diet) it tells us :—

“ The deliberations of the Diets extend only to subjects relating to the internal regulation of the provinces, and the legal apportioning of the taxes ; the land-tax, which it has been resolved to raise, is consequently announced to them by the government in the form of a postulate ; and they have the right in their legal assemblies to present remonstrances to the emperor or the provincial government.”

This somewhat loosely worded definition of the privileges of the members contains almost the letter of the law, and for years no nobleman has been found hardy enough to allude to subjects not contained in the postulates. If any one, therefore, has hitherto imagined that the party of the nobility in Austria is induced by any exclusive advantages which they enjoy to become the great prop of the present system, it is evident that the notion is erroneous. Their utmost privileges are described in the paragraph above, while, for the complaints which they might raise respecting the squandering of the public revenues, and the diminution of their own rentals in consequence of the impediments thrown in the way of commerce, they can neither procure a bearing nor a remedy.

But the fact is that the Austrian nobility, like the same class in Poland and other continental states, were very remiss in the employment of their influence, while the patriarchal form of government existed in those lands. Instead of relaxing themselves some of the privileges which weighed heavily upon the lower orders of their fellow-citizens, and attaching the most powerful class in point of numbers by the ties of gratitude to their order, they allowed the sovereign to assume the plausible office of national benefactor, and to increase the power of the crown in proportion as he reduced their authority. This was especially the case in Bohemia and Galicia, where the condition of the peasant has been materially improved by laws abolishing many oppressive customs ; and affording him in the courts of the circle a tribunal of appeal from the manorial jurisdiction. In Hungary, where such direct interference has not as yet been attempted, it is only necessary for an emissary of the court party to give the slightest hint to the peasants on any estate, and they will rise in fury against their master, whose property and family are at the mercy of an oppressed and rudely ignorant populace. To retrace the road which has been unfortunately missed is no doubt a difficult task, but there seems scarcely any other method of remedying the evil, for it would be difficult any where to

seek any other source of power for a nobility beyond the numbers whom they can sway by holding out to them prospects of advantage.

It is also an unfortunate but notorious fact, that the Austrian nobles partake of the general ignorance of their true interests, which, as we before stated, is prevalent among all classes of the empire. The proscribed manner of teaching history in Austria (when it is taught at all) can alone explain their unconsciousness of the evil accruing to all ranks of society, when any one degree of the social scale is unjustly treated, while the absence of all lectures, and the prohibition of all popular works on political economy, prevent the nation at large from acquiring just notions of the importance of commercial and industrial undertakings on a liberal footing. It would, however, be unjust to accuse them of a want of spirit in pursuing measures that promise advantage both to themselves and to the nation at large. We have observed that almost all the extensive manufactures are either directly carried on by their agents, or supported by their capital ; but they do not see that such establishments in the hands of others would lead to results even more advantageous for them, and that, if in their capacity of legislators they protected the interests of the manufacturing and commercial classes, they would be rendering themselves the highest service. The police regulations relative to passports and residence in the towns, with the municipal restrictions which we have detailed, weighed almost exclusively upon the industrial classes, and frequently deprive the nation of the benefit of a mass of practical talent ; to say nothing of the loss which all ranks sustain from the notoriously defective system of education.

The measure which is likely to be more productive of advantage to landholders than any undertaking attempted in Austria since the peace, is the work of a capitalist. Mr. S. N. Rothschild has the merit of having planned, and by his influence with the government of having obtained its concurrence in the construction of, an iron railway to connect the remotest province, Galicia, with the capital. After carrying on the preliminary negotiations for some years alone, and receiving a patent of privilege for the work, he came forward last year, and in a highly liberal manner surrendered his patent to a joint-stock company, which was immediately formed. A singular proof was afforded on this occasion of the want of confidence, on the part of the public, in the good faith of the government, and in the enlightened views of the landed proprietors. The profits likely to attend such an investment of capital were

evident and easily shown by numerical calculation; it was therefore natural that the shares immediately on their being issued should rise in value, and a few days saw them at a premium of 15 per cent. But, the report being spread by some envious or malevolent persons that the government, fearing the effects of the impulse which such an undertaking must give to the spirit of enterprise, would withdraw its support, while the nobility, to avoid the competition to which the produce of their estates would be exposed with that of those distant provinces in the market of the capital, intended to petition against the undertaking, a panic spread on all sides, and the shares became suddenly unmarketable. It was not until Mr. Rothschild once more came forward and declared himself the purchaser of all shares at par that confidence was partially restored. When carried into execution, this railway will be the longest in Europe.

Another railway is also projected to connect Vienna with Trieste, which will however be attended with more difficulties than the former; but it is to be hoped that these public-spirited undertakings will be allowed a fair trial, as nothing can so much tend to open the eyes of all men to the grand truths on which alone all the exertions of individuals or of the government can be based, to lead to lasting advantage.

In order to see whether our calculations as to the means at the disposal of the government to secure its influence are correct, let us analyze the population of one of the provinces, which the *Encyclopædia* presents us with the means of doing. Bohemia, as one of the most tranquil, and demanding no such demonstration of force as Galicia or Lombardy, is likely to give a fair survey. Of 1,799,277 male inhabitants, 428,595 are said to be inhabitants of towns, who, as a mass, though perhaps not individually, must be assumed to be supporters of the system which allows them the monopoly of trade. The inhabitants of the country consequently amount to 1,370,682, to which we shall add the nobility, 2,184 in number, supposing it possible for both to have separate interests that might induce them to be desirous of a change, together 1,372,866. From this, we must subtract the probable number of the clergy, 3000—the acknowledged civil *employés*, 3000—the military, stated to be 30,000, and a proportion of the number of manufacturers, 30,000, who also, as privileged parties, must be counted among the supporters of the present system; and we have for a result, that among the inhabitants of the open country one man in twenty is under the direct and

avowed influence of the crown. In the less tranquil provinces the proportion is naturally very different; the opposite extreme having probably been presented for the last two years by Lombardy, where, with a population not much exceeding that of Bohemia, the military force exceeded 100,000 men. There are moreover six fortresses of the first rank, and fifty-eight others of considerable strength, scattered through the provinces, for the defence and maintenance of which a corps of garrison artillery is established and divided into fourteen districts.

This will serve to show that, secure in the internal power it possesses, the Austrian government has nothing to dread at home for the moment, should its policy require demonstration of strength abroad. The policy of the state is at present only an encroaching one, as far as it is deemed necessary to follow and eradicate upon a foreign soil the propagators of those opinions which might disturb the economy of these internal regulations, to which unfortunately the most enlightened ideas are most inimical. This kind of chase, however, evidently tends, like our own policy in India, towards the acquisition of a vast increase of territory as the simplest manner of controlling the actions of the inhabitants. But it by no means follows from what we have seen above that Austria possesses the means of supporting a foreign war with energy. Where so total an absence of harmony between the rulers and the governed is manifest, a government must have carefully husbanded its resources to be able to meet the constitutional states of Europe in the field. Whether Austria has been thus provident must be shown both by what we have stated and by the sequel.

The peace establishment of the Austrian army is reported by the *Encyclopædia* to consist of 190,000 men, infantry—38,685 men, cavalry—and 17,800 men, artillery, exclusively of the staff, engineers, six garrison battalions, and seven military frontier regiments, in all 270,000 men. This force can be raised in time of war to 750,000 men, by calling out the militia battalions of each regiment, the reserve, and what is called the Hungarian Insurrection.

For the recruiting of these forces the whole empire is divided into recruiting districts, the *depôt* of each regiment remaining in its appointed spot. The regiments consist of three battalions of about 1200 men each, to which two others must be added, which, under the name of militia battalions, are called out only on extraordinary occasions. The territorial distribution of the recruiting *depôts* is as follows:—

The German States, Up. and Low.
 Austria, Tyrol, and Styria . . .
 Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Gallicia
 Illyria, Croatia, Dalmatia (includ-
 ing the military frontiers) . . .
 Lombardy and Venice
 Hungary furnishes a quota granted
 by the Diet, but is subject to no
 conscription

Total

| Infantry Regts. | Rifle Bns. | Cavalry Regts. | Artillery Regts. |
|--------------------|---------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| 7 | 4 | 6 | 2 |
| 26 | 6 | 18 | 3 |
| 23 | | | |
| 8 | 2 | 7 | |
| 14 | | 12 | |
| 78 | 12 | 43 | 5 |

The troops furnished by Croatia and Dalmatia belong to the Hungarian contingent, but are included in the above survey with Illyria, in order to give a division according in some degree with the ethnographical sketch which we offered some pages back.

From this sketch it is apparent that the Slavonian districts contribute by far the most to the defence of the land; but, although the recruiting takes place in a national manner, and the privates of the different regiments are all countrymen, care is taken that the officers be mixed as much as possible. The privates are in general fine strong men, and the arms and equipments are equal to those of any army but the British. They are drilled with great care, and go through their exercise with precision, but with slower movements than the Prussians and Russians; and it is perhaps on account of the numbers who understand German but imperfectly, that the assistance of the *flügelmann* is still retained to interpret the word of command. Of their artillery the Austrians are proudest. It is certain that it is numerous and well furnished, having counted 1000 pieces of ordnance ready for service when the occupation of the Roman states took place. The recruits pass through a regular course of mathematics, with practical and theoretical gunnery; and the corps of bombardiers receives all such as distinguish themselves by skill and talent, from which step they have a prospect of advancing as officers. This branch of the service is the only one which holds out this prospect, for, by a singular arrangement, in a country where the troops are raised by conscription, the regulations prohibit such promotion in the other branches. The annual practice at the target with shot and shells of all dimensions takes place in the months of July, August, and September, and is conducted with scrupulous regularity and attention. The rocket corps, under the command of General Augustin, at Wiener Neustadt, have not only much improved the composition applied to this formidable weapon, but throw it with wonderful precision and security.

It would be too much to expect from

troops raised under the circumstances in which many of the Austrian provinces are placed, any thing like the spirit of *amour propre*, which prevails in the armies of France and Prussia. The whole system of discipline and treatment of the men is also different from what is in use among the other German states; the cat-o'-nine-tails being in almost unceasing employment, and not being looked on in the same degrading light as in other services. But the absence of this susceptibility is considered to be compensated for by a certain steadiness and uninquiring submission which prevail among the men, and which render them useful instruments for the government. A striking proof of this obedient disposition, and not less so of the security with which the government relies upon it, was afforded on the late occupation of Cracow, when the militia battalion of a Polish regiment formed part of the corps ordered upon that expedition.

The amount of the army estimates, as indeed that of every branch of the public expenditure in Austria, is one of the state secrets, and it would be useless to attempt calculating it, as the precise number of troops kept on foot is never known and varies considerably even in time of peace. The great mortality that reigned amongst the corps in Lombardy, during last year and the spring of the present year, is known to have reduced the army of occupation materially, and answered the double purpose of lightening the expense without reducing the nominal force. There are reasons, however, for believing that this department is managed with a greater attention to economy than any other. That the war-office exercises a more effective control over its agents than the civil boards can do, is perhaps owing to the strict attention paid to seniority in the service in all promotions above the rank of colonel. This naturally throws a number of men together who are actuated by a spirit of rivalry towards each other, but who receive in the indisputable command of the sovereign a constant point of union. As this council has obtained an unhappy celebrity in the history of the country, the loss of every battle

since the memorable thirty years' war having been attributed to its influence, we must explain somewhat of its construction. The usual order is that the senior officer in the service fills the place of president, and has a council of five generals, with whom all purely military affairs are discussed in secret. Under the control of this council the commanders of the forces stand in peace and in war, and the difficulty of carrying on operations in the field to the satisfaction of so many directors is said to have been seriously felt in the French wars even by the Archduke Charles, whose rank and talents were not sufficient to free him from these official shackles. His total withdrawal from all connection with the war-office is generally looked on at Vienna as the effect of disgust. Under the president eleven councillors, partly military men and partly civilians, form a council of reference and debate for the despatch of ordinary business, and divide between them the branches of the ordnance, the quartermaster-general's and the adjutant-general's departments, the commissariat, the storekeeper's offices, &c. Four councillors of justice discharge the duties of judge advocate. The president, not being a responsible minister, has no power beyond the transmission of the directions he has received, and the councillors, being too nearly his equals in rank to depend on his personal approbation, enjoy individually a great latitude of discretion, and can only be made responsible for error or remissness after the mischief has been done. This system naturally affords a tolerable control in all the subordinate details, but destroys the energy and celerity of action which are the soul of military calculations. For this reason the Austrians were always well provided in cases which it was possible to foresee and to prepare for in time, but, when matters took an unexpected turn, and resources had to be developed on the spur of the moment, every cord to which the general trusted was sure to break under his hand.

The term which conscripts had to serve (fourteen years) has been reduced lately, and may undergo a further modification, should the prospect of undisturbed peace present itself. This and some other improvements in the army are ascribed to the influence of Count Clam Martinitz, who has for some time been the representative of the military department in the ministry.

The other branches of the state expenditure are not less carefully concealed than the army estimates; many of them most probably are not even known, as accounts are said but seldom to be rendered to the finance minister from many departments; while two,

the police and the foreign departments, are totally exempted from such responsibility. The amount of the revenue is thus stated:—

"The revenue of the country is generally estimated at 150,000,000 florins in silver. This sum is produced by the land-tax, the earnings-tax, the legacy-duty, excise, tolls, and fiscal dues; the regalia, (to which belong the customs, stamp-dues, tobacco and salt monopoly, the post, lottery, and mint profits,) and the domains. The lands of Hungary and Transylvania are, it is true, not subject to the greater part of the above taxes, but are bound to furnish for the use of the army a great number of supplies in kind."—v. 115.

This sum, about 16,000,000*l.* sterling, which ought to be a comparatively small sum for a state possessing the amazing internal resources of Austria, is made to fall very heavily on its inhabitants by the manner of raising it. From the above paragraph it is evident that the principal taxes are direct contributions from the property and industry of the nation; which is, however, as we have already hinted, exposed to another severe system of taxation arising from the municipal and *bureau* system. From this last-mentioned sort of contribution neither the court nor the country derives the slightest advantage; but so deeply is it interwoven with the present state of things that nothing short of a total change of system could do away with it.

The land-tax may perhaps be considered as the most important, and is levied in every province from the possessor of the land. It amounts on an average to fifteen per cent. on the produce of the soil. The crops are not valued annually, but an average taken in the year 1834, by commissions established for that purpose, is definitively fixed as a standard for the archduchy of Lower Austria. In the other provinces, in which an exact measurement of the land with its gradations of cultivation is in progress, a provisory estimate has been assumed until the work is completed. Buildings of all descriptions in the country, in villages and towns, excepting the capital town of each province, are assessed according to their size and value, and are divided into twelve classes, the highest of which is rated at 6*l.*, the lowest at about 2*s.* per annum. This includes all agricultural building and manufactories, as well as dwelling-houses. The metropolis and the provincial capitals are differently rated, the house-tax in these being an assessment on the rent which the houses produce, or at which they are valued, amounting with fees and dues of all kinds to not less than thirty-two per cent. on the income of the property.

The earnings-tax (*Erwerb-Steuer*) is one

the produce of which must bear no proportion to the detrimental effect, which, in conjunction with the system of monopoly we described some pages back, it must have upon the industry of the nation.

"The payment of the earnings-tax is incumbent, 1st, on the class of manufacturers; 2dly, the classes of traders, especially all dealers in raw materials, and general merchants; of these there are three which pay in Vienna and the environs for two (German) miles round, 1500 florins (150*l.*) 1000 florins (100*l.*), and 500 florins (50*l.*) per annum; and in the provinces 1000 florins, 500 florins, and 300 florins; 3dly, the classes of artists and artisans, including especially all persons enjoying simple licenses to carry on manufactures or trades, patents, &c., shopkeepers, hawkers, &c.; 4thly, that kind of industry which consists in services rendered, or in leaving the temporary use of any thing to another, for instance, teachers of dancing, music, fencing, languages, keepers of schools, &c. brokers, bill-brokers, agents, advocates, &c. The tax paid is estimated and classed in all cases according to the nature of the occupation."—v. 178.

In the Lombard-Venetian provinces this tax is so much modified that it does not exceed one-sixth of what is paid in the countries north of the Alps. In Hungary no tax of the kind is paid. The butchers pay in addition a slaughtering tax* of 10*s.* per beast, and Jewish butchers still more. The Jews form an especial branch of taxation. Those who enter into trade are obliged to prove their property, and pay a very heavy property-tax; in Galicia a heavy impost is laid on the candles with which they celebrate their sabbath and festivals.

The legacy-duty varies on all sums above 100 florins (10*l.*), according to the degrees of relationship, from 10, 5, to 2 per cent.

But not only bequeathed property is encumbered with a transfer-tax in Austria; almost all transfers of land or houses are attended with heavy fees for registering, &c. Such purchases of land as do not belong to the noblesse are either obliged to purchase the rank, or pay some of the contributions doubled; and, even after receiving the letters-patent from the emperor, high fees have still to be paid if the proprietor wishes to be admitted into the provincial states. From this latter distinction, as we observed before, no advantage whatever is derived; but the patent of nobility, besides freeing an estate from the extra taxes, exempts the family from the military conscription.

The excise* is also a highly important branch of revenue, and embraces, 1stly, all manufactories of beer, wine, and spirits, liquors, malt, &c.; 2dly, provisions of all kinds carried into the metropolis and provincial capitals for consumption; 3dly, it is paid by all innkeepers, butchers, &c. in the country on the provisions they offer for sale.

The customs' duties were until lately rated so high, that the revenue arising from imported goods could not possibly cover the expense of the frontier guards and custom-house officials, while those articles which the country cannot produce in sufficient quantity, and of a quality to compete in some degree foreign productions, are supplied in abundance by means of one of the most daring and extended systems of smuggling that was ever formed. The chief seat of this contraband trade is said to be the Lombard-Venetian provinces, and it is related as a fact that the seal of the Milan custom-house was some time back for a long period in the hands of the smugglers, who had substituted a forged one in its place. But the cordon of frontier guards is destined also to protect another branch of the revenue—the imperial monopolies. These consist chiefly of tobacco and salt.

Tobacco, as an article indispensable to the comfort of a German or Slavonian, is monopolized by the government in all the provinces except Hungary. There are several manufactories against which might be urged the same objection that we started when speaking of the industry of the empire, for they are conducted by agents on account of the government, naturally at a much greater expense than could be done by individuals working on their own account. Even in so trifling a matter as the preparation of this plant for smoking, the cautious spirit of the government is discernible; for, in order to secure a constant supply of the usual qualities, tobacco of a superior flavor is never sold; but an equalizing mixture is applied, which reduces the best to the ordinary level, and the public is never allowed to enjoy a superior article, lest an unfavorable season should reduce the quality of the stock and cause dissatisfaction. As the consumption is immense, and that which is bought raw is sold at 2*s.* per lb. the sum it brings to the treasury must be large.

The wealth of the Austrian states in salt is every where betrayed by the names of countries and towns; Salzburg, Galicia, Hall, Hallstadt, Hallein are all named from salt.

"Some years back the entire production

* This tax has by the last regulations been incorporated with the excise.

* Verzehrungs-Steuer.

of mineral salt was calculated at 3,188,081 cwt., of boiled salt 2,117,370 cwt., of sea salt 550,000 cwt., consequently together 5,885,451 cwt., the greater part of which was consumed in the country, part exported, and part applied to salting sea fish."—iv. 475.

The salt mines and pans are managed, like the tobacco manufactories, by civilians, for the profit of government, and, like the

former, must be costly. But these and the other mines in different provinces occupy a great number of hands, and patronage, as we have already seen, has also its worth. The mines of Hungary alone occupy 3,300 hands. The following table gives an idea of the importance of mining speculations in Austria, but much of the produce here reckoned is on private account.

| | Quantity gained per Ann. | Price per cwt. in Florins. | Value in Florins. |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| | cwt. | | |
| Gold | 23 ⁹ ₁₀ | 72,500 | 1,749,222 |
| Silver | 462 ⁷ ₂₀ | 4,800 | 2,318,252 |
| Copper | 54,765 | 48 | 2,629,336 |
| Tin | 5,500 | 100 | 550,000 |
| Lead | 76,506 | 12 | 918,172 |
| Iron | 1,688,458 | 4 | 6,753,832 |
| Quicksilver | 5,240 | 167 | 875,080 |
| Cinnabar | 7,800 | 150 | 1,170,000 |
| Cobalt | 9,405 | 18 1-2 | 174,178 |
| Antimony | 6,900 | 12 | 82,000 |
| Bismuth | 700 | 36 | 28,200 |
| Manganese | 800 | 50 | 8,500 |
| Arsenic | 226 | 75 | 50,625 |
| Mineral Green | 1,250 | 55 | 68,475 |
| Salt | 5,928,189 | 3 | 17,784,507 |
| Vitrol | 10,120 | 12 | 121,440 |
| Alum | 8,104 | 15 | 121,560 |
| Coals | 1,177,000 | 1-4 | 292,334 |
| Other Minerals | | | 8,010,760 |

Florins 43,859,353

The produce of the gold mines of Transylvania is reckoned at from 2000 to 2500 marks, and occasionally 3400 mks. (100 m. = 1.2 cwt.) Those of Hungary are stated to yield 2000 mks. or 10 cwt. The Austrian provinces (Salzburg) yield 60—90 mks. Hungary and Transylvania produce about 92,000 marks or 460 cwt. of silver; Bohemia 8370 mks.; Styria, Carinthia, and Galicia 2000 marks. Rich as this gain may appear, it gives in reality but a faint idea of the inexhaustible wealth of the different mountain chains which traverse the Austrian empire, the mines in which would suffice to supply all Europe if their management were left to the exertions of private individuals. The wretched state of the roads in the most productive mining countries of Hungary and Illyria, and the neglected condition of the rivers, which ought to afford every facility for inland transport, not only render it scarcely worth while to work many of the less valuable metals, but subject these districts occasionally to all the inconveniences of scarcity, while other parts of the same province are literally oppressed with the abundance of the crops.

The crown lands are another and very extensive source of revenue; but we are as little able to state the income they produce, as to give the amount which any one of the taxes annually yields. A mere allusion, however, to these domains suggests a very important question connected with the year 1811, that terrible epoch of the nation, which shook the public credit to its foundation. The measure of depreciating the current coin to one-fifth of its value by an order of council, which threw the trading and industrial classes into indescribable misery, while the landed proprietors remained untouched, was one of those wanton, inconsiderate acts of oppression, which may be explained, but cannot be palliated by supposing the most complete ignorance of all the principles of political economy on the part of those who originated, as well as those who suffered, such a measure. The utmost that could be gained by such a step was the relieving the government from a part of the public debt, and the defrauding the contractors, with whom at the moment negotiations were pending. The debt could not at that moment have been a subject of such inextrica-

ble difficulty, while the latter gain must at all times have been far too paltry, independently of the moral effects of the measure, for any government to look upon it as an advantage worth obtaining by such means. So great was the panic occasioned by this step, that in a few days the new issue of bank notes sank twenty-five per cent. in value for circulation, and, as all persons engaged in purchases, and all debtors, seized the opportunity in order to defraud the parties to whom they were indebted, the misery entailed upon thousands of families, which the mere loss reduced to ruin, was aggravated by the circumstance of the gain in such cases being on the side of the improvident, while the careful economist was despoiled of his frugal hoards. If the total gain accruing to the government by this step were revealed, there is no doubt that we should find that it might have been covered by the sale or mortgage of part or the whole of those crown lands, whose existence in the possession of the crown, after the nation had been called upon to make so cruel a sacrifice, loudly accuses the rulers who would not give up this means of influence to secure the welfare of the people.

This step may be said to have given the death-blow to Austrian credit at home, the people not yet having recovered confidence in the government—a fact which has shown itself on many occasions within the last years, when the near prospect of a breach with France has invariably made the public papers unmarketable at Vienna; and the first declaration of war in Europe will be marked by a fall of from 30 to 40 per cent. in their nominal value. This does not proceed, however, from any want of confidence in the resources of the empire, the wealth of which is well known to its inhabitants, but from the measures and avowed opinions of the principal men at the head of public affairs. It is known that an establishment of the finances upon a sound footing has always been avoided, as rendering imperative a degree of responsibility which the ministers will not submit to, while the annual increase of the taxes and the raising of large loans after so long a continuance of peace show how badly the present system of taxation is working. Upwards of 40,000,000*l.* has been raised since 1816 by way of loan, and some measure of the kind adopted annually shows that the revenues, large as they are acknowledged to be, do not suffice to cover the expenses of the state. A large proportion of this debt is stated to be in the hands of the commissioners of the sinking fund; and perhaps this is the fact, for the credit of Austria has been in so fluctuating a state since 1830, that the price of stocks has only been kept

up by the interference of the government, and the occasional purchase of large sums when the market was depressed.

The length of this article prevents our entering into many details which would have afforded a clearer view of the internal state and external relations of Austria at the present moment: still we think enough has been shown to justify the assertion we made at the commencement of our task, that the undeviating pursuance of one sole object has brought the empire into its present state, and that the immediate future policy of its government may be calculated from the past, as long as it shall be evident that the same object is kept in view. To the establishment of the uncontrolled and irresponsible power of the sovereign, the national feelings of three parts of his subjects, the prosperity of their industry, and the advancement of civilization, are not suffered to prove impediments; much less can treaties with foreign powers or the most ancient and avowedly prudent alliances be permitted to have any weight in the balance. The justification, too, of this line of policy is found in the silence of the subjects at home, and in the respect which an apparently unshackled might commands abroad. What increases the difficulty of the case is, that the common arguments of national advantage, which have, at all times and in all situations, previously to the present century, been irresistible, lose all force where the interests of the nation are confessed to be a matter of secondary consideration. To trust to the progress of enlightenment, that irresistible corrector of national evils, is both a dilatory measure where the necessity for action is immediate, and a dubious line of policy, where such effectual measures are taken to prevent a consummation which is anticipated and guarded against. The system of education in Austria is unique in the history of mankind. The government monopolizes the charge; no one dares to instruct youth who has not received an authorization to that effect; the books employed must be those written by agents appointed to the task, and every word that falls from a professor's mouth is a subject of inquiry and interest for the council of state. If, therefore, trusting to the operation of ordinary events, a power extraordinary both in its kind and in its tendency be allowed to extend its influence and to oppress with its weight those elements of civil and political freedom which England has more than once interposed her influence to foster, it is evident that we shall only be nourishing a giant, whose might will grow more and more threatening in proportion as he succeeds in annihilating every indirect means of paralyzing his power.

ART. II.—*Essai sur la Philosophie Médicale*, par J. Bouillaud. Paris : 1836. 8vo.

THE application of medicine to the real or imaginary sufferings of man is now become so general, that any attempt to establish its merits upon philosophical principles deserves our warmest approbation. The work before us is full of interest, not merely to the profession, but to all classes and conditions of men. There is scarcely a human being who, from the cradle to the grave, does not, almost daily, stand in need of medicine in one shape or another ; how gratifying then must it be to find, that much of its wonderful effects, which in times less enlightened were ascribed to the mysterious agency of imaginary beings, or the inexplicable influences of planets, is now recommended to our notice on principles of inductive philosophy.

For much of the information which we, on this side of the Channel, possess on questions of medical investigation, we owe a large debt to the labors of the French school. The author of the book before us has already labored so zealously, and in many cases so successfully, to remove much of the obscurity which overhung some of the most abstruse points in medicine, that he comes to us with no ordinary claims on our attention.

Without entering into a minute analysis of his book, which would be in some degree foreign to the nature of this Review, we shall avail ourselves of it to offer some remarks on the state of medicine in this country and in France, and to call attention to some points which, we think, eminently deserve the notice of those who in this country regulate the medical appointments to public hospitals.

We cannot look at the mass of facts which our colleagues in France are constantly adding to the stock of medical truths which we already possess, without feeling a strong sense of our own humiliation. There is not a debateable question, from the most simple article in the *Materia Medica* to the most complex organ of the human frame, which is not in Paris made the subject of the most patient and persevering investigation, and tested by the strictest rules of inductive philosophy, by men, too, whose position and talents for observation entitle them to the fullest confidence. It is there only that medicine is viewed on the high grounds of science, apart from those of worldly interest, and where alone we can look with confidence for its further advancement. Not but that there are amongst ourselves many persevering and ardent inquirers after useful practical truths, but their field of observation is so limited, and the facts they present are consequently so few, that they seldom carry with

them all the conviction which they merit. Science, as an eminent living philosopher says, is but an assemblage of truths, proved by reason, ascertained by observation, or perceived by the mind, and combined under one common character. Where opportunities are not afforded for such a desirable object, it is evident that all our conclusions must be liable to great uncertainty.

To base medicine on principles such as the author of the work under consideration attempts, it is necessary to establish a classification of disease, which must rest on individual truths. Our own immortal Sydenham lays down a few of the indispensable qualifications for a good classification, and which we think can hardly be resisted by the most sceptical.

First.—The physician should bring to the classification of disease the same care which botanists bring to that of plants.

Secondly.—In describing the history of disease, it is necessary to except every philosophical hypothesis, and to note, with the greatest fidelity, the evident and natural phenomena of disease, even the most trifling, as painters in their portraits preserve the slightest spots.

Thirdly.—It is of great importance to note well the seasons of the year which favor most the appearance of each kind of disease.

The revolutions in medicine which have so rapidly succeeded each other, since it first aspired to the nature of a science, are alone sufficient to call attention to the contradictory opinions which prevail in conducting medical investigations. There is, however, one point upon which all are now agreed—the fallacy of all medical hypothesis, and the precarious nature of general principles in medicine ; hence the growing conviction and absolute necessity, in all conclusions in medical science, of an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the pathology of disease. We may apply to medicine what Newton says of natural philosophy : “ The main business of natural philosophy is to argue from phenomena without feigning hypothesis, and to deduce causes from effects.” There are some amongst ourselves, we regret to say, who value examinations of dead organization so little, that one would be inclined to think, that the doctrines of Alkindus, the Arabian physician, who very good-naturedly determined the operations of all medicines by the powers of music and arithmetic, found favor with them. With little regard to the principle which Aristotle recommended—of maintaining simplicity of principle amidst the greatest possible variety of matters, and with no other notion of philosophizing than that of generalization,—they forget that the perfec-

tion of science is proportioned to the simplicity of its principles. Cause and effect are perhaps the categories under which alone we should study and view diseased organization. The several classifications of diseases have taught us to inquire what is the disease, but perhaps the question how it was produced is a more important one. It will not be doubted, we suppose, that the ultimate object of all philosophizing is to interpret appearances, from the symbol to ascertain the thing; for this, the first step is to discover some immutable principle. But we apprehend that this class is indeed very limited, and have good reason to hope that the importance of pathological examination is becoming daily better understood. It may be urged that our estimation of pathological anatomy is much too high, and that, without a minute and extensive acquaintance with it, there can be no good practice; but we ourselves have no such apprehension; whilst the names of Hippocrates, Sydenham, &c., would of themselves be at once sufficient to convince the most sceptical, that a good and rational system of practice may be established even without the slightest knowledge of it. But are we to reject pathological anatomy, because such men as Hippocrates and Sydenham could dispense with it?

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthus."

It is only one of the ways by which disease may be determined, and may be used for good or for evil. We can only discover by it organic changes which, in themselves, are but the result of morbid action, and can only be of any use, as they lead us to the vital modifications which have produced them. The object of medicine, however, is, on the one part, to know the external characters of disease, and on the other, the corresponding organic alterations; for this she must have the aid of pathological anatomy. Celsus, when speaking of internal and external disease, says that, in the former, the regulation of diet is the principal part of the cure, whilst in the latter, medicine makes the chief part. The ignorance of anatomy, under which he then labored, could only excuse such an expression. It is an additional proof, if any were wanted, that, in a science like medicine, the finest talents, when unaided by the light of observation, produce but barren conceptions. We must make all possible allowances for errors of this kind, when we recollect that Galen travelled to Alexandria for the sole purpose of seeing a human skeleton.

The discovery of the circulation which Harvey made in 1617, one of the first great

attempts to unravel the mystery of human life and organization, and Jenner's memorable one of vaccination, are among the few prominent facts which distinguish us as original thinkers. There is little doubt, we apprehend, that, if Sydenham could have brought the powers of his great mind to bear on pathological examination, he would have enlarged its field. As far, however, as the human mind could go, unaided by morbid anatomy, this great man went. His practice, even as we write, is almost universally approved, though the result of private practice, for he had never had an hospital. Theories, systems, and classifications of medicine have successfully appeared and disappeared amongst us since his time, with little else to recommend them than the ingenuity or eloquence with which they were introduced. The great principle of induction was not yet universally adopted in Medicine; consequently she could expect to make but little progress. Happily the spirit of philosophy, which now pervades every department of the sciences, has at length reached Medicine, and we may expect to see her take her place, at no very distant day, among the fixed sciences.

With the exception of Baillie's book on morbid anatomy, which appeared in 1793, and which was in England the first effort, on a systematic scale, to verify disease by *post mortem* appearances, there is nothing in this country that can bear any comparison with the valuable pathological works which are daily, we might almost say hourly, issuing from the French press. Though Baillie's book was a work of considerable merit, much of which depended on its novelty, it is lamentably deficient in details. In the infancy of this particular branch of study, the great importance of every, the slightest, shade of color, has not been accurately described, nor its importance duly appreciated. It is indeed singular that, with the stimulus which he imparted to pathology, there was none found among his successors in any of our large hospitals, if we except the recent observations of Dr. Bright on the kidney, to follow up the subject which he had so successfully introduced. The London hospitals have contributed little indeed to the sum of our knowledge, and yet it is only in hospitals that medicine can ever expect to make any advances to the nature of a fixed science. That there is a spirit of improvement abroad is evident, from the number of observations which are constantly appearing in our periodicals, and for which we are mainly indebted to young men altogether unconnected with hospitals; and which is a proof, that all that is required for the working men of the

profession to enlarge the field of pathological anatomy, is the wide range of an hospital.

The science, however, is not likely to suffer by the supineness of British hospital physicians. The French school have taken up the subject with that philanthropy which characterizes their conduct when the welfare of our species is concerned; with them every department of the healing art is cultivated with a zeal which is measured by its importance to the well-being of humanity. The names of Corvisart, Bichat, Lænnec, Andral, Louis, Dupuytren, Richerand, that of the author of the subject of our present notice, with many others, will be honored as long as human nature stands in need of medicine.

It is almost impossible to pass over the name of Bichat with only an ordinary notice. At the early age of thirty, he was removed from the scene of those interesting researches upon which his brilliant genius shed so much lustre. To him peculiarly belongs the glory of having first conceived and executed a plan of general anatomy, and the anatomy of structure; and though, in his attempts to account for all the vital phenomena of organized bodies upon the properties of contractility and sensibility, and applying too closely, in questions of a medical nature, the beautiful principle which Newton applied to the physical world,—ascribing a variety of effects to a simplicity of causes,—there is every reason to believe that had he lived he would have corrected many of those errors which the impetuosity of his genius hurried him over. He would have admitted that it was unphilosophical to exclude from his analysis of vital properties or forces, which preside over the phenomena of organic bodies, those which regulate the phenomena of inorganic ones. This subject has been taken up by Edwards, whose experiments add considerably to our knowledge of the influences of the external agents, as air, season, &c., upon the physical frame of man. Bichat was the first to introduce into the study of vital phenomena, and animal in particular, the spirit of analysis and generalization. To his researches on the membranes, a work upon which much of his reputation depends, and his book on life and death, we are indebted for some of the most splendid discoveries in the science of medicine. It is in his work on the membranes that we see the first attempt at those gigantic views which he afterwards developed. The impression which this book made on its first appearance was such, that, in verbal report which Professor Hallé made of it to the *Académie*, he ranked it among those productions of genius which deserved the honors of a proclamation

on the first Vendémiaire. Not the least part is, that he began and finished in one year his work on general anatomy. He never copied any of it, but sent it in the morning to the printer, for he worked always by night. He wrote the last two volumes before the first two; but it is the province of genius to work by extraordinary ways.

When Corvisart revived the neglected doctrine of the unfortunate Avenbrugger, great as his own enthusiasm was, he had but a limited idea to what mighty discoveries it would lead, in the hands of his immortal pupil, Lænnec. The eloquence with which he introduced it could only be equalled by the zeal he displayed in extending its usefulness. A theatre was set apart for him at La Charité, for the express purpose of prosecuting his researches on this particular subject, which subsequently, under the labors of Lænnec and some of our own countrymen, has been carried to a state little short of that certainty which characterizes the fixed sciences, so that we can with great confidence pronounce upon the organic changes which occur previously to death. Though a knowledge of some of the diseases of the heart dates further back than Corvisart, even as far back as the days of Lancisi, Valsalva, and Albertini, who were succeeded by Morgagni and Senac, yet his revival of a doctrine which, but for him, might still be slumbering with the Capulets, has added so much to our information on this particular organ, that he may fairly be ranked as an original discoverer.

In 1818, when Lænnec published his work on mediate auscultation, a new light was thrown, not only on diseases of the heart, but on those of all organs contained within the thorax. The errors of diagnosis, which previously classed under the same category diseases differing essentially in seat and nature, were speedily corrected, and, where the hope of ultimate cure was vain, the comforts of the patient were not disturbed by useless medication. A knowledge of this kind could be attained only by a close and attentive study of general pathology, which acquaints us with the different periods of disease,—its variations, cause, fatal or favorable signs, age, sex, profession, influence of season and temperament. What Senac says of diseases of the heart may be applied to all organic diseases. "If we are ignorant of them, we shall pronounce rashly on an infinite number of cases; we shall fatigue our patients with hurtful or useless remedies; we shall hasten death by treating some diseases like those which are of a totally different nature; we shall be exposed to shameful discoveries by the opening of dead bodies; finally, danger

will be at hand when we think it at a distance."

Comparative anatomy, upon which Cuvier has shed such lustre, is another subject on which we are immeasurably behind our Gallic neighbors. Were we to estimate its importance by the attention bestowed upon it by the profession generally in this country, we should be inclined to think that it was altogether unconnected with human physiology. To view it in this light would argue a very limited acquaintance with its real uses. There is scarcely a fact in physiology which has not either been suggested by it, or finally established by an appeal to it. Throughout Cuvier's works we have the most enlightened views of elevated physiology, and there we see how medicine may extend her ideas on the generation of disease. "If it be true," as he says, "that the solids of which the mass of animals is composed is but the result of transformations which the fluids that traverse them undergo, the intimate nature of those fluids varying incessantly by the inevitable variations of atmosphere, food, &c. &c., it follows that the nature of the solids varies in the same proportion, and is never a composition absolutely identical." There is now little doubt that the fluids of the human body have been too much neglected, since Haller and his school fancied that they discovered in the nervous system and the phenomena of irritability and sensibility the secret of life.

Let us pause for a moment or two on the gigantic labors of this extraordinary man, which include almost every thing, from the cold jelly of the polypus to the megatherium of Paraguay. Upon the most trivial indication, as that of a phalanx, he reconstructs animals, discovers movement in articulation; in the former he again detects habits, in these regimen, and in regimen general disposition. In 1801 he announced to the world twenty-three distinct species of animals of which there is not one now to be found on our globe; and, in his work on osteology, he places before us those animals which the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians exhibited in their public games or battles. By his observations on the fossil remains in the basin of Paris, he shows us the successive revolutions which occurred in the physical world. He passed through two worlds, one denized with the mollusca of sweet water, the other with marine animals, after which he came to a third occupied by tortoises and crocodiles, in layers of soft water.

No other country presents such opportunities of extending the knowledge of comparative anatomy as England, connected as she is by commerce or colonization with al-

most all the habitable world, and yet we have availed ourselves but little of the endless sources of information which are open to us. It cannot be that the study itself is ignoble. To understand the nature of beasts is a study befitting kings. It was Solomon's highest glory, and such was the importance which Alexander attached to comparative anatomy, that he bestowed 800 talents upon Aristotle for writing a treatise on animals.

The practice of medicine, as cultivated by the eminent men who now preside over the institutions of France, is not merely to hunt out the singular appearances on each body, to gratify an ideal curiosity, but to enable them to distinguish diseases by certain signs, by unerring symptoms. Let us not be understood as confining solely to the French this peculiar qualification. It may, and doubtless does, exist amongst ourselves, but, from causes which our hospital physicians can best explain, the world is seldom, if ever, made acquainted with the improvements which medicine may be daily undergoing, unless they have the misfortune to explore them at the small charge of one guinea. Now we, of all people, are most anxious that the dignity of the profession should be properly maintained, and that each member be paid according to his rank and station. In large communities, it is well known that sickness prevails much more among the poor ill-fed mechanics, than those in independent stations; and we apprehend it is almost needless to say that the half-starved tradesman cannot afford to have the services of an hospital physician; but all will agree in one thing, that he ought to have the benefit of all improvements made in medicine, and which can only be truly established in public hospitals. But it will be urged, that to give correct reports of all hospital practice would occupy too much of the physician's time. In this perhaps there is some truth, but we do not suppose that any such objection would really be started. Adam Smith says, that the wealth of a nation depends on her population; if this be a fact, surely the science which professes to watch over the physical infirmities of a great nation is not undeserving of legislative consideration. If physicians were to give every year, or even every three years, a correct statement of all the important cases which came before them in hospitals, pointing out every new or interesting feature in each, the result of their own experience with the different new medicines, their *modus operandi*, &c. &c. the benefits of those emporia of disease would not be confined, as they now unfortunately are, to the unhappy invalids received within their walls; they would be brought within

reach of the poorest peasant in the provinces. We can readily admit, that much of this is incompatible with the bustle of a man of large practice, in such a place as London; and we shall doubtless hear on every side of the great powers of such and such a man. We will even go so far as to grant that those men may, during a great portion of their time, be storing their minds with truths which must necessarily have forced themselves on them during their professional career, and that at some future period they may be disposed to favor the world with the result of their practice. Independently of the absurdity of establishing hospitals for the sole purpose of giving the physicians a monopoly of knowledge, there are two other small objections against waiting for a report of their practice until they retire. The first is, that the busy money-hunting chase of a London physician is eminently calculated to sink all other considerations in favor of this paramount pursuit; the next, that there are ten chances to one that he dies before that happy period arrives, when he will say, *Ohe jam satis!* What then becomes of the twenty or thirty years' public practice or experience? It is entombed within the oaken boards of his coffin, or the more durable material of his skull.

When remedies are introduced, they are not recommended to our notice as the result of minute and correct experiment, but on the faith of such a doctor, who is in the habit of giving them in such and such doses, at such and such an hospital. From the number of these, which are constantly forced on public attention through interested media, the wonder is that the people are sick at all. The truth however is, they are not accompanied with the evidence of facts, upon which alone our conviction should rest. We want principles, or general facts; but these can only be obtained in public hospitals. The first duty of a man placed at the head of an hospital is to advance the science of medicine by original discovery, to extend the principles already established, and to confer on the patients intrusted to his care the benefits which those institutions afford. This, however, is not the only duty which he is expected to perform, and it would be a gross injustice to the humanity of those who support such institutions to suppose that this was intended as their limitation; no, it was expected that sound philosophical practice should emanate from them, and radiate into districts where otherwise rational inductive practice could never possibly originate.

That hospitals add much to the knowledge of those who superintended them is almost a self-evident truth; see with what anxiety ap-

pointments to them are sought. The public is a curious *mélange* of prejudice, passion, selfishness, and in many cases of chivalrous devotion, where the moral and physical comforts of the mass are concerned; but, until they individually come under the hands of the doctor, they consider any attention bestowed on medical questions as *vox et præterea nihil*.

Now, either hospitals afford additional information, or the assumed importance of such men as are inducted into them *secundum artem*, which, in the vernacular, means *jobbing*, is a delusion practised on the public. If the former, the public have a right to share in the increase of knowledge, as well as those received in their walls; if the latter, the sooner the delusion is dispelled the better. If every physician who did not, every three years give a good digest of his practice for that period, classifying disease, and pointing out all the anomalous cases, with remarks on the treatment and *post mortem* appearance, were obliged to retire from office, we should emerge from the quackery which characterizes much of our practice. But we are wandering from our more immediate subject—the French School.

The three great epochs of life—infancy, manhood, and age—have each in Paris distinct institutions for the several diseases peculiar to each. Upon these government bestows a certain annual grant, and the professors are chosen by election, upon the sole grounds of superior merit. In Paris there is also a large hospital for diseases of the skin, over which Alibert presides, and which has afforded him materials for some of the most splendid engravings of the various forms of the cuticular disease now extant. We recollect being once present at an introductory lecture at this hospital (St. Louis) by Alibert. It was in the spring of the year, and the weather variable, with alternate showers of hail and gleams of sunshine. The reputation of Alibert brought around him students from every country in Europe,—

“Men of all climes that never met before.”

The theatre, though tolerably spacious, was scarcely large enough to contain half the audience. When Alibert arrived, every seat in the little theatre was crowded, and all access to the interior cut off by a dense crowd who blocked up the door, and who, finding all chance of admission for themselves hopeless, very good-humoredly turned the tables on the party within doors, by refusing admission to the doctor. After much useless remonstrance on the part of Alibert, he kindly consented to indulge his audience with an open-air harangue. This report had reached

the interior of the theatre and produced some discontent; so that the party within instantly sallied out, with every disposition to do vengeance on the vile herd, who were now about to reduce science to the level of field-preaching. For a time the *émeute* looked rather threatening, and had all the promise of additional work for the good professor, in his charitable work of soldering solutions of continuity. Peace was at length restored, and a platform erected in the centre of the garden for the professor, which, with his usual urbanity, he ascended. The auditors at this time could not be fewer than five hundred. The morning drizzled, accompanied with sharp winds, yet there was not one who did not think the hour which the lecture occupied the shortest that ever stole over him. The eloquence, the precision, and the accurate knowledge which the professor displayed, will not easily be forgotten by those who had the happiness to hear him.

To enter fully on the merits of such men as Andral, now at the head of the French pathological school, Louis, Rostan, Cruveilhier, Chomel, Broussais, &c. &c., would exceed the limits of a review. Among those who devote themselves exclusively to pathological anatomy, we find the names of Louis, Bouillaud, Gendrin, Raymond. Lallemand and Rostan have particularly directed attention to the brain, whilst to Lænnec we are indebted for the first accurate notions of thoracic disease. The pathological works alone of Andral are superior to all the English works on the same subject. They come to us not merely on the faith of Andral, but he tells us when and where he made his observations; nor are they taken up on the loose inaccurate report of individual practitioners, as is too often the case in England. Abercrombie, in his book on the brain, gives nearly as many cases from the practice of others as he records from his own personal observation. To be sure, in our position, such cases are better than none at all, but in this respect only are they valuable. It would be unreasonable to hope for an equal share of confidence for the collections of a private notebook and those of a public hospital.

In the department of human physiology, the names of Richerand and Majendie stand out in bold relief on the foreground of medical science—the former as remarkable for the clear and comprehensive view of every subject which he treats, as the latter for the ingenuity and perseverance which he displays in his researches on brute nature. Richerand has, until very lately, supplied us with the only work on physiology which our schools possessed, whilst to Majendie we are indebted for many valuable additions to every

branch of the physiological sciences. Broussais's doctrine of localization, though carried, we think, to an unwarrantable length in many cases, is however a great step towards the simplification of treatment. Many gastric and abdominal affections are now treated on this principle with considerable success. The views of this man are not the air-drawn fancies of his own brain; many are the result of correct pathological observation. The study of this particular department (pathology) is nowhere prosecuted with the same zeal which we find the Parisian doctors bestow on it. Separate and distinct wards are set apart for this purpose. To every patient who dies there, and is unclaimed by friends, a ticket is attached, indicating the ward from which the body came, the number of the bed, the name of the patient, the disease of which he died; so that the relation between the history of the disease and the morbid appearances may be traced and recorded in a general book. In this way, any improvements which are made will rest, as far as is consistent with a science, much of which is still short of demonstration, upon philosophical principles.

France, in the management of her hospitals, has adopted the only course which is at all likely to effect the great object she proposes to herself, by appointing the medical officers solely on the ground of superior qualifications; and by which she proclaims to Europe, the maxim "*Salus populi suprema lex.*" The personal advantages resulting from hospital appointments she never for a moment suffers to disturb her in the selection she is about to make. Questions of such general interest as the treatment of disease, to which the peer and the peasant are alike heirs, are never decided there by the gross amount of a parochial poll, or board, as is unfortunately the case in England, by men whose knowledge of the questions they so often decide is about as accurate as that which they possess of the internal economy of Pekin.

In England, whose resources are equal if not superior to those of any other country in Europe for the cultivation of medicine, we are content to take up at second-hand with the discoveries of our neighbors, rather than originate any of our own. The great addition to private practice, which an hospital appointment is sure to bring, occupies so much time, that all thoughts, if any ever existed, of extending the field of medicine by experiment and observation, are soon lost sight of. We sometimes find some new medicines recommended to our notice, but only after they have been going the round of all the continental periodicals, not as the result of experiment

made by ourselves, but on the faith and judgment of our neighbors. Our medical literature is, indeed, at a low ebb. Not that our publishers are not busy in the vocation. Every month supplies us with something in the shape of a manual, cyclopædia, or synopsis, which is ushered into notice with the usual flourish of advertisements. We agree so far with the Tories, as to have no objection that writers and publishers should do what they like with their own; yet we cannot help thinking that we have a right to expect something more attractive than the dress in which they appear. Much of what they give us is not new, and what is new is not true.

This may be considered harsh, but we disclaim any intention of being so. We have no passions to gratify; our duty as reviewers is paramount. If we can be instrumental, in any degree, in arousing amongst ourselves a spirit of inquiry in medicine, we shall have attained our fondest wish; and we confess that we are disposed to indulge this hope, when we look at the industrious young men who are so indefatigable in supplying us with translations of all foreign works of merit. There is, however, but one source whence medical truths can emanate with a hope of producing general conviction; that source is an hospital; and as long as our hospital physicians shall remain indifferent to the valuable facts which are constantly passing before them, so long must we be content to follow in the wake of our French colleagues—*longo intervallo*.

ART. III.—*Tyrol, vom Glockner zum Orteles und vom Gardazum Bodensee*.—(The Tyrol, from Mount Glockner to Mount Ortelles, and from the Lake of Garda to the Lake of Constance.) Von August Lewald—1833–34. 2 vols. 8vo. München. 1835.

THIS Tyrolese Tour, if so it may be designated, is of a very different kind from all other tours, French or English, that we have chanced to meet with. In fact, although written in the form of Travels, and consisting of a number of separate excursions into the different valleys of that land of mountains, the publication might perhaps be more justly described as a residence in the Tyrol. The author, a well known German novelist, in a dedication to Julius Cornet, a native Tyrolese, now a singer and opera manager at Brunswick, says,—“To your friendly invitation to pass the summer months at your

romantic castle of Fragsburg, in the Etschthal, for the recovery of my impaired health, does this book owe its existence.”

We gather, from scattered and unconnected hints, that Cornet's offer was rather the loan of an abode uninhabited by the owner, than an invitation to join a family circle. The dedication adds,—“In that pure and temperate climate my strength returned. *** I felt myself perfectly well. This state encouraged me to explore a mountain land that I had already learned to know superficially.”

The book before us appears to be put together from the author's previous transits through the Tyrol and his present sojourn and exploring excursions, giving to the former the benefit of the more perfect knowledge derived from the latter; but without distinct intimations upon which occasion the sights and scenes depicted were beheld. We are merely given to understand that in 1833 the writer traversed the Tyrol to Verona and Venice—it should seem in company of his wife; and that it was the summer of 1834 that he spent amidst its mountains and valleys. The desultory form thus adopted is not the most satisfactory possible, at least to us, who, in our critical capacity, feel a strong desire to see the information given us so classed, grouped, methodized, as to afford a comprehensive view of the whole. As these rambling sketches offer, nevertheless, by far the liveliest picture of the Tyrol and Tyrolese that it has ever been our fortune to light upon, we purpose to present [our readers with considerable extracts, and, restraining our methodical propensities, to take them, for the most part, pretty much as we find them, merely adding a few words of explanation or connection.

The temper in which the book is written will sufficiently appear as we proceed: for the present it will be enough to say that the author is a genuine German,—enthusiastic, genially enjoying, sympathizing with the Tyrolese in their new-born desire for independence—is independence possible for a nation of less than 800,000 souls? are even the Swiss, though 2,000,000 strong, independent?—but untainted, that is to say, Lewald, by the radical antipathy to Austria and Metternich of some of his predecessors. And here, apropos, of this Tyrolese hankering after independence, we, as impartial foreigners, may be permitted to observe, that the old privileges of the Tyrolese were confirmed to them at the settlement of Europe in 1814; that the chief causes of the discontent which is said to have supplanted their former ardent loyalty to Austria, are, as we gather from Lewald, regret for the high price they obtained for their wine in Bavaria, dur-

ing their annexation to that kingdom and impatience of an excise duty laid, like the Spanish *Alcabala*, upon sales even of the necessities of life. The discontent arising from the latter cause has, however, been materially allayed at Innsbruck, Botzen, and Trent, in consequence of the tax being farmed by the *bürgermeisters* and *podestàs* (municipal chief magistrates), and, in part, employed upon the improvement of the towns, which gives it the air of a municipal toll. With respect to the former cause, we shrewdly suspect that the feelings of the Tyrol much resemble those of Belgium, where the benefits of Dutch trade are desired, without Dutch union; and that, at all events, the first rumor of a hostile invasion would dissipate every sympathy of Tyrolese disloyalty. Still we cannot but regret such an intrusion of the march of intellect into the happy primitive valleys, where men used to think more of shooting game for their family dinner, than of reading newspapers, or criticising government.

Lewald enters the Tyrol from the north, by Scharnitz, and thus compares this country with Switzerland:—

“The Tyrol is a singular country, a sort of rock fortress. * * * * Switzerland has plains for agriculture; the north-western portion, from Constance to Basle, awakens not a thought of mountains. Not so Tyrol: she denies not her character for a single league, but is throughout mountainous. Therefore is she deficient in corn,—in many places has not bread for her sons, who love her not the less warmly or faithfully. Switzerland has lakes, a pomp of waters, attracting travellers from all quarters of the world. Tyrol has her gushing fountains, her roaring torrents, her delicious mountain rills,—but no ample watery mirrors to reflect the heads and bathe the feet of her rocks. She can only lay claim in the south to a nook of the Lake of Garda, and in the north—if the Vorarlberg be, as it ought to be, held a Tyrolese province—to the lovely Bregentz bay of the Lake of Constance. * * * * All the plants that grow from Spitzbergen to Spain, inclusively, are to be found here. Upon the Alps, at the foot of the glaciers, summer lasts only five or six weeks, and the most intense winter prevails during the rest of the year. Yet even there blossoms the noblest, fairest flowers.”

Our traveller brings us directly upon the Inn, and his first station is Innsbruck. This town, standing upon the high road through the Tyrol, is probably among its best known points; but it seems that to have known Innsbruck six years ago is not to know it now. Then it was full of filth and disorder—

“Now it is upon the point of becoming a handsome town, and is already agreeable, clean, and sociable. For this Innsbruck is indebted to her burgomaster, Dr. Maurer, a zealous and energetic man, who has waged war with, and happily conquered, many prejudices, abolished inveterate habits, and everywhere prepared the way for amelioration. Well paved and lighted streets, flags for pedestrians, and subterraneous sewers, beautiful walls, and quays about the banks of the Inn—are all the work of this magistrate; and the public buildings that he has begun or projected will be not less useful than ornamental to the rejuvenescent city.”

We afterwards learn that Conte Giovannelli, podesta of Trent, emulates Dr. Maurer in municipal improvements. But to return to Innsbruck. Besides its often described monuments, it boasts of two new ones, Hofer's monument and a national museum.

“Among the designs for Hofer's monument, I saw one by an Innsbruck artist, representing Hofer as a hero crowned by Fame. The Emperor (of Austria) himself is said to have rejected this idea, insisting that the *Sandwirth* (Sandlandlord) should be shown to posterity just as he was, plain and unpretending, without allegory. The artist died with vexation. From professor Schaller, whose design was preferred, a good likeness might have been expected; but the expectation is disappointed. The execution leaves nothing to be desired. The marble is snow white, and of the finest grain; and Schaller has made the most of its advantages. The attitude was scarcely matter of choice: it is too negligent to be called noble; but a more heroic carriage would have been flagrantly out of keeping with the *Passeyer* jacket. In fact, the whole costume, though susceptible of picturesque charm, is very unfavorable to the statuary. The raised head is, however, proportionably favorable to the ample, faithfully portrayed beard. Here a lofty expression and beauty of form were compatible with the required fidelity to nature; and this is the best part of the work of art. The master has happily thrown the broad disfiguring hat sideways. Professor Schaller has, by this performance, placed himself amongst the first living sculptors, and his statue of Hofer will in many respects excite the admiration of the lovers of the arts.

“Another interesting Innsbruck sight is the national museum, called the *Ferdinandeum*, which has hitherto been little noticed by foreigners.”

This *Ferdinandeum* publishes a magazine entitled *Zeitschrift für Tyrol und Vorarlberg* (Tyrolese and Vorarlberger Periodical), and, although but of recent establishment, is already rich in all that belongs to a national museum. It displays Tyrolese productions, mineral, zoological, botanical, &c.

&c., and likewise mechanical ; for, although no great manufacturers—with the exception of some iron works, and silk at Roveredo, of both which there are specimens in the Ferdinandeum—the Tyrolese peasants appear to be proficient in many delicate arts, especially carving, and the making of musical instruments.

“Amongst the objects of mechanical industry I distinguished a beautiful gun, the work of a Pusterthal peasant, named Pachhuber. It is wrought with the most skilful diligence, with inlaid and damasked ornaments in the best taste, with ivory and wood carvings, with cast bronze and turnery, all finished, without any assistance whatever, by this one peasant. * * * * English travellers, who saw this gun whilst in hand, offered the workman whatever sum he chose to ask for it ; which he refused, that it might be lodged in the National Museum. When desired to put his own price upon it, he answered drily, ‘I have spent a year upon it,—should earn a *gulden* (about two shillings) a day.’ He was paid 365 gulden.”

In addition to this gun, the Ferdinandeum contains carvings in wood that approach nearly to the fine arts, as well as some pictures by Tyrolese artists, portraits, landscapes, and historical pieces of considerable merit : the subjects of the latter are chiefly taken from the war against Napoleon,—*apropos* whereof we should say, that various memorials of the hero of that war, Hofer, including letters and a portrait, are here preserved. But the carvings appear to us more particularly Tyrolese than the paintings, and, before leaving the Ferdinandeum, we must give the history of the most remarkable artist in this line.

“Joseph Kleinmanns, of Nauders, had the misfortune to lose his sight in the fourth year of his age, by the small-pox. He, nevertheless, in his early childhood cut houses and various toys out of wood. In his twelfth year he attempted a crucifix. He took a model, and felt it, till he judged himself able to copy it. The approbation bestowed upon this his first crucifix encouraged him to further attempts. * * * * In his twenty-second year he went to Fügen, in the Zillerthal, where he received instruction from the sculptor Franz Nüssl. Thenceforward he needed no model for crucifixes, having, from long practice, the distinct image in his mind. He carves them of any size that may be desired, but succeeds best in large ones. If a model be given him to copy, he will correct its faults. He feels perpetually both his model and his own work, and, as he carves, guides his knife with his finger. During the operation he is absorbed in painful attention. He has carved a kneeling Charles Borromæus, three feet and a half high, for the Prince-Bishop of Brixen, and a

two-foot high David for the Prince-Bishop of Chur, both highly spoken of. * * * * Kleinmanns leads a pious and virtuous life at Innsbruck, and is satisfied with his condition, sweetened as it is, by his artist avocations.”

It might be supposed that the fingers of this blind boy had retained their pristine sensibility from his being incapacitated by his infirmity for field labor ; but we are assured that the Tyrolese peasant habitually intermingles the coarsest drudgery with the most delicate manual operations, such as working in silver or ivory, mending and making clocks and watches, and more especially constructing musical instruments. This last occupation seems to have been of old Tyrolese employment, inasmuch as Lewald relates a pretty story, too long unluckily to extract, of a peasant of Absam, named Jacob Stainer, who, two hundred years ago, produced violins of superior excellence, but died mad, and whose memory is, to this day, honored by his family, in an annual pilgrimage to the hut where he was confined as a lunatic, there to lament his fate, whilst the best musician of his blood plays upon one of his violins. In one of these pilgrimages Lewald accidentally joined.

Before quitting the subject of the mechanical ingenuity of the Tyrolese peasants, we must state that the above mentioned Prince-Bishop of Brixen, a learned and austere, but very benevolent man, is the especial Mæcenas of such rustic genius, and add one more anecdote illustrative of his liberal patronage. Tschugmall, by trade a carpenter, fought under Hofer against the French, and afterwards, having lost all his little property, fled to the woods, where he supported himself for years as a charcoal burner. There he amused his leisure with endeavoring to make automata, brought his first imperfect attempts to this prelate, and was by him so munificently and judiciously assisted, that he has fully developed and cultivated his native talent, and is, at the present time, known throughout Germany as a first-rate maker of automata.

After sufficiently exploring the immediate vicinity of Innsbruck, our author's first excursion leads us down the lower Innthal (valley of the Inn), and into the Zillerthal,—a district of which the sublime and picturesque beauties attract annual swarms of landscape-painters, not only from Munich, but from northern Germany, and even from Denmark. The people of the Zillerthal are reputed the handsomest of the Tyrolese ; that is to say, the men, for our traveller denies such praise to the women, who are, he says, too colossal and too coarsely formed in the bust (a fault he finds with Tyrolese women of other val-

leys) for female beauty. The Tyrolese singing brothers, who visited England, were natives of the Zillerthal; and we learn that the wealth they earned during their travels has induced one, at least, of the family to set up his gig, and assume an air of superiority. Lewald reached Zell, the chief town, on a festival day, and was much struck by the excellence of the sermon that, in this remote district, he heard after mass. Upon expressing his surprise, he was told that the travelled Zillerthalers often return home infected with Protestantism, even to refusing the Catholic rites of marriage and baptism, though allowed no other; and that government had adopted the wise and paternal course of endeavoring to reclaim them, or at least to prevent the increase of heresy, by supplying the neighborhood with able and zealous priests. After mass comes dinner.

"The dinner was very noisy. It was served at many separate tables, and the company was as mixed as possible. We were still engaged with our roast, when a hurly-burly, as though the house was tumbling about our ears, broke out over head. 'Aha! the ball is beginning,' observed my neighbor. * * *

"The musicians were only tuning their instruments, and already the dancing couples were in action, stamping, whirling, leaping, and shouting, in a style that impressed a stranger at once with their joyousness and his own incapacity to share it, at least in the same way. What I most especially noted upon this, and other similar occasions, was a violent convulsive trembling that seizes the youths, beginning in the head, thence passing into the arms, and discharging itself by the legs, that stamp with the rapidity of lightning, and a seemingly superhuman force. The whole occupies about a second, yet spreads over the entire man. Every dancer passes through this spasm of delight, before he begins to whirl with his partner. To describe the dancing is scarcely possible. It was a confused mass of whirling, jumping men, each taking his own course, each wanting to storm himself out, each actuated by a blazing flame that must have consumed him had it not found vent. One twirled round like mad, shouting till he was black in the face, and his eyes appeared starting out of his head; another whistled on his finger till it rang again; a third tried his powers of vaulting; a fourth to surpass him; and all found room for these exercises and evolutions, none interfering with the others. Amongst them whirled the ample-bosomed maidens with crimsoned faces, on which shone love and present enjoyment; and although no dancer kept his arm round his partner, (we would recommend this delicate Tyrolese waltzing to the patronage of English mothers,) amidst the frenzied throng, uproar, and seeming confusion, every planet knew the sun round which he was to revolve, the couples re-uniting

with marvellous accuracy, whenever they thought fit.

* * * * *

"At five o'clock this scene of rapturous exhilaration was to end. . . . The assessor of the district tribunal, a little, pale, cracked-voiced man, appeared amongst the dancers, and all was over. The glowing Titans took off their caps, laughed bashfully, and looked down. Our looks petitioned for them; the good-natured assessor drew out his watch, cleared his throat, and said, 'If you will be very orderly you may dance till nine.' A loud shout was the answer, and at the very instant the whirling began again, so that the grave functionary had some difficulty in escaping with a whole skin."

The favorite, because liveliest, dance tune is vulgarly called *Hosen-aggler* (the shaker of inexpressibles), from the violent commotion produced in those lower garments by the prodigious leaps and bounds to which it impels.

In the Zillerthal, Lewald first heard of an extraordinary form of pugilistic combat called *Haggeln*, he says from *häkeln*, to hook, and which is first described as a reciprocal pulling with the middle finger crooked; but which, upon further acquaintance, appears to us more like the Lancashire rough and tumble, or an American gouging match, than any such simple hooking and hauling process, which may however serve as a skirmishing preliminary to the more serious encounter. He says:—

"The Zillerthaler has an innate passion for these rude battles. Often in a lonely mountain-path the fit seizes him, when it announces and relieves itself by a peculiar ringing cry. If the cry be answered, from whatever distance, he need only follow the sound to find an antagonist. And answered the cry must be, if it reach the ear of mortal who understands its meaning,—so command the laws of honor. . . . My companion related, that one day a handsome lad was on the mountain, in company with an experienced grey-beard, when he heard the cry. He answered it, and his eyes flashed brighter, the color deepened on his cheek. He followed the guiding sound, and on turning a projecting rock met his dearest friend, his neighbor, the accepted lover of his sister. Had he been alone, it is likely that the *haggeln* frenzy would for once have evaporated innocuously; but the experienced old rustic *Haggeler* was present, and both youths were ashamed to shrink from the conflict. Laughing they began, and hooking their fingers, dragged each other hither and thither, whilst the old man looked on, encouraging, observing, stimulating, deciding. Thus they gradually became heated; too violent a blow exasperated one of the friends, who grasped the other, flung him on the ground, and stooped over him. The fallen *Haggeler*, exasperated in his turn, seized his

adversary's nose with his teeth and strove to bite it off—the sufferer cried out, but the old man decided that biting off the nose is as lawful as digging out the eyes. The combatant who despaired of his nose took the hint, and with his thumb gouged out an eye of the nose-biter. Both parties had now had enough, and rose bleeding from the ground, the one of the future brothers-in-law noseless, the other one-eyed; whilst the old man, with high gratification, pronounced that the laws of pugilism and of honor were fully satisfied."

Next to the pleasure of fighting themselves, the Zillerthalers place that of making animals fight, upon which, as too common a pleasure, we have only to remark that the Zillerthal selection of dumb gladiators appears to us original.

"The different communities pride themselves in the possession of powerful rams, who wear their horns and beard with due decorum. The butting of rams is here as much the national diversion, as is cock-fighting in England. Last year Zell and Fügen pitted a couple of rams against each other, on which occasion 1400 *gulden* were staked. Neither ram conquered, whereupon a fearful battle between the two communities ensued. A passion for wagers is common to all the Tyrolese. When the dispute is decided by dice, it is called to *aushöpsen*,* and the possession of an Alpine pasture, worth from 800 to 1000 *gulden*, has been so decided, the rival claimants exclaiming, 'Let us *aushöpsen* it.'

After this excursion to the Zillerthal, we are led across the Brenner mountains and quit the northern for the southern Tyrol. As we proceed towards Brixen we exchange the climate of Germany for that of Italy, and, what is more remarkable, find a spirit of enterprize that resembles our idea of Italy rather in the middle ages than in this current nineteenth century.

"An Italian company undertakes the construction of roads, the making rivers navigable, and would have undertaken the building of the Brixen fortress, had government so pleased. This company has lately purchased considerable woods situated at the foot of the Schlern mountain, in order to fell and convey the trees to Venice. They intend to clear the country, with the exception of the plants of a specific size, which are to be left for after growth. Dykes, dams, and sluices have fitted the rugged rocky bed of the Eisack for floating the timber, and sixteen saw-mills prepare the fallen trees. . . .

* This word is utterly untranslatable, and the only approach to its meaning—beyond the context, which indeed is sufficient—that we can find, is *Hopps*, which in the Swiss dialect means, slightly intoxicated.

"Much as the enterprising spirit of this Italian company is admired, the practice of contracting with them for the execution of public works is here condemned. Their object is profit, and their work therefore is apt to prove insufficient. . . . Many vineyard owners on the Eisack have demanded guarantees from the company, that the damming up of this impetuous river shall not injure their vines. But the company has not come to terms with them."

Of the face of nature in the southern Tyrol our traveller speaks with rapture, although the resemblance to Italian life, that he there finds, does not equally captivate him.

"This is one of the loveliest countries in the world, traversed as it is in all directions by mountain ridges, inclosed by chains of glaciers, teeming with innumerable castles, in ruins or inhabited, with towns and villages, with cloisters and churches, connected by roads and mountain paths, leading now through the richest fields, now amidst nature's sublimest horrors, and all bordered with images of saints and votive offerings. . . .

'At Botzen, in the small square before the Cathedral, are three coffee-houses in front of which, under a tent-roof, people sit, after the southern fashion, drinking, smoking, and reading the newspapers. * * * * The greater part of the town is irregular and dirty. * * * The working classes follow their trades in the street. Coppersmiths hammer away in open sheds; tallow-chandlers and soap-makers pour forth their stench into the street; tailors and shoemakers sit at work in the open door of their respective shops; barbers and hair-dressers equally labor in public; and I often found washerwomen unnumbered, who threatened to scald every passenger with boiling soapsuds. This living in public, here for the first time met with, surprises more than it delights. * * * * The frightful knitted worsted caps, worn by the women in Northern Tyrol, here begin to give place to caps of black crape or of fur, and to a very becoming broad-brimmed green hat. On Sundays one here sees a gaudy and amusing variety of costumes, every valley sporting its own appropriate color, besides other peculiar fashions."

As we proceed further south, we gradually exchange the primitive, simple honesty, the light-heartedness, pugnacity, and scrupulous cleanliness of the German Tyrol, for Italian cleverness, dirt, extortion, and, what at first sight seems startling, gloom, or at least absence of mirth.

"In the wine district one expects to find the most extravagant gaiety; but here it is the reverse. Under the magnificent vine-bowers that extend for miles, under the shade of the chesnut and the fig, the joyous *jodeln* (the indigenous name of the peculiar style of

Tyrolese singing*) dies away, and seldom, and only as it were by stealth, does the foot dance to the sound of a solitary guitar. This gravity is ascribed, not unjustly, to the unbounded influence of the priesthood, who are inveterate foes to dancing and amusement. The utmost veneration is paid to the priest; the peasant, not content with common tokens of respect, kisses his hand whenever they meet. When the son of a peasant obtains priest's orders, the whole family is exalted, but they no longer consider as their equal the holy man taken from amongst them. His brothers and sisters address him in the terms of formal respect used towards superiors, whilst their eyes sparkle with joy at the sight of him; and, when he enters his father's house after his first mass, his parents receive him on their knees, he giving them his blessing."

But, before plunging into the heart of the Italian Tyrol, our author takes a short mountain-trip from Botzen to Gröden, whither he is principally attracted by recollections of his childhood's delight in the toys there manufactured, and sold at all German fairs. And Gröden, even in its manufacturing character, appears to us singularly primitive and original, whilst the road—can we call it a road?—thither is wilder than any traversed by French and English explorers, pedestrian though the latter be.

"At an early hour of the morning we set forth in a carriage for Steg, a small place on the Eisack. Here the miller supplied us with strong horses, accustomed to climbing mountains, and we rode up the steep mountain path towards Völs. * * * A new world here opens to our view, surprising us the more, because the traveller on the post-road below, as he passes along the natural porphyry columns, apparently 'toppling to their fall,' dreams not of its existence. An extensive plain, broken by hills, thick set with villages and churches, traversed by roads, lies before us, and only here and there, where a mountain-torrent plunges desperately into the Eisack, do we distinguish that river, like a silver ribbon, the white road, which follows all its most capricious windings, glittering by its side; the overhanging split, burst, broken porphyry, that borders it on both sides, and renders the Kunsterweg so notorious for insecurity, looks from above like an elegantly turned red-lacquered pedestal, destined to support a beautiful toy, a landscape *en relief*. At every step we climb, new beauties unfold themselves on the opposite mountain-ridge. A curtain is drawn up from before our eyes; the Ritten and its magnificent Alps, the handsome villas of the Botzen merchants, the grand wooded heights above them, and, rising over all, the chain of the Mendola, the mountains of Val di Non,

the craggy Tobal, the rocks of the Vintschgau, and the *glaciers* of the Ortels, on which hang dark clouds. Such is the road to Gröden. * * * We were indulged with one further glimpse of retired hamlets beyond fruitful fields; then the woods received us, and in their recesses the path became more difficult, more broken; hidden waters roared, solitary birds carolled, occasionally a shot was fired, a cry rang; and whenever I raised my eyes I saw the lofty peaks or the picturesque and enormous Schlern towering high above the giant forest trees."

"Our quarters for the night were at the Ratzes bath-house. There is something very original about these Tyrolese watering-places; indeed, it is peculiar to the natives of this country to possess, even as invalids, the energy requisite to reach them. For those who can neither walk nor ride a *Bändl* is provided. This is a sort of carriage, running upon two fore-wheels, the place of the hind-wheels being supplied by blocks of wood, that drag along the ground, and prevent its rolling resistlessly and precipitately down hill. The seat is cushioned with feather-beds, which cannot save the occupant from jolts and thumps unnumbered. * * * We find here a chalybeate and a sulphureous spring, excellent drinking-water, and the finest trout. Roulette and Faro are indeed wanting, and the Wisbaden toilets are more elegant, but Ratzes is more shady, cheaper, and more sublime."

The travellers now approach Gröden.

"The green fields lay like a soft carpet spread over the white rocks, folding itself into their recesses, gracefully floating along the banks of the stream. Only the sharpest crags shoot high out of the soft verdure, amidst which rise up pretty houses, large and small, high and low, but all white, with glittering windows, yellow or green doors, and red, roofs, just as I had formerly admired them in *Meister Vogler's* booth. Yes; this was indeed Gröden. The valley is about a mile and a half long and a third of a mile across, or narrower, and covered with these gay-looking scattered dwellings."

Here we find the already-mentioned carving carried on wholesale, but of course not in the artist-like style of Kleinmanns.

"The *Cicerone* of the place was the sexton, in whose house, as in every other, is carried on the wood-carving that has so enriched Gröden, because it so delights good little children. At his invitation we entered one of the small pleasant houses of which the village is composed. In a neat, wainscotted room, a number of old men and women sat round a table, each having a piece of wood in hand, at which they were diligently cutting away. A lively old dame immediately took up a fresh piece, saying she would cut out a fox in our presence; whereupon another offered her services for a wolf, one man

* For some imperfect explanation of the *jodeln*, see F. Q. R. Vol. XIII.

his for a Tyrolese, and a second man his for a smoking Dutchman. It was wonderful to see how boldly they began cutting, how certain was their shaping, how quickly the outlines were apparent. They assured us that they never spoiled a piece of wood, but showed us their hands and fingers covered with scars, and said that many carvers maimed themselves. They spoke with sovereign contempt of the drawing-school established in the valley by government, thinking that he who had it not in his head could never learn their art. They carved as their parents had carved before them, and the young ones who were taught to draw carved no better. They told us that the first person who introduced this wood-carving into the valley was one Johann de Mez, to whom, in the year 1703, it occurred to carve picture-frames of the wood of the pine, which frames, though plain and coarsely wrought, found purchasers. The brothers Martin and Dominik Vinager immediately saw that this occupation might prove a source of profit to the poor valley, in which, from its great elevation, neither wheat nor buckwheat succeeded, and the scanty crops of rye were insufficient for the support of the inhabitants. The soft ductile pine-wood abounded on the mountain side; aided only by their native acuteness and talent, the brothers attempted the first figures, succeeded, and found numerous imitators. They then went to Venice for instruction, and returned able artists. Presently the whole valley was carving wood; and with this new-born activity awoke that peculiar spirit of industry and speculation, which slumbers in almost every Tyrolese valley, awaiting only a favorable moment to start forth into vigorous life.

"Whilst the women carved at home, the men went abroad to sell their wares. . . . Thus was introduced a valuable manufacture and export trade, in which the whole population of the valley was interested. Where, fifty years before, nothing but poverty and privation was to be seen, plenty reigned. . . . But the carvers were improvident. For a century they carved busily away. Pine after pine was felled, converted into images of man and beast, and dispersed throughout the world in exchange for money. No one thought of preserving or propagating the beneficent tree; and one fine morning, when the carvers repaired to the mountain to fell a pine, they discovered, to their horror, that not one was left. In vain they explored recesses, ravines, and water-courses, in all directions; not a pine could they see, and despondently they returned home to collect all the despoiled and rejected fragments, and carve them, as they might, into dwarfs, puppets, and lapdogs. They are now reduced to the hard necessity of sharing their gains with the inhabitants of the neighboring valleys, by purchasing pine-wood of them, until the seeds they have sown shall have grown into serviceable trees."

Even in this retired, and, as we have seen, not very accessible and therefore unfrequent-

ed, valley, commercial gain and intercourse with foreign states seem to have produced their usual romance-destroying consequence, the love of money, although without softening that austerity of manners which seems to be indigenous in all the southern valleys of the Tyrol.

"When a young man goes a-wooing, it is indispensable that he be abundantly provided with rings, earrings, and strings of garnets. The richer he is, the more he can and will spend upon such trinkets, the more likely is he to be accepted. Twenty rings, and the rest in proportion, are nothing extraordinary; thirteen are the common allowance; rich suitors offer fifty, with store of chains, watches, and other valuables. . . . Amusements are banished from this valley. Dancing is what no one ventures to attempt, inasmuch as it a sin for which absolution is never given."

One word more of the peculiarities of this valley before we finally take leave of it, its carvers, and its nascent pine nursery. Our author says,

"In the midst of Germans, this valley has a language of its own, which seems to be compounded of French, Spanish, Italian, and German words."

And of some we must add, that we can trace to none of these languages. We take a few of his specimens, almost at random. The fox is *volpe*; a bird, *uccell*, pl. *i uccioi* (both Italian); horse, *chiaval*; father, *Fper*, pl. *i peresch* (French); king, *Prae*, pl. *i raejesch* (Spanish); *gwand*, for garment, may be German: but what shall we say to *omma*, for mother; *ullà*, where; *ilo*, there; *glong*, every where; *Taurità*, truth; *Pauraedla*, falsehood; and *keschtina bella muta*,* for, that is a pretty girl? We must observe that we have rather deviated from our author's orthography, as he spells these words by his ear, adapting them to German pronunciation; we have sought to assimilate each word to its original, where that original was apparent.

We will now accompany the tourist to Trent, and extract part of his account of the festival of the city patron, St. Vigilius, which he there witnessed; inasmuch as we hold such public festivals to be very characteristic of national idiosyncracies and diversities.

"During this night the hotel *all' Europa* [where he had taken up his quarters] resembled a caravanserai; doors and windows re-

* Since writing this we have discovered that *muta* comes, through the Basque, from the Spanish *muchacha*.

mained open all night long ; every where lay sleeping pilgrims, some in the most airy passages, with their heads in the open windows ; a bed, when obtained, was occupied by a partnership of five. * * * Although the storm and accompanying deluge of rain had made the mountain-roads impassable, and thus kept away 7000 of the country people, their numbers were still considerable. Their dresses were not picturesque. The Italian Tyrolese peasant loves to clothe himself in woollen stuff of two colors, shot, generally red and yellow, or green and yellow. Of this stuff he wears large trowsers, and a very short coat, with a gaudy waistcoat, a large round hat, and buckles to his shoes. The women wear gowns of dark, usually blue, stuff, and their long hair laid in a flat circle on the neck, and fastened with a silver pin. The sun-burnt, but agreeable, often pretty faces of the girls, attracted our notice. The woman from Val Tesino were strangely, but certainly not well, dressed. * * * We seated ourselves in front of a coffee-house, where the variegated groupes examining, chaffering, buying at the booths, constantly flitted before us.

"The crowd of ambulatory performers, who filled the air with song and instrumental music, was inconceivable. Here, two tolerably corpulent beauties played the harp to the accompaniment of a violinist. There, an old couple, she with a guitar, he with a small stick in his mouth, imitated to deceptive perfection all singing birds, making at the same time such faces that no one could look at them without laughing ; further off, to the tinkling of several guitars, the vagrant artists comically imitated with their mouths on accompaniment of horns and bassoons ; here were sung duets, there single songs, whilst orators, improvisatores, jugglers, buffoons, and mountebanks, completed the variegated throng. * *

"I cannot persuade myself that all these performers, of whom Italy possesses immense multitudes, had come from a distance. Most of them had nothing of an adventurer-look, acquired in such a nomade life. They seemed to me old townsfolk, with shrivelled faces and brushed up holiday clothes, who had crept down from their garrets, in order to benefit rather themselves than their fellow townspeople with their musical scraping and croaking. Of these a fiddler drew my especial attention ; he was a little spare man, whose thin legs, in tight grey pantaloons, almost adjoined a hump, that formed the larger part of his body. A long, large, probably borrowed, blue frock coat fluttered down from it like a flag. His head was bare, not only hatless but hairless ; only his neck was graced with a few scanty and very long locks, drawn over the centre of the skull, like a horse-tail on a warrior's helmet. The eyes were dead, but seemed to have seen better days, judging from their keen expression when he played. The nose was noble, sharp and peaked, as is usual in famished faces ; the mouth wide, with thin lips ; the chin not extant. This melancholy head rose out of a loose handkerchief just over the hump. His

play showed tuition, but his stroke was feeble ; his arms had not the strength to give it effect. This deficiency of expression he sought to compensate with his eyes and mouth—those turned tearfully to heaven, this unclosed ; the lips quivering ; nay the whole body participated in the prayer's inward emotion ; only the thin legs, evidently too feeble to support the man, his fiddle, and his feelings, stood stiff and stark, whilst the shoulders rose and sank like waves, and the hump skipped like a dancing mountain, vivified by the music of Orpheus.

"As a counterpart to this fiddler, I may name three boys from Groden, who had driven comfortably to the festival in their one-horse chaise. They were decorously drest in grey and green, their hats decked with chamois beards and flowers ; and they played the violin, the flute, and the guitar. The violinist was about ten year's old, a pretty boldfaced boy, with coal-black eyes, who scarcely touched his hat when he received money. He played with an air of fine gentlemanly negligence, as though attending more to the scene around him than to his instrument. But he played surprisingly well and with much expression. He and companions became the popular groupe, and gathered thrice as much as my poor hump-backed fiddler, who nevertheless was far more of an artist. * * * *

"Dinner was eaten to the clang of many everchanging instruments. All the *virtuosi* I have mentioned and many more attended, new comers waiting upon the stairs to take the places of the players already in possession. The afternoon was passed on the parade, amidst gymnastic performers and rope-dancers, or in the gardens, where the peasantry disport them. Every where the noise was great : but the din by which the rope-dancers sought to allure spectators, surpassed every thing I ever heard before or since."

This Trent festival may suffice, we think, as a specimen of the thoroughly Italian nature of the southern Tyrol ; we shall therefore confine our remaining extracts from this portion of the work, to a visit to the Tyrolese nook of the Garda Lake. Our author thus describes his arrival at Riva, or rather at the principal Riva hotel :—

"Our *vetturino* stopped in a narrow street, before a gloomy, rambling, irregular building, and springing down told us that we had reached the goal. The place was so unlike my anticipations of a good hotel on the shore of the lake, that I fancied the man was cheating us into the inn of some friend of his own. Silently he pointed with his whip to a gilt sun and the words *Al Sole* ; and we alighted.

"A tall dark man, the landlady's son-in-law, received us, and led the way through a darksome door, like that of a fortress of the middle ages, across a court-yard inclosed by walls and galleries, and heaped up with every kind of filth. Amidst all this came, offen-

sively, a mingled smell of food, diffusing itself from the farthest corner of this courtyard, where stood the kitchen. * * * We were led up stairs, along passages, across large rooms, the shutters of which were closed to exclude the heat, till we reached the back of the house. 'Now see!' exclaimed the waiter as he opened a window. And we did indeed see the lake, the rocks, Monte Baldo, Turbole, all we could desire, placed before us, as by a fairy's wand. . . .

"I walked out to see Riva. Steps lead down to the basin of the harbor, which is walled with stone. Few vessels were loading there, and only some little boats were moving about. . . . Before two or three coffee-houses lounged the inhabitants, staring indolently at the water. Here was the Italian sweet doing nothing' (*dolce far' niente.*) . . . On the other side of the port, a row of houses betrayed the unfragrant trade of the tanner, and a merry groupe of chattering washerwomen, like nymphs issuing from the bath, stood half undressed, and with petticoats tucked up in the water. A projecting rock terminated my walk. Here lay large fragments of stone, which had evidently destroyed several houses and gardens; the overhanging mountain showed traces of a cataract. The situation of Riva lost its charms in my eyes with such formidable neighbors. It was, I was told, about ten years ago, that, during a violent storm, a torrent suddenly poured down from that enormous mountain upon this spot. It swept down large stones and fragments of rock, terrifying every one with their fall. The inhabitants with difficulty saved their lives; their property they abandoned to destruction. A similar fate was anticipated for the whole town, when the fearful phenomenon ceased as suddenly as it had appeared. Nothing of the kind had recurred since; but some old gentlemen coolly added, that they were convinced that frightfully overhanging mountain, which has lakes in its bosom and is undermined by water, must, some day or other, overwhelm the unfortunate Riva."

We give the description of a storm upon the Lake of Garda, the character of which seems peculiar, and will appear doubly impressive to those who recollect the easy way of rowing about alone upon its smooth surface, mentioned by an English tourist as one of his Riva enjoyments:—

"The weather was lovely when we ordered our boat for the afternoon, to take us to the celebrated lemon-gardens. We were hardly two miles from the shore, when our experienced watermen earnestly advised us to turn back. The lower end of the lake was shrouded in a white fog, which, in the lapse of a very few minutes, had advanced considerably. 'Should the storm catch us outside the bay of Riva, it may be a bad job,' said the rowers, and plied their oars with their utmost bodily powers. I am no novice on the water; but I could perceive no danger. I

saw no agitation of waves; I heard no murmur of gathering storm; and I thought our boatmen wished to frighten us in order to extort money. . . . On landing, the pale faces and excessive anxiety with which the people of the hotel were standing on the shore looking for us dispelled this suspicion. . . . From our window we watched the coming tempest. Still we saw the same white curtain of fog, now rapidly approaching the eastern shore. It had already shut out from our view the summits of Baldo, clinging to the lonesome fishing-nest, Malsesine, at its foot. In our bay all was still, calm, and clear; the Riva rocks still reared their peaks into a cloudless sky; in the bay small boats still rowed to and fro, and the washerwomen near the mouth of the harbor still sang and prattled merrily at their work.

"Now, in burst the waiter; with one hand he turned my head in the direction of the outstretched finger of his other hand; and exclaimed, 'Look, look! whilst we are talking Torbole gets it. We may hope to escape.'

"And, in truth, I saw a spectacle such as belongs only to an Alpine lake. That which from afar had seemed a curtain of fog now rushed roaring upon Torbole. It was the most intimate blending of cloud and lake. The former had sunk down to about half the height of the mountain, and the mass of waters had risen to meet the cloud. The union showed no hostile mein. These were no broken, foaming, roaring waves, no torn tempest-driven clouds, each exerting its whole might, yet proving inefficient against the rocks that brave them, against the firmly rooted tree and the hut sheltered beneath its branches, dangerous only to the frail skiff, and the bold man who ventures out in it during their uproarious quarrels. But water and air so thoroughly made one, as I here saw them, seemed a union for life and death. . . . All creatures fled to their lurking-places. . . . Before the onward raging phenomenon a hurricane drove the now foaming waves to break upon the shore. The phenomenon itself seemed impelled by its own will, not by the storm, appearing rather to excite the storm. From itself came all evil; within its own body flashed the lightning; the thunder, instantly following every flash, seemed but a faint echo of the roaring heard within the conglomerated mass. . . .

"The waiter, who kept his head close beside mine at the window, now exclaimed: 'See, see! The wind is driving the whole spectacle hither.'

"For one minute we saw the high-swollen billows, and the two-fold water-fall, that had found anew its old channel from the rock overhanging Riva. In the next it seemed as though a flood had burst over Riva and the Sun hotel; from all corners of the roof it poured down upon us, and in at the windows, which the waiter hastily closed. . . . We went below and looked from the windows of the ground-floor; the whole phenomenon had passed over Riva, up the Sarcathal to Arco, where, breaking on the rocks, it ended in a

deluge of rain. The lake now flung high foaming billows over the stone parapet protecting the hotel-garden, and laborers ascended the mountain to remove the fragments of rock, in order that the torrent, unobstructed, might pour down less destructively. . . . At midnight I opened my window; it was pitch-dark, and a soft continuous rain was quietly falling. . . .

"One effect of the deluge had been to wash all inclined planes clean, but to float together masses of filth on level parts. The last was the case in our court-yard, now nearly impassible. This state of things lasted nearly all the morning. After dinner, the youngest daughter of the house came languidly forth with an old broom, and to this inadequate mixture of youth and age was the task of cleansing our Augean stable assigned. The task was however soon despatched. With a pleasing negligence, that left behind ample gleanings, she swept the unclean mass into corners of the court-yard, there to remain until another deluge shall be so kind as to float it away. . . . Our worthy hostess took advantage of this same deluge for the purification of her own person. In the afternoon she seated herself upon a low stool before the door, where every one could see her, and where, from the broken eaves, trickled slowly the discolored remains of yesterday's flood. Signora Trasselina lifted up her blue cotton gown, turned up its yellow lining to the face of day, held one corner under the dripping eaves, and therewith washed and scrubbed her neck and bosom, till they were red with her exertions. . . . Amidst all this, however, justice requires me to state, that the kitchen is cleaner than might have been supposed. Fish and fowl are killed, and, as well as vegetables, cleaned out of doors; the dressers are covered with white napkins; and it is very possible to eat one's meal with relish, in sight of the open kitchen, or in the kitchen itself."

Enough of Riva and of the Italian Tyrol. We now turn to the western portion of this mountainous region, which is in fact Tyrol proper, the original county of Tyrol, containing the old capital of the counts, Meran and Castle Tyrol. In this Tyrol proper stands the worthy musician's romantic castle, Fragsburg, the temporary abode of our author; and in its northern division lies the Passeyerthal, the native valley of Andreas Hofer. Lewald first introduces us to the southern, still Italian, part of this western Tyrol, Val di Non, of which he says:—

"Justly have the Germans named Val di Non, Nonsberg, for it far more resembles a chain of mountains and ravines than a valley. . . . There are two well-known sayings respecting this valley. The first is, 'He who would here below taste the joys of heaven must visit Val di Non; 'tis a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth;' the other:

'Should ten devils contend with one native of Val di Non, he would get the better of them.' There is truth in both. . . . Val di Non exceeds in fertility the richest Tyrolean valleys, even the Etschthal. The loftiest mountains here slope so gently down into the valley, that cultivation reaches almost up to their summits. . . . But this superabundance of all the necessities of life, too frequently deficient in the other valleys, has attracted hither a disproportionate population, that cannot find work in the valley. To this must be added, that these Italian mountaineers possess not the cheerful piety, the uprightness and love of order, natural to their German neighbors; and that every Italian can settle accounts with his conscience respecting a murder, with an ease of which a German can form no conception. Hence, whenever murder and robbery occur in the adjoining Vintschgau and Etschthal, the perpetrator is sure to be an inhabitant of Val di Non.

Of the murderous and marauding exploits of the idle natives of this otherwise happy valley, some instances are given, but hardly interesting enough to extract. The evil, however, though by no means cured, seems to be diminishing under the vigorous administration of the Austrian government; our author thus dismisses the subject:—

"My own opinion, founded upon experience, is, that by daylight one may travel through all parts of the Nonsberg as in the rest of the Tyrol, without apprehending the least danger: but that by night one should here, as throughout Italy, be prepared for attack, and carry good pistols. A better protection, however, is a plain appearance, and the avoiding all display of rings and chains, or of a full purse in public-houses."

We now proceed to the Etschthal, better known, probably, in this country as the valley of the Adige:—

"The upper portion of the Etschthal is still called the mother-country, the *Landl*. Who knows not the song—

Bei uns im Tyrol, und im Landl — —
(literally:) Amongst us, in the Tyrol and in the *Landl* — —;

and the dance called the *landler*? Even so Meran, the old capital of the Counts of Tyrol, whose domains comprised only this district and part of Botzen, extending to Pontalto in the Engadin, is still called the town, as Rome was of yore called *Urbs*. . . . It is a fair sight: the spacious valley, crowned with woody heights, studded with villages and castles, full of cornfields and vineyards; the Etsch (Adige), yet but a mountain-stream, roaring along in its flinty bed, and at the head, the lofty Mutt mountain, graced with many smaller crags, extending to the

Ferner (the Swiss term for unmelting or perennial ice) of the Oetzthal; and the little town of Meran built against it, with its one tall, fair tower, and encircled by numbers of noblemen's mansions and castles, including Castle Tyrol itself. . . . Meran, situate at an elevation of 1187 feet, and exposed to the currents of air from the Vintschgau and Passeyerthal, cooled by the waters of the Adige and Passer-brook, enjoys a temperate and healthy climate. The middle of the day is, indeed, very hot there during the summer, but the morning and evening are never without refreshing breezes. During the hottest months, however, here, as every where in Tyrol, the inhabitants remove higher up the mountains, for their summer sojourn. . . .

"The town is small and insignificant, consisting mainly of one long, narrow street, the houses of which have bowers in front, that serve for footpaths, affording shelter from the sun; all the remainder of the town is unconnected and scattered. The inhabitants are hospitable towards strangers, if not very sociable amongst themselves. Their trade is the cultivation of the vine and fruit. At sunset the different families repair to 'the wall,' a walled mall along the bank of the Prasser, to walk in the cool of the evening. But even here each family keeps to itself, and only the carnival is said to produce much friendly intercourse."

In this original Tyrol are found many Roman remains, for here stood the Roman colonial cities, Teriolis, and Maia. But our author cares more for the beauties of nature than for Roman antiquities. In fact the Romans are out of fashion in Germany. He says:—

"More interesting are the Etsch, which, roaring and foaming, here forms a fine waterfall, the lovely Algrund festooning its vines over the road; the lonely Josephsberg, hidden in the mountain forest; the ivy, mantled ruins of Forst and Aur at the mouth of the narrow lateral valley of Langvall; but above all the beautiful village, Partschins, perched high up on the Töll, against its rugged side, whence a considerable cascade rushes picturesquely down. When we reach the heights, the Etsch flows more tranquilly, and a handsome bridge leads to the *Bädl*; a single house, embosomed in trees, where a sulphureous spring assembles a few watering-place visitors."

This district abounds in castles, some belonging to nobles, some to government, in right of the old sovereign house of Tyrol; the last of whom, Margaret Maultasch,—so surnamed, no one well knows why, but, as Lewald conjectures, because castle Maultasch was her favorite residence,—having lost her only son, bequeathed her dominions, in 1363, to the Dukes of Austria, her natural heirs, as being the grandsons of her fa-

ther's sister. Since that time the Tyrol has formed part of the heterogeneously constituted Austrian territories. Amongst these many castles, Castle Tyrol is chiefly remarkable for the mystic symbols, supposed to be Gnostic, that adorn its walls: it is kept in just habitable repair, and is occupied by a cousin of Hofer's, appointed *Schlosshauptmann* (captain of the castle) for the sake of that martyr of loyalty.

"The finest of these castles is Löwenberg, formerly the property of the counts Fuchs, who likewise possessed the Jauffenburg at the end of the Passeyer valley, and were the wealthiest noblemen in the country. The castles are so situated, that from the windows of the one are seen those of the other; and when the old counts banqueted, the seneschal gave a sign, that the healths might be drunk in both at the same moment. Löwenberg stands upon a hill of moderate height, entirely planted with vines. The castle is surrounded by terraces, used as gardens, in which flourish abundance of the finest flowers, with oranges, lemons, figs, and pomegranates. There is nothing here like level ground, and if you would walk in these gardens you must be always going up and down steps. The castle is said to contain eighty rooms, of which above half are unfinished and uninhabitable. * * *

"All in this region of castles bears the character of the middle ages, and of the mountains; rude strength, daring defiance, security, simplicity, are every where apparent. It must be seen to be conceived. An old, massive, square tower, with a low, household building, that is the seat of nobility. Add a few smaller round turrets, a wall and a ditch, and your castle is complete."

We now come to our author's temporary castle-abode:—

"On the side of Freiberg some wealthy peasants, called free peasants, possess handsome dwellings, surrounded by fields and meadows. This is the best corn land in the district. The road leads gradually up to the lofty rock from which the old Fragsburg (*Trifagium*), the most elevated of all these castles, looks proudly down upon castles Katzenstein and Neuburg. Fragsburg is still, externally and internally, just what the middle ages made and left it, but thoroughly habitable and trusty looking. In the year 1356 it was granted in fief to the Knight Sir Otho of Aur. The last proprietors, of the noble race of the Counts von Namming, were obliged to sell this, for centuries the patrimonial home of their fathers; and thus it came into the hands of an excellent man, who, as a born Tyrolese, had ever looked longingly towards his native mountains, seeking amongst them a home for his old age. This man is my friend Cornet, the offspring of a highly respected Tyrolese family, ori-

ginally, indeed, immigrant from the Netherlands. * * *

"The upper part of the rock on which the castle stands is hard to climb, but the labor is repaid by the splendid view from the brow. An agreeable plain, of an extent unlooked for here, spreads out before us, covered with wheat and Indian corn, and divided into fields by hedges of fruit-trees. In the background rises a magnificently wooded rock, from whose summit rushes down a cascade, and houses are picturesquely scattered all around; here the mill, there the parsonage, the farm-house, its stabling and barns. Where the rock springs most perpendicularly abrupt from the valley, amidst a wood of gigantic chestnut trees, rises the castle, solidly built of square stones, surrounded by a somewhat broken wall, which nevertheless is no detriment to the picturesque effect of the whole. Having climbed the last height, we pass an ivy-covered, goat-peopled slope, to the entrance gate, and find ourselves in a steepish narrow court-yard, inclosed on two sides by the dwelling-house, on the other two by the broken wall, and to which adjoins a small kitchen-garden, whereby the worthy old *Schlosshauptmann*, brother-in-law to the proprietor, raises asparagus, artichokes, and other edible plants, for his own table. A few wild figs, growing out of the walls, and one Hungarian cherry-tree, complete the botanical wealth of this *plateau*. An open arcade, with slender Gothic pillars of white marble, connects the older parts of the castle with the newer, which consists of a massive square tower, looking down the Etschthal. Here is one large room, which, as the tower is built on the very summit of the rock, commands a magnificent prospect on all sides.

"Life, in such an old castle, is the simplest possible. We rose early and went early to rest, inasmuch as at 9 o'clock in the evening the castle-gate was closed for the night. A mountain ramble was our only pastime. . . . Sundays were livelier. Early in the morning the castle chaplain, on his pony, rode up from Meran, while lads and lasses, in their gay Sunday apparel, came clambering amongst rocks and trees, looking at a distance like gaudy flowers. They fell into scattered groupes, and gossiped till the bell rang for mass. At its first sound all walked soberly across the court-yard to the opened chapel. The elders of both sexes now appeared, with friendly greetings, and the congregation was often too large for the chapel. After mass the priest breakfasted with us; and a few neighbors joined us to discuss their several affairs. Then came visitors from Meran, to spend their Sunday on the mountain and share our rural dinner. In the afternoon came the farmer's men and maids begging permission to dance. This was promptly granted, and now appeared two guitars and a Tyrolese pipe, to which all whirled merrily round. . . . At seven o'clock our rustic ball was over. The

servants went to supper, and the visitors from Meran returned home.

" . . . In the evening, when the goat-herd, with loud shouts and cries, drove down his flock from the mountain forest, and in so doing executed such daring leaps from crag to crag as would have commanded admiration at Franconi's, it cheered the inmates of the old castle to see their silence thus suddenly vivified by an active being. If the herdsman, a good-looking, slim lad, half-naked in his picturesque rags, came to the castle-gate to speak with his mother, he appeared as a welcome visitor. The mother was a poor widow, who possessed a cottage at Haffling, so much higher up the mountain, that it took two good hours to scramble thither from Fragsburg. During the winter, she subsisted with her children, upon the produce of a few goats. In summer she went out as a maid-servant and her boys as herdsman. Her goats' kids she sold in the autumn, and, with the price obtained for them, bought buckwheat, which, with the milk of the old goats, formed the winter food for her family. She was indefatigable, and would carry heavy loads down the steepest part of the rock—a path that shortened, by one-half, the distance to Meran. . . . Our poor Midl (*anglicè* Mary) had still one younger child at home, a six-year-old boy, whom she kept regularly supplied with three day's provision of buckwheat, porridge and milk. At the end of the three days she visited him to renew his provisions. If the little fellow was imprudent, or unusually hungry, and ate up his stock too soon, or if any thing delayed his mother, he had nothing for it but to starve till she came, for his neighbors were too poor to feed him. But there he must stay, or who should tend the goats? One evening the poor child took fright: he wanted to see his mother; and came late one evening to Fragsburg—a two hours' stroll in the dark, amidst rocks and woods, for a frightened brat of six years old—to get to his mother!"

In the Etschthal, agriculture—a most arduous occupation upon the steep and rugged mountain sides—is diligently practised; and the peasantry are supported under the fatigue by good, or at least abundant, living.

"All the flesh meat they eat is smoked, and their bread, resembling ship-biscuit, is baked in quantities to supply several weeks' consumption. They take five meals a day, at dinner and supper eating this smoked meat, and drinking wine freely. Even the servants are allowed two quarts of wine daily, and more in mowing time and harvest. Their other meals consist chiefly of chestnuts, other nuts and excellent fruit, in which they carry on an active trade. Vegetables are little used, with the exception of salad and garlic. . . .

"The chief diversion of the Tyrolese here, as throughout the whole country, is shooting. From childhood it is their delight. Young

boys are seen running about with loaded fire-arms, and it is wonderful that accidents are not more frequent. On Sundays the lads, instead of repairing to the wine-house, climb the mountains with their guns to shoot birds and squirrels. Their love for this sport has here nearly extirpated the larger game, but in the higher *glacier* valleys there is no lack of wolves and bears. The frequent shooting holidays have here more the character of a serious exercise than of a popular amusement—so different is the character of the Southern from that of the Northern Tyrolese.”

We are now in the immediate vicinity of the home of the peasant-hero, Hofer, who fills two chapters, to German readers, and eke, we must say, to ourselves, interesting chapters of the book before us. But, as we apprehend the warm sympathy once awakened by the Tyrolese episode in the Napoleon wars has, in this country, long since died away, we shall restrain our inclination to extract, and briefly mention what appears to us newest and most remarkable.

The men of the Passeyerthal, which opens into the Etschthal, are, we are told, the tallest, stoutest, and handsomest of the Tyrolese.* But they are rude, and not industrious; preferring the occupations of herdsman and carriers to the labors of the field. What work of the latter kind they do perform is seasoned by danger, being the cutting of grass for their cattle upon inaccessible points of the mountain, to which they are let down by ropes; in this operation death by a fall is neither an uncommon occurrence, nor much thought of.

One of these Passeyerthalers was Andreas Hofer, who dwelt with his wife and family in his patrimonial public-house *Am Sand*, (meaning, on the stony bank of the Passer,) whence his title of the *Sandwirth* or Sand-landlord. But a wine-house in this remote valley is most unlike a London gin-palace. Hofer found it little profitable, and, buying a couple of horses, added the business of a carrier to that of a publican. He was, we are told, an honest and devout man, not very intelligent, and much addicted to eccentricity, one mark of which was letting his beard grow; and he was not much thought of in the valley. At the moment of the general rising against french invasion Hofer was forty years of age, and we regret to add that his old neighbors attribute much of the alacrity with which he took the lead in an enterprize avowedly almost desperate to the circumstance of his own affairs being equally desperate. His success as a

military commander Lewald ascribes, seemingly upon Tyrolese authority, solely to his frank courage, disinterested zeal, simplicity of heart, and striking appearance, to which last his flowing beard mainly contributed.

We here find a new version of the betrayal of Hofer to the French, in the Alpine shealing where, for weeks after the complete subjugation of his country, he lurked, resisting advice of friends and imperial invitations to fly from the neighborhood of his all-powerful enemies to the safety, the kindness, and the rewards awaiting him at Vienna. All writers upon the subject have imputed this act of base, of not to be palliated, treachery to the priest Donay. Lewald says, that in the Tyrol he is unanimously acquitted; the most received opinion being, that a Passeyerer, Hofer's private enemy, having accidentally discovered his retreat, betrayed him. Others however, as a herdsman and a beggar, lie under some suspicion; and the journal of a well-educated man, who acted as secretary to Hofer during his brief period of authority, names Joseph Raffel, a peasant, not of the best repute, as the traitor. As the writer was with Hofer at the time of his capture, this should be conclusive authority. We regret the necessity we are under of briefly dismissing this journal, which is interesting from the strong affection it discovers on the part of the journalist to his peasant-chief, and its record of his own anguish from the moment he was separated from Hofer, upon the announcement of the latter's doom, until its execution. But to give it due effect would require ample extracts, and for such, the length to which this article has already run allows us no scope.

Hofer's family was ennobled and liberally pensioned by the Emperor of Austria. But the widow, now Frau von Hofer, still, in honor of her husband's memory, keeps his Sand public-house, which, out of her pension, she has redeemed from his creditors, and manages by means of her son-in-law. There Lewald saw her.

The grand new military road from the Tyrol into the Valteline, which passes over a higher mountain than any other European road, and compared to which Lewald deems the Simplon road insignificant, has been already described;* wherefore, although our author's be the liveliest and most graphic description of it that we have seen, we shall content ourselves with saying that it is now completed in such a substantial manner as promises utility and durability; and that its creation has brought the county of Bormio,

* A somewhat similar superlative character is previously given to the Zillerthalers.

* See F. Q. R. Vol. XII.

with its romantic beauties and its mineral springs, into the living world.

We do not know that, in the whole of these sketches of the Tyrol, we have found any thing more characteristic of its natives, more clearly indicating for what military purposes they are, and for what they are not, fit, than the following picture of the spirit, demeanor, and discipline of the national guard.

"During the evening promenade we saw the Mals national guard exercise—it was a comical affair. The poor commandant could not maintain any sort of order. Whilst marching, the men would, whenever the fancy took them, make the most extraordinary leaps and springs, hurraing, and cracking their fingers as all Tyrolese do to express joy. So, when all the valleys sent their companies of sharp-shooters to defile before the Emperor at Innsbruck, it was impossible to restrain the gambols, waving of hats, and hurraing in the ranks. The troops marched with unobjectionable propriety till they came under the castle balcony, where stood the Emperor: but then a vertigo of rapture seized them all. The commandant, who was usually a stately old gentleman, cut the first caprioles; his men followed his example. No one who has not seen their leaps right up into the air, can conceive the effect of the scene; the legs, automaton-like, yet with incredible rapidity, drawn up close to the upper part of the body, then striking out behind, whilst the hands are clapped, first below the hips, then above the head, or else swing the hats on high. This, performed in military array in lieu of presenting arms, cannot but be irresistibly comic. Luckily, the good-natured fellows, instead of taking it amiss if you laugh at them, laugh heartily with you."

We perceive that we must hasten to conclude; yet two more Alpine characteristics irresistibly seize our fancy and urge on our pen. The first we will narrate with all convenient brevity. It is the tale of an *avalanche* that buried five brothers and sisters, in their cottage, under a mass of snow. The monks of Stams, whose servants they were, sent another brother to provide for the deliverance of his family. During three days, incessantly recurring snow-storms and *avalanches* foiled every effort. At length, after lying eighty-two hours in this cold tomb, three of the five sufferers were dug out alive. They seem not to have been much frightened or distressed, nor to have found the time long; in fact to have been almost constantly asleep. The brother said he could have lain so for ever. But he was frozen to a degree that produced mortification, of which within a few days he died. Two sisters recovered, and, for aught we know, are still alive.

The other is a very simple account of the first founding, in 1386, of the first fraternity

and hospital for the rescue of travellers lost in Alpine snows; and in very truth we cannot forbear giving part of the single-hearted founder's own statement, in spite of its not always being perfectly logical.

"I, Heinrich Fündelkind (Foundling.) My father, he who found me, was the Mayor of Kempten and was ruined by suretiship. He had nine children, of whom I, Heinrich Fündelkind, was the tenth. Then he proposed to us to go to service. . . . Then I, Heinrich Fündelkind, was hired by Jaklein ober Rein to herd cattle, and the first year they gave me two *gulden*. There did I live with this Jaklein ten years; and there did I go with him to church in the winter, and carry his sword. And there were brought in the bodies of many people who had perished in the snow on the Arlbert, whose eyes and throats the birds had eaten. And that moved me, Heinrich Fündelkind, so deeply, that, as I had earned fifteen *gulden*, there did I cry out and spoke, Would any body take my fifteen *gulden* and make a beginning on the Arlberg, to try to save people from being lost in the snow? That would nobody do—and then did I take Almighty God for my helper, and the dear Lord, St. Christopher, who is a great help in time of need, and I began with the fifteen *gulden* that I had earned with shepherd's crook in the service of Jaklein ober Rein; and there, the very first winter, did I save seven men's lives with these blessed alms. Since this oftentimes have God and honorable men helped me, and I have saved fifty people's lives. And this beginning did I make *Anno Dei MCCC octuagesimo VIto in die Johannis Baptiste.*"

This unpretending humanity met with the encouragement it deserved. Duke Leopold of Austria and other princes afforded Henry Foundling the requisite aid, associated themselves with him in his philanthropic schemes, and an hospital similar to—rather the prototype of—St. Bernard's was founded for the preservation of human life.

Since this article was written, and even printed, we have received another work upon the Tyrol, or, to speak more correctly, two works, the one being a translation of the other. They are, *Ansichten von (Views of) Tyrol, nach Original Skizzen der Frau von Isser, gezeichnet von T. Allom*,—and *Vues du Tyrol, dessinées par T. Allom d'après les esquisses de Madame von Isser*, both published in this country by Messrs. Black and Armstrong. One chief reason for adding a mention of these two volumes, really is the beauty of the views, which might tempt any one to follow the example of our friend Lewald, and beg, borrow, or hire a Tyrolese castle for a summer's sojourn. Among the views is one of Fragsburg. In other respects the Views are not works of such ambitious pretensions as Lewald's *Tyrol*. They

do not in the same manner introduce us to intimate companionship with the Tyrolese, as they fight and dance, and live and breathe; but besides exemplifying, graphically, many of Lewald's descriptions, the works afford much historical and statistical information concerning that mountain-land, and are calculated to guide the Tyrolese tourist agreeably and usefully upon his way by not only pointing out and describing what he is to see, but recording the historical associations appertaining to the different scenes.

- ART. IV.—1. *Der Begleiter auf der Donaufahrt von Wien bis zum schwarzen Meere; mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die bestehende Dampfschiff-fahrt auf diesem Flusse.* Von Johann Hehl. (The Companion in a Voyage down the Danube, from Vienna to the Black Sea, with particular Reference to the Steam Navigation on that River.) Wien, 1836.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation to India, with the Minutes of Evidence. Appendix and Index.*

THE following paragraph, extracted from the *Times* of November the 10th, will at once demonstrate the pressing importance of the subject we have taken in hand, and constitute a text or key-note to the tenor of the arguments, by which we mean to be guided in pursuing this investigation.

“STEAM NAVIGATION TO INDIA.

“The Kyle takes home 1539 additional signatures to declarations in favor of the steam petition, from twenty-seven places in the Mofussil, making in all 4090 signatures from 83 places, of which 2823 are the signatures of Europeans, and 1267 of natives. Adding these to the names on the petition, we have a total number of 7632—a pretty good testimony of the general feeling on this side of India.—*Calcutta Paper, June 10.*

“The overland conveyance that left England June 1st, arrived at Bombay about July 16th, or in somewhere about forty-five days; and the Parkfield, which left Bombay July 28th, has brought home answers to the letters forwarded hence June 1st.”

From the *Literary Gazette* of November the 5th.

“Grain, Coast of Arabia, Persian Gulf,
July 27, 1836.

“The last place that I had the pleasure of addressing you from was Annah on the Euphrates, which then derived a melancholy interest from the recent loss of the Tigris. I

had the misfortune to be left behind at the departure of the steamer, and, being without arms, was robbed and maltreated. In the Semloon we met with thieves upon a small scale, and ingenious thieves too. I regret that I have neither time nor space to relate some of their exploits, and the watchful night-work which they gave us. We had an unfortunate rencontre with the natives not far below the marshes of Semloon; there is reason to hope, without much injury being done, although it is surmised that some of them fell victims to their savage obstinacy. We arrived at Bassorah June 15th.”

A very few words by way of preface to the inquiry are necessary. The report of the committee on steam navigation to India, which heads the present paper, was published at the end of 1834. It is admirable in every respect, and unites a well-digested amount of political and commercial information, with an extent of scientific and antiquarian disquisition, which readers, who are not in the habit of perusing the various bulky documents published by Mr. Hansard in the form of parliamentary reports, would not be likely to anticipate.

We may indeed say of this parliamentary report, that it was most *unique* in one respect, for it unites the “*utile et dulce*,” amusement with information. Since the publication of the above report, the subject has by no means slept; the consequences of the report may indeed be said to be in operation up to the very time that we are writing. One of its results was the steam expedition of Captain Chesney, who appears, by the most recent accounts, to have arrived at Bassorah, and thereby proved the practicability of reaching India by the line of the Euphrates. The subject has been farther kept alive by the ocular testimony and reports of recent travellers in the East. Petitions from the various presidencies of India comprehending 4 or 5000 signatures, consisting of British residents as well as of native merchants, with a view of being laid before parliament during the last session, reached this country a few days after its prorogation. The subject was subsequently to that period again brought before the public in an efficient manner by Dr. Lardner, at the recent meeting at Bristol of the “British Scientific Association.” The speech of the learned doctor was luminous and argumentative. It was at once erudite and business-like; and, although we do not concur with all the inferences of the learned doctor, we regret that the public has not been enabled to perform a proper judgment of the merits of his speech, from a corrected report of it* in the form of a pamphlet. The

* The report of the speech in the morning papers

two paragraphs with which we have designedly commenced this article—inasmuch as one relates to the Euphrates line, the other to the Red Sea line of steam communication with India—bring the history of this important inquiry, and of the first fruits of its practical application down to the most recent period; we may indeed say down to the period when we write. A practical result has already attended the experiment on both lines; although we believe, and shall have to show, that grave and important distinctions must be drawn between the actual and eventual results which have attended, or are likely to attend, the experimental employment of each. The *status quo*, as regards the circumstances of the double experiment, may thus be briefly stated. Captain Chesney, for the first time since the era of Queen Elizabeth, when the Euphrates line was the common route of British merchandize to India, has, with considerable delay, and with the loss of one of the two steamers (the Tigris) employed in the expedition, re-opened the ancient communication, and descended “the great river” to the Persian Gulf. So much for the Euphrates line. The success of the communication by the Egyptian line is clearly and succinctly stated by the editor of the paper, from which we have copied the other report. It is briefly this, that communications from England to Bombay have been made in forty-five days; and answers have been returned from Bombay to England in one-third more than the same short period, allowing twelve days for the local distribution of packages or letters, and for the replies of the party to whom they were consigned. When we reflect that ten months have been consumed in the same alternate communication, which has been here effected in 120 days (and it must be borne in mind that adequate organization would limit the passage both ways to 90 days,) we need not add another word in order to demonstrate the success of the experiment by the Egyptian route, or to enforce the concluding commentary of the writer, from whom we have borrowed the report, by expressing our conviction that something must be immediately done, either by the East India Company, by the government, or by both. The subject must, at all events, form one of the earliest questions for discussion at the opening of the next session of parliament. The petitioners have a case of the strongest kind made out for them, by the very circumstances which characterized the delayed conveyance of their petitions to this country.

The accelerated conveyance of forty-five days to Bombay was principally caused by a steamer being ready at Suez, to receive the communications which quitted this country on June 1st. The delay of the above-named petitions to parliament till after its prorogation arose from there being no steamer ready on the Mediterranean side of the line, to keep up the unbroken chain of communication with this country. We should add to the preceding brief statement of facts the additional fact, that all the petitions from India recommend the communication through Egypt.

The reader will be aware that the above recorded short steam communication of forty-five days is, in one part of the route, retarded by an overland conveyance. The report we have copied does not state whether the overland portion of the communication was made by crossing the desert from Cosseir to Kenneh, on the Nile, and afterwards descending that river to Alexandria and the Mediterranean, or whether it was made by crossing the desert from Suez, on the Red Sea, to Cairo, and thence by the canal of Alexandria, or by the western branch of the Nile, to the same Mediterranean point. Whether the one or the other route was selected is not material, since by both routes across the desert accelerated means of conveyance, by railroad or canal, have been recommended, and are even now under the consideration of the appropriate government authorities. The question, however, is very material in one respect. It brings us, in fact, to the gordian knot of the whole inquiry; namely, the paramount question—which is the most practical route for steam communication to India, and what are the best means for imparting additional celerity and security to the superior advantages predicable or demonstrable of that route?

There are three available routes for steam communication with India; the first by the Cape of Good Hope, the second by the Euphrates, the third by the Red Sea. We believe we may fairly facilitate the inquiry by disencumbering it of any comparative investigation of the route by the Cape of Good Hope. The only voyage attempted by steam round the Cape must be pronounced a failure, as regards acceleration, but not as regards mere practicability. It was made by the *Enterprize* steamer; 113 days were consumed in the attempt, but of those only sixty-four were worked by steam. The Cape communication may, therefore, be for the facilitation of this comparative inquiry placed *hors du combat*. We must, however, in justice, qualify the above sentence, since the undertaking of the *Enterprize* was made eleven years ago, when steam vessels were

was so slovenly as greatly to deteriorate from its effect, especially as regarded some of its topographical details.

not so much improved as they are now. Much might be said even in favor of the Cape communication by steam, (using some other propelling power in conjunction with it,*) provided we had no other route submitted to our choice; and we are willing to admit that, if it were only a question between the relative success of Captain Chesney's experimental expedition in the Euphrates, and that of Lieutenant Johnson in the *Enterprize*, a fair battle might be maintained in favor of the Cape. But the general issue of the question rests upon very different merits; and, the first experimental expedition by steam round the Cape having failed, we consider ourselves fairly at liberty, in the absence of any second experiment during eleven years, to exclude the problematical prospect of a Cape communication from the present practically comparative evidence and cautiously considered inference.

We shall begin by an investigation of the route through Egypt, overland from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. The only impediment which exists in the way of navigating by steam the whole way from Bombay, or Madras and Calcutta, on the opposite sides of the Indian peninsula, consists in the interval of desert land between the Red Sea and the Nile, or between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. This impediment subsists in two places, as far as the actual and practical communication through Egypt between England and India, is at present concerned. The two portions of the communications, whether as regards the conveyance of passengers, letters, or both, is either overland from Cosseir on the Red Sea to Kenneh on the Nile, in the vicinity of ancient Thebes, or from Suez at the extreme northern point of the Red Sea, across the desert to Cairo.

Now the practical question which arises on thus opening the subject is this: Can the difficulties which naturally attend one or both of those overland routes be obviated or removed? Can the communication be accelerated on one or both points by applying to them the power and results of modern discovery—by the canal, the steam-boat, or the railroad? We believe that a satisfactory answer might be given on both heads. It is probable that, in process of time, improvements for accelerating the communications with India will take place on both lines of route;—from Cosseir and from Suez. Nevertheless, as the route from Suez to Cairo possesses far superior facilities and advantages in comparison with that from Cosseir to Kenneh, we shall, for the accommodation of

the inquiry, which, with every degree of pruning, can scarcely be intelligibly compressed into a narrow space, limit ourselves to a consideration of the principal point of land transit, dismissing the minor point (the route to Kenneh) with a brief notice of its bearings upon the main subject.

The extent of the journey across the desert is about 120 miles. This was the track by which "hundred-gated Thebes" carried on her commercial communication with India, and by which, beyond a question, she acquired that enormous wealth, the description of which would appear all but fabulous, were it not that some of the evidences of its employment remain in the magnificent and gigantic, but mutilated, or dilapidated, monuments, which still bestrew the site of

"The world's proud empress on the Egyptian plain."

Cosseir, on the Red Sea, may be considered as the sea-port of that ancient metropolis of the Pharaohs. It was called by the ancients *Myos Hormus*. But Thebes, in times subsequent to those of the Pharaohs,—at the period of the Greek or Roman government of Egypt,—had a port at Berenice, which the late Belzoni visited and interestingly described, and which is 200 miles to the south of Cosseir, on the Red Sea. This route has never been used since the times to which we have referred, although Berenice appears from Belzoni's description to be one of the best harbors on the Red Sea; and although the route across the desert from this port anciently possessed the advantage of sufficient water; it moreover had the advantage of being 200 miles lower down, and of thus avoiding a large tract of the difficult navigation of the Red Sea during the periodical south-east monsoons. Berenice is, however, now in complete ruin; and the problematical feasibility of restoring the route connected with it does not enter into the present inquiry. Cosseir, the route from which is still used, is not a good harbor; and, during some winds, vessels cannot lie in the port. The road now used for transit from this port to Thebes and Kenneh, on the Nile, claims some observations at our hands. The road seems to be excellent the whole way, and indeed so unobstructed, that Mrs. Lushington, who crossed it in the depth of winter, records, with high glee, the gratification of enjoying an excellent Christmas dinner at the middle resting-stage of the journey, and describes the weather and the atmosphere, both during the night and day, as bland, cheering, and salubrious. Wells of good water have always subsisted about midway on the route; it has, moreover, been stated, in recent letters from

* It is to this object that the Earl of Dundonald [Lord Cochrane] has chiefly directed his attention.

Egypt, that English engineers, under the auspices of the Pasha, have been lately employed in boring for water upon other points of the same route, and that they have succeeded in several places in finding water of excellent quality.

There are some features of this ancient "high road" of nations to the wealthy commercial metropolis of the old world, which may well excuse passing observation. There is the strongest reason to surmise, as it has been affirmed in this Review in the papers on Egyptian Antiquities, that the Egyptian men of science, who were acquainted with many arts which we have now lost, were not unacquainted with the principle of the railroad, although in minor details they may not have employed that principle in the same manner as the moderns. Indeed, a single glance at Herodotus's account of the level causeway which they constructed in order to convey by machinery blocks of stone from distant quarries to the pyramids, while in the act of erecting those gigantic structures, is quite sufficient to prove their familiarity with the mechanical principle. Now we have ourselves learnt from an enlightened friend who has been upon the spot, that "there are evidences along a considerable portion of the route from Cosseir to old Thebes, of the principle of the railroad having been applied there by the ancient Egyptian engineers." Mrs. Lushington and other travellers, without seeming to be aware of the cause, expressed their surprise at the obvious artificiality of the level which the road occasionally assumes. The following evidence from the report on "Steam Navigation to India" will be found to corroborate the view which we have just taken.

JAMES BIRD, Esq. examined.

"Could the road from Cosseir to Kenneh be made practicable for large waggons employed in the transport of commercial articles between the Red Sea and the Nile?—It is almost practicable at the present time for wheeled carriages.

"What is the distance?—The road, which is generally composed of firm gravel, situated between hills of lime or sand stone, would only require a little alteration here and there at some of the narrow defiles. The distance is a little more than 100 miles.

"How did you proceed to Kenneh?—On camels.

"Did you go by land or water?—I went from Cosseir to Kenneh by camels, and from Kenneh I went up to Nubia, following the course of the Nile."

THOMAS WYSE, Esq. examined.

"Is it your opinion that a communication might be more easily established between

Cosseir and Cairo?—I consider that as one of the best lines of communication; it is generally preferred by all the western tribes in their annual pilgrimage to Mecca. I believe it is only two days' journey from Kenneh to Cosseir."

MAJOR HEAD examined.

"Have you been along the distance from Cosseir to Kenneh?—Yes.

"Is that practicable for a railroad?—I went from Cosseir to Legayta, and from thence I turned off and visited the ruins of Thebes, and afterwards I went down to Kenneh.

"Is that practicable for a railroad?—It might be made so; it is not so at the present moment, because the rocks come across the road to a great extent; they would have to be cut through; it might be made so; I am quite certain that the Manchester railroad overcomes much greater difficulties than there are there."

It must be remarked that Mr. Wyse is here referring to a considerably protracted overland journey from Cosseir to Cairo; and, our object being rather to contract than protract the land portion of communication with India through Egypt, it is out of our province to enter into the reasons which he adduces for recommending the above route.

The remaining route through Egypt which it falls within the purview of this article to examine, is the route from Suez on the Red Sea to Cairo. It will prove, like the route from Cosseir to Thebes, that the ancient Egyptians were not so ignorant as it may be hastily surmised of the application of the great powers of scientific mechanics to accelerate commercial transit, which is the peculiar boast of modern times. On the contrary, before we have finished our present investigation, we apprehend that it will be made apparent, that upon this important subject of communication with India we have little to do but to imitate their example, to tread in their steps, and to recover the acquisitions which they possessed, and which we have lost.

If there be presumptive evidences of the railway principle on the route from Cosseir to Thebes, there are unquestionable ocular evidences of a ship canal on the remaining route, which we are about to investigate, from Suez to Cairo. Each metropolis of the country—that is to say, of Upper and Lower Egypt, Thebes and Memphis—had thus, it appears, an artificial communication with India. The canal in question is ascribed to Sesostris, but without doubt it is traceable to the remotest eras of the Egyptian monarchy. The history of this canal is curious and important, not less as a subject of scientific and antiquarian, than of political and commercial in-

vestigation. A few words with reference to its ancient history may with propriety and usefulness precede the more practical inquiry as to its modern condition and present capabilities.

Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny, attribute the canal to Sesostris, who is now proved by the inscriptions to have been called Rameses, conformably to the tenor of the information given by the Egyptian priests to Germanicus, according to Tacitus. He has been designated by Champollion and others as the second, third, and even fourth, Rameses of the 18th and 19th dynasty of Theban kings. They supply no sufficient authority for the inference. To our view, Sesostris was the first who bore that name. But, setting aside that minor train of problematical inquiry, let us repeat, that it is to the great Sesostris that the distinguished authors above quoted ascribe the origination of the canal. Pliny and Aristotle state that the canal was abandoned in consequence of the Red Sea being found to have a superior level to the Delta, and consequently to the Mediterranean. Strabo notices the same opinion, but discredits it; however, surveys which have been not long since commenced, and which, we believe, at the time we write, are in the act of being made, prove that this ancient opinion was founded upon fact. Herodotus gives an account of the same canal in his book of *Euterpe*, (page 158), to which Larcher, his annotator, has attached a learned and elaborate, but inaccurate, note. Herodotus attributes the undertaking to the son of Psammiticus-Necos, (the Pharaoh Necho of scripture), who lived 600 years before Christ, and not less than 900 years after Sesostris. It may be fairly inferred, therefore, that it was to the re-establishment of the canal by Necos that Herodotus, probably misled by an inaccurate report, must have referred. He, however, adds, that it was not finished by Necos; but he ascribes its completion to Darius Hystaspes—that is to say, while Egypt was in a state of vassalage to the Persians. This statement is confirmed by the testimony of Diodorus the Sicilian. The latter says that, in consequence of fears being entertained that the difference of the levels above stated between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean might occasion the inundation of Egypt, the canal was again abandoned. He adds that it was completed, or rather re-opened, under the dynasty of the Greek princes of Egypt; and Strabo corroborates his evidence by ascribing the renewed or completed work to Ptolemy Philadelphus. After this period it appears to have been suffered to fall into decay or to have been abandoned. But the canal was again opened in modern times. The Caliph Omar,

who lived A. D. 644, re-opened the canal, and greatly improved it. He introduced into it another branch, called the canal of Cairo, which still subsists, and is even used to a considerable extent. From Omar's time, the navigation from the Mediterranean by the Nile to the Red Sea, and consequently to India, remained open for 120 years. This is a striking historical fact, which cannot be too much insisted on. It at once meets the question—can a water communication be established between the Mediterranean and India? by the response,—it has been effected in modern times for 120 years, and can be effected again.

If this great work since the time in question again relapsed into decay, the circumstance has not arisen from its incompetency to produce the communication proposed, nor from any realized demonstration of danger from the different levels of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The canal, in fact, was purposely obstructed and blocked up by the Caliph Motassem, successor of Omar, in order to prevent the supply of corn and warlike stores to a formidable rebellion on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, which had possessed itself of Mecca, and threatened to occupy the principal holy places fanatically revered by the new Mahomedan faith. The work of obstruction made at the time in question appears to have been so effectual, that the canal has never been opened since, although proposals have been repeatedly made to the Turkish government for its re-establishment, and surveys have been even made by that government with a view to carry that proposal into effect. The report that Mohammed Pasha, the present governor of Egypt, has intended to re-open it, is a matter of notoriety. Whether he seriously means to re-open it is another question. We believe, however, that some preliminary steps have been taken, and indeed are in the act of being taken at the present time, under the auspices of Galloway Bey, the son of Mr. Galloway, the well-known common councilman and engineer.

We resume the ancient account of the canal. Having given our authorities for its ancient existence, and for the periods either when it was established or re-opened, a brief report of its ancient characteristics and condition will be advantageous to this practical inquiry. The facts supplied by the same ancient authorities on this head are few and meagre, but they are curious and useful; and they are worth the trouble of gleaning, sifting, and compressing. Herodotus says, that the canal was filled with the water of the Nile; that it commenced at Bubastes, on the Pelusiatic branch, and terminated at the city

of Patumos (Suez),—perhaps the Hebrew Pithom—on the Red Sea. Diodorus says that it extended from the Pelusiatic bay to the Red Sea, and that it had gates, ingeniously constructed, (query, were not these gates locks?), which opened for the purpose of allowing ships to pass, and quickly closed after they had passed. (Book 1, sect. 1.) Strabo says that when Ptolemy Philadelphus reopened the canal, he added to it a double gate, or lock, (*Euripus*, Book 17,) which afforded facility of transit from the canal to the sea, and from the sea to the canal. According to Pliny, who of course refers only to the time when he wrote, the canal, which commenced at the Nile, did not extend farther than the *Lacus Amani* (the bitter lakes), as they are now termed. (Book 16, chap. 29.) The canal in his time was made to terminate here, in consequence of the above stated dread of inundation connected with the superior level of the Red Sea. It is worthy of remark, that Strabo says distinctly, that the waters of the lakes, which, in conformity with their name, had been originally bitter, were sweetened by the introduction of the Nile waters brought by the canal.

Let us proceed from the above ancient history of its formation to the record left by the same ancient authorities of its dimensions and structure. The canal, according to Herodotus, was large enough to admit two large ships of war (*triremes*) abreast. Strabo confirms this testimony by stating that it was navigable for the largest sailing vessels (*myriophoroi*). In another passage, he estimates its breadth at 100 cubits, that is to say, 150 feet. Its breadth is estimated by Pliny at 100 feet; but these two writers were speaking of two different points of the canal; and the extant remains of it show that it did in reality vary from 100 to 150 feet. As to the depth of this ship canal, it may be readily inferred from the size of the large sailing vessels which the above authorities state to have navigated its waters. Pliny, however, leaves no doubt respecting this depth, stating precisely that it was thirty feet. This fact proves that the engineer who constructed the canal knew the true level which the Nile would assume in following the course of it during high water; namely, twenty-eight feet above the level of the Mediterranean. As to the length of the canal, Herodotus is as precise as Pliny and Strabo in recording its width and depth. He says that it required four days for a vessel to sail through it; and the canal, according to modern measurement, being ninety-two miles from Bubastes to Patumos, this would give twenty-three miles for a day's sail, which is not inconformable with modern practice. Pliny is even more explicit. He states that

the length of the canal from Bubastes to the bitter lakes was 37,500 paces, or about thirty-seven English miles. Modern measurement makes the same interval thirty-nine miles; but it is probable that the basin of the bitter lakes may have extended two miles farther than it now appears to reach, into the valley of Wadi Tomylat. (Book 16, chap. 29.)

Having now gleaned and brought together all the information which can be obtained from ancient authorities respecting the canal in question, and given a brief history of its early construction and of its successive restorations, down to the time of its final abandonment under the Caliphate in 644, our next province will be to lay before the reader, in an equally brief form, the most authentic account we can obtain with respect to its actual appearance and condition at the present day. The most authentic and the most correct account which we have seen of it, is an abstract of the survey of the whole line by the French engineers, when their countrymen were in possession of Egypt. It appears in conjunction with a geography of the Isthmus, in the great French work published under the auspices of Napoleon, entitled "*Description de l'Egypte*," on the resources of which we have often had occasion to draw, in treating of the general subject of Egyptian antiquities in this Review. The report of the survey is at once ample and minute, and appears to have been prepared with great zeal, fidelity, and care. Practical engineers and surveyors, who have been upon the spot, have informed us that there are a few inaccuracies in some of its subordinate details; but we believe that we are fully justified in asserting that, although since the period of the French survey in 1799, much has been said, and much written, respecting this canal, little or no fresh light has been thrown upon the subject since then, and nothing additional of substantial importance has been supplied in the way of new facts or more correct details. We shall endeavor therefore to lay before our readers, in the briefest possible form, the substance of the interesting survey,—authenticated and corroborated as we have described it to be,—contained in the official report of the French engineers to which we have referred. We gather from it the following particulars.

The isthmus of Suez, calculating its width in a direct line from Suez to the Mediterranean, is about seventy-five English miles. To the north of Suez the isthmus consists of a low barren plain, slightly broken by hillocks of drift sand and pools. The plain rises towards the south, till it terminates in mountainous land, which shuts in the gulf of Suez on the east and west. Between these ridges of mountainous land, there extends directly

north from Suez a valley consisting of a hollow trough, which bears all the marks of having been once the continued bed of the Red Sea. This valley extends directly north to the bitter lakes, which, although nearly dry at present, bear equally obvious marks of having once constituted the extreme northern limits of the Red Sea.

The traveller going northward from Suez passes in the first instance over about one mile and half of high ground, which averages about three or four feet above the level of the Red Sea. Having passed this natural or artificial mound, which confines the waters of the Red Sea, and which interposes between them and the commencement of the canal, he comes to the first vestiges of that great ancient work, which extend in a direct line due north, through the trough or valley we have described, for thirteen English miles and a half. The remains of the walls of the canal may be distinctly traced, with few exceptions, through the whole extent of these thirteen miles. These walls are from 5 or 6 to 15 feet in height, and the space between them is as Strabo describes, as nearly as can be, 150 feet. But the bed of the canal has been raised by sand and earth, washed into it by the torrents, and a new and higher bed has been curiously consolidated by natural means, from the effect of calcareous infiltrations. But the French engineers dug through this fictitious bed, and found the real bed four or five feet beneath it. They there detected the artificial composition employed by the ancient engineers for retaining the waters, which was found to consist of a combination of moist saline sand, earthy clay, and gypsum. The following evidence, which we extract from the minutes taken before the select committee on steam navigation, will interestingly corroborate, as we think, the preceding somewhat picturesque description of the appearance of the isthmus and its curious antiquarian relics.

MAJOR HEAD examined.

"Have you been from Suez towards the Mediterranean?—Not to any very great extent: I went down the bed of the old canal for some miles.

"But you did not continue towards the Mediterranean?—No.

"Have you a plan of the old canal?—I made a section of it. It is very determinately marked as being the bed of the canal. The centre of it is filled up with pure sand, without any pebbles; and the country and the banks are covered with pebbles.

"At what distance from Suez was that section taken?—I should think ten miles. I rode five or six hours in that direction.

"Did a European engineer survey the

ground for the railroad?—Yes an English engineer.

"Is there ground for a railroad there?—There is no difficulty in making a railroad; the railroad is in progress so far, and I am told it is notified to our minister there for the information of his government.

"What steps have been going on?—A house in the city has been corresponded with, and the estimates are in progress.

"Who is it to be done by?—The Pacha of Egypt. It must be considered that coals will be carried from Alexandria to Suez for ten shillings a ton probably; I have been over the ground, and it is remarkably well adapted for a railroad, much better than for a canal.

"This plan is founded upon the recommendation of European engineers, is it?—It has been some time talked of, and it is now, I believe, positively decided upon."

The above mentioned vestiges of the canal disappear entirely at the point, where it enters the basin of bitter lakes, which we have described. The surface of the level of the canal, throughout the thirteen miles already described, is fifteen feet below the high water level of the Red Sea at Suez. It would be quite clear that it would fill at any time from the Red Sea, by merely cutting a passage of a few feet in depth through the artificial mound, or dyke, of a mile and a half long, and three feet above the level of the sea, which at present interposes between the extreme northern point of the gulf and the mouth of the canal. The result of this trifling operation, which might be effected at any time in a few days, would be that the waters of the Red Sea flow instantly into the bed of the canal, fill it, and restore it for thirteen miles and a half of its length; and not only do that, but fill the entire bed of the bitter lakes, which is considerably lower than the canal, and having in some instances a depth of fifty feet, which is in fact commensurate to the depth of the Red Sea itself at Suez. By this trivial operation, therefore, one-third of the ancient canal might be at once, or at any time, restored to a state of practical completion. Let us proceed with the next division of the canal.

The traveller, in following the vestiges of its ancient course from the bitter lakes, thirteen miles due north of Suez, to which we have conducted him, turns abruptly due west, and enters a valley, which may in many respects be pronounced a region of wonders,—we were about to say a region of historical and antiquarian romance. From the picturesque antiquities which characterize the course of the northern branch of the canal, and which remain at the present day nearly in the state in which they were left by the great Sesostris, and proceeding from the basin of the bitter lakes (the declivities of which,

marked by shells and marine *debris* at the high-water mark of the Red Sea beach, record an equally striking fact of geological antiquity), the traveller enters a region which not improbably give the first idea of the 'Happy Valley.' It is a valley thirty-nine miles in length by two in width, shut in and guarded by inclement winds, and from the sands of the deserts, on the north and south, by two parallel mountainous ranges; through the middle of this a navigable branch of the Nile was anciently conducted, the vestiges of which, and some of the aqueducts with which it was connected, are employed at the present day for the purposes of communication and irrigation. The soil of this valley, continually deepened and improved by fresh accessions from the northern and southern acclivities of the two mountainous ranges, is rich and productive, though it is encroached upon on the south by sands from the desert, which the rocky rampart is not sufficient at present entirely to exclude. What the productiveness this valley, therefore, must have been in ancient times, when the navigable canal which runs through its centre was complete, may be readily conceived.

In the centre of the northern portion of the valley, between the vestiges of the canal and the rocky parapet which protected it on the north, are still seen the ruins of an ancient and large Egyptian city. The French *savans* employed in drawing up the antiquarian memoir, that accompanies the topographical survey to which we have referred, bring together into one focus a mass of antiquarian evidence, which leaves no part of the subject of their inquiry in shadow or in doubt, in order to prove that these ruins, which still bear the name of Aboukeshed, are the remains of the celebrated ancient city of Heroopolis. No farther evidence, indeed, need be adduced to establish this point, which is as well established as any antiquarian hypothesis has ever been, or need be. We have described the main features of the valley; the western portion of it, as far as Heroopolis, is at present called Wadi Tomylat; the eastern portion is called Wadi Sababyar; the town of Abaceh occupies its extreme western boundary, at the point where the canal of Cairo reaches the valley; the towns of Mouksar and Thaubastum, and the Serapeum, constitute a series of separate eminences, which form an eastern bulwark to the valley on the sides of the bitter lakes and the Red Sea. The western mouth of the valley is unimpeded by any range, and opens on a level flat of well irrigated and productive country, as far as the banks of the Nile, the Delta, and its numerous canals. The valley itself may be said to constitute a rectangle,

thirty-nine miles in length and two in width, enclosed by ramparts of rock due north, east, and south, and opening due west. The French engineers calculate that it contains 20,000 acres (*arpents*) of rich and productive soil. They state also that it produces an exuberant growth of shrubs and copse wood.

Let us follow the track of the vestiges of the canal through this valley. This second section of the ancient canal runs the whole length of the valley, and is therefore about thirty-nine English miles long. The canal is entire in the whole western half of the valley; in the eastern half the greater part of its traces, except irregular intervals, have been obliterated by the accumulation of the sands. Where its vestiges are fully detectable, it exhibits a great increase in width, the breadth extending to 260 English feet. In its bottom, and at various points throughout its length, the Arab farmers of the district raise corn, and some portions they employ as reservoirs for rain-water. The bottom of the canal is about thirty feet below the high-water level of the Arabian Gulf, consequently it is exactly the same level as the Mediterranean, and thirty feet beneath the level of the high Nile at Cairo. It is quite clear, therefore, that water conducted into this valley, either from the high Nile on the west, or the Red Sea on the east, would inundate it, unless regulated or conducted by a canal. In order to prevent this obvious result, three dykes, possibly of ancient construction, traverse the canal in lines due north and south, at Abaceh and Serapeum, which are its eastern and western points, and at the ruins of Heroopolis, which occupy its centre.

There are the best and strongest reasons for inferring that the valley which we have just described was the valley or land of Goshen, sometimes called the land of Rameses in the Hebrew scriptures: it is affirmed to be so both by the Septuagint and by Josephus. The latter affirms, as a matter that required no argument, and was beyond dispute, the identity of Heroopolis with the "Treasure City" Pithom, built by his countrymen in the land of Rameses or Goshen, according to scriptural authority. The hypothesis, independent of these evidences, carries with it the strongest probability, on account of its productiveness, its dimensions, and its topographical location. According to the Hebrew narrative, therefore, thus illustrated and corroborated, we are to infer that it was this valley which, during the premiership of Joseph, one of the earliest sovereigns of Egypt bestowed upon a colony of the premier's brethren, who were shepherds. The reason for bestowing so munificent a gift

upon the favorite's relatives is clearly explained, both by the biblical historian and by Manetho. This region, extending on one hand to Arabia, and on the other to the rich plains of the Nile, as far as Abaris, at the extreme southern point of the Delta, had been the favorite seat of empire of the just expelled Arabian shepherds, during the time they held Egypt in cruel and despotic subjection. They were therefore naturally an "abomination to the Egyptians." So also, on account of their pastoral customs, which were perfectly hostile to the sacred and agricultural customs of the Egyptians, was the land which they had occupied, including, of course, its richest gem, the Wadi or valley, to which we have been referring. But the Jews were also a pastoral family, and a branch of the same race, and on them it was therefore natural to bestow this rich gift, since in the first place it was unprofaned in their eyes by the "abomination" of a shepherd residence; and, in the second, there was this stroke of policy in the gift, that by this means a branch of the same family as the expelled ravagers,—becoming lieges by every tie of gratitude and interest to Egypt,—were placed as frontier guards of the mother country, at one of the most vulnerable gates and least easily defensible ramparts on the side of Arabia. It was in this valley, therefore, that, when reduced to slavery by the first Rameses, they built the city of Rameses, naturally called after his name, and Pithom or Heroopolis, the ruins of which remain; they also probably assisted in the construction of the great canal of Sesostri, who, according to most concurrent opinions and curious classical evidences,—(that, drawn from the death of the brother* of Sesostri at "Heroopolis, struck by a thunderbolt," his name itself implying an *inundation*, is most singular,)—was the Pharaoh who, whether he perished himself the accounts leave doubtful, pursued his rebellious Jewish colony across the Red Sea.

It was over this valley, therefore, that the destroying angel stayed his sword, when all the rest of Egypt was immersed in darkness and in mourning for the first-born. It was hence, also, that the Jews departed, in order to establish a new empire at Jerusalem. Even

the brief scriptural narrative seems to point out the very spot, as well as the exclamation of the pursuing king,—“they are entangled by the land and shut in by the wilderness.” Both parties would follow the course of the canal from Memphis. But, while the Pharaoh would possibly turn the left flank of the Jews by a short cut by the side of the mountainous range of the Wadi, the Jews would have no resource but to follow the canal to the Serapeum at the western exit of the valley. It is almost clear from this statement, and this is the especial object at which we are driving, that the bitter lakes, which traverse the western mouth of the Wadi, constituted, at the time in question, a *portion of the Red Sea*; otherwise the Jews, by turning abruptly to the south for ten or fifteen miles, would have reached the canal, and have easily, by that means, crossed into the desert, without the intervention of a miracle. Our argument is, that they must have crossed that portion of the sea now called the bitter lakes, close to the Serapeum; and, although it is not necessary for the argument, it may have remained dry from the time of the miraculous return of the Red Sea tide, caused, as it would appear from the statement and from the time (Exodus, chap. 14, ver. 21), by an intenser power, given for the occasion, to the south-east monsoons; a “strong east wind,” according to that statement, “blew all night,” dividing the northern waters from the southern waters, and making the midst dry ground. This description seems to depict the actual topography of the spot, in the vicinity of which, it may be added, that the south-east monsoons still cause occasionally, on a small scale, similar recesses and returns of the tide. The former existence of a northern portion of the Red Sea at the bitter lakes is most important, it will be seen, in a practical view, since it affects the whole consideration of levels, and consequently the feasibility of the modern entire undertaking. A brief additional antiquarian argument may, therefore, be justifiable.

The Red Sea may have extended from Suez to the bitter lakes. The country, as we have remarked in describing it, exhibits the appearance of a hollow trough throughout the whole interval of thirteen miles and a half, through the midst of which trough the almost perfect vestiges of the ancient canal of Sesostri are traced. But the probability is, that this must have been at a far more remote epoch than that to which we are referring,—an epoch during which we shall have little difficulty in showing, as we shall proceed with the inquiry, that the Red Sea extended as far as the Sea of Menzaleh, through a chain of lakes, the basins of which

* The blood of Typhon, according to mythology, flowed into the Red Sea from this spot. The Serapeum close at hand points to the first establishment of the hero-worship of his brother, a king drowned by an inundation. Sesostri, who assumed the name and insignia of Osiris or Serapis, is recorded to have been struck blind in his old age; and his son Pheron is said to have perished through darting a javelin, that is (attempting to force) the symbol of an inundation of the sea.

are now dry, thereby rendering Africa an island. But there is every probability that, at the epoch in question, the canal of Sesostris united the northern portion of the Red Sea at Thaubastum with the Red Sea at Magdolo, in the vicinity of Suez. If the colony of Jewish slaves, escaping from Egyptian bondage, therefore, according to scriptural account, started at midnight from Pithom or Heroopolis, in the centre of the land of Rameses, which they occupied, they would in six hours, about six o'clock in the morning, obtain the first sight of the Red Sea through an opening in the defiles of the valley, between the promontory of Thaubastum on one side, and the rocky eminence on which the Serapeum is seated on the other. The sea clearly filled up the interval, which is now land, between those promontories, or they would not have had the slightest difficulty of passing at once into the desert. They might have gone from the western mouth of the valley, following the course of the Nile through the direct road to Pelusium, to El Arish, the southernmost town of Palestine. But this course their leader opposed, for reasons explicitly stated. They had, therefore, the only alternative, by starting at midnight from some central point of assemblage in the valley of Rameses, which is thirty-nine miles in extent, to endeavor, by forced marches, to gain that point of the sea-shore, where it joins the canal of Sesostris, and where, of course, it was readily passable. In order to effect this object they must, after marching due east for twenty miles, turn due south at the Serapeum, and follow the course of the bitter lakes for twenty-three miles: but, in order to do this, it must be evident that they would be compelled to make a full day's forced march. It was however morning, according to the scriptural account, when, "lifting up their eyes," they beheld the pursuing armament of Pharaoh and his war-chariots. Now, when he hurried their departure, which it appears that they instantly took, it is clear that no idea of pursuing them was entertained. The inference is, that he must have taken a short cut for the purpose of intercepting them, of "turning their flank," as the military phrase is, and preventing them from making their escape by reaching the banks of the canal. The distance of their first march, by the banks of it through the valley of Rameses, cannot be averaged at less than twenty miles. Their march must have been slow, because they were heavily burdened, and because, it may be added, the east monsoon blowing directly in their teeth during the whole time of their march, they could not avail themselves of the navigable facilities of the canal in transporting a portion

of their baggage. They could not be presumed, therefore, to have got further at day-break than the gorge of the valley, between the high grounds of the Serapeum and Thaubastum, which, supposing the basin of the bitter lakes to have been filled, would give them the formidable view of an expanse of sea from five to seven miles broad. They were thus, as the scriptural account describes, "entangled in the wilderness." The sea was before them, and mountainous eminences were on either hand. The object of Sesostris, or the pursuing Pharaoh, whoever he might be, was to prevent their reaching the canal, and to place them in the alternative, of either being "driven into the sea" or forced to return through the opening of the valley of Rameses to the chains and the scourges of the "house of bondage." The skill of the manœuvre was worthy of the military tactics anciently ascribed to Sesostris, and corroborated by modern discovery. But, whether the pursuing Pharaoh was he or not, the course he took was precisely the same which a skilful modern general would take in order to effect the same purpose. He may have marched across the desert from Bubastes to the Serapeum, or from Memphis (opposite to the modern Cairo) to the same point.

We have now said all that is requisite to adduce respecting three divisions of the canal, viz., that extending from Suez to the bitter lakes,—that comprehending the basin of the bitter lakes,—and that which runs due east and west through the Wadi Tomylat, or ancient land of Rameses. The fourth and last section of this canal extended from the western mouth of the Wadi to Bubastes, on the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile; it was about twelve miles long, and must have run upon an unobstructed level. But few relics of this portion of the canal are visible, the country being covered with annual floods of the Nile, and with the redundant cultivation which is their natural result. It is, however, traversed by several ancient aqueducts, still used for the purposes of irrigation, and which, in all probability, either constituted portions of the old canal, or were connected with its line. But there is a perfect branch of the canal still used, which extends from Cairo to the Wadi Tomylat at Abaceh, falling into the channel of the old canal a little beyond the point from which the branch to Bubastes was anciently carried in a north-westerly direction. When the Caliph Omar re-opened the canal, he added the last branch, called the canal of Cairo, to it, and the branch to Bubastes was suffered to fall into decay. There was this advantage gained by the change,—the Nile at Cairo was eight feet

higher than at Bubastes, and consequently the navigation could be kept open for a much longer period. Our opinion is, however, that, instead of being the originator of this canal, he merely re-opened it, and that this last section is traceable to the time of some of the ancient sovereigns of Egypt, Greek, Persian, Roman, or native. The reader will now be able to form for himself a tolerably complete idea of the structure and direction of the ancient canal and of its present condition. Following the line of its four sections which we have traced out, he will perceive that it assumes the form of a complete semicircle; the northern arc of that semicircle traversing the Wadi Tomylat, or valley of Goshen, and the two extreme points of its horizontal diameter resting on Cairo and on Suez.

The French *savans* who drew up the Survey published in the "*Antiquités de l'Égypte*," conclude their accurate report of the present condition of the canal with a report of their suggestions for re-establishing it. They proposed to follow exactly the ancient line, forming three levels in the four sections which we have described. The first section, according to their plan, extends from Bubastes to Abacch; the distance is about twelve miles. They propose that its bottom shall be on a level with the lower water of the Nile, or ten feet above the Mediterranean, and its depth twenty-two feet, in order to receive safely the full rise of the inundation of the Nile, which is here equal to eighteen feet. They propose that the second section shall follow the whole line of the Wadi as far as the Serapeum; they propose the connection of the two by a lock, through which a branch of the restored canal from Cairo is to be united with the main line. One object of this branch is to cleanse the first two sections by letting in a current from the Nile. The third section consists of the basin of the bitter lakes. They propose that this should be filled, like the two former, from the Nile in the first instance, and when the inundation of that river begins to fail, from the Red Sea. Another lock would connect this third section with the second. The lock is to answer two purposes; the water of the second section, while the Nile is at its height, would be two or three feet above that of the third section, which would of course have the level of the low Red Sea at Suez; at other times, as the Nile sunk, the third section would be from one to nine feet above it. Another object of the lock, according to the proposal of the French engineers, is to prevent the salt water of the bitter lakes from mingling with the fresh waters of the Nile; the basins of water, employed in the passing of vessels, are for the same purpose to be discharged

into the desert by a sluice. The fourth section would merely be a restoration of the ancient canal which, as we have described, proceeds in a northerly direction for fourteen miles from Suez to the bitter lakes. Finally, they propose that this section shall communicate by one lock with those lakes, and by another with the Red Sea. The French engineers do not calculate that the canal, thus restored, would be navigable above seven or eight months; and they estimate the expense of the re-construction, setting aside the expense which would attend the construction of a new, and still more important branch of it (to which we shall by-and-by have occasion to advert), at about £700,000 sterling. There is little doubt that, if the French had remained in Egypt, and especially with Napoleon Bonaparte at the head of the government, they would have carried their project into effect. The expense, compared with the magnificent result, is so trifling, that the wonder is that it has not been carried into effect before now, either by a company having the support of Mohammed Pacha, or by the Pacha on his own account. That the latter has not carried it into effect before now, is generally understood to have rather resulted from scruples as to its policy, (as concerns his own position,) than from any absence of feasibility from the undertaking itself.

To our view, the French estimate of the expense is considerably too high; the operations at the canals of Farounah and Alexandria, are not necessary: they take branch canals into that estimate (namely, from Bubastes), which may not be considered requisite, and which, being the only part of the line where there are no relics of the ancient canal, will be accompanied with the greatest expense in re-construction. Again, according to their own showing, and with no farther view than that of keeping the canal navigable during the eight months of Nile inundation, one lock and one sluice, instead of three or four of each, appear to be necessary. It may appear a startling and paradoxical assertion to make, but it is our deliberate opinion, that this was in fact the structure and condition of the ancient canal; and all that is wanted is to restore the canal to its ancient, cheap, and practical form. The expense of doing so would indeed be trifling. We foresee the objection that may be made, that the ancients were not acquainted with locks and sluices. It is easy to say that they were *not acquainted* with this and with that; it is easy to gratify modern vanity with this presumption; but we have had occasion before to recapitulate a long list of Egyptian *artes perditæ*; and, among the rest, are some

mechanical powers which we have never been able to recover up to the present day. We doubt the common-place objection, that they were unacquainted with the mechanical structure of locks and sluices, and we shall have occasion to adduce arguments for this inference, which is experimentally connected both with the economy and the practicability of the undertaking. The ancient engineers appear to have sought for a perfect level through the greater part of the line, and to have *fully succeeded in that object*. We may add another assertion to the foregoing, respecting the ancient knowledge of locks, which may appear at first sight as paradoxical as the former. So well chosen is the ground, that a *slight effort of nature*, or a slight expense, at any time, would open the communication in question. *In fact the communication has been opened in an irregular manner, between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean by this line, within the lapse of a few years past.* In 1800 the floods of the Nile filled the canal of Cairo, submerged the whole length of the Wadi, penetrated the Serapeum, and reached within a few miles of the Red Sea. Indeed it must be quite clear, from the preceding investigation, that, were a channel at any time cut to the depth of four or five feet through the mound, three feet high and a mile and a half long, which interposes between the Red Sea at Suez and the northern and perfect portion of the ancient canal, the waters of the Red Sea would flow into the basins of those lakes, and pass through the Wadi, till they reached the Nile; nothing could prevent it.

The water communication between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean was thus recently opened by a mere effort of nature alone; neither indeed is there anything to prevent the communication being made permanent, either by the periodical floods of the Nile passing through the Wadi, and thence through the basin of the bitter lakes to the Red Sea; or, on the other hand, by the high tide of the Red Sea, after re-filling the basin of the bitter lakes, traversing the Wadi, and submerging the low lands in the neighborhood of the Nile. There are only two impediments to either result,—the three transverse dykes of the Wadi, which prevent the high waters of the Nile from flowing towards the Red Sea—and the mound (artificial or natural) at Suez, of three feet above the level of the Red Sea, and about one mile and a half in length. Remove those dykes, make an incision a few feet deep into that mound, and an irregular communication would annually be established between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, during the time of the high water of the Nile and the

high tide of the Red Sea. All that is requisite for a canal is to render that regular which is at present irregular,—to guide, control, limit, and regulate the communication.

We have said quite enough to show with what scientific skill the ancient engineers of Egypt selected the circuitous line of their canal. Their presumed ignorance of locks is worth a few brief words of examination. We perceive that a very clever man, Mr. T. L. Peacock, when examined before the Select Committee of Steam Navigation to India, takes this view: he says, in reply to the question—

“If the canal of Suez were opened, and there were no risk of interruptions, would you still prefer the line of the Euphrates?—The difficulty of the monsoons would still remain if the canal were opened. The ancient canal appears, by the best idea we can get of it, to have been available only while the Nile was at high water; then the high water of the Nile was higher than the water of the Red Sea, which is of itself thirty feet and a half higher than the water of the Mediterranean, and the water ran out of the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile into the Red Sea by that canal during four or five months of high water.

“Can you account for that canal having been stopped, when you state there was so great a difference in the levels?—I account for it simply by the sand; it was available only during the high water, it ran only during the high water, and the drifting of the sand would fill up the channel when it was neglected.

“Would not the Red Sea have run into the Nile in the low water, if there was so great a difference?—No; the high water of the Nile was higher than that of the Red Sea, but it would not run into the canal when the water of the Nile was lower than the Red Sea; the flow then ceased altogether; the depth was not such as to allow the water of the Red sea to run into the Nile; it was a canal cut at that depth that the high water of the Nile would run into it, but not so deep as the lower of the Nile.”*

* It will be seen that Mr. T. L. Peacock and Major Head, from whose evidence we have previously made an extract, both refer to the design of a rail-road proposed by the present Pacha of Egypt, to be either undertaken in conjunction with the design of the canal, or separately. We believe, notwithstanding the sanguine assertion of Major Head, that no progress has been made in it further than the survey of the ground. It was originally intended that it should follow the line of the ancient canal, which appears to present such extraordinary facilities for the undertaking, by the natural level of the ground. But the plan which we have seen takes a different line, proceeding in a northerly direction to Tyneh or Pelusium, on the Mediterranean; that is to say, from Suez to the Serapeum, and thence by Ras El Moyeh, along the sandy level by the side of the bitter Lakes to Dowader, and thence to Pelusium.

The opinion here expressed arises entirely from the erroneous presumption which Mr. T. L. Peacock expresses elsewhere. It will be seen what a vague and unsatisfactory answer the witness gives to the acute and straightforward query put to him respecting the difference of the level of the two seas. This is the effect of people mystifying themselves by taking unexamined or unproved postulates for axioms. The answer of Mr. Peacock is no answer: most assuredly the waters of the Red Sea *would run into the Nile* at low water, were it not for the easily removable obstruction which we have described, and which, as we have before hinted, we believe to be an artificial obstruction, thrown up expressly for the purpose of stopping the communication by the Caliph Mo-tassem, who succeeded Omar. The ancients were perfectly aware, as much as any modern engineers can be, of the difference of levels between the two seas. This fact being substantiated, and the fact of the existence of a water communication by canal being also demonstrated, is it probable that the *admirable mechanists* of ancient Egypt (as they have *proved* themselves to be) should be ignorant of the practical means of regulating that difference of level? To us the proposition appears so incredible, as to amount to a contradiction in terms. But how stands the fact? Pliny and Strabo both explicitly assert that the waters of the Red Sea were known to be higher than those of Egypt, and that the design of cutting the canal was at specific periods abandoned, on account of that specific knowledge. "It was feared," says Pliny, "that they would inundate Egypt, the soil of which is three cubits lower than the waters of the sea" (book xvi. ch. 29). Diodorus Siculus confirms the fact of the existence of the same scientific knowledge; he says that Darius abandoned the completion of the work through fear of lower Egypt being inundated by the Red Sea.

The inference of these scientific writers is as accurate as their statement of the fact; it constitutes an additional admonition to those who, in the pride of modern wisdom, are too ready to reject their other statements respecting Egypt as fabulous, because they are extraordinary. In fact, the waters of the Red Sea gulf, if irregularly admitted in any large quantity through the Wadi at the present day, would inevitably submerge the Delta: it was in consequence of the just fear entertained by Darius of this result that he abandoned it. Ptolemy Philadelphus, according to the same statement, resumed it (book i. sect. 1.) In what manner? "*By sluices and gates*," says the historian, "ingeniously constructed, which were opened to

afford ships a passage, and quickly shut again." We should be glad to know what better ancient description of a lock the historian could have given. If Diodorus Siculus is precise in his description of a *lock*, Strabo (book xvii.) is still more precise in his verbal definition of it. He says that Ptolemy constructed a *euripus*, or double gate, for the purpose of affording an easy communication between the sea and the canal. The French engineers propose a sluice as well as locks; their object is to prevent a mixture of the salt water of the sea with the fresh water of the Nile. It does not appear certain that the ancients aimed at this object, since Strabo says that the waters of the bitter lakes, which were originally salt, like those of the Red Sea, had become sweetened by the introduction of the fresh water of the Nile. Some intermixture of this kind could hardly be prevented. But the ancient engineers would be impelled by double motives to the acquisition of the same object as the French,—religious susceptibility as well as domestic necessity. Now this object they could not obtain, except by means of a sluice. On this head we cannot do better than quote from a paper published by an able engineer, Mr. Charles Maclaren, in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, substantially founded on the French survey in Egypt, to which we are referring:—

"It is scarcely necessary to state, that the plan of bringing a navigable stream of salt water from the Red Sea to the Nile must have been at all times exposed to one insuperable objection. In the Delta, the inhabitants have no other water, either for irrigation or domestic use, but that of the river, which would have been rendered totally unfit for both purposes by an admixture with the brine of the ocean. A modification of this plan, however, might be, and probably was, adopted at some period of the history of the canal. A navigable current of salt water could have been carried through the desert to Pelusium, and thrown into the bay without touching the Nile; it would of course have a fall of twenty-five feet from the low-water level at Arsinoe. Now, by giving the bed of the canal, from the Red Sea to the bitter lakes, a descent little greater than three inches in the mile, and by discharging the surplus waters of the lakes into the desert by a regulating sluice placed at the level or mound, which intersects the valley near Thaubastum, the waters in the bitter lakes could be kept at any level, from two or three above low water in the gulf to four feet under it. If then, the fresh water cut from the Nile was made to terminate at the north end of the bitter lakes (the Serapeum) instead of Arsinoe, a very obvious advantage would be gained. Assuming that the water of the Nile, when it reached Arsinoe, at the extreme height of the

inundation, was two feet above the low-tide level, it is plain that the communication with the sea could be kept open only during the time the Nile rose and fell through these two feet, that is probably six weeks. But, as the level of the lakes, by means of the regulating sluice, would be fixed at any point, from two or three feet above to four feet under the low tide—that is, from the extreme height of the Nile to a point six or seven feet below it—it is plain that, if the fresh-water canal terminated in the lakes, the communication with the sea could be open four months instead of six weeks. The marine current could occasion no serious difficulty; it would be merely a salt river, like the Hellespont, in which ships could sail as easily as in the fresh-water current of the Nile. This hypothesis is submitted without any intention of denying that the fresh water was carried at one pe-

riod to Arsinoe, as the French engineers suppose. That the plan here sketched was adopted at another period is not improbable; that it would suggest itself seems scarcely disputable; and it is certain that there is nothing in it either inconsistent with existing appearances or beyond the reach of the mechanical resources which the ancients possessed."

Under the preceding caution as to the accuracy, as far as expense is concerned, of the estimate of the French engineers, we now subject that estimate to the notice of our readers; we must premise, that the estimate includes a branch canal, to the consideration of which we shall thus naturally be led in concluding this preliminary part of the inquiry.

CANAL FROM THE LINE TO SUEZ.

| | Francs. |
|--|------------|
| Digging, banking, transport of implements, &c. | 7,868,000 |
| Branch canal from the Bitter Lakes to the Mediterranean | 2,500,000 |
| Basins, sluices, piers, bridges, including 1,500,000f. for military works | 5,600,000 |
| Expenses of encampments, including 10,000 laborers, transport of provisions during four years, price of ground, superintendence, &c. | 1,300,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 17,268,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| In English money | £691,000 |

ADJUNCT WORKS.

| | Francs. |
|---|------------|
| Canal of Cairo—expense of re-establishing | 4,500,000 |
| Canals of Farounah and Chebynel Kohen | 900,000 |
| Works on the bed and mouths of the Nile | 532,000 |
| Canal of Alexandria—expense of re-establishing | 6,800,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| Total sum required to complete the navigation from Suez to Alexandria | 30,000,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| Equal in English money to | £1,200,000 |

It will be seen from this estimate that, besides the reduction we have before made on account of unnecessary adjuncts, as regards works at the canal of Cairo, Alexandria, and Farounah, another large deduction of full one-third must be made on account of the branch canal from the bitter lakes to the Mediterranean. The whole expense of both branches is set down at £691,000. There are greater facilities in constructing the canal at the northern branch than even the western ancient branch, the details of which we have been examining. We give the particulars of this portion of the proposed canal briefly and substantially from the survey published by the French engineers in the *Antiquités de l'Egypte*. We have described the appearance of the trough or valley extending northwards from Suez to the basin of the bitter lakes. This trough or hollow may be traced nearly the whole way towards Lake Menzaleh and the Mediterranean, and has all the appearance, as we have before stated,

of a cavity occupied at one time by the waters of the Red Sea. It is not improbable that, at some very distant period, Africa was thus rendered an island, by the junction of the two seas. The facilities of constructing a ship canal in this direction must be obvious, from the mere *primâ facie* announcement of this topographical fact: in fact, from the basin of the bitter lakes, which terminates at the Serapeum, and the gorge of the Wadi Tomylat, a series of lagoons, commencing at Thaubastum, the opposite eminence of that gorge, succeed one another in a northerly direction through the whole interval, as far as Lake Menzaleh and the Mediterranean. Very little cutting of ground would be requisite to put the series of lagoons, as far as the Mediterranean, in communication with waters from the Red Sea. A glance at the map, which accompanies the topographical survey of the French engineers, is quite sufficient to demonstrate with what facility, and at what moderate expense, a ship canal

might be constructed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. There is no natural barrier interposed anywhere between the chain of lagoons we have described from Suez to the Mediterranean. The French engineers, however, in the survey to which we are adverting, did not propose to follow this line precisely in forming a branch navigable communication extending due north and south between the two seas: they, on the contrary, follow a line very nearly concurring with that of the projected railroad to which we have before adverted. We confess that we are by no means convinced by the reasons which they offer for taking this line, which extends from the basin of the bitter lakes, at the Serapeum, by Moukfar, Ras el Moyeh, and Dowader, to Pelusium. The section which they give, in order to exhibit the levels between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean by this line, is any thing but promising. If it be correct, the series of formidable hollows and eminences which characterize three parts of the line would lead the common observer at once to pronounce it impracticable. But the section, which exhibits a line of 100 miles, is incorrect; the length of the line being given upon one scale, and the profile of the hollows and the eminences on another scale. The inaccuracy may be conceived, when we state that the disproportion of the two scales is in the ratio of fifty feet to eight miles. We retain our opinion that the other line, through the series of lagoons, is at once the most practicable and economical.

We mean to reserve our remarks on the political advantages or disadvantages connected with the projects for opening a steam communication with India till we have examined the rival scheme of steam communication with India by the line of the Euphrates. Considerations of grave political importance are indeed connected with the establishment of both lines, whether comparatively or conjunctively. These considerations are, beyond a doubt, as important as those which are purely of a commercial character; they may therefore be appropriately left till we reach the conclusion of this paper. *En passant*, however, there will be no irregularity in instituting a brief comparison between the relative advantages of the two branches, western or northern, of the proposed Egyptian ship canal. We give some extracts from the evidence on "Steam Navigation to India" which will be found to throw an interesting light on this part of the subject; and for the present we shall quit it, with the following summary statement of the judgment to which we have been induced, by a careful examination of the evidence;—namely, that if the balance of commercial ad-

vantages is in favor of the western line through the Wadi to Cairo, the balance of political advantages is equally in favor of a line proceeding from Suez to Pelusium, in a direction due north and south across the desert. Its obvious advantage would be, that it might be rendered perfectly independent of vexatious interference by the government of Egypt, whether present or to come. We give the evidence of Captain Chesney first, since he corroborates, from an eye-sight survey, the practicability of this line.

"CAPTAIN CHESNEY, examined.

"What is the nature of the soil between Suez and the Mediterranean?—A hard pebbly soil forms the substratum, and on the surface there is a slight portion of light sand.

"Is there any verdure?—Where water is underneath, you see a very little; and water has since been found near Suez.

"Did you see any traces of the ancient canal?—Yes, for two or three miles from Suez it is sufficiently distinct.

"In what direction is it?—The direction is about north-west from Suez to Lake Menzaleh. This direction I take to be as well as I can remember about west; the canal probably joined the Nile higher than where Lake Menzaleh is at present.

"It is a hollow valley, is it?—Yes, it is a hollow valley, evidently artificial, but, the earth having worked down to a natural slope, it requires some examination to be sure that it is not a natural one.

"What width would it have been, do you suppose?—I did not measure it, but I think the width would be forty or fifty feet, perhaps more.

"Can you trace the old canal for no more than three miles of the entire distance?—I do not know, it was my object to ascertain the possibility of cutting a canal straight to Lake Menzaleh.

"Did you anticipate any difficulty from the nature of the soil in cutting that canal?—Not the least. I think it would not require walls; the soil is firm enough to remain."

Were the ancient canal opened according to the plan above proposed, with or without its northern branch, it would be open all the year round. In that case, the advantage gained would amount to this,—*the communication between England and Bombay, which now occupies a period, varying from four to six months, would then be accomplished in six weeks.*

It will now be requisite to consider, what other obstacles stand in the way of the accomplishment of a project which is at once advantageous and magnificent; since it will have the effect of bringing the "awful dependency," of British India, three times nearer to the mother country than it is at

present. We shall confine ourselves, for the purpose of simplifying the argument, to the interval of the passage between Bombay and Suez. With this object we detach, at present, from the consideration, the subordinate inquiry as to the most effectual mode of establishing a branch steam communication between Calcutta and Bengal, on the eastern side of the Indian peninsula; and Bombay and Madras on the western. The practicability of the communication may be fairly taken for granted, since it has been already experimentally proved. Again, for the same reason, we avoid going into any inquiry as to the advantage or disadvantage of the land-route from Cosseir to the Nile. That route will probably, at no distant time, come into conjoint operation with the grand route of British communication through Egypt with India. But there is no immediate probability of the rail-road, which has been talked of, being accomplished in that direction; and, at all events, the communication of steam navigation by a ship canal, the proper object of this inquiry, is in this case out of the question. Neither is it requisite for us to examine, at any great length, the feasibility of another water-communication between Bombay and the Mediterranean through the Red Sea, which came under the notice of the Select Committee on steam-navigation. We refer to the gulf of Akaba, which constitutes, as our geographical readers are aware, the eastern tongue of the Red Sea, as the gulf of Suez constitutes the western; both including within their embrace the peninsula of ancient Edom, and the sacred localities of Mount Sinai and Horeb. At the northern extremity of the gulph of Akaba stands the remnant of the ancient port of Ezion-Geber, that commercial sea-port, which the Pharaoh Shishak gave with his daughter in dowry to his son-in-law, Solomon. When Jerusalem was in its high and palmy state, this was its sea-port on the Red Sea;—this its commercial *entrepot* for communicating with the wealth of India. It was hence that Solomon's fleets, manned by Tyrian sailors, made their three years' voyages to the banks of the Indus and Ganges. It was hence that he derived that commercial wealth which enabled him to make "gold and silver as plentiful as the stones in Jerusalem." This port it has been proposed to restore. One of the most curious and interesting features of the present inquiry is the circumstance of the singular disposition of the moderns to desert the modern route to India, and return into the ancient channels of communication. It seems to be connected with one of the existing characteristics of the age, which cannot be more graphically described than in the

language of the prophecy: "the restoration of the old high-ways; the repairing of the breaches; and the building up of the foundations of many generations." Thus we have the Indian route, employed by Zenobia and Semiramis, contending for preference with the Indian route, employed by Sesostris, Solomon, and the "merchant princes" of Tyre. We give some extracts from the evidence of a ripe scholar and traveller, Mr. William Banks, who personally examined the line in question between Ezion-Geber and the Syrian fortified sea-port of El-Arish. Having prefixed to them the testimony of Mr. James Bird, as to its important impracticability, we may with these short quotations dismiss the present department of this inquiry:—

"JAMES BIRD, Esq., examined.

"Who made the report (of the gulf of Akaba)?—Lieutenant Wellstead, who has been employed under Lieutenant Moorsby, I think. He was sent up there, and his report has been transmitted to the branch Geographical Society at Bombay.

"What would be the port in the Mediterranean?—El-Arish. This is the ancient line of route from Ezion-Geber near Akaba to El-Arish or Rhinocuhara.

"If this route were followed, what port on the Mediterranean offers most advantages as a coal-depot for the steamer employed in carrying on the communication between the Syrian coast and Malta?—El-Arish or Rhinocuhara would be perhaps the most advantageous depot by this route to the Mediterranean; but I have no certain information regarding the convenience of it as a port. The town itself stands on an eminence among sand hills and clumps of palm-trees, distant from the sea about half a mile."

"W. J. BANKS, Esq., examined.

"Have you been at El-Arish?—Yes, I went to the port there; I went to look and see what sort of a place it was, and I found there was no lying there at all."

Having thus freed the argument from all divergency, abstraction, or impediment, which might be disadvantageous to its simplicity or its cogency, we proceed at once to a consideration of the voyage by steam-vessel from Bombay to Suez, reminding the reader that, if the canal be opened, as we suggest, there will be no land whatever to traverse during the six weeks' voyage to England. But difficulties subsist in the communication between Bombay and Suez. Let us examine the real character of those difficulties.

At the time when the evidence was given before the Select Committee on Steam-navigation to India, one class of these difficulties occupied a considerable portion of the time

of the Committee. The difficulty suggested was, as to the practicability of supplying coal with sufficient economy and in sufficient quantities to the steam-vessels employed in the intermediate station between Bombay and Suez. The distance between Suez and Bombay is two thousand nine hundred and ninety miles. Steam vessels built effectively for the voyage ought to have at least two hundred horse-power, and the best engineers concur in proportioning the amount of power to the amount of tonnage, in the ratio of one to three. A vessel of this class would consume a ton an hour. Without a station midway it would be impossible to build a vessel capable of containing the requisite quantity of coal. Stations midway were therefore proposed, one at Socotra, at the mouth of the Red Sea, the other at Aden, one hundred miles from the straits of Babel Mandel. Coals were to be sent to these depots from England.

Such was the nature of the inquiry before the Committee. We have stated it substantially, because it is not requisite to resume the inquiry, since it has been decided more effectually by practical experiment. The *Hugh Lindsey*, the *Falcon*, the *Forbes*, the *Parkhurst*, and other vessels, have cut the knot of the difficulty, by making repeated voyages between Bombay and Suez. To the last we have referred at the commencement of this article. This was one difficulty; the second class of the difficulties which occupied a large proportion of the time of the Committee was the practicability of establishing a permanent line of steam-navigation during the whole year on the Red Sea. The prevalence of the south-east monsoons, during a third of the year, was pleaded as one of those difficulties. The existence of coral-reefs, which abound on each side of the Red Sea, was pleaded as another. The last class of difficulty may be now said, by the continual voyage of steamers, to be partially obviated. We shall show, before we conclude the investigation, from trustworthy evidence, that the difficulty is merely imaginary. The objection drawn from the prevalence of the south-west monsoons is of a more formidable character, and consequently deserves a more prolonged investigation. We believe, however, that it will be found to be as baseless as the preceding. It is important, however, inasmuch as out of its supposed validity have grown the three counter-projects to which we have adverted;—and one of the most important of which remains to be examined by us in detail. We refer to the projected routes by Cosseir, by Akaba, and by the Euphrates. The routes by Cosseir and Akaba are suggested, as means of evad-

ing the formidable bugbear of the south-west monsoons; and one of the strongest pleas in favor of the Euphrates line is, that it will be available precisely during the four months when these monsoons render the navigation of the Red Sea impracticable.

Our belief is, that this supposed impracticability will be found to rest upon a presumption scarcely better founded than that which has taken for granted that the old canal of Sesostris could only be employed during six weeks or two months in the year. We find that the Egyptians, Scythians, and Jews, navigated the Red Sea in spite of the monsoons, and in spite of the coral-reefs, and why should not the moderns do so with their superior knowledge of navigation? It is our arrogance, we fear, and not our knowledge, which too often speaks in drawing these hasty conclusions. Upon a practical point, like this, there is nothing like the evidence of fact, of ocular testimony, or of sound information. Mr. T. L. Peacock, referring to this subject in the course of his evidence before the Select Committee of Steam-Navigation to India, gives the following unfavorable view of the Red Sea navigation between Bombay and Suez:—

MR. T. L. PEACOCK examined.

“Is the navigation by sailing vessels practicable both ways in all seasons?—There is no evidence of any sailing vessels going from Bombay to the Red Sea in the south-west monsoon that I have been able to find; the only instance I find of a departure for the Red Sea from Bombay was the 31st of July last, when the Company’s surveying-vessel, the *Tigris*, sailed for the Red Sea.

“What is the prevalence of the south-west monsoons?—From May to October; the difficult time from Bombay, according to Captain Wilson, is July, August, and September; he thinks May and part of June practicable, but not July, August, and September; others think that May and June are not practicable. The Arab vessels, that trade from the Red Sea to Bombay, go only in July, August, and September; they leave the Red Sea at those times, they generally make a round voyage; going to Calcutta, and elsewhere: they return with the north-east monsoon. I have asked many nautical men, and others, about the practicability of sailing vessels getting to the Red Sea in the south-west monsoon, and I have heard many assert, that it is very practicable, and has been often done; but I have never been able to get the name and date; I have heard it asserted, but never have been able to get a single instance. I remember a person exceedingly conversant with these things, when Captain Wilson’s pamphlet was first received here, saying that it is an erroneous opinion that you cannot get to the Red Sea in the south-west monsoon. I will bring you half a dozen instances to the

contrary in half an hour; he came to me in half an hour and said, that all the instances that he could find were to the Persian Gulf."

Having opened the subject by giving this unfavorable testimony, we will now oppose to it evidence of contrary character, which may be fairly allowed to confute it, whether we look to the number of concurring testimonies, to the weight and respectability of the witnesses, or to the fact, that the most valid of these witnesses are, unlike Mr. T. L. Peacock, eye-witnesses—travellers who have been on the spot, to which their evidence refers. We will take the evidence of Major Head:—

"MAJOR HEAD examined.

"What has been enumerated makes a total of 40,800*l.* for the entire annual expense for a monthly communication between England and India?—At Malta they will be connected with the government packets.

"Do you propose the vessels to go all the year round?—There is nothing, in my opinion, to prevent it, if it is required.

"During the monsoon?—In my opinion *there is nothing to prevent it.* I have looked into the correspondence in India upon the subject, and also into the best authorities upon the subject, such as Horsburgh. I will show that it is the opinion of certain persons who have cruized in those seas that there is nothing to prevent it.

"Did you ever make the voyage against the monsoon?—I never did.

"Do you think the vessel could go from Bombay to the Red Sea against the monsoons?—Decidedly I do.

"Will you give the Committee the names of the navigators who have done it?—It is the evidence of Captain Richards, who was examined before the Bengal Steam Committee. He had experience of steamers in several parts of the world, and had been in the Indian seas in the south-west monsoon; he saw no hazard in a steam-vessel making a voyage in the south-west monsoon. Then Captain Johnston, who commanded the *Enterprise*, and may be considered a good judge on this occasion, says, as far as his experience went, a good steamer would be able to make three miles and a half or four miles an hour against the monsoon: he believed the *Forbes*, or sea-going vessels of her description, would average six knots or six knots and a half throughout the year. Now, it may be explained to the Committee that the *Forbes* is not built or adapted for this voyage which she is to undertake in the south-west monsoon, as steamers provided for the express service would be.

"You have no doubt of the practicability of the voyage, have you?—*Not the least.*

"You have no difficulty in putting a sufficient quantity of coals on board a vessel for sixteen days, if it is required and thought necessary?—*Not at all.*

"MR. T. WAGHORN examined.

"Having given the subject of steam-navigation your consideration for some years, which in your opinion is the best mode of communication?—The Red Sea is the quickest.

"In giving your opinion, are the Committee to understand that you have personally surveyed the route by the Red Sea, and also the route by the Euphrates, or any other route?—I have surveyed an eye-sketch of the whole route by the Cape of Good Hope, and also of the Red Sea in all its bearings, but of the Euphrates I know nothing, and can offer nothing.

"Are the committee to understand by the expression 'eye-sketch' that you have yourself made the passage by the Cape of Good Hope?—I have made it five times.

"Have you ever known the passage made direct from Bombay to the Red Sea in the south-west monsoon?—No, not in the south-west monsoon, because the steamers in India are not calculated for it.

"Do you believe, taking into consideration the wear and tear which any steamer would be subjected to in that passage, it would ever be considered a desirable passage to contemplate as part of the permanent communication between India and Europe?—I have been in the king's steamers five trips up the Mediterranean in winter and in summer, and I think that no part of the south-west monsoon is to be found as bad as the weather of the winter in the Bay of Biscay or the British Channel. The *Enterprise* steam-vessel in the first year she arrived from England was employed part of the south-west monsoon in constant voyages between Calcutta and Rangoon, and upon referring to the records of the East India House this fact may be proved, which, beyond all doubt, shows that steam-vessels could go at any time.

"Do you steam all the way from Bengal to Rangoon, or do you depend partly upon your sails?—We steam there without sails, except a trysail to steady the ship, and sheeted amidships; but this trysail is only made use of when the weather is very tempestuous; at all other times no difficulty is found in going direct ahead against it.

"You say that this was in the *south-west monsoon*?—*Yes.*"

Captain Chesney himself (a hostile evidence) expresses (Select Committee Report, p. 39, sect. 161, 162,) a similar opinion. Captain Wilson, who has published a pamphlet on this subject, and who has been himself in a steamer in the Red Sea, says in that work, "It is not contended that the weather is so very bad in the south-west monsoon that a steamer cannot go to Suez against it;—this is Captain Wilson's opinion—but that the having to go so great a distance against strong breezes and a heavy sea would make the performance of the voyage as a regular thing productive of effects on vessels and en-

gines rendering constant repairs necessary, *unless they be constructed* of adequate strength and capacity for that *especial* purpose.

Admiral Sir P. Malcolm (p. 152, sect. 1778, Minutes of Evidence) concurs with Captain Wilson.

Our readers will, we apprehend, have read quite enough of evidence now to make up their mind. In summing up the evidence before the public jury we have thus constituted, we make no hesitation in coming to this conclusion, that the opinions that have been entertained respecting the difficulties of the Red Sea navigation, have, if they are not entirely fallacious, been inordinately exaggerated. For our part, we have no doubt that whatever difficulties there may be in the navigation would be readily conquered, by employing steam-vessels of adequate force and construction for the purpose, and by the ordinary skill, well-known science, and practised discipline, of British seamanship. It would be a libel on our countrymen to suppose that they would be found inferior to French seamen in navigating the Red Sea. We have not the slightest doubt that it may be rendered navigable the whole year. This, in fact, is the result to which the scientific men employed in drawing up the survey of Suez in the *Antiquités de l'Égypte* are led by pursuing the investigation to its result, namely, a modern communication between the Mediterranean and India. The most eminent men in the study and practice of nautical science whom France could select, were employed in drawing up the report in question. Admiral Rosilly was commissioned, in the frigate *Venus*, to examine the sea throughout its whole extent, and his report was, that trading vessels navigating the gulf were not exposed to more difficulties than are common to all narrow seas. Facts are better than arguments, and we can refer to facts upon this subject. The south-west monsoon blows from the end of May to October. Now any of our readers who are in the habit of reading papers, must have seen perpetual accounts in the French journals of intelligence brought to Marseilles from India to Suez, by steamers, during that very period. We have before us, while we write, a report in the *Courier Français*, November 24, reporting the arrival of the *San Spiridione*, from Alexandria. A steamer had arrived in October (about the time she quitted) at at Suez, from Bombay; she reported that there were several steamers then in the Red Sea.

From Alexandria, or Tineh, on the Mediterranean, the steam communication between England and Bombay presents no difficulties

whatever. The line of steam-packets between Falmouth and Malta might be with great ease extended to Alexandria. In estimating the expense of the communication on both lines between England and Suez, and Suez and Bombay, the funds derivable from passengers must always constitute an essential ingredient in the calculation. We are satisfied that the facilities of seeing the wonders of Egypt from India to this country, or *vice versa*, would soon bring in a considerable and augmenting return; and it is here worthy of remark, that all the opinions of the witnesses is, that a steam-boat established between Alexandria and Malta would, even in the first instance, pay its own expenses. The following is Mr. T. L. Peacock's estimate of the whole expense, whether to be defrayed by government or by company; and we have already stated in the commencement of this paper, that large subscriptions have been raised in India towards effecting the great and paramount object, whether set on foot by one means or by the other.

Mr. T. L. PEACOCK examined.

"What do you suppose would be the expense of adopting this plan?—I should think it would cost 100,000*l.* a year to maintain four steam-vessels, supposing we did every thing in our power in this country, and it were done in the most economical manner; if it were left to the governments in India, I think it would cost double that sum.

"Have you a calculation of the expense with you?—No, I have not; but I believe I can state the particulars. A vessel of 600 tons measurement might be built, completely fit for sea, at about 22*l.* a ton; that would be 13,200*l.*; engines of 160 horse power, with copper boilers, which they ought to have at that distance from this country, would cost 12,000*l.*, the establishment and provisions of the vessel would be 400*l.* a month; according to the Indian plan, they require a greater number of persons than in this country. The vessels require highly confidential men, men of naval rank to command them. The establishments and provisions would be 4800*l.* a year. The coals of the *Hugh Lindsey* have cost in every one of her voyages 5000*l.* on the average.

"What power is she?—160 horse power. Then there is the amount to be allowed as an annual charge for capital sunk, and interest and insurance and repairs and renewals, that is to say, an annual amount calculated to create and perpetuate the property. I have consulted many practical engineers upon the subject, and they are of opinion that this charge must be at least twenty-five per cent. on the cost of the vessels and engines; that it could not be less than that: twenty-five per cent. on 25,000*l.* would be 6250*l.*; if you put these annual charges together, 6250*l.*, 4800*l.*, and 5000*l.*, for each voyage, which,

supposing each of those vessels to make two voyages, is 10,000*l.*, for coals, the total would be 21,000*l.*; that is less than I said; but I should take a higher power, in the proportion of one to three: 200 horse power would add about 3,000*l.* to the cost of the engines. The expense of sending out the vessel under sail to India would be 1200*l.* Then there are agencies and incidental expenses of many kinds. It would not, therefore, be safe to assume less than 25,000*l.* per annum for the cost of each vessel; 100,000*l.* a year for four vessels."

With regard to this estimate of the expense, one only additional remark is necessary. It will have been seen that Major Head, in the course of that part of his evidence which we have extracted, estimates the whole annual expense of a permanent and regular monthly communication between London and Bombay at 41,000*l.* He moreover calculates that letters might be sent from London to Bombay by this channel, and answered in less than 100 days. Finally, our own opinion, founded on the evidence, is that the whole expense of the communication by the Egyptian route would be entirely refunded by returns from postage, freight, and passengers.

The German work which we have placed at the head of our article, which treats of steam navigation down the Danube from Vienna to the Black Sea, is interesting on account of the recent and practical information which it supplies on this head. We notice it principally because the line of steam navigation already effected on the Rhine and Danube may be readily continued to Constantinople, between which city there is already a steam communication by way of Smyrna with Trieste. The line might be advantageously made to extend from Constantinople to Suez, and thus continue, by means of the ship canals—southern or south-eastern—which we have proposed, an unbroken chain of water communication to India.*

* Considering that there are great objections in the way of its accomplishment, we have said nothing hitherto respecting a proposal made some years ago by the Right Honorable John Sullivan, for a branch route to steam up the Rhine, down the Danube, and so across to Trebizond, and thence to Bir, on the Euphrates. There are peculiar objections to this branch line, and all the objections which are fatal to the Euphrates line are of course fatal to this. It is, however, fair to say, that Mr. Sullivan's plan contemplates a branch steam communication from the Lower Danube to Constantinople. The following is Mr. Sullivan's calculation as to time.

If, as we have argued, on the authority of very sufficing evidence, the line from Malta to Suez would be likely to pay more than its expenses, by means of passengers who would be inclined to take advantage of the facilities offered for visiting the wonders of Egypt on their way to India; the financial argument of full return for outlay applies with still greater force to the extension of a line of steam packets from Vienna to Constantinople, and thence to the isthmus of Suez. The plan of a more interesting voyage could not be sketched. It may be fairly anticipated that foreigners going from the continent to India, and making Vienna a starting point, would avail themselves of the advantages and attractions of the Egyptian route, and thus contribute to the financial success of opening that line of communication. This route, moreover, we may pointedly say, would be Austrian, or rather *anti-Russian*. We make the following extracts from the work in question, since they throw a strong light on the practical character of this suggestion, and, moreover, supply some facts as to the present condition of steam navigation on the Danube, in the Adriatic, and the Levant, under the auspices of Austria, with which English readers are not generally familiar.

"Since the year 1818, a steam-vessel has kept up a regular communication between Trieste and Venice; and, in 1823, a vessel of this kind going up the Danube from Pest exhibited the yet unknown spectacle of steam navigation. Local, and partly technical, difficulties prevented the successful prosecution of steam navigation on that river, till Messrs. Andrews and Pritchard, English ship-builders at Venice, having obtained an exclusive privilege for three years for their improvement in ship building, and especially in building steam-vessels, launched in 1830 the Francis I., of sixty horse power, which at present plies between Pest and Moldavia. In the sequel, a company of shareholders took the privilege from the former holders, and prosecuted the matter with greater activity. By means of two steam-boats built for the purpose, of which the Pannonia, of thirty-six horse power, keeps up the communication

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| Up the Rhine by the Danube to Vienna | 12 days |
| To the Lower Danube and Black Sea | 7 |
| Across to Trebizond | 2 |
| Land journey to the Euphrates at Malatia | 10 |
| Descent to Bir | 1 |
| Ditto Bussora | 6 or 8 |
| Bussora to Bombay | 10 |
| London to Bombay | 50 |

between Presburg and Pest, and the Argo, of fifty horse power, that between Orsova and Gallacz, the company was enabled, in the beginning of 1835, to traverse the whole distance between Vienna and Gallacz.

"Important as is the introduction of steam navigation thus far only to commerce and industry; Austria, so rich in manufactures, and Hungary, so fertile in natural produce, may look forward to a still more prosperous period, so soon as the extension of steam navigation to the mouth of the Danube, and thence to Constantinople, determined upon by the above-mentioned society, is carried into effect. In unison with this plan, the steam-boat Maria Dorothea already navigates between Trieste and Constantinople by way of Smyrna."

We shall now proceed, without preface or circumlocution, to investigate the practicability of the rival route by the Euphrates. As in the Egyptian case, the investigation will render some preliminary antiquarian research necessary. The fact being substantiated of the ancient employment of either route, supplies a *prima facie* and experimental argument, that it is capable of being again employed for the same purpose by the moderns. Herodotus states that Babylon derived the greater part of its supplies by means of the navigation of the Euphrates from Armenia. He describes the vessels which conveyed those supplies down the river, states that they were very numerous, and estimates their average freight at about 5000 talents. Beloe translates the passage as if it meant 5000 talents in value, which, supposing the talents to be silver only, and not gold, would raise the value of the freight of each vessel to a million sterling; an interpretation, which, whatever views may be taken of the inordinate commercial wealth of ancient Babylon, then the *entrepot* of India, is too exaggerated to be accepted. The historian must unquestionably have meant talents in weight, and not in value, which would make the tonnage of the vessels equal to that of the largest sized barges on the Thames, namely, 128 tons. The historian adds in his most accurate narrative, and it will be found most scrupulously accurate as we proceed, that these boats were only constructed for the single voyage to Babylon. He states that it was *impossible* to return by Thapsacus (Deir), Racca (Ragga), and Bira (Bir) to Armenia, in consequence of the strength of the stream. These boats were either coracles on a large scale, or rafts floated on inflated skins. The coracle is described by Herodotus as a round boat, about ten feet in diameter, constructed of osiers or reeds, covered with bitumen, and impelled or guided by a single oar. When

these vessels brought their cargo to Babylon, according to Herodotus, the wood of which they were constructed was sold in the markets of that city, and the skins carried back by land on asses, which were conveyed in the boats for that especial object. Below Babylon, the river Euphrates was always sufficiently navigable to maintain a continual communication between that city, the Persian Gulf, and India.

The next classical account of the ancient navigation of the river to which we shall advert concerns an expedition on a large scale, and of a warlike, rather than of a commercial, character. The Emperor Trajan, having built his fleet at Nisbis, in Armenia, floated it down the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf. The Emperor Julian followed precisely in the track of Trajan. According to Ammianus Marcellinus, his fleet consisted of not fewer than 1100 vessels; of these, 1000 were vessels of burden; and of the remaining 100, 50 were vessels of war, and 50 were to be employed in constructing bridges. The historian, speaking of this great armament, graphically depicts it as "narrowing the bed of that widest of rivers, the Euphrates—*Classis latissimum flumen Euphratem arctabat.*" Beyond a doubt this statement, standing alone, would go far to show the facility of the navigation in ancient times, up to the sources of the river in Armenia. But that inference will be immediately checked by the statement, that it is equally navigable now from the high point in question, but only during a short interval of the year, namely, in May, when the river has risen to its full height of annual inundation. It was in May that the expeditions of Julian and Trajan began; and it is then that the river, which is ordinarily as broad at Babylon as the Thames at Lambeth, deserves the historian's designation of the broadest of rivers. But its depth, unfortunately, is never proportionate to its breadth; and in its declining and low season, it is not more, in forty or fifty places, than from two feet to a foot in depth, producing in some places fords, easily passed by men, horses, and camels; and in others whirlpools, rapids, and rocky shallows, which vessels having the slightest draught of water could not, without imminent danger, pass. To the foregoing ancient account of the navigation of the Euphrates we may add two brief facts; first, that the tower of Giber, built by Alexander, still attests a qualified navigation of the Euphrates, from that point down to Babylon, in the time of that conqueror; while the ruins of Zelebe, which still remain, near the point where Zenobia attempted to cross the fords of the river in her flight to Sapor from Aurelian, attest the

channel by which Palmyra anciently opened to herself that communication with the wealth of India, to which her gorgeous architectural relics of ancient greatness may be legitimately traced.

We come next to accounts, which modern historians have left, of the route from England to India, employed by merchants previously to the discovery of the passage by the Cape. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was the high road for travellers to India. There was a regular fleet of boats kept at Bir for the purpose of effecting that route; and it is on record, that many English merchants went by that route. It appears that the course they pursued was from England by the Mediterranean, to Latikea, on the coast of Syria. From Latikea they went across the desert 100 miles, to Bir, on the Euphrates, carrying their merchandize on the backs of camels, as is the case now. That merchandize they put on board the vessels at Bir, whence they went down the Euphrates to Felugia, thence to Bagdad, and thence by way of the Persian Gulf to India. The statements placed on record by some of the merchants of the 16th century, are curious and little known, and therefore worth a brief notice.

In 1579, Gasparo Balbi, a rich jeweller of Venice, travelled by caravan from Aleppo to Bir, and thence proceeded down the Euphrates to Bagdad, on his way to the East Indies. He embarked at Bir on the 16th of December, and reached Bagdad in forty-nine days, arriving at Bussorah on the 21st of March. He gives a particular description of the Arab towns on each side of the river, and especially describes the ruinous castle Zelebe, built by Zenobia for the purpose of commanding the navigation of the river; the ruined walls of the great tower of Babylon; the fountains of boiling pitch at Hit, and the water-wheels, provided with skin bottles, in the neighborhood of Babylon, as well as water-mills worked by oxen, "like in the water house in London, which empty themselves into water passages." It is curious that all these features of the banks of the Euphrates exist precisely in the same condition at the present day, and probably have done so from time immemorial. The other travellers of the 16th century, whether Italian or English, corroborate entirely the preceding curious narrative of the Venetian jeweller.

In 1574, Rauwolf, proceeded down the Euphrates from Bir to Babylon. He left Bir on the 30th of August, and reached Babylon on the 24th of October. According to him, the continental merchants, at that time trading with India, proceeded down the Euphrates from Bir to Bagdad, landed their goods at

Orpha, and thence went by land to Carehemit, on the Tigris, which was then the great depot of merchandize, and thence it was transported into the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. His troublesome voyage down the Euphrates to Babylon was infested the whole way by Arab robbers, of whose ingenuity and vigilance in the trade of plunder he gives a half-ludicrous and half-melancholy account. He also describes the ancient water-wheels employed for the purposes of irrigation, which exist now on the banks of the river, the same as they were in the time of Herodotus and the prophet Ezekiel. According to him, they were so numerous, that, when they were over against one another, they hemmed in the river, so as to make the mid-channel difficult of navigation. It appears that Rauwolf was as unfortunate with his three trading vessels in descending the Euphrates, as Captain Chesney has lately been; and the obstructions to the expedition of the former appeared to have arisen from the same cause; namely, shallows, rapids, and *stainklippen*,—sunken rocks. After the foremost ship had passed the shallows at Lemnun, the next ship, that of Rauwolf, which followed, struck upon a shoal. He says "that she not only remained stuck there, but the stream (which was striking with violence obliquely on their ship) caught us in such a way, that we also, being too near to the other vessel, and from the rapidity of the stream being unable to change our course, were driven on the same shoal. Our ship consequently came with such violence against their's, that their side planks were forced in by the shock, the water came into the vessel, and she was still deeper aground than before. But our ship, though she had received no damage, could not get forward, but stuck still faster than the other, and there remained just above." After considerable difficulty they succeeded in unlading the vessel, landing the goods, and getting both vessels afloat and under-weight again. They were, however, obliged to keep guard over the goods thus landed, with loaded rifles, and they were attacked in this position by a considerable force of Arabs, horse and foot, who attempted to seize the merchandize, and were only prevented by considerable resistance from effecting that purpose. The same process was repeated several times during their descent of the river. Whenever the continued series of shallows obliged them to land their goods in order to lighten their vessels, they were compelled to maintain the possession of them against large bodies of plundering Arabs by force of arms. Such is Rauwolf's description of the navigation of the Euphrates in his time; and we are sorry to

say, that the evidence taken before the committee demonstrates that it is not in the least improved at the present day, either with regard to the dangerous shallows of the river, or to the plundering faithlessness and violence of the Arab tribes.

Ralph Fitch, a merchant of London, accompanied by two other merchants, descended the Euphrates, from Bir to Bagdad, and thence to Bussorah, in 1583. They reached Bir by one of the usual modern routes from Tripolis through Aleppo. They bought a boat at Bir, and agreed with the master bargemen to go down to Babylon. The accounts of Fitch agree precisely with the preceding, as to the difficulty of the navigation and the continual molestation from the Arabs, who, says Fitch, are "great thieves, will come swimming to your vessel, steal your goods, and flee away." He says that it is dangerous to go without the company of other boats; "for in such a case, you would have much ado to save your goods from the Arabs;" and that it is necessary to keep a watch around the goods and boats all night. One of the most remarkable points of Fitch's description is his account of the rafts employed for conveying provisions from Armenia to Babylon. They are precisely those described by Herodotus; and the most recent travellers attest their employment up to the present day—a remarkable proof of the tenacity of customs in the primitive regions of the East, where the Arabs still dwell in the same black "tents of Kedar," poetically depicted by Solomon in "the Song of Songs." The pitched coracles of Babylon, and water "wheels with many eyes," have been before noticed. Fitch says that provisions are carried down the river upon rafts made of great skins, blown full of wind, with boards laid upon them. "On these they lay their goods, which being discharged at Babylon, they sell the timber, and open the skins, and carry them back on camels to serve another time."

John Eldrid, another English merchant, who, with six or seven other "honest merchants," followed the same route in 1583, concurs in almost every particular with the statements made by Fitch, Balbi, and Raewolf. He also mentions a peculiar mode of bringing provisions "from Mosul upon rafts, formed of inflated goat-skins. At Bagdad they use the rafts for fire-wood, let the wind out of their goat-skins, and carry them home by land." Manudrell, who was at Bir in 1699, confirms the preceding accounts on the two main points—the obstruction caused by the navigation, and the obstruction caused by the irreclaimable propensities of the plundering Arabs.

Warned by the narrowing limits of our

space, we shall proceed at once to the most authentic accounts of modern travellers, as regards the feasibility of the projected navigation with reference to both these most essential points. For this purpose, without wasting time and space with unnecessary circumlocution or intermediate argument, we shall at once lay before our reader the evidence of eye-witnesses—both members of our legislature—we shall give it in its most authentic form, as extracted from their statements made before the Select Committee on Steam Navigation:—

"WILLIAM JOHN BANKS examined.

"Had you much intercourse with the Arab tribes?—A good deal.

"What is your impression of their character?—Till Mohammed Ali was in possession of the country I think the navigation of the Euphrates would have been dangerous from the great Anayee tribes, and some of the inferior tribes on the banks.

"Should you think it would be easy to make arrangements with those tribes for security? I should imagine, from what I hear of the present state of the country, it would, as long as the present strong government exists.

"You are speaking now with respect of the strong existing government, are you not?—Yes, I speak of the government of Mohammed Ali.

"While you were there, should you have supposed it possible to make any previous stipulation with the Arab tribes along the banks?—I think very likely you might, by paying a tribute or custom, or whatever it might be. I do not know how far another hostile tribe might hold the engagement binding. The advantage of a strong government is, that you may treat with one person only, and he might secure you all the way.

"You would treat in this case with the ruling power, being a strong one?—Yes.

"The Turks' power is not strong, is it?—No, it is not strong on the Euphrates; all that district is nominally belonging to Turkey; the pashalic of Bagdad is comparatively a modern and precarious possession of Turkey.

"You spoke generally of all the Arab tribes, that are nominally under the Turks?—I speak of the Bedouins. It is of course easier to treat with any of the settled tribes, because, if they violate their engagement, they can be punished, but that is not the case with the wandering tribes.

"Could you trust the faith of the Arabs, after having made an engagement?—I think, as long as their interest goes hand in hand with their engagement, I could; but I am not sure I could answer for them much beyond that."

"JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, Esq., examined.

"The Committee understand you have been on the Red Sea and on the Euphrates?—I have.

"What is your view respecting those two routes?—My impression is, that the route by the Red Sea, would be attended with less difficulty than that by the Euphrates, to which any traffic actually carried through Egypt would be more or less subject. The difficulties by the way strike me as two-fold; the chief of these would be the predatory character of the Arabs on either side of that river. They are much more hostile and powerful on the western bank than on the other; but I believe there is no part of the Euphrates, from Bir all the way down to Bussorah, that is not more or less inhabited by tribes of Arabs, who make a point of attacking every boat or group of persons travelling by sea or land, where there is the least hope of booty. I remember particularly commanding a ship from Bombay to Bussorah upon the Euphrates; she measured nearly a thousand tons. There was no difficulty whatever in the navigation, but even in that large ship it was necessary to keep a strict double watch by night, and to exercise very great vigilance indeed to prevent the boats coming off and even pillaging the ship.

"How far did you go?—Only to Bussorah, and that is the safest part. I was going to add that, during my stay at Bussorah, which occupied between three and four months, I lived in the house of Mr. Colquhoun. The freight which we were to take to Bombay being chiefly treasure, the boats that came from Bagdad down the stream were every one of them attacked, and some twice or thrice in the way. Several men were killed belonging to these boats, and the assailing parties were also wounded. My impression was, during my stay there, that the insecurity on the Euphrates was greater than any other stream I remember to have been upon.

"What year was that?—It was the year 1817: then, besides the difficulty in that route from those causes, the land-journey from Bir to Aleppo, and from Aleppo to either of these three places, Scanderoon, Antioch, or Latakia, would be exceedingly difficult for a rail-road, because of the very hilly nature of the tract throughout. From Bir to Aleppo is hilly all the way; from Aleppo to Scanderoon is less hilly than from Aleppo to Antioch, or to Latakia. I should say that either of those routes would be quite impracticable for a rail-road, and if a rail-road be not established, there is no other mode for the conveyance of goods, except on camels or on horses, which of course is both slow and expensive.

"Have you been by the Euphrates above Bussorah?—I have crossed it at Bir. I remained at Bir several days. I should observe, that the rapidity of the Euphrates in its upper part would be very detrimental to steam-navigation. The current, I remember distinctly, at Bir went at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

"What time of the year was it?—In summer, about May and June, that was in the dry season. In the autumn the floods were more violent: I remember we started in a boat with passengers from the western bank, and made

every exertion to get across in a straight line, and we were carried at least a mile from the town of Bir before we reached the eastern bank.

"To which of the two routes do you think the political and commercial advantage is inclined?—I should not think there was much difference in that respect; all the commercial advantages of the Euphrates are already attainable by the trade between India, Bussorah, and Bagdad, as far as the sale of British merchandize is concerned. The difficult and expensive route for conveying merchandize by the way of Scanderoon to Bir would, I think, offer very little opportunity for the introduction of British manufactures; and the returns of the country, being all bulky articles, would also incur a disproportionate expense in their conveyance. It is found that the traffic from Calcutta and Bombay to Bussorah and Bagdad, in British manufactures, is considerable, these points being depots to which purchasers from the surrounding country repair to buy what they need.

"Do the boats go safely upon the river?—No, they are continually attacked.

"Are they considerable in numbers?—They are very considerable in numbers.

"Supposing a steam-communication established on the Euphrates, do you think that families returning to Europe from India, if accompanied with ladies and children, would be induced to take that route, or to prefer the voyage by Egypt?—I should think that they would prefer the voyage by Egypt to that by the Euphrates."

All the witnesses examined before the Committee take a similar view of the scarcely superable difficulties which beset the line of the Euphrates. Mr. Buckingham's evidence leads us at once to a consideration of the commercial advantages derivable from the establishment of the Euphrates line. Captain Chesney, and the advocates for the line, admitting its difficulties, have argued much in its favor, on the score of its commercial as well as political advantages. With an examination of these, as compared with the Red Sea route, we shall be thus enabled, in adherence to the line we have chalked out in commencing this paper, to bring the investigation to a complete and, perhaps we may add, a satisfactory conclusion.

Captain Chesney does not pretend that, even should the present experimental expedition be found sufficiently successful, the communication of this line between England and India will be quicker than by the Red Sea. The expenses are calculated as pretty nearly the same, in order to keep up a monthly communication on the Euphrates line, by means of steamers adapted for the river and the sea, as in the case of the Egyptian line. Captain Chesney also, like Mr.

T. Waghorn, calculates that the return from postage, passengers, freightage, &c. will pretty nearly under good management, pay the expenses. We, however, have the same doubt as Mr. Buckingham, whether female, or even male, passengers would be found to run the gauntlet of the Euphrates line, (even supposing that the obstructions of the river may be mastered by adequately built steamers,) through the various intractable tribes of Arab thieves.

On the other hand, the Egyptian line presents great features of attraction even to female travellers. Mrs. Lushington's testimony shows the agreeable facility of the Egyptian line, even when there are one hundred miles of desert to traverse. Were the ancient canal opened, as we have suggested, we cannot conceive any voyage more agreeable or more attractive than the voyage through Egypt either to female or male passengers. There would be no occasion to land, except for the pleasure of the parties, between Bombay and London. No more than a transit commerce can be expected from the opening of either line, and we agree with Mr. Peacock, in thinking that no great increase of commercial advantage, as far as the trade of intermediate countries is concerned, can reasonably be expected. There is a great trade carried on now between India, Bussorah, and Bagdad, which is not likely to be increased by the mere transit of packet-steamers. Such is the opinion of Mr. Gideon Colquhoun, who long resided at Bussorah, and no one is more competent to give an opinion on the subject. To expect any great advantage to our commerce from the Arab tribes, which line both sides of the river from Hit to Bir, is an absolute chimera; they always will consider it a point of religious duty to maintain their right of plunder.

Now, comparing the Euphrates line with the Egyptian line, there appears to be much greater probability of opening new or advantageous vents for our commerce, either by a passage through the heart of the Pasha's dominions, or through the more independent line, which proposes to traverse the isthmus of Suez in a northerly direction to Lake Menzaleh. And here, by the way, one part of the comparison between the two lines must never be lost sight of. There are two feasible proposals for getting rid of land-transit by ship-canal on the Egyptian line. On the Euphrates line there must always be one hundred and twenty miles of mountainous land transit from Scanderoon to Bir, and passengers must submit to the inconvenience of four days travelling on the backs of camels and mules, unless the project of a railroad or canal for uniting the Orontes with

the Euphrates—of which there is not the slightest probability at present—should be accomplished. Mr. Banks moreover attests danger to exist as well as obstruction on this line from the Kurds.

It is requisite, also, in drawing the above comparison that as far as the Red Sea is concerned there is great probability of opening new and increasing vents for our commerce, both on the African and Arabian shore of that sea. As a proof of this we need do no more than make the following extract from a portion of the evidence of Major Head, on this peculiar department of the subject, merely remarking, that Admiral Sir P. Malcolm concurs with Major Head, (p. 159, sect. 1804.) Mr. James Bird, of the Bombay medical establishment, also speaks of the advantages to be derived by spreading our traffic with the inhabitants of Barbara and Ajam:

"Do you conceive there would be much commerce by steam in the Red Sea?—Yes, at the depot at Adan, Socotra, and Camoran, it would be very great; we know that in former days not less than ten to twelve European vessels went annually up the Red Sea, and in the present day there are none at all.

"What do you mean by former days?—At the time we had a resident there.

"How long ago is that?—Probably twenty years ago. I should wish, upon that subject, to give an opinion from what I consider the best authority, which is Mr. Salt. In reference to Abyssinia, he considers that Massoua, which is immediately opposite to the island of Camoran is the inlet to that country, and that, if the natives came in contact with Europeans to traffic, a considerable demand would shortly arise for both English and Indian commodities, which, though not in the first instance of any great importance, might still form a valuable appendage to the trade of Mocha, but it is necessary to mention here, that Mocha is now the emporium for trade, because Sohera, near Camoran, is entirely given up by Europeans, and the barter would, to a great extent, go to Camoran, in case we established a depot of trade there. Mr. Salt also observes, it would be of incalculable advantage to the Abyssinians themselves; it would open the means of improvement and civilization, and might lead to a diffusion of civilization, if not of Christianity, through a great portion of Africa. At Massoua the duties were, in Mr. Soult's time, in 1809, 20,000 or 30,000 dollars annually, which at 10 per cent. made the value of imports 250,000 dollars annually. This, he thought, would undoubtedly admit of considerable increase. A ship might arrive at the end of May, and leave the Red Sea in August. Mr. Salt also gives a manifest of the cargo of a ship which he came home in from Mocha, and which, from a rough estimate, is valued at about 40,000 pounds, the articles were principally

gums, coffee, senna leaves, indigo, frankincense, gall-nuts, barilla, hides, and skins.

"With reference to the trade of Abyssinia would not a station on the other coast be more advantageous?—When I was at Camorran I found a considerable trade from Africa to that place; they were coming there to endeavor to pick up, which they did with great difficulty, such articles of cutlery and light clothing as they could.

"Is the navigation good?—Yes, the navigation must be good, for the vessels that sail in those seas are most miserably constructed for bad weather; they have an immense sail, with a yard the length of the vessel, and of course, if there is the least bad weather, it is totally unmanageable.

"Provided there be periodical visits by steamers to the Arabian Gulf, a considerable trade will arise upon the Abyssinian and the Arabian coast?—I have entered, in the course of the journal I have made, that there was a great desire, indeed, for trade, and the people were suffering under the greatest difficulties for want of European articles. I should wish to mention that what comes to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and to the borders of the Indus, is carried by overland routes from the north. You would, in a great degree, change the nature of things, and withdraw an immense deal of influence that is now existing between the northern powers and our possessions in India."

We have the more insisted on the singular coherency of the accounts of all travellers of the Euphrates route, because it tends to demonstrate that, even under the most favorable circumstances,—including the overcolored description of the great fleet of Julian,—the navigation of the Euphrates has never been an upward but only a downward navigation. The vessels were constructed only for a single voyage; the rapids in the high flood, and the shallows in the low flood of the river, preventing a return. Its traffic must remain physically and morally restricted.

We are quite willing to admit that, provided that a canal or railway-communication could be accomplished between the Orontes and the Euphrates, the comparison between the two routes would become more equal. It is probable that at some distant time a design of that kind may be accomplished: in that case both the ancient routes to India would be contemporaneously employed, and would, doubtless, entirely supersede the present circuitous route by the Cape. We are also quite willing to admit that there is a period of the year, during May, June, July, and August, when the Red Sea navigation, though not impracticable, is less practicable than during the other months. Now, it is a most curious natural fact, that the four months during which the Red Sea is less practicable

are precisely the four months during which the Euphrates is most practicable. There appears no reason, therefore,—provided there were a parity between all the advantages and disadvantages of both routes,—why both routes should not be used at the same time; the advantages of one compensating for the disadvantages of the other, and thus rendering an accelerated communication between England and India unobstructed and permanent during all the months of the year.

To this ultimate decision, founded on a commercial comparison between the two routes, we should, for the reasons aforesaid, therefore, be induced to come—in conjunction with the recommendation of Dr. Lardner and others. But there remains that comparison between the political advantages of the two routes which we have professed to leave for our conclusion; and we fear that the political comparison will be still more disadvantageous to the Euphrates' route than the commercial. It is indeed doubtful to us, and we think it will appear so to the reader, whether a candid examination of the Euphrates' route, under a political point of view, may not be condemnatory of the employment of the Euphrates' route altogether.

We thus come to the last division of the comparison we have instituted between the two routes to India,—namely, their relative political advantages; and we feel ourselves at liberty to dismiss that investigation in a few sentences. Mr. T. L. Peacock, in his examination before the committee, uses the following argument in favor of the Euphrates' line.

"Would there be any political or other advantages in our opening the line of the Euphrates?—I think it would be highly serviceable, if possible, to prevent Russia pre-occupying it and excluding us; it would be exceedingly easy for Russia to follow the steps of Trajan and Julian,—construct fleets in Armenia and float them to Bussorah: they have the possession, at least the command, of the Armenian part of the Euphrates now.

"Would there not be more danger to be apprehended from the Russians, from their making use of the Oxus and Caspian, than by making use of Bussorah, where they would be met by the nation which happens to have the pre-eminence at sea?—But the pre-eminence at sea is not a talisman, it is to be kept up by constant watchfulness and the exertion of adequate force. I know there is danger by the Oxus, but there is also danger by the Euphrates, and I would stop both doors if I could.

"You adverted to that subject in your examination before the East India Committee, have you turned your attention to it since?—Yes; I see no reason to alter the opinion I then gave. The first thing the Russians do when they get possession of, or connection

with, any country, is to exclude all other nations for navigating its waters. I think, therefore, it is of great importance that we should get prior possession of this river."

It is indispensable to state, that the above views of Mr. T. L. Peacock derive their weight from the value of his own opinion solely as it thus stands in the evidence. But the opinion of Mr. Peacock is obviously suggested or founded on an opinion which Captain Chesney had developed with more complete detail in a memoir upon the subject presented to the House of Commons. In that memoir he urges the necessity of counteracting the designs of Russia in the East, as his chief argument for opening the line of the Euphrates. But in that memoir he has the tact and sagacity to perceive that the argument which he employs is two-edged,—that it cuts both ways,—and that, in fact, it cuts the main ground from under his own proposition. It is clear that he saw that the expedition would at once furnish a clue to Russia, and easy means of employing it in accomplishing her desired route to India. He trembled, and justly, for the consequences of drawing her attention to a gate to India, the keys and fastenings of which were in her own hand, and which she had nothing to do at any convenient moment but to push open and take advantage of the prepared access. These are his words :—

"I declined the favorable offers I had to publish an account of my voyage down this most interesting stream, endeavoring instead to place the subject exclusively before government in such a way as would give ministers the free opinion either to open the navigation or to leave matters pretty much as they were, without telling too much to the world about the real state of this interesting stream, which, in fact, presents the easiest possible route for a Russian force to threaten India."

The drift of this statement is to demonstrate the advantage of anticipating Russia, by opening the line of the Euphrates. According to our own view, it would precisely have the opposite tendency to that which is proposed. Does it follow that we should exclude Russia from using the line of the Euphrates by employing it ourselves? Should we not rather suggest to her the use of that line, or prompt her to exclude us? If, indeed, we could exclude her from the line, with a view to prevent her employing it as a means of Indian aggression,—blindly suggested by Captain Chesney, and by a much abler man, Mr. T. L. Peacock,—of what avail would that be, while she has a line of communication equally good and equally ready by the

Caspian and the Oxus? It would be useless closing one gate, if both gates could not be closed. But are we likely to close the one gate by the Euphrates' Expedition? We doubt it extremely; on the contrary, the tendency of that expedition is to clear the way for some future expedition down the Euphrates on the part of Russia. It is perfectly well known that Napoleon, in collusion with Alexander, meditated the conquest of India, by pursuing this track. Russia has succeeded now to the designs of Napoleon upon India, and it is not probable she will relinquish her rights of heirship. But there is a consideration connected with our Euphrates' expedition, which is of grave and pressing importance. She possesses the forests of Armenia, and the sources of the Euphrates—the very means employed by the Emperors Trajan and Julian for invading India. She is already preparing to take advantage of those means. It is when the Euphrates is at its height that an armament can be easily floated down the river into the Indian sea. What is to hinder her next May, or any subsequent May, from following the track of the powerful and successful expedition of Julian from Nisibis? The classical reader will recollect Marcellinus's description of it, which we have previously quoted. The armament might well be said to compress the bed of the river, since it consisted of 1100 vessels, comprising vessels of war and vessels of burden.* What is to hinder Russia at any time from taking advantage of the new gate to India, which Captain Chesney's abortive and miscalculated expedition has so accommodatingly opened for her, and establishing herself at Cape Jaske, on the eastern point of the Persian Gulf? It is known that in 1812 the Russian war alone prevented Napoleon from descending the river and occupying Bussorah as a pivot of operations against India. "Bussorah is a good port, and would make an excellent dock-yard and *place d'armes*, whence an enemy might easily extend himself to Cape Jaske, in the immediate neighborhood of the Indies. It should moreover be borne in mind, that Mohammed Ben Kassim did in fact reach India by this direction in the year 1677 of the Hegira." We quote Captain Chesney.

This is an important consideration, even in a speculative point of view, but we refer to it now in a practical point of view. We

* *Classis latissimum flumen Euphratem arcebat, in qua mille erant onerariæ navæ, ex diversâ trabe contextæ, commeatus abunde ferentes, et tela, et obsidionales machinæ; quinquaginta aliæ bellatrices; totidemque ad compaginandos necessariæ pontes. — Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxiii. cap. 3.*

can inform those whom it may concern, that Russia is already preparing to turn Captain Chesney's experiments, and her own superior means, to account. Napoleon, with the combined sagacity of a man of genius and a man of business, when speaking of Russian encroachments, in the Isle of St. Helena, predicted that in thirty years Europe would become either Calmuc or Republican. Those years are rapidly elapsing, and every day of their lapse proves the consummate foresight of the imperial prophet. We are daily drawing nearer to that period of crisis, when there must be a second Cheronean conflict between Scythian despotism on the one hand, and European civilization on the other. May it terminate more auspiciously—may it terminate differently—from that great struggle in which Demosthenes was on one side, with all the Republican institutions of the world,—with all the intellect of intellectual Greece,—and with all the aspirations of the human race; on the other, a barbarian despot from the north, with his army of military serfs,—with his chains of unconditional submission both for body and mind,—and with his designs of one universal empire of military oppression. We have better auguries of the result.

ART. V.—*Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise, et Considérations sur le Génie des Hommes, des Temps, et des Révolutions.* Par M. de Chateaubriand. 2 tomes, 8vo. Paris, 1836.

THE Viscount de Chateaubriand is a very considerable man. His rank, his literature, his adventures, and his occupations, render him an object of interest. They would have rendered him an object of interest in the court of Francis I. He there would have filled the bosoms of the warriors with Italian gallantry, and of the dames with Italian sentiment. In the train of St. Louis, he would have been foremost among the chivalry of the crusades. Returning from the Holy Land, he would have made the most glowing of troubadours. Thrown into the world a century or two after our own, he would deify the steam-engine, rove in sublime solitude over land and sea, steering his own balloon, chant a voyage to the moon, and write a captivating novel on the fate of two lovers in the evening-star. His life, his feelings, and his pen are essentially romantic. He sees all things through Claude Lorraine glasses. Earth, sea, and sky, must be all one purple. All must be dazzling, intense,

brilliant,—or all solemn, mysterious, and profound. His heaven must have neither sunrise nor twilight. All must be the blaze of noon, or the depth of that hour which goblins make their own. He is a man “of imagination all compact.” Yet he adds a class beyond Shakspeare's. He is neither “the lover, nor the poet, nor the lunatic,” but the Frenchman.

M. de Chateaubriand, if he could submit to the restraints of history, ought to write his own. Yet his history would not be in fetters. It would be the narrative of a vivid spirit, thrown into a strange career, first floating over the ruins of a great monarchy,—then buried in the obscure toils of life,—then speeding its way to the wilderness, until the hour when it returned to take its share in the most magnificent of all illusions; and at last, when that illusion vanished, like shadows lost in night, calmly folding its wings, and resting in philosophic retirement, with its eyes fixed on the remote and lofty stars of literature.

M. de Chateaubriand seems to be sensible that he owes his memoirs to the world. The man by whose wisdom his fellow men can be taught, or by whose weakness they may be warned, whose successes can give courage to the timid, or whose failures can administer prudence to the bold, should feel that his experience is a tribute due to posterity. M. de Chateaubriand has from time to time allowed some sketches of his career to come into the world's hands; but they have been less given, than suffered to escape, have less displayed the willingness of a full memory to disburthen itself for the pleasure of mankind, than the negligence of a mind unconsciously telling its own secrets, and then lapsing into silence as unconsciously once more. From those fragments we may glean that he is now about sixty years of age;—that he has wandered over half the world, reaping many a lesson of sweet and bitter experience; and that he is at length withdrawn from all the struggles of ambition; looking to books for the tranquillity which he has been unable to find among men; and taking a philosophic refuge from the darkening prospects of the French monarchy in the exercise of a pen fertile, vivid, and eloquent beyond that of any other living writer of his country.

M. de Chateaubriand is the representative, we hope not the final representative, of an ancient French family. A noble by birth, and still more so by nature, he came into public life at the commencement of the Revolution. There, like every manly and generous spirit of his order, he took the side of the throne. But that throne was no longer to be upheld by man. The hour-glass of the Bourbon monarchy had long been turned;

and the brief period that was to elapse before its last sands ran out was to exhibit only the waste of loyal blood, the infatuation of a court destined to be undone, and the fury to which a people may be stirred by the hot poison of revolution. When will the writer arise, to whom is to be delegated the great duty of giving the true picture of that Revolution to the world? We acknowledge with pleasure the force and fidelity of Mr. Alison's work on the subject. It is by far the ablest historical performance of the century; exhibiting remarkable diligence, without loss of spirit, and doing impartial justice, on higher principles than have hitherto been announced in history. While Hume writes like the man of the world, Gibbon like the infidel of the closet, Robertson like the Scottish professor, and Hallam like the lawyer's clerk, Alison writes like the *Christian* scholar, orator, and philosopher. But the subject is of such vastness and variety, so capable of being illustrated by minds of all degrees of vigor, and still so dependent on elucidations, themselves hidden deep in local character, in personal recollection, and in native sensibilities, that we shall not be satisfied, until we see the whole subject again shaped by some powerful mind of France. We desire, like the old Greek travellers in Egypt, to see not merely the magnitude and pomp of the temples, but the depths of the tombs within; not merely to hear the voices from the oracles, but to tread the secret passages, and witness the actual speakers of the words, which from the shrine struck the hearts of the people. France, nationally, should undertake this work. Men of talent in any country may gather the fragments, and compound them into an imposing figure; but the truth of likeness will still be unattainable. The articulations of the frame may be all complete; but all that we shall have can be no more than a semblance of life. Like the prophet's vision, the valley of the dead may be uncovered by the hand of labor; but something higher still must be invoked before they can be more than skeletons, and come up, instinct with life, bone to his bone.

If M. de Chateaubriand could chastise the effervescence of his style, extinguish the Bourbon lamp, which throws its colored flame over his paper, let in the light of day upon his study, and resolve to see things by the eyes of his understanding, he, of all men living, would be the writer whom France should send forth as the historian of her last half century. He has feeling, ardor, and eloquence for the task. He might have knowledge. He ought to have inclination. But, to fit himself for this noble effort, he must abjure the besetting sins of his style and of

his country. He must be neither the Democritus nor the Heraclitus; he must abandon the gaiety which in the Frenchman so simply glides into grimace, and the love for sorrow, which as simply glides into torture. He must forswear his magic lantern, abandon the delight of developing monsters on the wall, and disdain to fill his sheet with picturesque extravagance. His English discipline should teach him the value of soberness, tranquillity, and truth. And, thus prepared, let him throw aside critiques and essays, scorn to waste his faculties on either the strength or feebleness of centuries dead and gone, start on his feet, and gird himself up for the race of historic immortality.

When the unfortunate Louis perished, Me de Chateaubriand followed the course of the French nobles, and took service in the army of Condé. Why has he neglected so fine a subject for his pen? The anxieties, the unhappy intrigues, the hereditary jealousies, the indefatigable courage, the desperate battles, and the final ruin of that most disastrous, brave, and ill-used *élite* of the French nobility, demand and deserve such an historian.

On the dispersion of the army, he wandered through Germany; and from Germany came to England, then the common refuge of the broken fortunes of France. The national hospitality at that period was suitable to the national character,—wise, liberal, and comprehensive; but what liberality can extend to every case of misfortune, where that misfortune extends to a people? There must be some neglected, from want of knowledge, and some from narrowness of means;—some who disdain to solicit, and some who, in the importunities of others, are forgotten. This portion of the exile's history must be left to his own pen. How the man of genius subsists in adversity should be told only by himself. But the abilities by which he has signalized himself in his days of prosperous fortune could scarcely have been suffered to lie dormant in his day of necessity; and we may fairly conjecture that his authorship, however secret, was not inactive. Some time before his residence in this country, he crossed the Atlantic to the United States. Whether he found the popular dreams of republican perfection realized in the government, or not, he seems to have found little to charm him in his reception by the people. The man whose sensibilities shrink from Europe will probably not find much to soothe them in any other region of the globe; and the Frenchman, soon satisfied with the raptures of a democracy, turned his steps to the forests. Power and grandeur are the offspring of nature, before she has been disturbed by

man. In the untamed majesty of those solitudes his imagination expanded, and perhaps even his taste was refined. The lesson which could be taught by neither the gaieties of the court, nor the struggles of the field, was unconsciously impressed by silence and self-communion. And in the wilderness were formed those faculties which were destined yet to restore the fallen loyalty of France; to combine ardor of invention with moral dignity; and to adorn the literature of his country with works, of whose brilliancy she might boast, without raising a blush on the cheek of her virtue.

At length the announcement that the throne was restored in France drew the eyes of all her exiles to a land whose enjoyments and elegancies appear to fix an indelible impress on the memory of the Frenchman. The character of Napoleon was forgotten in the rapidity of his elevation. The means by which he rose were not suffered to divert the eye from the dazzling evidence that France had been raised along with him. If the foundation of his throne was built of the wrecks of the monarchy and the republic, incapable of uniting, and sure to give way to the first hostile hand; they were covered with the folds of a royal mantle so vast and so splendid, that, between those who admired and those who were blinded, between the worshippers of success and the slaves of fear, Europe, for the time, forgot its resistance in its homage.

The emigrants, summoned to return by the wise policy of the Emperor, crowded back to France. The court of Louis the Sixteenth had been revived, with still more imposing splendor. The old life of the noblesse was restored, but only with more vigorous excitement and manlier demands on their individual faculties. The men who, in the days of the monarchy, would have wasted their lives in the languid pursuits of overwrought pleasure, were now stimulated to salutary effort by public employments; by the demands made upon their energy in the midst of a generation reared in struggle; and by the prospects of that military and diplomatic ambition, which found a high-road made from the Tuileries to every capital and cabinet of Europe.

In those days all were enthusiasts who were not philosophers, and how small a portion have been philosophers in any age? Chateaubriand followed the stream of the French nobility in this return to its old channels. For a while his imagination betrayed him into the general allegiance to the extraordinary man who governed France. But he did not bow ignobly. Napoleon's habits held out a powerful attraction for the mind

of a poet. Remote, stern, and solitary, he suffered nothing of his grandeur to be diminished by the common-place intercourse of mankind. Hidden from public view in a circle of statesmen and soldiers of high fame, he was almost wholly invisible to the popular eye, except on some great and chosen occasion, when he emerged from this living cloud, prepared to dazzle and perplex all minor curiosity by his full splendors. His private life was shrouded in mystery. His public life consisted of those overwhelming bursts and profound obscurations which heightened each other's effect, and alike bewildered the general mind. One great purpose of his conduct was evidently to make the feeling universal that he was not a man like other men; that he was gifted with other and loftier faculties, and made to accomplish bolder and more extended designs—that he was less a statesman than a governing mind; less a general than a genius of war; less a man than a destiny. His idea of a Napoleon "star," even if it originated in charlatanism, may have grown upon such a mind, and shaped such a destiny. There is no stimulant of human powers so vivid as the belief that some high achievement is yet to be wrought by those powers. The mind which thinks itself made only to creep on the ground will never start upon its feet. All men of capacious intellects instinctively love to think that those intellects are given for more than the common career of life. They delight to believe themselves urged on by some resistless hand to the labors and triumphs of greatness; to rank themselves, in some sense, with those high agencies which, invisible in their nature, yet palpably mould and urge the course of human things; to have some associate nature and kindred impulse with those resistless beings who "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm." Napoleon's mind was less European than Oriental. His singular subtlety, his remorseless vindictiveness, his disregard of human life, were as Oriental as his passion for pomp, his haughty abstraction, and his rage of absolute power. He always had the vastness of Oriental conquest before his eye. The triumphs of European war were trivial to him; his genius of battles was a colossus, with one foot on Europe and one on Asia; Tamerlane and Jenghiz Khan, sweeping half the world with their tempest of cavalry, were his models; and, at the first moment in which he found himself at the head of an independent army, in the invasion of Egypt, he sketched a plan of conquest stretching from Africa over Asia Minor on the one hand, and Hindostan on the other; his banner was to concentrate the horsemen

of the South and the North, and then, with his trumpet sounding at once to the Nubian and the Tatar chivalry, he was to march his unnumbered columns on Europe and unite Paris with Calcutta and Peking.

No man can ever inflame the imaginations of others without first inflaming his own. The blood must glow in the heart, before it can kindle the extremities. If France was made an enthusiast by Napoleon, it was because her inspirer believed in his own inspiration. They all drank of the same mingled cup of fire and blood, and all were alike maddened by the libation. But this was for the later periods of their career. In the beginning all was triumph without toil. France was a temple of victory, to whose high altar nothing approached but the tributes and tributary kings of rival empires. The nation were the joyous gazers on a perpetual succession of the perpetual fruits of victories crowding on each other. The trumpet and the shout which proclaimed the coming of one glittering pageant were scarcely heard from one quarter of the horizon, when they were followed and eclipsed by the acclamations of another from the opposite region. But of this it was our fortune to see the catastrophe. The day of pageants was to be fearfully recompensed by the day of sacrifices. The lightnings which France, at once emulating and contemning the powers of Heaven, had launched at all nations, were at length gathered for vengeance, and launched from a loftier hand and with a more unerring aim. The popular passions by which she had conquered in the commencement of the revolutionary war were turned against her; the plunder of the people, the infinite insults to domestic life, the pauperism, bankruptcy, and wretchedness which had followed her track through Europe, like attendant fiends on the steps of some mighty minister of evil, consummating the havoc of war, all rose in retribution. With the fate of the necromancer in the Arabian tale, the spirits by which she had so long domineered rebelled against her, threw off their slavery for shapes of strength and terror, and, driving her into the last retreat of her splendid but demon palace, showered her with penal fire.

M. de Chateaubriand, after an interval of leisure, applied himself vigorously to literature, and produced the principal of those works which have founded his fame. But times were at hand which required exertions of a more hazardous, yet a more effective, order. The armies of Europe were pressing on the French frontier. Their war was against Napoleon; their peace was for France. The nation was weary of bearing,

like an elephant, the war trappings and arms of a chieftain who drove it madly through the field, careless alike of trampling down friends and enemies. Long forgotten recollections revived. France remembered with returning loyalty the days of peace and opulence which she had enjoyed before she was seized with the frenzy of revolution. But Napoleon, though broken, was still powerful; the hook was in the nostrils of the Leviathan, yet he was not to be approached without danger from his dying strength. In this crisis, the Viscount de Chateaubriand gallantly defied the hazard, threw himself forward at the head of public opinion, and in his eloquent and powerful pamphlet, "*Bonaparte and the Bourbons*," proclaimed the ancient line of the monarchy.

Another revolution has followed. The Bourbons, relying on the priesthood, in a country where the priesthood itself had fallen into scorn; counting on the noblesse, whom they had coldly neglected; and taking the voice of courtiers and chamberlains for the voice of the nation; suddenly found themselves enveloped in a new state of things. Political peril was every where round them. Rash advisers, alienated friends, a perplexed ministry, and a pauperized priesthood, were the last elements of their strength. Those giddy voyagers in the political balloon of their own luckless inflation had floated on, with clouds above and clouds below, the one confusing the light of day, the other hiding the earth from their eyes, until they suddenly found the atmosphere cleared round them, only to show that they hung over a region of which they knew nothing. To reach the ground in safety was discovered to be altogether beyond their skill; to remain where they were was only to expose themselves to the first flash of the storm; and their only alternative was, to give way to the chance of the time, and be swept into returnless exile.

With the ruin of the Bourbon cause, their ablest champion felt that his political career was involved. M. de Chateaubriand retired to his study; and, declaring himself alike weary of the toils of public life and contemptuous of its rewards, thenceforth devoted his accomplished mind to the duty of at once illustrating his country by his personal labors, and stimulating her noblest ambition by a knowledge of the rival genius of Europe.

The title of these volumes tolerably expresses their nature. They contain a variety of rather rambling and disjointed, yet ingenious and interesting, remarks upon English authorship. Those remarks are largely interspersed with recollections, max-

ims, theories, and visions of other times, other lands, and other literatures. But, if the connection is feeble, the materials are vivid. If the learning makes but few pretensions to profundity, none will deny its claims to elegance; and the mind must be singularly fastidious, or singularly furnished, which can lay down these volumes without having derived pleasure from their grace, and information from their knowledge. The author thus details their contents; the whole being originally intended as introductory to his translation of Milton.

1st. "Some detached pieces of my early studies, corrected in style, and rectified with regard to opinions, &c.

2d. "Various extracts from my memoirs, happening to be connected with the translation.

3d. "Recent researches relative to the subject of these volumes.

"I have visited the United States; I have lived eight years an exile in England. After residing in London as an emigrant, I have returned thither as an ambassador. I believe, that I am as thoroughly acquainted with English as any man can be with a language foreign to his own."

After some general remarks on his authorities, he reverts to his performance.

"In this review of English literature I have treated, at considerable length of Milton, because it was written expressly on account of the *Paradise Lost*. I show that revolutions have approximated Milton to us; that he is become a man of our times; that he was as great a writer in prose as in verse; prose conferred celebrity on him during his life, poetry after his death. But the renown of the prose writer is lost in the glory of the poet."

He then touches on those eccentric views, which form the most singular, yet much the most amusing, part of his performance.

"In this historical glance I have not stuck close to my subject. I have treated of every thing: the present, the past, and the future. I digress hither and thither. When I meet with the middle ages, I talk of them,—when I run foul of the Reformation, I talk of it. When I come to the English revolution, it reminds me of our own; and I advert to the events and actors of the latter."

Personal recollections give pungency to those retired thoughts; and the noble sufferer in the cause of the Bourbons is fully entitled to take advantage of his experience.

"If an English royalist is thrown into jail, I think of the cell which I occupied at the prefecture of police. The English poets lead me to the French poets. Lord Byron brings

to my recollection my exile in England, my walks to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and my travels to Venice. The book is composed of miscellanies, which have all tones. They pass from literary criticism, lofty or familiar, to historical observations, narratives, portraits, and remembrances, general and personal."

In a work of this order, nothing could be easier than to criticise. It embraces the whole progress of the human mind for a thousand years. What eye can trace every step of that immense march through the heights and depths of centuries, through the convulsions of empires, and the clouds of war, without leaving long intervals, which every man may fill up at his chance of error? It is unquestionably much more productive to the reader, to lay before him the conceptions of a vivid, keen, and philosophical mind investigating this boundless region of human change; if sometimes bewildered, yet bewildered by its own vigor; plunging into darkness by its passion for difficulty; and vanquished only, like Milo in his oak, by attempting too bold a mastery over things not made to be overcome; but at other times displaying the triumphs of talent; throwing an eagle-glance on those colossal revolutions, whose shapes were forgotten in the darkness of ages; and, even where the glance is too rapid for knowledge, delighting us by the eagle breadth and power of wing, which bears it from promontory to promontory, over the vast and misty valley below.

We have thus, in a brief space, a painter's and poet's sketch of the most picturesque of all periods—the middle ages;—

"Those ages might seem the work of imagination. In antiquity each nation springs from its own stock. The primitive spirit, insinuating itself everywhere, renders manners and institutions alike. The middle ages seem to be composed of the wrecks of a thousand societies. Roman civilization, even Paganism, had left their vestiges in it. Christianity gave it a faith and solemnities. The Gothic, Burgundian, Danish, and Norman barbarians retained the character of their races. All kinds of property, all kinds of law, all forms of liberty, and all degrees of slavery, were blended. You would almost take them to be the work of different nations, who merely agreed to have one common master and one common altar."

The architecture formed a remarkable distinction from all the past and all the future.

"The first Christian churches in the West were only temples turned inside out. The Pagan worship was external, and the decoration of the temple was external; the Christian worship was internal, and the decoration of the church was internal. The pillars were

transferred from the outside to the inside. The church surpassed in dimensions the temple because the Christians sat beneath the roof of the church, but the Pagans under the peristyle of the temple. But when the Christians became masters, they also adorned their buildings on the side towards the landscape and the sky The tombs were of the Gothick fashion, and the church, which covered them like an immense canopy, seemed to be moulded on their form. The arts of design shared in this composite style, and the walls and windows were covered with painted landscapes, scripture subjects, and scenes of national history."

It might be added, too, that the tombs exhibited in their magnitude and decoration a striking change of religious feeling. Paganism expended but little decoration in general on the tomb. It was only Christianity that learned to honor the body, as destined to be again summoned from the grave. The Egyptians alone of all the heathen world, paid honor to the body; and this was from the some, though perverted, idea of the re-union of body and soul. The Pagan world in general treated it with neglect, and either consumed it on the funeral pile, or flung it into unmarked grave. A few of the Roman tombs are noble monuments, but the infinite multitude were mingled with the dust without a memorial. The Christian alone feels the sacredness of death, regards the body as a deposit to be again resumed, and marks its place in the earth as the spot where lies an inheritor of glory.

A singular and powerful propensity to cover the land with building was a characteristic of the later portion of the middle ages. This arose from the state of the times. Large sums were amassed by the monks, through the bequests of those who could neither keep nor expend their wealth. The monks, unable to employ those treasures to advantage, or retain them unemployed in security, expended them in enlarging their monasteries, building cathedrals, and decorating both in the most luxuriant style of the arts. The nobles, who aimed at being independent of their kings, and were thus exposed to perpetual inroads, found no resource but in fortifying their own dwellings. "In the short space of eighteen years, from 1136 to 1154, no fewer than eleven hundred castles were built in England alone." The *picturesque* almost necessarily arose from the new, wild, and adventurous circumstances of the time. The necessity, which the perpetual hazard of attack imposed, to fix on a commanding situation, planted the continental castles in the midst of precipices, on the summit of bold eminences, in the centre of vast forests, or in the gorges of wild ravines.

There the structure rose, shaped into grandeur by the ground, and made still more superb and solemn by the associations of the landscape. Time, which has extinguished the feudal pomps of the counts and barons, has mellowed the terrors of those wild receptacles of half-barbarian power. But we can still imagine the mingled feelings with which the traveller through the immensity of a German forest in the tenth century, must have heard the strange dissonance, or seen the lights on tower and roof, that announced the fortress of the territorial lord. Whether he were to feel his violence or share his hospitality, the effect must have been equally forcible. The warder, the tower, the massive chain, the subterranean dungeon, were the stern features in one aspect; in the other, the lavish banquet, the tapestried hall, the blaze of unnumbered torches, the concourse of mailed warriors, the presence of dames glittering with jewels and embroidery, the song of minstrels, the rude festivity of the armed retainers, who still kept the manners of their barbarian freedom and fellowship—the whole prodigal, bold, and magnificent self-indulgence of a life half-savage yet stately; of the rudeness of the north, mingled with the pomp of Italian life; of power in full possession of all its desires, combining the most profuse voluptuousness with the most iron ambition. This was essentially the reign of the picturesque. Another province, a vast and most striking one, was opened in the scenes of ecclesiastical life; the singular union of superstition with power. All here was contrast, the gloomiest discipline with the most boundless luxury—the seclusion, the privation, the solitary toil, the stern penance, the wild pilgrimage, the dwelling in the desert, the whole solemn and startling mortification of monastic life, alternating with the public life of the priesthood of Rome; the ample revenues, the regal favors, the subtlety of the court intrigue, the hot rivalry of public distinctions; the vision of mitres, cardinals' hats and tiaras—the hours spent amidst the effigies of saints and the tombs of martyrs, and the hours of stately festivity, the more keenly enjoyed from the previous privation; the vigil and the holiday, the mass and the banquet, the fast, and the opulent abundance of the refectory, all following in perpetual succession, and all animated, shaped, and sharpened, by the consciousness that all were exclusive, all belonged to them as a superior order, all were shut out from the participation of the world.

In speaking of the middle ages, the idea of general poverty is habitually included. This is an error. The investigator who fixes his eye on the lower ranks alone, will find

them exhibiting the squalidness of barbarous life ; but, if he should turn it from them and fix it on the higher ranks alone, he would be dazzled by the profusion of their splendor. One of the most curious circumstances of æconomics is the quantity of wealth which has been sustained at all times in the world ; the chief distinction between ancient times and modern being, that the wealth is now more equally divided, the lower classes possessing more than their ancestors, the higher less. But this is an advantage largely for the benefit of general society : for, that vast numbers should be daily growing into comfort as palpably better for the progress of mankind, than that a few should shine in exclusive opulence. Yet the change has its disadvantages. The age of exclusive opulence has always been the age of the arts, of the noblest architecture, of the most creative works of the pencil, of the most living sculpture, of every effort of natural genius, which leaves its labors to posterity as magnificent monuments of the prowess of the human mind. Royal treasures have given us the palaces of Europe, monkish accumulations the cathedrals, the monopolies of trade by the Italian merchants those galleries of painting and sculpture, attesting the existence of talents in their country of which later times afford no example. The more minute distribution has extinguished the power of rewarding ability on the scale of grandeur, and, unless thus called, it will not come. The popular jealousy of national expenditure famishes the arts ; all the public memorials of Europe grow more beggarly day by day ; penury is the priest, and parsimony the presiding goddess. The arts fly from both, and magnificence even of dress is to be found only among those nations whom we term barbarians, and even there it is perishing. The Turk himself is stripping off his jewelled turban, his silken shawl, and his gold-embroidered caftan. Yet there the genius of ancient magnificence will have its ample revenge. The Turk is stripping himself for the scaffold.

Let our modern dames envy or emulate, if they will, the brilliant equipment of a lady of the fourteenth century.

"The gentlewomen wore very fine linen next to the skin. They were dressed in high tunics covering the bosom, embroidered on the right breast with the arms of their husband, on the left with those of their family. Sometimes they wore their hair combed down smooth upon the forehead, and covered with a small cap interlaced with ribands ; at others they allowed the hair to float loosely over their shoulders ; at others again they built it up into a pyramid three feet high, suspending

to it either wimples, or long veils, or stripes of silk descending to the ground and fluttering in the wind. At the time of Queen Isabeau, it was found necessary to enlarge the doorways both in height and breadth, in order to afford a passage for the ladies' head-dresses. These head-dresses were supported by two curved horns, the frame-work of the structure. From the top of the horn on this right side hung a piece of light stuff, which the wearer suffered to float, or which she drew over her bosom like a wimple, by twisting it round the left arm. A lady in full dress displayed collars, bracelets, and rings. To her girdle, enriched with gold, pearls, and precious stones, was fastened an embroidered pouch : she galloped on a palfrey, carrying a bird on her fist, or a cane in her hand. 'What can be more ridiculous,' says Petrarch, in a letter addressed to the Pope in 1366, 'than to see men girthed round the body. Below, long peaked shoes ; above, caps laden with feathers : hair tressed, moving this way and that, behind them, like the tail of an animal, and turned up on the forehead with ivory-headed pins!' Pierre of Blois adds, that it was the fashion to talk mincingly. And what language was so spoken?—the language of Robert Wace and the Roman du Rou, of Ville-Hardouin, Joinville, and Froissart !

"The luxury in dress and entertainments exceeded all belief : we are but paltry personages in comparison with those barbarians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then were seen at a tournament a thousand knights attired in a uniform robe of silk, called *cointise*, and on the morrow they appeared in new vestments equally magnificent. (Matthew Paris.) One of the dresses of Richard II., King of England, cost thirty thousand marks of silver. (Knighton.) Sir John Arundel had no fewer than fifty-two complete suits of apparel for his own person, of cloth of gold, or of tissue. (Holinshed's Chron.)

"At another tournament, sixty superb horses richly caparisoned, each led by an esquire, first filed off one by one, preceded by trumpeters and minstrels ; then came sixty young ladies mounted on palfreys, magnificently attired, each leading by a silver chain a knight, armed at all points. Dancing and music formed part of these *bandors* (festivities.) The king, the prelates, the knights, danced to the sound of viols, bagpipes, and *cheffonies*."

The middle ages were proverbially the prison of the human mind. But, while they restricted the faculties, they gave full license to the passions of man. Like many another prison, they exhibited licentiousness, only on a broader scale ; profligacy, the more stimulated by being in the dark : grossness the more unchecked for being shared in by authority. It was a carousal of the felon and the turnkey together.

"Baronius, so favorably disposed towards

the court of Rome, calls the tenth century the age of iron, such was then the depravity prevailing in the church. The distinguished and learned Gherbert before he became pope by the name of Sylvester II., and when only archbishop of Rheims, said, 'Deplorable Rome, thou once affordedst to our ancestors the most dazzling lights; but now we only derive from thee the most frightful darkness. We have beheld John Octavian conspiring, in the midst of a thousand prostitutes, against the very Otho whom he had proclaimed emperor. He is overthrown, and Leo the Neophyte succeeds him. Otho withdraws from Rome, and Octavian enters it; he drives away Leo, cuts off the fingers, hands, and nose of John the deacon, and, after putting to death many distinguished personages, soon perishes himself. Can it still be possible to assert that so great a number of priests of the Almighty, worthy by their lives and their merits of enlightening the world, should submit to such monsters, destitute of all knowledge of divine and human sciences?'

"St. Bernard evinces as little indulgence for the vices of his age; St. Louis was compelled to overlook the dissoluteness and disorders prevailing in his army. During the reign of Philip the Fair, a council was convoked for the express purpose of applying a remedy to the depravation of morals. In 1351, the prelates and mendicant orders laid their mutual grievances before Clement VII., at Avignon. This pope, who was favorable to the monks, rebuked the prelates in the following language: 'Will ye speak of humility, ye who are so vain and pompous in your horses and equipages? will ye speak of poverty, ye who are so rapacious that all the benefices in the world would not satisfy your cravings? what shall I say of your chastity? Ye hate mendicants, ye close your doors against them, whilst your houses are thrown open to sycophants and persons of scandalous lives (*leonibus et truffatoribus*).'

"Simony was general; priest everywhere violated the rule of celibacy; an abbot of Noreis had eighteen children. In Biscay no priests were admitted unless they had their gossips, in other words, wives, supposed to be legitimate.

"Petrarch writes to a friend: 'Avignon has become a hell, the sink of every abomination. The houses, the palaces, the churches, the thrones of the pontiff and the cardinals, the air, the earth, everything is impregnated with falsehood; a future world, the last judgment, the punishments of hell, the joys of paradise, are held in the light of absurd and childish fables. In support of these assertions, Petrarch quotes certain scandalous anecdotes respecting the debauchery of the cardinals.

"In a sermon preached before the pope, in 1364, Doctor Nicholas Orem proved, by six arguments, deduced from the disregard of the Christian doctrine, the pride of the prelates, the tyranny of the heads of the church, and their aversion for truth; that Antichrist would not be long before he made his appearance."

The Reformation, the greatest event since the fall of the Roman empire, occupies, as it ought, a large share of these pages. The Author evidently thinks of it like a philosopher, but he writes of it like a Romanist. Much must be allowed for a resident in a Romish country, for a mind captivated by the picturesque of the religion, and for the impressions of infancy, enforced by the severities of fortune. He thus alludes to Luther's journey to Rome:—

"There he found incredulity seated on the tomb of St. Peter, and paganism revived in the Vatican. Julius II., with a helmet on his head, dreamt only of battles; and the cardinals, ciceronians in their language, were transformed into poets, diplomatists and warriors. Ready to turn Ghibeline, papacy had, without being itself aware of it, abdicated the temporal authority; the Pope, by becoming a prince in the style of other princes, had ceased to be the representative of the Christian republic; he had relinquished the fearful office of Tribune of Nations, with which the popular election had formerly invested him. This escaped Luther's observation; he only took the narrow view of things; and returned to Germany, being merely struck with the scandal exhibited by the atheism and corrupt morals of the court of Rome.

"Julius II. was succeeded by Leo X., Luther's rival; the pope and the monk divided the age between them; Leo X. imparted to it his name, and Luther his power.

"The pope was desirous of completing the church of St. Peter; money was wanting for this object. Destitute of that faith which rendered the middle ages lavish of their treasures, Rome called to mind the days, when Christianity contributed by its alms to the erection of cathedrals and abbeys. Leo X. authorized the Dominicans to sell in Germany the indulgences, the distribution of which was formerly confided to the order of Augustines. Luther, having become provincial vicar of the Augustines, declaimed against the abuse of these indulgences. He addressed himself to the Bishop of Brandenburg and the Archbishop of Mentz: he obtained only an evasive answer from the former; the latter made no reply. He then publicly promulgated the theses, which he proposed to maintain against indulgences. Germany was shaken: Tetzel burned Luther's propositions: the students of Wittemberg burnt the propositions of Tetzel. Astounded at his own success, Luther would willingly have retraced his steps.

"Leo X. heard from afar a clamor springing up beyond the Alps, and arising amongst barbarians. 'A quarrel between monks,' said Leo. The Athenians despised the barbarians of Macedonia. The predilection of the prince of the church for literature prevailed over loftier considerations; brother Luther, in his opinion, was gifted with 'a noble genius.' *Fra Martino haveva un bellissimo*

mo ingenio. Nevertheless, in order to humor his theologians, he summoned this noble genius to Rome."—vol. i. p. 151—153.

On the trying topic of celibacy, the unquestionable source of measureless miseries and vices in the continental Church—the tenet which filled and fills so many monasteries and nunneries with beings vowed to unhappiness and uselessness for life—M. de Chateaubriand writes in the spirit of a poet. He overlooks the reality, and weeps over the romance; he forgets the sufferer, and is enamored of the chaplet, the veil, and the confessional.—“Luther married a nun!” he pathetically exclaims—

“All this may, perhaps, be consistent with nature. But there exists a loftier nature. However exemplary may be the virtues of a married couple, they can scarcely inspire confidence and respect when taking the conjugal oath at that altar where their vows of chastity and solitude had been pronounced. Never will a Christian pour into the bosom of a priest the concealed burthen of his life, if that priest owns *any other spouse than that mysterious Church*, which preserves the secret of errors inviolate, and administers consolation to sorrow.”

The Viscount evidently conceives, that no married man can keep a secret from the paramount authority of the fair partner of his bosom; and that confessing to a married priest would be equivalent to telling the story to the world. As the Viscount has not the misfortune to be a *célibataire*, we should not have expected such a sentiment from him. But, that a slur may not lie on matrimony, let it be known, that no bosom of the most retentive priest who ever listened to the frailties of a Frenchman, can be more retentive than that of hundreds and thousands of the sex whom he so ungallantly presumes to be gossips from their cradle. His description, however, of Luther's conjugal habits is an answer to his libel against marriage in the person of the great Reformer.

“The nun whom Luther took to wife was named Catherine de Bora; he loved her, lived in harmony with her, and labored with his own hands for her support. He who made princes, and deprived the clergy of its wealth, remained a poor man; like our early revolutionists, he gloried in his indigence. We read in his will these affecting words:—

“I declare that we have neither ready money, nor property of any kind. This is not to be wondered at, if it be considered that we possess no other revenue than my salary and a few presents.”

“In his domestic life and his private opinions, Luther inspires us with interest. He has many noble ideas respecting nature, the

Bible, schools, education, faith, and laws. His remarks on the press excite our curiosity; an individual idea leads him to a general truth and to an insight into futurity.

“The press is the last and the supreme gift, the *summum et postremum donum*, by means of which the Almighty promotes the things of the Gospel. It is the last blaze that bursts forth before the extinction of the world. Thanks be to God, we at last behold its splendor.”

“Let us listen to Luther in the privacy of his domestic feelings.

“This child (his son) and all that belongs to me, is hated by their adherents, hated of the whole host of devils. Nevertheless, this child is not disconcerted by his enemies, he is not disturbed at so many and such powerful lords bearing him so much ill-will; he gaily sucks the breast, looks around with a loud laugh, and lets them snarl to their heart's content.”

“Speaking again of his children in another place he says:

“Such would have been our thoughts in paradise, simple and unaffected; innocent, free from malignity and hypocrisy, we should have been, in very truth, like this child, when he speaks of God, and feels so assured of him.”—vol. i. p. 170, 171.

Luther lost one of his children, and his sorrows on that touching loss, one of those calamities that might almost balance the question between the helpless solitude of single life and the happiness of woman's society, show what softness of feeling was in that heart of fire:—

“Elizabeth, my little girl, is dead. Strange to say, her loss has left me a sick heart, a woman's heart, so intense is my sorrow. I never could have imagined that a father could feel so much tenderness for his child.

“Her features, her words, her gestures, during life and on her death-bed, are deeply engraved in my heart. Oh my obedient and dutiful daughter! the very death of Christ (and what in comparison are all other deaths) cannot, as it should, drive her from my memory.

“Think, however, dearest Catherine, whither she is gone. She has assuredly finished a happy journey. The flesh, no doubt, bleeds; such is its nature; but the spirit lives and finds itself at ease. Children dispute not; they believe as they are taught; all in children is pure simplicity. Their death is free from cares and anguish; they have no doubts, no temptations, at the approach of death, no bodily pain; they but fall asleep as it were.”

“When we read such tender, such religious, such affecting sentiments, our anger is appeased, we forget the fierceness of the sectary.

“The death of his father inspired him with these words, of biblical depth and simplicity.

“I succeed to his name; now am I, for

my family, the *old Luther*. It is now my turn, my right, to follow him through death.'

"When Luther became ill and sad at heart, he said :

"The empire falls, monarchs fall, priests fall, the whole world totters, as the approaching fall of a large mansion is announced by little lizards.'

"Luther's was a peaceful death ; he wished to die, and said :

"May our Lord soon come and take me away ! may he come, above all, with his last judgment ; I am prepared to hold out my neck ; let him hurl the thunderbolt, and may rest be my portion !'

"Shame upon us ! we do not give the tithe of our lives to God ; and we presumptuously hope to deserve heaven by one good work ! What have I myself done ?'

"This little bird has chosen its place of shelter, and will sleep undisturbed ; it has no uneasiness, never dreams of to-morrow's home ; it remains quietly perched on its little branch, and leaves the care of itself to God.

"I recommend my soul to thee, oh my Lord Jesus Christ ! About to quit this terrestrial body, and to be cut off from this life, I know that I shall rest for ever near thee.'

"He again thrice repeated : *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum ; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis*. On a sudden, he closed his eyes and fainted away. Count Albert and his wife, as well as the medical attendants, employed all possible means to bring him to himself ; with much difficulty they succeeded. Doctor Jonas then said to him : 'Reverend father, do you die true to the faith you have taught ? He answered by a distinct *yes*, and again fell asleep. He soon grew pale, became cold, breathed deeply once more, and expired.'—vol. i. p. 172—174.

The name of Bossuet survives, as that of the most eloquent divine of the Romish church during the last three centuries. His style, lofty, rapid, and bold, less resembles that of his country than of Greece or England. Our readers will thank us for quoting so characteristic a specimen of his powers, as his sketch of Luther. The prejudices of his church naturally cloud his view of the motives of that memorable man ; but his native admiration of genius breaks forth in lofty and irrepressible panegyric. If Bossuet envied any man, it must have been the vigor, the intrepidity, the nervous eloquence, and the illustrious triumph, of Luther.

"The two parties who share the Reformation between them have alike acknowledged him as their author. The highest praises have been bestowed upon him by others, besides the Lutherans, his immediate sectaries ; Calvin often admires his virtues, his magnanimity, his constancy, the rare ingenuity he displayed in his attacks against the pope ; he is the trumpet, or rather the thunderbolt ; a

thunderbolt which has awakened the world from its lethargy : it was not Luther who spoke ; it was God who dealt his blows through Luther's mouth. He possessed, no doubt, great strength of genius, great powers of speech, a vivid and impetuous eloquence, which engaged and delighted his hearers ; extraordinary boldness, when he found himself backed and applauded, and an air of authority which made his disciples tremble in his presence, so that they dared not contradict him in trifles any more than in important matters. It was not the people alone who considered Luther as a prophet ; he was represented as such by the initiated of his party. Melancthon, who placed himself under his guidance at the commencement of these alterations, allowed himself at first to be so persuaded that there was something extraordinary and prophetic in this man, that he could not for a long time recover from his astonishment. In spite of the many defects which he daily discovered in his master, he wrote to Erasmus, in reference to Luther : *Prophets, you are aware, should be brought to the test, and not despised*. Nevertheless, this new prophet gave way to the most violent excesses of passion. He overstrained every thing ; because prophets, at the bidding of God, uttered awful invectives, he became the most violent of men, the most prolific in outrageous language. Luther spoke of himself in a manner to raise a blush among his friends. Proud of his knowledge, which was in reality slender, though great for the time in which he lived, and too great for his salvation and for the repose of the church, he placed himself above all men, not only those of his own, but of the most distinguished by-gone ages. It must be acknowledged that he possessed much strength of mind ; nothing was wanting to him but that rule of conduct which can only be found in the church, and under the sway of legitimate authority. Had Luther remained under this sway, so indispensable for all minds to submit to, and especially for fiery and impetuous minds, such as he possessed ; could he have retrenched from his speeches his transports of violence, his scurrility, his brutal insolence ; the strength with which he handles the truth would not have been wielded for the purposes of seduction. Accordingly, we still find him invincible, when he comments upon the ancient dogmas which he had drawn from the church ; pride, however, was an unfailing attendant upon his triumphs.'—vol. i. p. 180—182.

The results of the Reformation are looked on with no friendly eye, yet this is the testimony which is forced from the lips of the living leader of "religion" according to the ancient regime of France :—

"There are truths respecting the Reformation which it would be unjust to deny. By opening modern ages, it separated them from the undefined interval which succeeded the termination of the middle ages. It awakened

ideas of ancient equality. It metamorphosed a society exclusively military into a civil, rational, and industrious society. It gave birth to the modern property of capital, a moveable, progressive, and unlimited property, which opposed the limited, fixed, and despotic property of land. This is an immense benefit, but it is mixed with much evil."

The nature of this evil, however, is not such as to alarm Englishmen much; since it consists chiefly in its not supplying the quantity of *sentiment* which the Viscount thinks essential. Thus it is admitted, on the evidence of this rather reluctant witness, that "Protestantism is equitable, moral, and punctual in the discharge of its duty: that it clothes the naked, that it shelters the poor, that it relieves misfortune." We are content with this praise, for it amounts to the fact, that Protestantism effectually does all the substantial duties of humanity and religion. But the Frenchman does not think it *tender* enough; it may clothe the naked, "but it does not warm them in its bosom;" it may feed the poor, "but it does not dwell and weep with them in their most abject haunts." We believe that the poor themselves would greatly prefer being clothed, fed, and lodged, by protestant good sense and good feeling, to their being warmed in bosoms and wept with by the most tender and beggarly enthusiast alive. But—"the catholic priest blesses the body of the deceased beggar, as the sacred remains of a being beloved by God." We are satisfied that the beggar himself, if he were not a mendicant by profession, would be much better pleased with the man who would keep him alive, and give him the means of laboring for his bread. But "the protestant pastor forsakes the beggar on his death-bed." This we entirely deny. It is one of the most important, constant, and strongly urged duties of the protestant pastor, to attend the bed, whether of sickness or of death, and administer the consolations of prayer and the knowledge of Scripture. Still he does not satisfy the noble requisitionist. "The grave is not an object of religious veneration; he has no faith in those expiatory prayers, by which a friend may deliver a suffering soul." Certainly not. He has not the slightest belief that the prayers of any man can deliver a suffering soul, and he therefore offers no such prayers. To offer them may be romantic and pathetic; the attitude may look tragic in a picture, or the prayer sound touchingly in a drama: but, as he finds no authority for the act in the only volume by which the Christian is to be guided, he leaves the rescuing of souls from purgatory to those who love to amuse their imaginations with

impossible charity, and virtue that costs them nothing.

Yet, it is monstrous to regard "as a natural reaction the rekindling of the dying flame of catholic fanaticism. *It may thus,*" says the Viscount, "be considered as the *indirect cause* of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the disturbances of the League, the assassination of Henry IV., the murders in Ireland, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the dragonnades." Unquestionably—as, if there had been no Reformation, there would have been no protestants, and if no protestants, no victims to plunder, banishment, and massacre. On this principle the robber is not the criminal, but the traveller whose purse tempts him to the highway. The tyrant is not the oppressor, but the subject whose person and property he longs to seize. The inquisitor was but an innocent instrument of necessity, impelled by the formidable fact, that men exercised their understandings, and that men ventured to have a conscience of their own.

But Protestantism "has not built any great cathedrals; it has not produced the gothic architecture, which rivals in details, and eclipses in grandeur, the monuments of Greece." This is allowed. But the reason lies, not in the dullness of Protestantism, but, as has been already observed, in the change of society. The wealth once in the hands of kings is now in those of nations. The treasures amassed by superstition, have passed from the grasp of monks to the use of the people. The luxuries of mankind once were the rule, their necessities are now the limit. The thin population which were once contained in a few vast temples, are now a mighty multitude demanding temples in every district of the land. The provincial cathedrals are replaced by thousands of village churches, and even they are too few. The population still bursts its narrow confines, and the demand must be met by throwing open new gates for the worship of the nation.

There can be no great charm to the English reader in the Viscount's critiques on Milton, for there can be neither novelty nor justice. No poet can ever be *felt* by a foreigner. The vigor of his thoughts, the depth of his philosophy, or the brilliancy of his imagination, may receive their due praise, because they may address themselves to his comprehension. But the whole beauty of his language is a blank. It is beyond the power of any foreigner to appreciate the delicacies of expression, to measure the minute force of phrases, to catch the colorings of words, to seize the fleeting and exquisite essence that constitutes poetic language in a strange tongue. No Englishman *can* feel

the poetic charm of Racine. No Frenchman *can* feel the poetic charm of Shakspeare. The proof is simple. Let the Englishman read a speech of Racine in the ear of the Frenchman. The countenance of our Gallic friend will inevitably show, that he regards himself as listening to a good-natured barbarian. Let the Frenchman in turn read a scene of Shakspeare, John Bull, in his most polished state, will not be able to suppress a smile at the grotesqueness of foreign ambition. The obvious fact is that, though nations may communicate their prose treasures with sufficient ease, their poetry is incommunicable. The meaning alone can be given. The brilliancy, vividness, and elegance of expression, vanish in the transfer. The flower is not to be extracted from the crucible in any other shape than ashes; its component parts may be there, but the spirit has gone off in the distillation. This forms the prominent folly of the pretence to enjoy the rhythm and measures of the Greek and Latin poets. How is it possible to enjoy the music of language, of which we do not retain a single tone? No man living pronounces a single word, perhaps a single letter, as the Greek or Roman pronounced it. What would be the result, in the instance of any modern language. The attempt has never been made without the most ridiculous failure. Every one remembers the Marquis *propriétaire* of Ermenonville's epitaph on Shenstone.

"Under this plain stone,
Lies Thomas Shenstone,
A poet rural,
Who wrote of things natural."

A Greek or Latin epitaphist would unquestionably laugh at one and all of our attempts at classic verse, just as we laugh at the unlucky ambition of the Marquis.

But when the Viscount returns to memoirs, he is always intelligent and interesting. Milton's last hours introduce the mention of Bossuet, the perpetual favorite of the author.

"Milton expired so gently that no one perceived the moment when, at the age of sixty-six years (within one month), he rendered back to God one of the mightiest spirits that ever animated human clay. This temporal life, though neither long nor short, served as a foundation for life eternal. The great man had dragged on a sufficient number of days on earth to feel their weariness; but not sufficient to exhaust his genius, which remained entire, even to his latest breath. Bossuet, like Milton, was fifty-nine when he composed the master-piece of his eloquence; with what youthful fire does he speak of his grey hairs! Thus the author of 'Paradise Lost' complains of being frozen by age, while depicting the love of Adam and Eve. The bishop of Meaux

pronounced the funeral oration of the Queen of England in 1669, the same year that Milton gave his receipt for the second five pounds paid for his poem. These incomparable geniuses, who both, in opposite parties, drew portraits of Cromwell, had perhaps never heard each other's names. The eagles which are seen by all the world live apart and lonely on their mountains."—Vol. ii. p. 109.

It was generally known that Deborah, a daughter of the great poet long survived him, and married Abraham Clarke, a Spitalfields weaver, living till 1727. One of his granddaughters also married a weaver, Thomas Foster, and it was to relieve her when fallen into poverty, that Comus, with Dr. Johnson's celebrated Prologue, was performed by Garrick. But the further fate of the family is not so well known, and for this we are indebted to the research of M. de Chateaubriand.

"A son of Deborah's, Caleb Clarke, went to India, in the beginning of the eighteenth century. We learn from Sir James Mackintosh, that this grandson of Milton's was parish clerk at Madras. Caleb had three children, by his wife Mary: Abraham, Mary (who died in 1706), and Isaac. Abraham, great-grandson of Milton, married in September, 1725, Anna Clark, and had by her a daughter, Mary, whose birth was registered at Madras, April 2d, 1727. There disappears all trace of Milton's family. We know not what became of Abraham and Isaac, who did not die at Madras, and whose deaths, to this day, have not been found in the registers of Calcutta or Bombay. If they had returned to England they could not have escaped the admirers and biographers of Milton. They are lost in the vast regions of India, in the cradle of the world sung by their ancestor. Perhaps some unconscious drops of his free blood now animate the breast of a slave; perhaps they flow in the veins of a priest of Buddha, or in those of some Indian shepherd, who, retiring under the shade of a fig-tree,

"Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes, cut through thickest shade."

PARADISE LOST, B. ix.

"Nothing is more natural than the curiosity which leads us to inquire after the families of illustrious men. That of Bonaparte has not perished, for he has left behind him the kings and queens made by his sword. I have elsewhere endeavored to trace what has become of Cromwell's descendants; his name is inseparably united in glory with that of Milton. 'It is possible,' I have said in 'The Four Stuarts,' 'that a lineal heir of Oliver Cromwell's by Henry, may now be an unknown Irish peasant, perhaps a catholic, living on potatoes, among the turf bogs of Ulster; attacking Orangemen by night, and combating the atrocious laws of the Protector. It is even possible that an unknown

descendant of Cromwell's may have been a Franklin or a Washington in America.'"—Vol. ii. p. 112.

But by far the most attractive portions of these volumes are their sketches of the public characters, of the public times, and the public catastrophes of the Revolution, in which M. de Chateaubriand lived. He thus boldly strikes off the likeness of Mirabeau, the *genius* of the Revolution.

"Connected by the excesses and accidents of his life with the most remarkable events, and with the existence of felons, ravishers, and adventurers, Mirabeau, the tribune of aristocracy, the deputy of democracy, partook of the characters of Gracchus and Don Juan, of Cataline and Guzman d'Alfarache, of Cardinal de Richelieu and Cardinal de Retz, of the profligate of the regency and the savage of the revolution; there moreover flowed in his veins the blood of the Mirabeaus; an exiled Florentine family, which retained somewhat of those armed palaces and those great factions illustrated by Dante; a French naturalized family, in which the republican spirit of Italy during the middle age, and the feudal spirit of our own middle age, were found combined in a succession of extraordinary men.

"The ugliness of Mirabeau, laid upon a ground of beauty, for which his race was distinguished, produced an image of one of the powerful figures in the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, the compatriot of Arrighetti. The marks left by the small-pox on the orator's face rather bore the appearance of scars occasioned by fire. Nature seemed to have moulded his head for empire or the gibbet, to have shaped his arms for the purpose of curbing a nation or carrying off a woman. When he shook his mane, with his eyes fixed upon the mob, he suddenly checked their progress; when he raised his foot and showed his claws, they ran furiously. Amidst the most frightful riot of a sitting, I have seen him in the tribune, dark, hideous, and motionless: he reminded me of the Chaos of Milton, impassable and shapeless—the centre of his own confusion.

"Twice did I meet Mirabeau at an entertainment: on one occasion at the house of Voltaire's niece, the Marchioness de Villette; on another, at the Palais Royal, with deputies of the opposition, with whom Chapelain had made me acquainted. Chapelain was conveyed to the scaffold on the same tumbrel with M. de Malesherbes and my own brother.

"Our discussion after dinner turned upon the subject of Mirabeau's enemies; I happened to be next to him; and, with the timidity of a young man, unknown to all, had not uttered a word. He looked me full in the face with his eyes of wickedness and genius, and, laying his broad hand upon my shoulder, said, 'They will never forgive me my superiority.' Methinks I still feel the impression

of that hand, as if Satan had touched me with his fiery claw.

"Too soon for his own sake, too late for that of the court, Mirabeau sold himself to the latter, and the court bought him over. He hazarded the stake of his fame for the prospect of a pension and an embassy; Cromwell was at the point of exchanging his future prospects for a title and the Order of the Garter. Notwithstanding his pride, he did not set a sufficient value upon himself; the superabundance of money and places has raised the price of men's consciences.

"Death released Mirabeau from his promises, and rescued him from dangers which he would probably be unable to overcome; his life would have demonstrated his incapacity for good; by his death he was left in the height of his power for evil."—Vol. ii. pp. 159—161.

The tumult which followed the sudden close of Byron's career has now subsided. He is one of the past. His works are now recollections. Panegyric and satire have at length abandoned alike their idolatry and persecution, and the fame of the noble poet is before the bar of posterity. The judgment passed upon him by the author of these volumes is grave, temperate, and profound. Yet it is less the judgment of a poet than of a man of the world. He surveys him as he might the statue of an athlete, more with a view to the sinews and muscles with which he was to achieve his victories, than to the general beauty and grandeur of his form. Acknowledging Byron's claims to the distinction which he obtained, he acknowledges them rather with the calm approval of science, than the uncalculating ardor of delight; rather as the connoisseur, estimating the fine artifice of some harmony of Mozart or Handel, than as the hearer hurried away by the tide of sound, thinking only of the spell that chained him, and bowed down before the power of the enchanter.

"Lord Byron has left a deplorable school. I dare say he would be as displeased with the Childe Harolds to whom he has given birth, as I am with the Rénés that have sprung up around me. The *general* sentiments which compose the groundwork of human nature, paternal and maternal affection, filial piety, friendship, love, are inexhaustible; they will always impart new inspirations to the talent capable of developing them; but the *particular* manners of feeling, the *individualities* of mind and character, cannot extend and multiply themselves in grand and numerous pictures. The little undiscovered corners of the human heart are a narrow field; in this field there is nothing left to glean after the hand that reaped the first harvest. A disease of the soul is not a permanent and natural state; we cannot re-produce it, make a *literature* of it, avail ourselves of it, as of a passion inces-

santly modified at the pleasure of the various artists who mould it and change its form.

"The life of Lord Byron has been the object of many investigations and calumnies. The young have taken certain magic words in earnest; the women have felt disposed to allow themselves to be seduced with dread, by this monster, to comfort this unhappy Satan. Who knows? he had perhaps not found the woman whom he sought—a woman beautiful enough, a heart vast as his own. Byron, according to the phantasmagoric opinion, is the Old Serpent, that seducer and corrupter, because he perceived the incurable corruption of the human race; he is a fatal and suffering genius, placed between the mysteries of matter and intelligence, who sees not a word in the enigma of the universe, who considers life as a horrible irony without cause, as a perverse smile of the Evil One: he is the eldest son of Despair, who despises and denies; who, having within him and incurable sore, revenges himself by leading all that approach him to misery through pleasure; a man who has not passed through the age of innocence, who never had the advantage of being rejected and cursed of God; a man who, having sprung a reprobate from the bosom of nature, is the damned of nothingness. Such is the Byron of heated imaginations.

"Any person who is destined to live will not go down to future generations such as he really was; at some distance from him his epopee commences; his person is idealised; he is transfigured; a power, vices, and virtues, which he never had, are attributed to him; the incidents of his life are garbled, they are wrested, they are wrought into a system. Biographers repeat these falsehoods; painters fix their inventions upon canvass, and posterity adopts the phantom. Very silly must he be who believes in history. History is a mere fallacy: as it is colored and fashioned by a great writer, such it remains. Were we to discover memoirs, proving to demonstration that Tacitus has told egregious falsehoods in his account of the virtues of Agricola and the vices of Tiberius, Aricola and Tiberius would still remain what Tacitus has made them.

"Two distinct persons are to be found in Lord Byron—the man of *nature* and the man of *system*. The poet, perceiving what part the public made him perform, accepted it, and began to curse the world, which had at first only been the subject of his reveries: this transition is obvious in the chronological order of his works. As for the character of his genius, so far from having the extent which is attributed to it, it is, on the contrary, very limited. His poetic and impassioned thought is but a moan, a plaint, an imprecation; in this quality, it is admirable; we must not ask the lyre what it thinks but what it sings.

"Lord Byron has abundance of wit, and extremely diversified wit, but of a kind that agitates and has a baneful influence. He has read Voltaire, and he frequently imitates him. In following the great English poet step by step, we are forced to acknowledge that he aims at effect, that he rarely loses sight of

himself, that he is almost always in attitude; that he looks at himself with complacency; but the affectation of eccentricity, singularity, originality, belongs to the English character in general. If, however, Lord Byron has atoned for his genius by certain foibles, futurity will not concern itself about such paltry matters, or rather it will know nothing about them; the poet will hide the man, and will interpose talent between the man and future generations: through this divine veil posterity will discern nothing but the god.

"Lord Byron has formed an epoch; he will leave behind him a trace so deep that it cannot be erased. The accident which made him lame and increased his wildness ought not to have given him any concern, since it did not prevent his being loved. Unfortunately the poet did not always place his affections high enough, and suffered too lowly attachments to entwine themselves around him.

"We cannot but pity Rosseau and Byron for having offered at altars unworthy of their sacrifices; perhaps covetous of time, every minute of which belonged to the world, they were desirous only of pleasure, charging their talent to transform it into passion and glory. Melancholy, jealousy, the pangs of love, were for their lyres; for themselves voluptuous enjoyment and its sleep beneath light hands: they sought reverie, unhappiness, tears, despair, in solitude, winds, darkness, storms, forests, seas, and composed from them for their readers the torments of Childe Harold and St. Preux upon the bosom of La Padoana and del Can de la Madona.

"Be this as it may, in the moment of their intoxication, the illusion of love was complete; for the rest, they were perfectly aware that they held Inconstancy herself in their arms; that she would fly away with the dawn. She did not deceive them with a false semblance of fidelity; she did not impose upon herself the task of following them, weary of their tenderness or her own."—Vol. ii. pp. 341—345.

In thus glancing at the merits of these volumes, it is but fair to mention, that we have made our extracts almost at random, and certainly without any view to selecting their most attractive portions. Our purpose was, chiefly, to offer those which gave the clearest conception of the general value of the performance. In this estimate, it does honor to French Literature, to the temper of the time, and to the name of its distinguished author. We have had no hesitation in disputing his opinions on those higher points of history in which we felt either our national sentiments misunderstood, or, what we regard as infinitely more important, our national religion misrepresented. But, with all the peculiarities of M. de Chateaubriand's prejudices, passions, and country, he has produced a work which it gives us pleasure to praise. Again we ex-

press our wish,—a wish, we believe, common to European loyalty and literature, that he would give us his own memoirs, formally and fully,—that he would give us, in addition, a memoir of the army of Condé, the most chivalrous relique of the fortunes of ancient France; and finally, that he would give us the “History of the Revolution,” in its three phases, from the first imposing light and serenity of Reform, to its ominous darkness in the Democracy, and finally to that tremendous portion of its career, when in full eclipse it rode through the political heaven an orb of blood, and portended ruin to empires.

We should not omit to say that a translation of this “Essay” has been published, remarkable alike for its elegance and for its accuracy.

ART. VI.—1. *Staats-und Gelehrte-Zeitung des Hamburger unpartheiischen Correspondenten. Jahrgang 1836.*

2. *Bekanntmachungen des Oesterreichischen Generals Kaufmann, Oberbefehlshaber der zur Besetzung des Frei-Staats Krakau bestimmten Truppen. Krakau, 1836.*

If the clauses of the Treaty of Vienna, which guaranteed to the greater part of the states of Central Europe a representation of the people, had any meaning, it must have been that it was thought necessary to establish those governments upon a sound and solid footing, which would ensure their having both the power and the inclination to observe the obligations into which they then voluntarily entered. The events of preceding years had shown in almost continental state the insufficiency of the old forms of government to maintain even the independence of the nation, when violently and unexpectedly attacked. It was natural to expect that an increased development of resources, a higher national spirit, and consequently a more imposing attitude towards neighboring lands,—which, by commanding mutual respect, would prove the most effectual guarantee of peace and good neighborhood,—must ensue from a popular form of government. With such governments it would be possible for Great Britain to enter into the most intimate alliances, and we hazard the assertion, that the fact of this condition having in the first instance been frankly adopted by the sovereign of Austria and Prussia was sufficient to authorize an English minister cordially to cultivate the friendship of those powers.

It is unnecessary to detail the reasons why

alliances with constitutional states are more durable than treaties contracted with despotic courts; at the present day few will be inclined to deny the fact. But, if what we have above stated be well founded, it follows that there were then three parties to this treaty, and that the true guaranteeing powers to every clause agreed upon were, not the courts, whose inefficiency had so lately been demonstrated, but the people through their representatives, by means of whose future co-operation a new and more stable order of things was hoped for in every state. It must be evident to every unprejudiced mind on perusing the treaty of Vienna, that the representation of the people is therein introduced in a manner which differs essentially from the forms of older treaties, and the object of the innovation could be no other than to lend to each of the contracting parties more power and consequently more security than they had before enjoyed.

How, after the lapse of a short interval, this newly raised power came to be looked upon by the continental governments as dangerous; its demands to be rejected as inconsistent with the general welfare; its remonstrances to be interpreted as menaces; and every token of resistance it displayed to be regarded as an act of hostility against the social structure which warranted cutting off the unruly member, are facts too well known to our readers for us to repeat at large. Suffice it to say that the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, after deliberately cheating the subjects of those empires by substituting provincial states-general for national representative assemblies, went still farther, and, with the help of immense standing armies, not only annihilated the whole influence of the popular representatives in their respective kingdoms, but insisted on the rulers of the neighboring states following their example.

If the mention of popular governments in the Treaty had no further meaning than the adding of superfluous words to a clause, we, as strangers, have naturally no interest in the matter. If, however, as contracting parties to a solemn treaty, the object of which was to secure repose to the civilized world, after the most severe shock that its fabric had sustained since the emigration of the barbarous nations overthrew the Roman Empire;—if, foreseeing that elements of destruction were still afloat amongst us, against which it behoved us to be on our guard, we embraced the experience of the past, which pointed out that form of government as the one most likely to afford stability to the newly established system; we certainly committed an irreparable fault in acting the part of indif-

ferent spectators, while Austria, Prussia, the Germanic States, France, and the Netherlands, successively stripped themselves of so important a weapon of defence as national feeling must ever prove. By this course of policy did not the nations we have enumerated lay themselves bare and defenceless against the first shock they should receive from foes whether within or without their frontiers? The same experience might have taught us that our boasted isolation from the rest of Europe is at the present day a mere dream; every conflagration that breaks out upon the continent can reach us with its sparks, and we have surely combustible matter enough at home to make us desirous of shunning such danger. It is, however, not so much at present our object to dwell upon faults that have been committed, as to draw attention to the dangers into which they have betrayed us, in the hope that it may not yet be too late to apply a remedy, and most ardently do we pray that our warning may not be overlooked or despised.

It was perhaps a natural oversight in English ministers, wholly engrossed with the internal affairs of the nation, and deceived by the specious coloring which the continental sovereigns were indefatigable in giving to their measures, to think that the sole danger which menaced the social state arose from the excited passions of the multitude but recently roused to a knowledge of their own strength. But even in this case true policy should have made them point out the example of England, where the one mass is counterpoised by the weight of another, not inferior in physical strength, but in moral strength vastly superior. By refusing the privileges which they had begun by promising, the sovereigns reduced the middle classes, who alone could lend them effectual support in case of a struggle, to seek an alliance with the common foe. The more opposition was offered to reasonable demands, the stronger grew the outcry for what was unreasonable. The more the governments relied upon their standing armies, instead of appealing to the enlightened classes for support; the wider grew the breach between them and their subjects; the more rooted became the conviction that the rulers and the people had separate interests; the more irreconcilably did the house become divided against itself.

Let us look over the map of Europe, and ask what continental state is able to resist a violent attack, whether from an unprincipled party within or from a powerful foreign foe? The present state of Spain and Portugal is a melancholy proof of the truth of our assertion, that the strength of a country lies in the possession of an independent middle class, by

whatever name such class may be called. Should the destructive party finally get the upper hand in the Peninsula, will France be able to resist the contagion? Will its government find support in the enlightened classes sufficient to save the nation from the tyranny of a lawless mob?

But it is the critical position of Germany with which we have at present to do. Every person who has mixed much and familiarly with the different classes of society in Germany of late years, must have been struck with the extent to which levelling opinions have spread in that country. By levelling opinions we mean the desire of overthrowing the existing social system, for the sake of deriving some half-defined advantage from the confusion and ruin that would follow. The holders of these opinions are naturally of two classes. The one class desire neither more nor less than plunder; and in its language the word aristocrat means a rich man, whose property is marked out as its prey. The other class consists of such as are without hope of any improvement in the notoriously faulty social and political systems with which they are burdened, except as the result of some total revulsion of the existing order of things. The first-mentioned class is no longer amenable to reason and must be looked upon as the most dangerous enemy to peace and social order, against which a state cannot be too much on its guard. The second class it would be possible to detach from its present alliance with the former and to gain for the defence of civilization and order, if prospects were held out for ameliorating the social state, of raising the industrial classes in the scale, and of allowing to all that share in the government of the country to which they are entitled, and from which they have been hitherto excluded to the general detriment. If some such measures be not adopted to effect this separation, and that soon, it is clear that the two above-mentioned classes of regenerators will proceed in their own fashion to effect a change; and, until things are ripe for the catastrophe, the states in question will totter forward in continually increasing debility, and in an unavoidable dependence upon the most powerful or most dreaded neighbor. It is singular enough, however, that the crisis is being hastened by the measures adopted in a quarter where, at the first glance, we should least expect it.

It is a remarkable fact that the sovereigns of central and eastern Europe are acting exactly in concurrence with the two classes which we have described as combined against the established order of things. The Emperor of Russia proceeds upon the avowed principle of governing in the Asiatic style,

which admits no middle class between the throne and the populace but the satraps, who are the creatures of his power. The late Ukase, abolishing the ancient nobility of Poland, and permitting those families who wish to remain distinguished by outward signs from their countrymen to apply for new Russian letters-patent, sufficiently displays his notions as to the necessity of a powerful and enlightened middle class, and the station he wishes them to occupy. That the Russian nobility gains any additional lustre by this degradation of the Poles, we think it would be hard to prove. We are also far from thinking that the Emperor of Russia has acquired any additional strength by the adoption of these measures; at the same time it must be clear that he has become a more dangerous neighbor for civilized Europe. He is more to be dreaded from speaking so intelligibly by his example to the passions which we know to be afloat in the nations of central Europe, than if, like former Asiatic conquerors, he had arrayed the millions of the Tatarian deserts for the avowed purpose of conquest and destruction. His notions of religion correspond with his ideas of civil polity. At his command, a religion which has been the prevailing one during a thousand years must give way to one which his undisputed will proclaims. Can we possibly shut our eyes to the consequences of such an example at such a moment.

That the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia should have deemed it to their interest to weaken the influence of the nobility and middle classes in their respective dominions cannot be sufficiently lamented. It is also a lamentable fact that the Germans have ceased to place any confidence in their nobles, whose ignorance concerning the true station which they ought to occupy in the political scale prevented them from binding their fellow-citizens by ties of gratitude. The destruction of the public confidence reposed in them has been much accelerated by the measures taken by the different governments to lessen the real importance and to augment the useless and irritating privileges of the higher classes. We might fill pages with instances from Hanover, Hesse, Prussia, and Austria, of distinctions insulting to the useful classes and burdensome to the noblesse of those lands, which the latter have been induced to seek, or compelled to accept, in exchange for the due influence and independent station to which, by birthright and acquirements, they were entitled. It is of little avail to their subjects, or to us, that the German sovereigns disclaim all participation in the plans of the Russian emperor, and declare

their proceedings to have been guided by the desire of establishing peace and respect for the laws within their dominions. The shade of an opinion is of little importance to a country which finds itself deprived of moral and physical strength, at a period when it is threatened with severe shocks from within as well as from without; and that Germany is at the present moment thus menaced, we think, after a perusal of the following statements, it will be difficult to deny. The proceedings of late in Switzerland have shown that there is no want of individuals who make it their business to fan the passions of the populace by holding out prospects of license and plunder. When the courts of Prussia and Austria put themselves forward as the avengers of law and social order, one would have thought that, in their public transactions at least, they would lay themselves open to no reproach of the kind, and that, when they call upon their subjects and foreign powers to put implicit confidence in their measures, they would take some little pains to deserve it. We must, however, lift the veil, in order that Europe may see the tendency of a monopoly of power under any pretext whatever, and the danger accruing, not only to the countries which first may fall victims to the insecure system of irresponsible governments, but also the sad effects of the contagion of vicious example even upon the most civilized states.

The conduct of Prussia towards such of her Polish subjects as joined the revolutionary army in 1831 is condemned even by the course pursued by Austria. In the latter country, where no formal permission was given to individuals who wished to proceed to Warsaw, still, as no express prohibition had been proclaimed, no subject of Austria was called afterwards to account for what he had done; nor was any attempt made to inflict penalties that were not denounced by the existing laws. The persecutions and inquisitorial proceedings which have tormented the inhabitants of Austrian Poland for the last two years had a totally different object. They were founded upon a suspicion of correspondences carried on since 1832 with the refugees in France, upon attempts made to introduce inflammatory publications into the country, and an overt attempt made at Lemberg to excite a revolt among the troops and the populace. We are no advocates of the policy which Austria pursues, as we shall sufficiently show; but, as far as concerns the treatment of those individuals who took part in the war against Russia, the cabinet was consistent, clement, and even generous. The Prussian cabinet, however, issued passports

to numbers of its subjects to proceed to Warsaw during the epoch of the first successes of the Polish arms. Gentlemen of every rank availed themselves of the permission, and even appeared at public places in Berlin, and in the presence of members of the royal family, in the uniforms which they had prepared for the campaign. Among the number were large landed proprietors in the Duchy of Posen; and we regret to say that the whole seems to have been a most mercenary and degrading plot on the part of the court to secure a plausible pretext for confiscation. Some months later, it is well known that proclamations appeared in the Prussian Gazettes recalling all subjects of that state from Poland, under pain of the forfeiture of their property. What choice was left to men of ardent and chivalrous dispositions? As they themselves stated, obedience would have been possible had the cause into which they had entered been prosperous; but the prospects of the Poles were on the decline. It was no longer a question about relinquishing half-won laurels; they were called upon to desert their countrymen on the verge of destruction. Those whose feelings on the subject of honor were most acute remained to await the catastrophe. Their estates were naturally laid under sequestration, but the Prussian lawyers, on their return, assured them that such proceedings under *ex post facto* decrees were not justified by the laws of the country, and recommended an appeal to the tribunals. These suits passed in some cases through the three instances of appeal, and were every where decided against the government, until the king at length put a termination to the resistance offered to his arbitrary disposition by a decree from his cabinet reversing the judgment of the High Court of Appeal. May we ask to whose share the prize has fallen? Need we ask of what crime the families of the sufferers have been guilty?

Can the Prussians pretend that property is secure in their country after such an occurrence; and from what side has the danger first threatened them? Have the Spaniards done worse in confiscating the estates of the church, because the clergy are supposed to be disinclined to the cause of freedom?

If the subjects of Prussia continue under such circumstances to repose any confidence in their rulers,—if foreign powers still attach any weight to public treaties concluded with a court which has thus placed itself above the tribunal of public opinion,—the reason must be sought in the supposition that the Prussian government has at least power sufficient to preserve an imposing attitude towards neighboring states, and thus forms an indispensable member of the grand confederation,

whose object, as well as interest, it is to preserve the balance of power in Europe. If this be the case, what are we to say to the following statement, which has gone the round of the German papers uncontradicted? We copy it from the Hamburg Correspondent of the 29th of October, 1836.

“From Prussia. . . . It has been stated, for instance, that even women and children, who had unwittingly passed the frontier, have been seized and carried off by the Russian frontier guards, and that individuals bathing in debateable rivers on the frontier have been seized in a state of nudity. An officer of rank of the Prussian frontier guard was surprised to hear, in a [Russian] town at some distance from the borders, tones of lamentation in the German language. On inquiry he found that they proceeded from Prussian peasants from a village on the frontier, who were on their way to Siberia for having attempted to introduce prohibited coin into the Russian empire. These poor people, it seems, had some business to transact in a neighboring Russian village, but, in order to comply with the demands of the Russian law, which allows no one to pass the frontier who is not in possession of ten rix-dollars, they were obliged to collect on loan all the ready money that could be found in their village, and naturally brought together a mixture of coins of many kinds. On arriving at the frontier they produced their capital, but the Russian authorities asserted that the money did not pass current in the empire, and, instead of refusing the peasants admittance, confiscated the money, and sentenced the owners, as a lawful capture, to Siberia. On this occasion the officer succeeded by his representations in procuring the poor people their freedom and the restitution of their property, but it is not every one who is lucky enough to fall in with such a traveller.”

This statement requires no comment.

A recent and most striking instance of the contagious nature of the example set by the Russians in contemning public opinion has been given by the conduct of the Austrian troops on the late occupation of Cracow. The pretences under which this occupation was attempted to be justified are well known. In the original proclamations of the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, General Kaufmann, and which differ in some respects from the versions given in the German newspapers, we find the following paragraphs:—

“No. 1. Considering the disorders, outrages, even the crimes, which have of late disturbed the peace of this city and its inhabitants;

“Considering that it has been incontrovertibly proved that all these atrocities (*unthaten*) must be ascribed to those refugees, revolutionary emissaries, and vagabonds (*bestim-*

müßungslosen menschen) who of late have collected in Cracow and its territory ;

"Considering the duties which are incumbent upon them as protectors of the free state of Cracow, and the necessity of putting an end to the lawless state of things which threatens not only the tranquillity of this state, but also that of the neighboring provinces ;

"Considering, finally, that the government of the free state of Cracow, notwithstanding that the means were generously offered them, did not comply with the requisition addressed to them under the ninth article of the treaty of Vienna, demanding the expulsion from their territory of the refugees and persons condemned by law, who had there collected, (although according to this very article the delivering up of these individuals might have been required,) and that consequently the conditions on which the neutrality of this free state was made dependent have not been fulfilled—the high protecting powers of the free state of Cracow have resolved on the occupation."

In the absence of all accredited documents to contradict statements put forth with such pomp of generous consideration for a helpless but sinful state, it was natural that Europe, however it lamented the misfortunes of Cracow, should still believe that the free town had really given some cause of umbrage to its omnipotent protectors. But what will our readers say when we produce an official document whose authenticity defies disproof, and which will show that the statements contained in the proclamation we have quoted are falsehoods, known to be such by the government which published them, and yet offered as justifications of their conduct to neighboring states, whose diplomatic agents must have been supposed too indolent to detect their infamy ?

Instead of the senate of Cracow having refused to comply with requisitions for the expulsion of the refugees who had taken shelter on the territory, and had *been left there* when the Russian troops withdrew, after the occupation which followed on the close of the late revolution, it appears that the authorities of the town made repeated applications to the residents of the three powers to point out the conduct which they wished the magistracy to observe towards the refugees. The first application was made in the form of a note addressed by the senate, to the commission appointed by the three powers in 1833 to regenerate the constitution and government of the city and state, praying them to decide whether the refugees then at Cracow were to remain there or not, and in the latter case requesting the commission to furnish them with passports to other countries. This application appears to have been occasioned by the signs and tokens which

the members of the commission of regeneration allowed to appear, and which sufficiently convinced the people of Cracow that their independence hung upon a thread of the slightest texture ; that it consequently behooved them to remove all cause of jealousy for the future. We are further told that these demands relative to the residence of refugees in the free state were repeated at intervals in notes addressed by the senate to the conference or residents of the three powers, which were *never answered*.

The last and most important communication addressed by the senate to the residents of the three powers was the note of the 30th of May, 1835, in which individuals who had found means to enter the territory with false passports were denounced by name, especially Xavier Boski and a certain de Eysmont, who afterwards perpetrated those *crimes* on which so much stress is laid in the proclamations. To this note no answer was returned, and the individuals remained in the city.

Can such a course of proceeding be credited at the present day ? Can a government really venture to publish and to act thus in defiance of the dictates of honor, to say nothing of those of morality ?

After such deliberate manifestations of contempt for all decency, it will not excite surprise that the promises contained in the remaining paragraphs of the proclamation were violated almost the moment they were published. The authorities had been promised respectful treatment and the undisturbed exercise of their functions, whereas we find the Austrian general summoning the president of the senate to appear before him by a corporal, while his town-major surpassed his commander-in-chief in insults and brutal treatment of the citizens. The officers and soldiers of the occupying regiments, one of which, we regret to say, bears an English name (Nugent), and boasted an English cadet in its ranks, were obliged to condescend to do the duty of Austrian police. The shops of the jewellers were searched for rings, brooches, and trinkets on which was enamelled the white eagle of Poland ; and the separation of families, and files of women and children escorted by the invaders through the streets, proclaimed too well how speedily the lesson given by Russia had been learned by the neighboring power.

Before the entry of the troops, a proclamation had commanded that all individuals resident at Cracow, who had taken any part whatever in the revolution, should leave the city and cross over to Podgórze, on the Austrian side of the Vistula. The president of the senate, in the consciousness of the

helpless state of the city, abandoned by every ally, even by those to whose energetic diplomacy the little republic had been indebted for its existence, was compelled to sanction the order; and about eight hundred individuals, many of whom were married and had undertaken various employments for their support and that of their families, obeyed the injunction, hoping by the sacrifice thus made to secure a better treatment for their countrymen. The heart-rending scenes which arose from this generous effort of moral courage on the part of these self-offered victims, whose wives and children accompanied them to the bridge, and whose sobs and lamentations resounded on all sides, seem to have rather hardened than mollified the obdurate hearts of the Austrian military; for a few days after the occupation this scene was again renewed under circumstances even more distressing and unjustifiable. It does not appear on what authority, but the proclamation condemning all persons implicated in the late revolution was extended to all individuals not natives of the city and territory who were unprovided with passports. Taken in its strictest sense, this included numbers who, in the last century, before the separation of Cracow from the rest of Poland, had settled there at a time when passports were not dreamt of. It will scarcely be credited that all who were unable to produce the documents desired, whether nobles, citizens, or peasants, were forced from their houses and possessions, and sent under military escort to Podgórze. The most despicable means were employed to ascertain whether old settlers were in reality natives of the territory or not. The poor sufferers were allowed to take their wives and children with them, if they chose; and the melancholy trains, amounting in all to about 2000 individuals, were to be seen, party after party, bending their steps to the Austrian territory, where the option of embarkation to America, or of being delivered up to Russia, was offered to them. A great number, dreading the idea of a sea voyage, preferred the latter. One woman died of fright upon the bridge, in the midst of the Hussars, who were escorting her to join her husband.

It was after being a witness to these scenes, and having attained the conviction, that not the desire of establishing a tranquillity which in fact had never been disturbed, but a deliberate aggression of stronger powers, jealous of the independence even of so weak a city as Cracow, was the motive of the invasion, that the president of the senate, M. Wielogłowski, addressed the following letter to Prince Metternich; a copy

of which having fallen by accident into our hands, we publish it in full, as the best corroboration of the statements we have made.

Copy of a Letter addressed by M. Wielogłowski to Prince Metternich, under the date 25th February, 1836.

"In the official letter with which your highness was pleased lately to honor me, and the perusal of which left a most distressing impression upon my mind, I find that, after all the measures which it has been judged necessary to take in the name of the illustrious courts, the government of which I was a member still lies under the imputation (founded not upon facts, but merely on reported assertions) of having through my indulgence, or, what is worse, through my culpable connivance, encouraged the Polish emigrants to remain at Cracow, where their presence proved as prejudicial to the free city as it was to the adjacent provinces of the protecting powers. How far this accusation is founded in truth, time and circumstances must one day bring to light.

"In the Republic of Cracow, which the illustrious courts wished to have governed according to the fundamental laws which they were magnanimous enough to lay down, the functions of the president of the senate were exclusively limited to the power of making propositions to the government relative to improvements in the administration of the country, and his signature sanctioned the decisions made by the majority of the senate; it will be impossible, however, to point out any decision, any rescript of the senate, from which the results that have been stated can be adduced in proof of this supposed tendency. The residence and protection of the Polish emigrants at Cracow can never be imputed to the senate; still less, however, to the undersigned; since, during the reorganization of the state, the government requested the commission charged with the reorganization, by the note of 26th September, 1833, to be pleased to decide upon the future fate of the refugees, and either to allow them to return to their homes, or to furnish them with passports for other countries. But these representations made at that time, and at a later period frequently repeated and addressed to the conference, were always left unanswered; the illustrious courts having reserved the right of making a final decision respecting them. In the mean time the number of emigrants at Cracow daily increased, in consequence of the measures taken to expel them from Galicia, a course of things which was facilitated by the circumstance that no opposition was offered to their passing from Podgórze (in Galicia) to Cracow.

"The second reproach made to the government is the having tolerated subjects of the protecting powers in their militia, and among these individuals some who had even borne arms against their sovereigns. This fact has never been denied; so far from it the present government at the commencement of its organization proposed to the commissioners

plenipotentiary to dissolve the militia as it then existed, and to replace it by recruiting among the natives of the country, after dismissing all suspected persons. The rejection of this offer by the rescript of 31st of May, 1833, reduced the senate to the necessity of leaving the militia on the footing on which it was found.

"The third accusation is founded upon the events which we have so recently had to deplore, and the sad consequences of which we are doomed to endure. These are, the windows broken on the 18th of December last, the murder of Pawlowski, and a *marron* thrown into a window on the day of a ball given by the citizens, according to the statement of the Vienna Gazettes.

"The first and second of these events, if we may judge from their perpetrators, would certainly not have taken place if the conference of residence had been pleased to adopt resolutions in accordance with the communication made by the undersigned, dated 30th May, 1835, and a copy of which is hereto annexed, praying the removal from the territory of Xavier Baski, who (afterwards) broke the windows, and of de Eysmont, one of the principal accomplices, as it now begins to appear, in the murder of Pawlowski. The fact that the note thus presented was left for the space of nearly a year without any answer whatever was one cause of these melancholy occurrences, which, from the character of the individuals above mentioned, had been foreseen and dreaded by the undersigned.

"The maintenance of political associations and the transmission of inflammatory writings by the Polish emigrants in France and Belgium cannot be laid to the charge of the government, since every province bordering on our state has a well-guarded frontier and customs guard, and all the post-offices of our city are in the hands of the foreign authorities. As to emissaries being sent and receiving permission to remain here, I may be allowed to observe that not one of these individuals can be proved to have been furnished with a passport to Cracow. All bore passports to Austrian Galicia, and merely entered our territory as passers through it. The government of Cracow can hardly be made responsible for the signature affixed by the police of Breslau to passports delivered by Prussia, through Cracow, to the Austrian territories; nor could it be expected to turn individuals thus provided out of the road pointed out to them by the competent authorities. This was the less to be expected, as the president, confiding in his line of action, represented to the conference at the time the inconvenience that might ensue from the arrival of many persons under feigned names,—giving notice even as the individuals in question appeared at Cracow,—and thus communicating the arrival of M. Dolicoa under the name of Bocek, of that of Cybulski under the name of Richard, and of the arrival of S. Zabicki under the name of Kazarczeck. In support of his assertions he communicated their original passports to the residents.

These, sir, are incontestable facts, which are easily proved by official papers and correspondence, and which the resident of his Imperial Apostolic Majesty cannot deny, without contradicting the evidence of those documents of the traces of which he must himself be in possession.

"For my personal defence I appeal to the transactions of the government to prove what my conduct has been, what propositions I made at the sittings of the senate, and what were my efforts for the maintenance of public order. But I cannot indicate to your highness the true cause of the confluence of so many emigrants at Cracow, as it would bear the form of an accusation, and I prefer rather to fall a victim myself than to prove the cause of injury to others. Your highness was pleased three years ago to call the undersigned (who felt himself unequal to the task) to the post of president, which the existing circumstances had rendered one of great difficulty. Your highness was pleased even to command my acceptance of it. In the desire of complying with the wishes of the illustrious courts, I obeyed; and, if I had been seconded by the conference, I trust I should have accomplished my task.

"Seeing, however, at present how all my efforts are paralyzed, I find it necessary to give up my functions, and have accordingly tendered my resignation through the medium of the residents. The conference, by virtue of the full powers with which it is furnished, has allowed me to do so. I have, therefore, now no other wish than to justify my conduct to your highness, and express my regret at having, without being convicted of any fault, to support the weight of punishment; and this in the eyes both of the inhabitants of the country and of strangers who were witnesses when the Polish refugees, on the simple summons of the government pointing out Podgórze as the point of assemblage, quitted Cracow with a docility and resignation unexampled in such cases, and without any other manifestation of their sentiments than tears and mutual embraces.

"Humbled, summoned daily by corporals to the commanding general, it was easy for me to perceive, from the first moments of the military occupation of the town, that the good will of the protecting powers towards me as chief of the government had either been destroyed or was misunderstood.

"I am not competent to judge whether the collecting of the emigrants into a body and the expelling them simultaneously has been of service to the country or adjacent provinces, nor shall I undertake to prove that the government, which by a simple appeal was able to make all the refugees quit Cracow before the arrival of the troops, must, in the absence of physical strength, have enjoyed a moral well-felt influence over the minds of the strangers inhabiting the country. It would be superfluous for me to dwell on these considerations, which your highness, in your wisdom, which is ever guided by sentiments

of justice and goodness, will sufficiently appreciate.

"If the abasement of the government and my personal humiliation were indispensable to satisfy the wish of the illustrious courts, I resign myself without murmuring to their will, requesting only that your highness will condescend to accept my justification, to compare it with the original official documents, and, having weighed my conduct, will continue towards me the protection which I have enjoyed during the last three years of my presidentship, and which I flatter myself not to have justly forfeited."

To offer any comment upon this document would be to lessen the impression which its perusal must leave upon the mind of every thinking reader. We shall merely add, that the notion which was so eagerly spread that the Austrians had entered the town in order to get the start of the Russians is perfectly erroneous. It is true, that the agents of both powers are endeavoring to get the citizens to throw themselves into the arms of their respective governments, but this game was begun many years back by Russia, when she violated every clause of the additional treaty of Vienna, which stipulated those commercial advantages for the free town without which it could not possibly exist. Cracow is an open town, without walls, and its venerable castle has none of the formidable appurtenances of modern fortification. There is said to be a spot at a small distance from the city, which, as a strategical point, is of the highest importance. That the Russians, however, even if the temporary possession of the city be granted to the Austrians, would never allow the latter power to fortify that point, is pretty certain, as by that event they would lose all the advantage of their new line of fortresses along the Vistula, which at present take Galicia in flank, and command the possession of Cracow as soon as it shall be deemed proper to demand it.* The Austrians have not a single fortress to the north of the Carpathians.

But we are here not following the labyrinth of Russian politics. We should most sincerely rejoice if we could see the Germanic governments gained for the defence of civilization and social order, and with them that class of their subjects who have nothing in common with the preachers of anarchy and destruction, but the ardent desire of a change. It must, however, be clear that an

alliance with Austria and Prussia, under the present circumstances, would afford no guarantee for the future peace and security of Europe. Neither state, as we have seen, is able to resist attacks from within or from without, nor will be able until some fresh portion of vigor, by means of institutions calculated to develop the resources of those lands and to arouse the national spirit, be infused into those nations. Had England pursued this plan from the beginning, much that has been done would have been left undone. Constitutional Germany would never have tamely looked on at the fall of constitutional Poland. Even France and the Netherlands would have been gainers by such an order of things. The most singular circumstance is that Great Britain has all along held in her hand the means of effecting this good, of effecting that desirable peaceable revolution in central Europe, which would restore to this quarter of the globe the blessings of that peace of which we have so long known only the name. The key to this long desired tranquillity in Europe is simply the kingdom of Hanover.

Had the King of Hanover kept faith with his subjects and allowed them the free use of the constitution which was granted under the treaty of Vienna, the King of Prussia would have been obliged also to observe his obligations. The constitution of Hanover is in theory excellent; but, perhaps, for that reason it has never yet been allowed a practical trial. Let the English minister but take up the subject as a British one, and insist on the King of Hanover's placing himself upon such a footing that he can keep the treaties which that country has concluded with Great Britain. Let the Hanoverian ministers and diplomatic agents be made responsible to the chambers for their conduct, and allow those chambers the right of voting freely, without dreading the interference of England, Prussia, and Austria; and the change which we so ardently desire to see will be effected. There cannot exist one really popular government in Germany without its being imitated by others; and it will be remembered how soon the example set by Brunswick in 1830 spread to the neighboring territories of Hesse and Saxony, when the British government showed no disposition to oppose the will of the people. Should Hanover take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things, the effect must be electrical throughout Germany; and a stop would at once be put to the menaces and encroachments of Russia, as well as to the no less dangerous progress of Jacobin ideas.

In this case, fortunately, there is nothing to be overturned, no new and untried system

* There can be no clearer proof given of the inability of Austria to offer resistance to the encroachments of Russia, than its permitting the Russians to shut up the Danube. The probability is that the Russian secret police at Vienna have it in their power to control the minister.

to be introduced. The chambers which now meet need only be allowed to canvass freely the subjects they choose to take up, and to feel themselves in security against the meddling influence of foreign powers. They would most probably in the first place disengage themselves from the yoke of the Frankfort diet, excepting in as far as it appeared to be to the interest of the country to adhere to it. A natural consequence of this must be a change in that diet itself, which would then return to its old destination of superintending the means of defence against foreign powers; while those means, invigorated by the national spirit that would pervade all ranks, must cause a demonstration of strength that would at length realize the dreams of the contracting parties to the treaty of Vienna.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Die Zerrissenen, eine Novelle*. (The Torn-Asunder, a Tale.) Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1832.
2. *Eduard, eine Novelle*. Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1833.
3. *Lessing, Novelle*. Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1834.
4. *Novellen*. Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 4 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1834.
5. *Galathee, ein Roman* (a Novel). Von A. Freiherrn von Sternberg. 8vo. Stuttgart & Tübingen, 1836.

TIME was when, if we opened a novel of reputation in any language, we pretty well knew what we were about to read: to wit, a story calculated to awaken our curiosity and sympathy, and deriving its command over the latter from the truth and vividness with which natural feelings, strong passions, individual character, and the manners of times past or present, were portrayed. With respect to the best English works of imagination, such expectations still, in great measure, hold good; and any doubts that may arise as to the entertainment we are about to find, refer chiefly to the degree of power, talent, and knowledge of men, history, and society, with which all this may be executed. With respect to the novels, romances, and tales poured in upon us from the continent, more especially from Germany, the case is far different; and a possible solution of the difference at this moment suggests itself to us.

Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his last pub-

lication on France, informs us that in that country,—falsely, we presume, charged with levity,—none read novels except young boys and such females as are not spoken of in good company; all men, and all other women, occupying their reading-hours wholly and solely with history and biography, ever since French historians have learned to write graphically. Now, may it not be a desire to avoid such a disreputable dereliction by all respectable classes of readers, that has induced many German novelists to convert their productions into any thing but interesting love-tales? If this be their object, we think we might venture, for a very small premium, to insure them at least against popularity with those whom Mr. Bulwer designates as the novel-reading classes of France. We take up a German *novelle* (tale), with a title that might allure any novel-reader—what can be more romantic than the first upon our list?—and what do we find? Dialogues upon religion, politics, ethics, metaphysics, æsthetics, or any other topic of discussion under the sun, loosely tacked together by the walks, visits, and amours, sometimes by the loves, of an artist Otho, or a Count Hermann, or any other human being, high born or low born. We do not aver that this misfortune is certain to befall us. Far from it. We ourselves have made the British public acquainted with living German novelists of the historical school, and we hope to do so again; but we understand that those amusing writers are held cheap, and that it is the dissertating novelist alone who can hope to have his merits and demerits elaborately criticised at a German *conversazione*.

We are led to throw out these general observations by finding ourselves called upon to introduce the *Freiherrn* (Baron) von Sternberg to our readers; a noble author, who is entitled to such a mark of respect from us, as ranking nearly at the head of the dissertating class of novelists, and as amongst the most popular at the present day. Of his popularity we have for some time been aware, and six little volumes of his works have just reached us, though not, we regret to say, his *Molière*, which we have heard is esteemed one of his best. Six volumes seeming, however, quite sufficient to make an author's style and powers known, we will not delay our notice of the baron until we may be able to procure *Molière*. It is just possible that by this precipitation we may betray our readers into error concerning some of the author's opinions, for he employs no deputy to pronounce his own judgment upon the questions discussed; and, to take one instance among many, we find such contradictory opinions respecting the com-

parative excellence of the present enlightened nineteenth century, and the age of Lewis the Fourteenth, that we really cannot guess of which he is a partisan; and this *Molière* might perhaps elucidate. We are not, indeed, without a suspicion that the Baron's main object is merely to say all that can be said on all sides of every question mooted; and at all events we trust the reader will endeavor, as we do, to reconcile himself to this state of doubt, which, we might add, extends even to the moral and intellectual worth of some of the personages.

We purpose to give a short account of all the most considerable tales in these volumes, with extracts as varied as we can find them in character.

Die Zerrissenen (which, whether to translate the lacerated, the dilaniated, or the torn to pieces, we cannot satisfactorily decide) and *Eduard* are in fact, at least to English apprehension, two volumes of one and the same, still unfinished, novel. The story is this: Eduard, a young artist, attached and engaged to the amiable and loving Emilie, the daughter of a respectable old artist, is introduced by Robert, a clever English profligate, to a reigning Duke Lothar, and his chosen *coterie*, at the strange abode,—externally to the street a mere fisherman's hovel, internally and backwards an Oriental harem,—in which the said duke conceals his very commonplace mistress, Joconde. The *coterie* consists, besides Robert and Eduard, of Massiello, a witty musician, of a gay, good-natured, very musical, epicurean abbé, of a *Graf* (Earl) Eberhard, a proselytizing disbeliever in religion, morality, and high feeling, and of a *Gräfin*, Eva, who appears to be equally at home at the decorous palace, and the indecorous fisherman's hut. Another worthy, an old Englishman, bearing the unprecedented name of Fleackwouth,* appears to have been a member, but he forthwith shoots himself, for no assignable reason but a taste for suicide, and impatience to be buried in the air, by being hung, after death, upon a gallows—a testamentary disposition duly executed by his friends. In this set, who dissert, to poor Joconde's annoyance, whenever they are not playing and singing, Eduard is soon estranged from Emilie. He involves himself in intrigues with both Jo-

conde and Eva, and formally breaks off his intended marriage.

Meanwhile, the duke's betrothed bride arrives to be married, bringing in her train *Fräulein** Magdalena, whose birth is a mystery, and who is a religious enthusiast, and an emissary of a secret society of political reformers, to which we are not very sure that *Graf* Eberhard does not belong. The duke becomes intimate with her, is converted, breaks with Joconde, but does not marry. Eduard tires of Joconde and Eva, hates Magdalena, then falls in love with her, and discovers, as he supposes, that she has an intrigue with the duke,—certainly, that she has been acting a part to gain him for her society.

Here ends *Die Zerrissenen*, leaving all parties torn asunder. In *Eduard*, Duke Lothar is dethroned by the reformers, turns a religious sectarian, is robbed by his instructor, and dies. Magdalena proves to be his sister, illegitimately; but she will not marry Eduard, because she cannot love the man she has duped. And so ends *Eduard*. There surely wants a third volume to tell us what finally became of the feeble hero, and the disagreeable though strong-minded and virtuous Magdalena.

Let us now seek for specimens. *Graf* Eberhard's long arguments against all that we most revere we cannot extract; but we wish to give an idea of him and his doctrines, and find a passage that we can venture to take. The Count is visiting, with views of proselytism, Eduard, who is in bed with a wound inflicted by a young page, jealous of him with both Eva and Joconde.

"The Count one day drew *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*† (William Meister's Apprenticeship) from his pocket. 'This,' said he, 'is an extraordinary book—a man who passes through life without troubling himself about the black and white with which we paint every thing.' Eduard alleged that the book seemed to be designed to elevate the histrionic art. The count smiled, but adroitly turned to express his own views. 'This, and similar books,' said he 'are to me living proofs that a heathful sensual development is the highest strain of poetry. The tumult of passion, the red pulsation of a burning heart, the panting eagerness of sensual ardor, and a scoffing banter of the pretensions of spirituality, that is the breath of life swelling the

* Apropos of Mr. Fleackwouth, we must observe that the appropriation of names and titles does not seem to be the Baron's forte any more than that of continental writers in general. He attaches the aristocratic Don, which, as exclusively as our own Sir, belongs to Christian names, to the surname; he locates Mexican Montezumas and Peruvian Atalibas in Brazil, and the like.

* The title of an unmarried woman of quality.
† 'Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre' may be said to have set the fashion of these criticising, dissertating Novellen; but the fashion has since been so caricatured, that one scarcely recognizes the present style in that mixture of much story with dissertation.

breast of Göthe's muse; nowhere sickliness, everywhere the muscular energy of a Laocoon, the sweet wiles of Aphrodite.'

"Eduard timidly objected that such views seemed dangerous, as obscuring the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and sin. Graf Eberhard stopped him—'There is no sin as there is no virtue. Do we call the hurricane that uproots trees and topples down rocks sin? It is one and the same thing with the vernal zephyr,—a phenomenon; our short-sighted notions only deem the one destructive, the other beneficial. A man who destroys himself by excesses is to me a mere phenomenon; I no more praise or blame him than I do a fruit-tree exhausted by over-bearing. But I pity the distorted plant, which an ornamental gardener has crippled into a dry skeleton. A time will come when all religion and philosophy will sink into the dust; then will men, cured of disease and misery, and again naked, bathe in the eternal fountains of paradise.' * * * *

"The abbé said, 'Do you observe, my dear fellow, that this man (Graf Eberhard) has no less an object than to impress a new tendency upon the times. What should that lead to? Here you have some half million of men dispersed over the globe, laying their ears to the earth to listen for the footsteps of time. Amidst their plans for shaping and fashioning the times, time itself escapes them unused. The whole world now lies sick of this malady. We foresee something great and terrible; we set our arms and bodies as though to stem a falling wall; and if nothing falls, there we stand in the drollest postures possible. In the worst times, as in an ill-built carriage, a wise man will always find some snug corner where he may sit and dream comfortably.'

"Massiello, who had flung himself into an arm-chair, now clasped both hands before his face, and with a deep sigh, exclaimed, 'Oh, I am weary of life! I can find no words for the disgust that seizes me! All phenomena have repeated themselves to satiety, and I am familiar with their paltriness. All is nothing, all is insipid, all dead, dusty, charred—paltry.'

We will now transport the reader to a mansion connected with one of the Duke's country-palaces, in which mansion resides, with his family, an old loyal household officer, known to us as the baron, with whom Eduard is domiciliated whilst, by order of the princess-bride, painting Magdalena's portrait. The baron's daughter is courted, against his inclination, by a newspaper-writer—in continental language, a journalist.

"'The first and most important question,' resumed the journalist, 'is what at this present time we seek in poetry.' The baron expressively answered, 'Recreation, exhilaration, elevation above these troubled and heavy times.' 'Elevation, certainly,' rejoined the other, 'that it must and will give us. Thank God, the time is past when this noble art, like

the others, served only for the toy of courts, when a couple of thousand human beings played with it as with a doll. Therefore nothing of recreation, of exhilaration. We must not be recreated or exhilarated—a dark, action-impelling season, requires of us, work, labor, rapidly inspired energy. The conflagration of overthrown realms, of old scaffoldings and constitutions, has, like the blood of perished generations, manured the ground; and the brightly shining sun of pure enlightenment is now rapidly maturing the germinating seed. All is in motion, and now the tragic dagger of the muse must try its sharp point in masculine hands. Away with the marrow-destroying effeminacy of those poets whose faun*-like faces, shaded by periwigs, lurked around the state bed, where the old wanton coquette, Despotism, pranked herself and ogled them. Young Liberty, as a Joseph of flaming beauty and rock-like hardness, breaks, in virgin rudeness, from the persecuting arms of the old coquette, who remains in a withering swoon. Gladly be the mantle, be all earthly goods, sacrificed, so the heaven in the bosom be saved.'

"A deep silence followed these living words. Sophie crept closer to the speaker and looked into his sparkling eyes."

We confess we do not clearly know whether these living words be or be not meant for caricature. All we know is that the Journalist runs away with Sophie, and that the marriage seems to do very well.

We will take another literary conversation from *Eduard*, wherein a young countess, a professed admirer of the age of Louis XIV., hoops and periwigs inclusive, thus speaks:—

"'I must think the middle ages, fruitful as they have been to the poet, worn out. The fountain of the *Nibelungen Lied* is not inexhaustible, and ditties about Young Siegfried and Maid Sieglind, now leave even the lovers of poetry cold, recalling, disadvantageously, the monstrosities of the Edda, and the times when nothing was talked of at an elegant tea-table but the blunders of an Icelandic giant, or the affectations of a weakling who had idly assumed armor. How vigorous and truthful appears in comparison Bürger's *Leonora*!' 'For Heaven's sake!' exclaimed the poet Ottfried. 'Honored lady, if you achieve the triumph of such views, we shall see the long-vanished wigs return; betrayed country girls, and weeping parsons' daughters will again be sung; the innumerable sapless, nerveless pastorals will revive, and we shall fall anew into the bottomless misery of allegory.' 'I see no necessity for all this,' returned the lady. 'The errors of those days are too full in view for us not to avoid them. But produce a volume of pastorals, so they possess the taste and spirit of the sweet little lays the best poets of that age have left us. That in-

* The modern Germans have substituted Fauns for Satyrs, in the prosepepeia of gross appetite.

nocent Arcadian world, often so roguishly parodying the real world, offering the poet, if he were equal to his task, such opportunities for humor, feeling, wit, and deep thought, and which, if it sometimes fell into caricature, never degenerated into horrors and revolting distortions;—is it not a more grateful material for poetic treatment than all the grotesque preternatural legends in the world? . . . — From France, where the art of living enjoyably and intellectually has been cultivated with the most refinement, where what is called good society has been regulated by the most determinate rules, from France we received those laws of taste which the world of to-day so precipitately rejects. The first law was, that the form, so essential in art as in life, must never be violated. Our times, which are bent upon removing all restrictions, will soon discover how indispensably required, by the very necessities of social life, were those principles of intercourse now reprobated as empty ceremonial, ridiculous pretension, absurd etiquette.’”

Another department of literature, the novel, is discussed, wherein it might be thought the author laughed at himself. But the context, not of this only, but of all of his works, refutes the idea, and we give it as the author's self-vindication. A man of learning and letters speaks:—

“‘The novels of our great living master are again employed upon portraiture of society. New as is the form, many of these narratives recall the good patterns of former days, and the Vicar of Wakefield, were it supplied with a little reasoning, would be a novel in the newest style. . . . Fifty years ago, the novel was split into at least a dozen kinds, amongst which were distinguished the historic, the moral, the ethic, the philosophic, the satiric novel, and the common love tale. All these various materials are now thrown into one mould, and called the *Novelle*. . . . They are often learned little compendiums, overloaded with far-fetched jests, and conceited humor; the story, which should be the main point, is so mere an accessory, that the personages are the coined heralds of certain views and opinions, amusingly and instructively battling against each other. . . . A great master, the founder of the school, likewise called this form into existence; and assuredly the *Novelle*, as he gives it, with the witchery of diction, freshness and vigor of thought, and fullness of golden humor, is most captivating. It moves in strong contrast to the often common-place reality of the historic novel, the ground of which has been trampled down by thousands of feet; it offers, in a constant lively play of colors, a wondrous dreamy world, the foundations of which rest in the inmost core of the mind, in the depths of poetical contemplation. To confirm this view, it is only necessary to compare the works of two masters, who have chosen a nearly identical subject, but deviated most widely from

each other in treating it. I mean the *Aufbruch in den Cevennen* (the Revolt in the Cevennes), and Scott's *Schwärmer* (the Fanatic, being, we conclude, Old Mortality). How dissimilar! How vague and doubtful the locality of the former, to the topographical accuracy of the historical ground in the latter! But then, how wonderfully are the depths of the human heart revealed in that former, whilst in the other the incident is the chief point, and the poet, where he touches upon the internal world, is evidently inadequate to his task. Perhaps we may here discover the reason why the poet of the Cevennes-rebellion named his work a *Novelle* rather than an historic novel, and, likewise, the theory according to which the species should be judged.’

“‘Admirable as is this creation,’ rejoined Edward, ‘I confess the youthful, fiery genius that painted the pure, sainted Genevieve, that so overpoweringly depicted the impassioned agonies of Golo, and poured forth its *cornucopia* of whim, wit, love, and fervent enthusiasm in Octavian, is infinitely more delightful to me than the riper intellect, cooled by the contradictions of life, and often sporting with painful doubts, as displayed in the *Rebellion of the Cevennes*, and other late productions.’”

The master thus extolled at the expense of Sir Walter Scott is Ludwig Tieck, to whom, we take shame to ourselves, for not having yet consecrated an article. The unconscious reason of this omission, which shall speedily be repaired, probably is that his fame was established before we began to exist in our corporate capacity, and that he has not, like Göthe, died since.

We will now leave *Die Zerrissenen* and *Eduard*, and proceed to *Lessing*. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing is known, not merely to every German scholar, but to every one acquainted with the name of German literature, as the first German critic and dramatist who dare to break the yoke of French pseudo-classicism, and arouse Teutonic genius from thralldom and lethargy. Baron von Sternberg has made a *Novelle* of the youth of this bold, able, and independent thinker; in which he gives some curious sketches of the state of religion, society, and critical opinion in Prussia, about the middle of the last century.

We find young Lessing residing in the parsonage of his austere, puritanical father, whom he has offended by neglecting all profitable studies at the university, dedicating his time and thoughts to the theatre, associating with actors and actresses—persons then as immoral as the contempt in which they were held was calculated to make them,—and with Mylius, the brother of a notorious infidel philosopher. Lessing still continues to offend by writing verses, and frequenting the adjacent Castle, where he reads to the beautiful sisters, the Countesses Clarissa and

Leopoldine. As a sample of the Gallicism of the day, we take an evening at the Castle. By some accident, the expected new French books have not arrived from Berlin. The old servant, Christian, who was to have brought them, and Lessing, who was to have read them, are alike in despair, when it occurs to the former to rummage a kitchen cupboard for some old books, thrown aside when the library was last arranged, and now in course of being torn up for culinary use. Lessing pounces upon the remains of a folio, and joyously carries it up stairs.

"As he entered, the three inmates of the old-fashioned room turned towards him. Upon the floor close to the fire, and supported by cushions, rested a young girl, blooming as the laughing spring. The flames were reflected by her satin dress, tinging its heavy white folds with transparent purple. On one side, more in the shade, sat the second young lady, beside a harp, such as was then in use, over which the white arm of the musician moved slowly and despondingly. In the window recess, half asleep, the yelping Mops on her lap, and her large blonde cap adorned with colossal bows of ribbon, sunk upon her bosom, sat the learned Madame Malbouquet, the *bonne* and companion of the young countess.

* * * *

"Ah, my gracious *Fräulein*," exclaimed the young man, "what would I give for the power of Merlin, who turned a withered stump into a flowering tree. So would I soon transform this my ponderous friend into the neatest edition of our divine poet. Alas! fairest countess, most gracious patroness of the muses, this evening we shall admire no *Zaire*, no *Merope*, no *Mahomet*!"

"You jest," said Clarissa, (the harpist). "We are to begin *Tancredé* this evening, and I have all day been looking forward to this hour."

"What are you going to do with that black monster?" asked Leopoldine (the damsel on the floor.) The *bonne* took pinch after pinch of snuff, looking uneasily and suspiciously around; and now, as the book was opened, exclaimed, "*Ah ciel!* The atrocious *odeur* comes from that thing. *Fi donc!* Away with it!"

"Away, away!" exclaimed Polly—alias Leopoldine—curling up her nose. Clarissa turned dissatisfied away. Lessing took refuge in a distant corner, whence, with flashing eyes, he proclaimed the value of his treasure-trove.

"It is the *Theuerdank*," said he, "the most admirable old poem we possess—a delicious, romantic legend, in which the magic tints of genuine poetry play in living light through each other."

"A German author then?" drawled Leopoldine. "A German author assuredly," returned Lessing, in accents of pride. "Then he must not be read," said the beauty point-

edly and authoritatively. "It were contrary to all good taste to read a German book."

"But we have nothing else," observed the youth, somewhat sensitively. "The illness of the post messenger!"—"Well, well! Then we can read some of the little *Chansons* from this year's *Miroir des Dames*!"—"Such trash!" exclaimed Lessing. "I can never form my lips to them!" "French trash," rejoined Polly angrily, "is at any rate cleverer than a whole library of German poets and philosophers!"

"Clarissa laughingly interfered. 'Do not let us begin the old dispute afresh. Explain to us, Mr. Ephraim, what your book is.' . . .

"Lessing now read, and, familiar with the poem, his sonorous voice gave the verses in their beautiful rhythm. His eye sparkled, his cheek reddened: he interrupted himself to explain, then read on—and the longer he read the richer, the more varied in color, did the flower of poetry unfold. . . . Clarissa had at first heard inattentively, she now bent towards the volume. Polly forgot to stir the fire, and, leaning back her head, gazed inquisitively and eagerly at the reader, who, with the volume upon his knees, now read from the mouldy yellow pages,—now, with minstrel inspiration, completed and expounded the poem. Many chapters were thus gone through; and Lessing, closing the book, sank back in his chair. The clock struck eleven; profound silence prevailed, interrupted only by the deep breathing of the *bonne*, who had fallen asleep at the very commencement of the, to her unintelligible, German reading."

The ladies and their reader now severally repair to Berlin; and it is not one of the least striking features of the state of society in Germany during the last century, that the son of their parish priest cannot, in the capital, visit the young countesses—indeed his admission to read to them in the country is represented as an extraordinary stretch of condescension on their part. This exclusion from their society, it should seem, reduces Lessing, who is desperately in love with Clarissa, to the necessity of renewing a former *liaison* with Sabina, a young actress, who is nearly as much in love with him. We pass o'er scenes of histrionic orgies, and scenes of vulgar sectarian fanaticism, characteristic but disagreeable, and the originality of which could be made effective only by long extracts, to give the young poet's feelings during the first representation of his first tragedy, *Miss Sara Sampson*: for various reasons, he absents himself from the theatre.

"Lessing returned early to his solitary room, and took up his manuscript. As the hour at which the play usually begins struck, he saw masses of pedestrians moving towards the theatre, and said to himself, 'They go to

see my piece. The cherished ideas and images over which I have so long brooded, the fair seed that in silent hours has for me so hopefully germinated, they go to harvest them. The ingrates, not a glance do they cast upon him who gives them what he best loves? He could have been angry when he saw a carriage containing a merry party drive out of town. . . . 'But no doubt,' thought he, 'they are stupid creatures, who would have seen nothing on the stage but their own dullness.' He now saw another carriage, that was detained for a moment by the crowd. A lady impatient of the delay looked out, and Lessing beheld Clarissa. His heart throbbed joyously, his anxieties vanished. 'Thank Heaven!' he exclaimed. 'My darling child will not then come a stranger before mere strangers. She is there; no noble expression, no beautiful allusion will escape her delicate ear, her quick eye. Oh could she feel that it was her spirit which hovered round me as I conceived Sara's noble feminineness!' He turned over the pages of the drama. 'Now,' thought he, 'the exposition is over; now the scene with old Sampson; now Sara's appearance is looked for. That little Sabina will spoil the part. She knows nothing of a tenderness that blends nobleness with depth; she has no conception of the coloring of the soul, which, playing through all the hues of passion, assumes none decidedly. She will think all effected with a thorough common-place un-happiness.'

"He flung aside the papers, and went out. The play was over, and a flood of spectators, pouring through the open doors of the theatre, met the lonely wanderer. Eagerly he listened for an opinion, a judgment, but the few words he caught provoked him; for he heard questions as to what tavern it were best to sup in. He shrank towards the wall to avoid the stream. There, by a basket of fruit, sat a little girl, who refused to sell to him till her grandmother should come out of the theatre. The old woman appeared wiping her eyes with her apron.

"What is the matter?" inquired Lessing. "Why do you cry?"

"Lord have mercy," answered the crone, 'why over the sad stuff they have been acting. When the grand folks were all overset, how should such as us keep back their tears? So there have I been crying my old eyes out for company.'

"Tell us then, Goody, tell us, what was it about?"

"In a word, miserable," replied the old fruitseller, 'but so fine, and so virtuous, as I never saw any thing. I have had misfortunes enough with the men, but so abominable a lover as him in the play I never met with; if I had, if I'd have dealt with him after another guess fashion than that sweet little creature does.'

"This simple critique enraptured the poet."

We almost fear the reader may suspect that, unconsciously swayed by the habitual feelings of professional literati, we select only what accords with our own tastes and pursuits. But not thus are we biassed. In the first place, did we select otherwise, we should not give a just idea of these *Novellen*, and in the next place, their literary portion, especially Lessing's literary enthusiasm, is very decidedly the best and most agreeable. We will, however, state in a few words something of the other parts of this volume.

In honor of the success of his play, Lessing is invited to a *soirée* by Count Felix. At this *soirée* we have, first, a long disquisition upon the drama, the whole company asserting the exclusive excellence of the French theatre, upon which, Count Felix urges the successful dramatist to model his future tragedies, and Lessing advancing the antagonist opinions, that are so ably maintained in his writings. The evening closes with a supper, and a display of the French philosophy then fashionable, well done, but certainly not desirable to extract. Then comes an alarm lest Countess Leopoldine should be betrayed, not altogether against her will, into an illicit connection with a prince; which evil Countess Clarissa endeavors to avert by a plot, neither very intelligible, nor, to our mind, very heroish, but which occasions a renewal of her intercourse with Lessing. We think we speak very impartially when we say that to all the unliterary part of this the literary is far preferable, and we mean boldly to give another literary scene and incident, introducing it by a political conversation and statement relative to the social condition of Prussia, which, we must however confess, would have been more appropriately given to an older speaker.

During the seven years' war, Clarissa, having happily and honorably disposed of her sister in marriage, is travelling homewards, chaperoned by her old *bonne*, and escorted, we must say very insufficiently, considering the state of the country, only by Lessing and an old *Gelehrte*, man of letters, in addition to her own servants. Madame Malbouquet usually sleeps and the others philosophize. In the course of conversation, the *Gelehrte* expressed his fears for the morals of a pupil, who had just been removed from his situation and sent to Paris. Clarissa observes that the young man could not remain for ever under his guardianship, to which he replies by asking,—

"But is it then actually indispensable to have seen Paris?"

"Certainly," exclaimed Clarissa, with vivacity. 'Whoever would not live a corse in corse.'

like times, must see this market-place of modern life, this metropolis of civilization, and school of social morals. It is not long since our country was a neglected waste. Even within our own time, have we not seen the young nobles upon their estates scarcely more enlightened than their peasants, scarcely more moral than their menials, and ruder than the rudest stable-boy. Nothing could be made of such men, and not only social life, the church and state likewise suffered unspeakably. But when our present king ascended the throne, a new spirit took possession of the whole sluggish machine. A lively impulse set all the wheels in motion, and behold, the face of things is changed. He, the unweariedly active, endured no inaction, and the most distant parts of the realm felt the pulsation of new life. Above all, he excited a love of travel. . . . Fathers of families, who would formerly not have set out for Berlin or Königsberg without having the prayers for travellers by land and by water put up in the church, now sent their sons to Paris, and were not a little surprised when, a couple of years afterwards, instead of awkward boys, they embraced polished amiable youths, with mind and activity befitting the heirs of old names and large estates. For them a new world is conquered, and our great and kind monarch has conferred a truly royal gift upon his subjects.

"A gift," observed our poet, "of which futurity alone can show the full value. . . . His victorious sword here wins intellectual provinces from superstition, from despotism; with a clear open brow he boldly confronts the horrors of darker ages, and in this war the most precious hopes of knowledge and of faith entwine around the name of Frederic."

"The *Gelehrte* smiled. While fiery young hearts," said he, "abandon themselves blindly to enthusiastic hopes, we old men must be pardoned some doubts. I confess I am alarmed when I see my horizon thus immeasurably extended. Have humility, moderation, and a contented spirit ceased to be virtues? A good man needs after all but a small sphere wherein to do good. Within his narrow bounds he is happy, and this tendency towards the infinite bewilders the eye, and distresses a heart conscious of its weakness. Is it not one fruit of this travelling that nothing is venerable or holy to our present youth?"

The conversation soon turns upon toleration, and Clarissa relates the most impressive lessons she had ever received, which, being too long to extract, we must compress. Her mother had worn a ring, an old heir-loom, traditionally reported to make the wearer beloved. Upon her deathbed, she gave each of her daughters, separately, a ring, seemingly this ring; and each, supposing she had received the inestimable jewel, was angry when she saw her sisters similarly gifted. The young ladies quarrelled, and appealed to their

father to know which had the true ring; and he quietly said, that would be ascertained when it should appear which, being the most amiable, was the most beloved. Our party discuss the applicability of such a test to different creeds, whilst driving through a thick and somewhat suspicious-looking wood.

"Suddenly a thundering 'Halt!' stopped the carriage, and the conversation simultaneously. The *bonne*, who, being most disposed to dedicate her attention to external objects,* had repeatedly put forth her blonde cap to look about her, now sank back in her corner with a loud shriek. The carriage door was instantly torn open; soldiers on horseback and on foot surrounded the equipage; everywhere were seen bearded insolent faces; whilst shouts, trampling of horses, questions and laughter, mingled together. A man on horseback now rode close up to the open door, and, bending down to look into the carriage, rudely and imperiously asked 'What luggage? Where is the baggage going? I can let none pass. Out of the coach. To the guard-house with you!'"

The interference of the old servant only provokes ridicule of his inefficiency. Lessing's declaration that they have passports is scoffed at, and his utmost efforts can barely protect the young countess from personal insult; whilst the *Gelehrte*, quietly looking out the proper papers, asks for the officer on duty.

"A voice exclaimed, 'There he is!' and a young man of commanding air came forward. He glanced inquisitorially at the carriage and the company; and fixed his eye, with a look of annoyance, upon the papers. The soldiers and the imperilled travellers were grouped around him in silence. Suddenly his gloomy expression changed into one of pleasurable surprise; again he surveyed the travellers, and then raising his voice, asked, 'Gentlemen, which of you is Professor Gellert?'"

"I am," replied the *Gelehrte*.

"The officer's color deepened, and his eyes sparkled; he respectfully approached the old man, and, with a military obeisance, said, 'Sir, our orders are that you and your company pass free. It was known that you were travelling this way, and I would rather expose myself to any danger, than occasion the least inconvenience to a man whom every one so esteems and honors. Get into your

* Indifference to external nature might seem oddly made characteristic of a poet, even in company with the object of his love. But our Baron has judged well, for Lessing was, in truth, far more of a critic and a metaphysician than of a poet, and would, we conceive, even in the absence of Countess Clarissa, have preferred disserting with the *Gelehrte* to looking at trees.

carriage, Sir, and I wish you a prosperous journey.'

"The officer withdrew, and the soldiers, falling back, stood at some little distance from the coach, looking earnestly and wonderingly at the man who had caused so sudden a change of scene, and who seemed somewhat confused by the general attention which he had attracted. A bearded veteran now advanced to Gellert, and, with an awkward bow, said, 'With our officer's leave, we would fain beg of you, Mr. Professor, to repeat one of your fables to us. It is just that such as we, when we get home to wife and children, may have to say, I've seen the dear, good, famous Leipzig Professor, and he repeated a fable to us. No offence your honor.'

"Gellert smiled.

"'Yes, yes,' exclaimed the horseman, 'repeat, or we'll keep you prisoner.'

"'I must, then,' said the Fabulist. And, standing before the open coach-door, surrounded by an attentive circle of peasants and of soldiers, who leaning upon their muskets, gazed intently at the pale little man, with a smiling countenance and clear voice, Gellert repeated one of his best-known fables. It was that which begins,

'Phylax, who over house and yard,
Had many a night kept faithful guard, &c.'

"As he ended, his hearers, in various ways, expressed their sympathy and admiration. The old soldiers looked down in silence; the girls and women, who stood behind them, wiped their eyes with their aprons; and some peasants looked devoutly up to heaven, thinking they had heard a sermon. Lastly, as the professor was stepping into the carriage, a young recruit came blubbering up to him, and said:—'Good bye t'ye, Phylax.' Officers and soldiers laughed.

"The carriage drove on unhindered. . . . All thanked the professor for their safety, and the *bonne* was profuse in praises and learned allusions, calling him a new Orpheus, who had tamed the wild beasts of the forest with his lyre.

"'I must at least rejoice,' returned the kindly man, in his soft pleasant way, 'at having contributed my mite towards the enlightening and humanizing process.'

"'And you have chosen the more pacific course,' said Clarissa.' The object that our great king pursues by the thunder of cannon and the light of devastation, you attain by a playful narrative.'

"But the young poet sat thoughtful in a corner of the carriage. Only the eye of her he loved, which dwelt interrogatively upon him, could recall his spirit from the happy distant realms of imagination. To her questions he replied, 'I cannot deny that I am engrossed by our late conversation. The subject should be wrought into a poem, a tale, or, best of all, a play.'

"'You would not bring me and my lesson upon the stage,' exclaimed Clarissa.

"But the poet went on as if inspired. 'If

one could create a poem, of which that deeply-meaning parable of the three rings should be the centre! Might not Christian, Jew, and Moslem, come forward disputing, and this beautiful woman appease their dispute? What groupes of noble forms I see, in my mind's eye, assembled round the old dark riddle of humanity; and, when none can read it, peaceably joining hands over the scene of so much misery, over the grave of slaughtered generations. I see the noble beings before me; one, the noblest, who first frankly proffers conciliation. An old man, must he be, an old man with the overflowing heart of youth, at once wise and fiery.'

"Gellert and the countess looked at each other, surprised and smiling. 'How strange the poet's head!' said the former.

"The youth dreamed on. 'Plan and development, simple, yet dignified. No paltry intrigue where such questions are resolved. Men treat of the most valuable treasure of their bosoms, men tried by life and approved. The Christian, rude, haughty—he may be the youngest. The Moslem, haughty, but noble, not yet rendered effeminate in his rigid creed by the arts of the seraglio; and then the Jew,—soft, grave, affectionate, wise. From afar a love, unimportant but noble, might gleam, as though to cast a glittering glow upon the unveiled mountain-colossus.'

[Can it be necessary to tell any reader that Lessing's most admired and most remarkable production, *Nathan*, is that of which the conception is here developed?]

"'Oh, complete it!' exclaimed Clarissa. 'Work out these ideas, so bold and magnificent. So may I claim the merit of first originating the poem.'

"The enraptured youth forgot himself and all around him. Passionately he grasped her hand, and, while tears glistened in his eyes, exclaimed, 'Have I aught, in mind or heart, but what you, Clarissa, have called into existence! I am yours, your creature! Oh, why must such severing influences intrude between us!'

Baron Sternberg's heroines are all too self-possessed to be much embarrassed even by such bursts of poetical love-making; but, having given Lessing's impassioned although hopeless words of wooing, we feel called upon to add his fair mistress's views of marriage, which we should term original, had not Madame de Genlis years ago professed, although less metaphysically, her objection to any conjunction of Cupid and Hymen. The conversation from which we take the following extract concludes this *Novelle*. Countess Clarissa has announced her intention of giving Count Felix her hand, and one evening says to Lessing,—

"And why should I withdraw myself from the sphere of activity offered to me? Dearest friend, let us introduce no sickly sensibility into real life. Least of all can the

times to which we belong admit of it. . . ! . He to whom I shall bind myself is a noble creature, and, at his side I can, in my own way, be useful. I consider marriage as the means of taking a decided position in the world. Never would I give myself to an unworthy man, but as little to one to whom a youthful inclination attached me. The civil relations of life, and the emotions of a young enthusiastic heart, are in too glaring contrast to afford a foundation for lasting happiness. And so, my beloved friend, let us each tread our separate path, each assured that we can never lose sight of one another; that each commands the other's warmest, inmost sympathy. Forget not you the Clarissa, who, as a young enthusiastic girl, placed the wreath of consecration on your brow; and never shall I forget the man, from whom I have respectfully kept myself apart, lest warmer feelings than respect and admiration might bring me too near him.'

"At these last words she blushed; a pause ensued—Clarissa rose, imprinted a kiss upon the poet's brow, and vanished. The happy youth remained sunk in dreams of exquisite bliss."

We now come to two volumes of short tales, which, as we read them, we took to be a fourth volume, in two parts, of a collection of *Novellen*, or tales, of which the first three volumes had, by some odd accident, been left out of our parcel. But, upon reference to a table of contents, attached to a subsequent work, *Galathee*, we find that the three *Novellen* we have just reviewed, actually constitute these said first, second, and third volumes of the collection of *Novellen*, and that the only omission is that of any intimation of this their collective character, upon the title pages of *Die Zerrissenen*, *Eduard*, and *Lessing*. The thing is no otherwise material than as it is unusual, and calculated to perplex purchasers of Sternberg's *Novellen*, who, till *Galathee* and the table of contents appeared this year, must have wondered why they could never get the first three volumes of the *Novellen*.

These short *Novellen* are more in the nature of common tales, wrought of startling, curiosity-awakening incidents, natural and supernatural; and of them it may suffice to say, that they prove the author's just appreciation of his own talent in preferring the dissertating *Novelle*. The incidents are not, we think, happily managed, or curiosity, when excited, duly satisfied. One *Novelle* in these volumes, however, is more nearly related in character to *Lessing*, and further claims our notice as offering specimens of the author's powers in a somewhat different style from those we have hitherto given. It is called *Copernicus*, and narrates the risk which the great astronomer ran at Bologna,

of falling into the clutches of the Inquisition, on account of his heterodox opinion of the earth's revolving round the sun. We extract parts of a scene in which the loquacious vanity of his German attendant gives birth to suspicions of this pernicious heresy.

"'Welcome, Seppe!' exclaimed the fat, good-humored landlord.—'Call me not Seppe, nor yet Giuseppe,' said the person addressed.—'I cannot bear the foreign jangling name; and I have often told you, that I am called Peter John Fear-God Joseph Bartel, and am a native of the noble Magdeburg, where dwell the most virtuous women and the handsomest men.'—'Humph! of that we have a proof,' said the landlord, with a good-humored laughing glance at the short deformed figure, and broad pock-pitted face before him. 'But, Seppe, or Joseph of Magdeburg, what have you been doing up yonder, with the gay frippery on your arm? Have you been acting a holy comedy?'—'A holy comedy, indeed!' retorted Joseph, erecting himself. 'Do you think the master could take pleasure in such stuff? Our taste is refined; and we have performed an astrologico-tellurico-astrol tragedy.'

"Many of the guests expressed unbounded astonishment at these words; others inquisitively asked what that might be. Joseph assumed an important mien, laid his finger upon his lips, and rolled his small sharp eyes round the company. He at length said—'I must betray nothing; but so much I may tell you, as a cure for your monstrous ignorance in such matters. Our tragedy proved nothing less than that the earth turns about like a ball, and has so turned from the beginning of the world.'—'Oho, Joseph of Magdeburg!' exclaimed the landlord. 'What! the earth turn?'—'Just so;' resumed Joseph. 'This queer old earth, that we sit so comfortably upon, turns about with us, and moreover runs round the sun with us.'—'Explain that to us, Seppe,' said a broad-shouldered armorer, with a threatening aspect. 'By St. Peter, I will not believe that you are making game of us! What do you mean by the earth's turning about?'

"'Listen attentively then, good folks,' said the little man, with the most consequential official mien that he could put on. 'Let us suppose that any one could rise up into the air, and so look down upon the city of Rome, as the cranes, storks, swallows, and other irrational creatures do every day, without being the wiser for it; now, if he could manage to stay up there for a few hours, while he was most earnestly looking at Rome, with her towers, and her churches, and her gardens, he would see, queerly enough, the towers and all the rest walk away from beneath him, till, at last, the whole populous city would vanish away like a dream, and other towns would come up in its stead, ay, and rivers and landscapes, and the sea; which must be very amusing to watch.'

"'You are a jester;' said the armorer, 'such

as I never before met with. The earth turn about indeed! Why, look you here. What is on my hand, remains there while I hold my hand still; but I turn my hand about, and down it goes. Now, I don't see, Master Joseph of Magdeburg, that any of us fall off the earth.' This acute remark struck the audience, and all eyes turned inquisitively upon the lecturer; who, however, maintained his full superiority, exclaiming, with all the pride of science, 'Hey day, Master Giottino, you, who are so clever, cannot you explain that for yourself? How happens it, that by night most people and most things disappear, so that one cannot conceive what has become of them? Why does the *Podestà* always double the watch by night, to keep people in doors? And with all that, how long is it since half a dozen thieves, who had broken into the palace, and whom justice had caught, disappeared? Disappeared without leaving a trace. There is your explanation; they have fallen off; and indeed, I do not wonder at such things happening, upon any uncommonly sharp turn.'"

This explanation proves very satisfactory to those who have seen the roofs of their houses thus jerked off, and such like accidents. It peculiarly convinces a tailor:

"whose red nose showed the quantity of country-wine he had enjoyed, and the measure of his credulity. 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'I clearly perceive that the learned foreigner may be in the right; why, I do not feel very steady even on the bench I sit on. Who would have suspected old mother earth of such tricks!' . . . 'Come to Germany, friend,' said Joseph. 'There you'll have to open a dozen ears, and yet will not gather all the new and admirable discoveries that meet us daily in the streets.'—'From Germany came heresy,' murmured a dull voice in a corner of the room, where a pale, lean monk had seated himself."

Upon this monk's report, Copernicus is, of course, arrested. His examination is good, and, although too long to be extracted, a few passages will, imperfectly, give its character. We say imperfectly, because in Germany the day of bold strokes is gone by, and all the new writers work out their effect by minute touches, most unfavorable to extracts and abridgments. The scene of the examination is laid in the ducal palace; the examiner is a monk, private secretary to the duke; behind his chair stands a young jesuit, a disciple and secret friend of the accused; two courtiers appear at a door communicating with the duke's cabinet. After a few insignificant questions, the monk asks,

here?—'The fame of the Italian men of science, and especially of the Bolognese, attracted me.'—The monk moved heavily in his seat, murmuring to himself, 'The blessed Virgin keep you at home next time!' Then, turning to the clerk, he said, 'Mind you what I shall ask now. Nicholas Copernicus, it is reported that, during thy residence here, thou hast prosecuted great inquiries, and hast discovered a secret of Nature, of which no one has any suspicion. Is this so?' The two gentlemen at the door whispered and giggled; the *Pater*, with a threatening look, enjoined silence. 'Yes,' replied the philosopher, in a cheerful voice, 'it is so, reverend father. There are, indeed, in some ancient authors, hints that indicate an obscure knowledge of it; yet I may nevertheless say, that, with the help of my friends, I have made an entirely new discovery.'—'And what is it?' questioned the corpulent secretary after a pause. Again the groupe at the door whispered; the young jesuit raised himself up higher behind the monk's chair; and, whilst the astronomer considered that upon the next word he should speak hung the weal or woe of his future lot, the door opened, and a head with red hair, a hooked nose, and a pair of dim eyes, was protruded into the room, looking at the astronomer with an expression of fun and curiosity. Copernicus recognized the duke, and, in his confusion, was about to bow; a wink from the *Pater* prevented him, and the head remained watching between the leaves of the double door. During the silence that prevailed, whilst the master reflected, the words, 'What will he say? What shall we hear?' sounded from the next room. . . . The astronomer at length, hesitatingly, said, 'I have discovered a new planet.'—'So,' exclaimed the *Pater*; 'What is it?—It is well known to you, pious father.' During the pause that ensued, the jesuit behind the chair put his hand into a flower-pot in the window, and suffered the earth, sticking to his fingers, to drop lightly upon the cowed secretary's paper. Copernicus involuntarily smiled: but the *Pater*, carefully blowing away the black particles, said, sullenly, 'I know it? You mistake, master; how should I know the thing that glitters and revolves perhaps a hundred thousand miles above my head? I cannot spend my nights in such meagre pastime as you. Once more, what do you call the thing?'—'But, good father,' rejoined the astronomer, 'you surely know your own room, in which you transact your business by day—your bed, on which you lie down at night?'—'To be sure; and what of that?'—'Then you know my planet; believe me, it is no further off than the little jump from that window into the ducal garden.'—'By St. Jerome,' ejaculated the *Pater*, 'I believe you presume to make game of me in the very presence of these worthy gentlemen.' A horse-laugh rang from the cabinet. . . . 'Let us see,' cried the annoyed monk, 'whether, if you will not confess, your servant's tongue be not more easily untied.' And the amazed Copernicus

beheld the deadly pale, distorted face of his poor servant, who, led in by the guard, cast a shy look at his master. . . . 'Now, chatterer,' said the monk, 'confess, what thou hast already reported, before witnesses, of thy master's secrets.' . . . 'Your reverence has rightly termed me,' said poor Joseph. 'I am an old chatterer, who, with a gray beard, have not outgrown my baby shoes, and whose word is worth nothing at all.'

This indiscreet but most loyal of servants, now, after chattering through two or three pages, claims his master's great discovery as his own; and the jesuit's signs induce Copernicus reluctantly to confirm the falsehood. He is, in consequence, saved, and returns to Germany, and, we grieve for the philosopher whilst we say that the poor, prating, faithful Joseph suffers in his stead.

We now come to *Galathee*, the last of Baron Sternberg's publications, and, of those we have seen, in some respects the best, though certainly not that which we prefer. It is much the most of a work of art—therefore, perhaps, calling itself a *Roman* (novel,) in lieu of the anomalous *Novelle*—as being a whole, in which a specific and decided object is constantly kept in view; namely, the conversion to Catholicism of the Protestant Comte de St. Cyr. By the way, the proselytizing zeal of the Catholics seems just now a favorite topic with German novelists. Many of the characters in *Galathee* are boldly conceived and well sustained, especially the *Markgräfin* and her jesuit confessor, who are nevertheless skilfully withheld from prominence. But, to our mind, the moral imbecility of the hero destroys all interest in his fortunes, almost in Galathee's love for him. We feel that she never could have been happy with him, and is better dead. It is, by the by, not a little remarkable, that all Baron Sternberg's heroes are weak, whilst all his heroine's are strong-minded; so that one might fancy one was reading the conception of a woman rather than of a man. The very disagreeable story is this:—

The Comte de St. Cyr, attending a prince, of whose household he forms part, to the court of a Dowager *Markgräfin*, whose daughter the said prince is to marry, falls in love with one of the *Markgräfin's* maids of honor, the pure, high-principled, and self-possessed Galathee de St. Cyr—we presume a distant relation,—who early tells him that she is affianced to a very respectable, absent, and elderly *diplomate*. Neither Galathee's principles, nor even her self-possession, to which in an English novel we should have implicitly trusted, save her from the usual frailty of German heroines; but, after her fall, these

qualities enable her to devise a deliberate and very rational plan of conduct, for remedying, as far as may be, the evil. The prince's marriage will presently separate the two courts, and, during the separation, she proposes gradually to break off her existing engagement; when, as soon as she shall be free, St. Cyr may publicly pay, and she accept, his addresses. But for all this the lover has not patience; and, as the diplomatic bridegroom, whom he detests for having once been accepted, arrives, he forthwith challenges and kills him. He must now fly for his life, and, by having slain her affianced husband, seems for ever parted from Galathee.

The prince's favor is, however, all-powerful over impediments; and Galathee piously accepts the unavoidable delay of her nuptials as a happy interval for purification from the pollution of past frailty. Her lover uses it differently. After a short exile, the prince hides his favorite for the winter in a country-palace, where the beautiful Melicerte, a married lady, and his favorite after another fashion, is, under the guidance of a zealous jesuit and a fanatic monk, doing penance for—professedly—levity of manners and conduct. This captivating woman, whom he all but positively knows to have been the prince's mistress, completely wins St. Cyr's unstable affections from Galathee, whose self-possession he chooses to consider as cold-heartedness. When, in the spring, the court returns to the country-palace, and Galathee arrives with the *Markgräfin*, as the acknowledged bride of St. Cyr, he gives her back her plighted word, publicly recants his religion to embrace Catholicism, and marries Melicerte, who, her husband being a Protestant, is amicably divorced according to the law of Protestant Germany, without injury to her reputation. Galathee dies; and St. Cyr, discovering that Melicerte had continued to intrigue with the prince, as also with a young page, even whilst,—as a religious duty, and part of her penance,—making love to him, repents of his inconstancy, parts from his wife, and turns monk.

This volume, as more of an ordinary novel, offers us less temptation than the others to make long extracts; added to which Galathee's self-possession is inimical to striking scenes, whilst those in which Melicerte figures are repugnant to our British taste. We will, however, select an extract or two, and, that they may the more differ from their predecessors, they shall be sketches of characters, addressed, by the hero, to an absent friend. The *Markgräfin*, evidently, though not professedly, the prime mover of the converting manœuvres, is thus described:—

"The *Markgräfin* is at once commanding and courteous; whenever, which is but seldom, the barriers of her rigid etiquette give way, she shows herself both frank and amiable. Her face and form still attest her youth's celebrated beauty. Her former life, replete with political intrigue and intellectual amours, now weighs upon her conscience a heavy burden, which she endeavors to lighten by penances and devotional exercises. She is a complete bigot, though not austere. Witty impromptus, genuine French, light, yet envenomed jests occasionally flash through the clouds of her penitential gloom—then one loves the intellectual and still beautiful woman, whom one can hardly conceive to be the same one sees nightly stealing through the castle galleries, in the garb of a beggar, and followed by her evil genius, the jesuit Jerome. * * *

I must describe to you some really frightful moments that I have endured in the *Markgräfin's* privy chamber, where she receives the discipline. Only conceive, Arthur, that this woman atones for every smile, every jest, with which she delights and dazzles us, by immediately and invariably scourging herself! that the splendor and dignity which her station obliges her to display in her drawing-room, are almost within the hour expiated in hair-cloth! At what a price are the smiles of those yet fine eyes purchased!"

The *Markgräfin's* brother-in-law, the dying *roué*, who had exhausted his constitution by excess before he was out of his teens, is boldly conceived, though his life, as he relates it, is not always consistent with the original character. We give his first introduction, including the dawn of the hero's intercourse with Galathee, who is here not quite self-possessed, and with this extract shall conclude our notice of the clever, if not always judicious, Freiherrn von Sternberg.

"The figure in the picture that most strongly attracts my attention is the old prince. As he never quits his room, but receives visitors, he often detains me by his side, and relates to me fragments of his life. This takes a tolerably episodical and rhapsodical form; the language stumbling through scraps of French, mixed up with half Italian and German, whence the reflexions here and there introduced appear in a true harlequin's jacket, patched together from all possible systems of philosophy and morality; and in this ludicrous garb his soul seems quite at ease . . . So extraordinary a *roué* I never before met with. He has seen every thing, tasted every thing, and now, when one should expect to find him oppressed with satiety, he makes sport of every thing, even whilst enduring the most excruciating pains of a destroyed body. For months has he been bargaining with his physician for his last breath—has had the cup of death ever at his lips, and ever has he managed to put it aside, and make room for a gay conceit. External nature is nothing to him,

is shut out by the always closed green curtains of his windows; but human relations and conditions, and amongst these again the most comical and slippery adventures, incessantly swarm around him in his dark room; and he seizes them, keeping them stationary before him, when he has a mind to fasten his philosophic maxims upon them. His religion, if one may give such a name to a mass of serious and droll ideas indiscriminately bundled up together, rests upon the necessity of knowing every thing by experience, and rejecting nothing, since some where or other a nook will be found, into which even what seems most useless, most disgusting, will fit. As for myself, I am so established in his favor, that when I have for a while been reasonably complaisant, I can even venture to oppose him. Thus did I the other day extricate the *Hof-Fräulein* (maid of honor) St. Cyr, from painful embarrassment. The beautiful girl had attended the princess to visit him, and, as she was retiring, the invalid prince desired her to hand him a newly-arrived book. She did so, when the old faun, leering roguishly at his victim, opened it, and begged her to read to him some verses which he pointed out. I stepped forward to offer my services, which were laconically rejected. I saw the *Fräulein* hesitate in confusion, whilst a bewitching blush dyed her cheek, on which the hoary libertine gloated. This martyrdom became insupportable to me; without further ceremony I took the book from her hand, and, turning the page calmly, read an insignificant stanza. The *Fräulein* escaped from the hateful room, and I had to bear a few sneers, such as,—'You fancy now that she is very grateful to you for your chivalry! I tell you that in her heart she is angry that you have hindered her from being compelled to acquire valuable knowledge.'

ART. VIII.—*Noticis Historicas y Descriptivas sobre el gran Pais del Chaco y Rio Bermejo, con observaciones relativas á un plan de Navegacion y Colonizacion que se propone por José Arenales, Corresponding Member of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* 8vo. Buenos Ayres, 1835.

THE continent of South America opens so wide a field to our view, and by its vastness, numerous population, uncultivated state, and natural productions, offers so large a range for philosophical inquiry and commercial enterprise; adding to these so strong a farther inducement in the wrecks it still preserves of a once civilized, peaceful, and flourishing empire, whose extent rivalled the gigantic sway of the ancient kingdoms of the Eastern Hemisphere; that we are tempted to believe any

attempt to concentrate information upon various, if not all, of these points will prove interesting, useful, and perhaps popular with the public at large. So frequent, in truth, have been the changes incessantly of late years occurring in these realms, and so remote and imperceptible both the causes and consequences of revolutions that have repeatedly altered the whole face of government and society, that Europe, at first attracted and incited to speculation by novelty, has long settled down to something like indifference respecting states that seemed born only to expire. The unfortunate termination too of the interest felt by the monetary world, which, like the fabled Seventh Circle of the East, is the latest formed, and embraces and regulates the rest, have led us to turn away from a land that has done so little to repay the confidence placed in its faith and honesty. The unfortunate precipitation that hurried, in Europe and the United States, the acknowledgment of countries so soon as they had shaken off the maternal yoke, and before they had evinced the capacity of governing themselves, or even for regulating their domestic arrangements; however just such a principle might be in the abstract, and however necessary the step might become in a subsequent stage, was pregnant at the time with injury to both parties, and evinced in the bitterest form the moral and political lessons that forbearance of our passions, and even interests, towards a sister state in her moments of difficulty, is a mercy, blessing him that gives as much as him that receives it; and that it is the bounden duty of all statesmen to disregard and control popular clamor upon points of which they themselves are doubtful, and the nation they govern ignorantly impatient.

If, however, the calamities and ruin of the year 1825 have so strongly branded this truth upon the English and European world, the tissue, on the other hand, of discord, turbulence, civil war, and anarchy, that has laid so large a portion of Southern America in desolation, is no less decisive proof of the fatal consequences of haste. The errors of their old system were too deeply interwoven with the actual condition of the South Americans, to render the sudden change in their polity anything but superficial; and thus the whole web has been rent in drawing them out. A government without a basis of sober habits and fixed institutions was but a fallacious mockery; and where the elements of solidity were wanting, and no time afforded to create them, the name of independence was but an *ignis fatuus* of the bogs.

The first movements of national enterprize are eager and sanguine; a phrensy of imagination rather than a hope; "signs of true

genius" less than "of empty pockets." The consequent disappointment brings the recoil of mortification on the former, and misery and despair to the last. The fatal lesson of the dark period alluded to has sunk too deeply on the English mind to be easily eradicated, and the convulsions and exhaustion of that premature parturition that boasted to have awakened a new world into existence have justly confirmed the impression. We look for nations, and behold but wastes; for governments, and find but wrecks; turbulence has trampled down order—intrigues saps the roots of prosperity—selfishness spurns at public faith—and independence is the veil of an empty sanctuary.

With such ample grounds for repulsion it can scarcely be wondered at, that the feeling we indulge errs in its excess. The *El Dorado* of early adventures and later speculations is, it is true, only earth; but it is earth that teems with riches, on its surface and in its womb. The dreams of past history and the narratives of present disappointment and desolation are both grounded in fact; but if we would wish to restore the first, we must begin by rectifying the latter, and water the long neglected stem before the tree can reproduce its former fruits. A long course of peaceful habits had enriched Peru to a state almost beyond credence; a long reign of misrule and disorder has reduced her to an almost equally incredible desolation; but the sources of prosperity though choked are not dried up, and even now, in some places, repay the care of cultivation.

Where, as in South America, the boldest features of nature prevail, man seems to shrink into unusual insignificance, as if he felt himself nothing amidst the giant wonders of creation. The eternal mountain-range, the gulf-like rivers, the oceanic lakes, the boundless plains, and woods whose summits fatigue the tracing eye, at first confine his labors to a bare existence and a contemplation of immensities which ask ages to rival or control. But there the soil itself supplies the very means for this purpose, in the mineral, the vegetable, and animal kingdoms; the means and the reward of adventure; the sustenance, or objects, of commercial life; and the instruments of transport and communication—a country penetrated by rivers traversing its interior in every direction; confining perhaps, like the mountains, the rude and timid natives within their boundary lines, but opening their bosoms to the bolder hand of European enterprize, and affording every facility for trade and enrichment, by creating civilization through the creation of artificial wants amongst the inhabitants.

The work that claims our attention on this

subject is that of Lieut. Col. D. José Arenales, engineer of the topographical department at Buenos Ayres. It contains two interesting Memoirs, the first and most ample compiled by himself upon the vast country of Chaco and the Bermejo river; the second by an able German naturalist, *Tadeo Haenke*, on the navigable streams that flow into the Marañon from the Cordillera of Bolivia and Peru. Both these authorities tend to establish the long doubted fact of an easy means of access and communication with Peru by means of the Bermejo and Marañon, or great river of the Amazons. Both these rivers originate in the Bolivian territory; and as this republic actually possesses the elements of riches and commerce, and has creditably distinguished herself from the general category which we have referred to, by attention to the real sources of prosperity, commerce, and peace; before entering upon an examination of the work itself, it may be proper to describe that country, and, though incidentally only at present, the state or states with which she is now confederated.

Bolivia and Upper and Lower Peru, or, according to their recent organisation, the three confederate republics of Bolivia, consist of the latter and the states of North and South Peru, and are comprised between the fourth and twenty-second degrees of south latitude. It is bounded on the north by the new state of Columbia or the Equator; to the east by the empire of Brazil; to the south and south-west by Buenos Ayres and Paraguay; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. The whole country is divided from north to south by the great chain of the Andes, or rather Antis, the native term for copper, from the abundance of which the region derives its name, according to modern authorities, but which we must be permitted to doubt. Of the three ranges of these mountains the noblest is the third, which, formed by the snowy crests of Cochabamba and Santa Cruz, and joining the cluster or knot, (as we would render the word *nudo*,) divides the waters of the Plate and Amazon rivers. The Cachimayo and Pilcomayo, rising hence between Potosi, Talavera, and Chuquisaca, flow south-east, while the Parapiti and Guapei roll northward into the Mamoré. This range disappears about the sixty-sixth degree of longitude.

The Western Cordillera of Chili and Upper Peru first branches forth boldly at the knot of Porco: and the two ranges embrace the high table-land extending from Carangas to Lampa; *i. e.* from nearly the 10th to the 15th degree of latitude; including the small Alpine lake of Paria, the river Desaguadero, and the great Titicaca lake. Of the features of the country, some estimate may be formed

from the fact that this territory exceeds 16,000 square geographical miles; that the lake itself is nearly 4,000, or about twenty times the extent of that of Geneva; and that it lies from 12,000 to 13,000 feet above the level of the Pacific, and consequently higher than the Pyrenees. In this neighborhood, the cradle of the Inca race, ruins are found attesting an antiquity greater than that attributed by the Peruvians to Mango Capac; though this is probably their own error. The Eastern and Western Cordilleras unite near Cuzco, between the parallels of 14 and 15; the former including Ancouma and Illimani, the highest of peaks except the Himalayah. The atmosphere of this lofty table-land is so charged with electricity, that it deserves its title of the region of the Thunderbolt: the habitable portion is called Punas; and here, the Titicaca is formed by the streams from the mountains, and loses itself, by a solitary outlet, in the plains of Oruro; so that not a drop of water escapes but by evaporation; in which singularity it is said to resemble the lunar mountain-lakes. This is the native country of the llama, the guanaco, and the vicuña,—animals indigenous to Upper Peru.

The sea coast of Peru, extending above 500 leagues along the Pacific, is so uniform in its climate, that tempests are totally unknown there. The fields are fertilized by dews, and produce in exuberance vines, olives, and wheat; all of extraordinary size. But the portion immediately on the sea, consisting wholly of sand, is necessarily destitute of vegetation, by natural means, at present.

The immense extent of country eastward of the Oriental chain is a gradually sloping ground, watered by the rivers Beni and Ucayali; which, uniting, form the Amazon. This whole region is however little known, and may be considered as limiting the countries that boast European civilization. The Jesuits were the first that adventured upon the soil, and formed establishments at the heads of the above-mentioned rivers, reducing the natives into regular and domesticated settlements. These tribes were easily initiated in European civilization, and taught to embrace Christianity. They are called Moxos and Chiquitos, inhabit the banks of the Mamoré and Reyes rivers; and hold a frequent communication with the missions of Paraguay, as well as with the Portuguese Jesuits in the interior, towards Matogrosso. Since the expulsion, however, of these Holy Fathers from Spain or Spanish territory under Charles the Third, these establishments devolved to the secular clergy and the civil authority: but this was a fatal step for their future progress in civilization; and they have scarcely preserved what they learned under the sway of

the Jesuits. The whole of this tract also belongs to Bolivia.

The immense range of country inhabited by the old Peruvians, and which is included in the divisions of Upper and Lower Peru, affords to the historian monuments of an extraordinary state of former civilization, and even of its political history. Science and the arts were omitted altogether in the accounts written by the Spaniards of this ancient race, and of the information they possessed. But a candid philosophy would pity rather than censure the blindness of the conquerors in the destruction of all the political, civil, and religious institutions of the Peruvians. Europe itself was but just emerging from the obscurity of the middle ages, and under the domination of a bigoted frenzy not merely regarded with horror, any, the slightest, deviation from the abstract doctrines of Christianity, but was rapidly proceeding in the course of extermination of all who were in fact only following the religion of their ancestors, and almost utterly ignorant of the existence of other creeds.

This religionary, rather than religious, frenzy, originally engendered at the time of the Crusades, was at the full height of its development in Spain, then under the dominion of the heroic, but fanatical Isabella. The propagation of Christianity and the conversion of all infidels and sinful heretics was the most powerful of the feelings that stimulated her haughty and ardent mind to patronize and assist the immortal enterprize of Columbus. The desire of extending his creed was also the object alleged, if not seriously intended, by the Genoese discoverer, as the motive for undertaking so important and vast an aim, and for facing the perils and hardships of his long navigation. A religion that precluded examination; an authority that could recognize no law but force; what wonder was it that these should see in the Peruvians a mere crowd of animals only, or, at best, men little above that standard, devoid of intellectual cultivation, ignorant of the social arts, and destitute of the knowledge most familiar to the eastern hemisphere. Of all the conquerors that overran and devastated the new-found world, those of Peru were the most heartless and ignorant. Pizarro, as well as Almagro, had neither the elevated spirit, the generous courage, nor the sagacity and talent of Cortes:—a mere brutal speculator, an untutored savage, a relentless enemy and a ferocious conqueror, he did not even possess the mental qualities or ability that enlightened in Cortes the dark and slumbering spirit of investigation, and relieved the tragic horrors of his achievements. Pizarro could give no account of the realm he had subjected, nor of

the marvels of its civilized and even effeminate race: his violent and early death released humanity from one of its meanest disgraces, but did not deprive the world of one particle of information, however dearly purchased, at the cost of so many crimes. The imperfect notices, therefore, that we possess, give us but a feeble clew to the political and social condition of the empire of the Incas.

To form, then, any just idea of the degree of civilization they had attained, we have only the *data* supplied by the ruins of their labors; their language; and the present state of the native inhabitants, as contrasted with that of the wandering tribes existing and scattered through the greater part of that wide-spread region situated in the eastern portion of the Andes. All traditions agree that the Peruvian sovereigns extended their dominions by conquest over the neighboring countries, diverging from Cuzco as from a common centre; that their conquests southward reached the table land, or *plateau*, of Bolivia, without, however, penetrating the country east of the Andes; that northward they extended to Quito; to the eastward, as far as the valleys of *Paucartambo*; and westward, to the coast of the sea. These, like the four cardinal points of the mariner's compass, were designated by the epithet of *Tahuantin Suyu*, literally, the four departments; or, the north, south, east, and west country. In this progress of their empire, the first care of the Incas was to employ the efforts of persuasion before recurring to arms: the advantages of receiving a new dynasty were explained and enlarged upon; and such was the simplicity of the nations they addressed, or so obvious the superiority of the pretenders in power, and probably in civilization also, that many tribes cheerfully submitted to their rule, and were rewarded by the introduction of the useful arts; taught to sow, to weave, and to cultivate the earth.

Such were the first steps of improvement; the only ones perhaps of which wandering tribes are capable; and it was the principle of the policy of the Incas, that when civilization had made some progress, the chiefs and most enlightened of the several tribes should proceed to their court, where the display of arts and manufactures in their existing perfection awakened the taste for luxury, and the desire of ameliorating their condition at home, by the introduction of the enjoyments of life. The government of the metropolis took no steps to induce them to discard their national or peculiar dresses and customs, or to settle their litigations by any save the proper judges of their respective lands. But this respect for their original institutions did not, in the case of an unsatisfactory decision,

preclude the party aggrieved from applying for redress at a superior tribunal. A prince of the blood of the Incas, necessarily beyond suspicion of partiality, repaired in such cases to the place, and determined the controversy without appeal; for the high character of this judge was a sufficient guarantee of his justice. The decisions were preserved, as well as the facts of public history, by a society instituted by the government. These were the *quipocamayos*, or keepers of the *quipos*, educated from their infancy in the art of thus recording events, and the oral repetition of their histories—a process not dissimilar to the counting of beads in the rosary.

In this manner was preserved the earliest history of Peru; and it is remarkable how the simple and mechanical addition of the Quipo knots, as a sort of ground-work and assistance or regulator to the natural memory rather than the modern creation of an artificial one, materially contributed to the preservation. In the north of Europe, in Arabia, in Tatary, wherever this tangible, and, if we may so call it, numerical system was wanting, the chain of events was finally broken up, in spite of superior facilities for conservation in other shapes, by the separation, displacement, and consequent confusion, leading to total loss, of the connecting links. In the case before us, it was otherwise: and the unbroken series fell fortunately into the hands of the Peruvian Herodotus, the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega. Descended by his mother's side from the original sovereigns, and on his father's from the conquerors, the historian felt doubly called upon to embody the existing traditions, and with pious care he cherished the details given him by his maternal progenitors of the genius and power of his ancestors. While those surviving relics of the ancient stem of royalty, in secret and under the safe sanctuary of the night, bewailed and breathed vengeance over the persecutions of Spain and the decay of their ancient imperial patrimony, the youthful descendant and embryo historian assisted at their conferences, and heard, and treasured in his native tongue the history of the past and the genius of the Inca race. So strongly, in truth, had the remembrance impressed him, that when in Spain he composed the "*Comentarios Reales*," he did not even affect to conceal from her jealous government the sense of injury and the resentment he cherished towards the oppressors of the Incas.

Yet it is amusing to observe how strongly the fierce bigotry of his age and paternal race tintured the spirit of him who abhorred their intolerance. Perhaps the bitterness of religious feeling was acerbated by that

early and long-cherished sense of wrong. The rational, and for that age philosophic, historian, though claiming immunity for his ancestors, could show none himself towards those who might hold a different opinion on the Divine Creator's mode of action. "Although," he observes, "we use the terms old world and new world, this is owing to our recent discovery of the latter, and not to the existence of two worlds, since both are one. To those who fancy that there are several, there is no answering but by leaving them to their heretical imaginings until they are cured of them in hell." A mode of argument that robs of originality Lord Peter's demonstration of bread is mutton, and which has had, if not advocates, at least followers, amongst some anti-geological religionists even of our own days.

We must throw a veil over the sanguinary scenes of which this unfortunate soil became the theatre, and confine ourselves to gathering, from existing evidence, some indications of the state and culture of the ancient Peruvians. To this subject, and to the examination of their architectural, monumental, historical, and other records, in comparison with those of various tribes and races, we shall probably turn hereafter—but their moral precepts, comprehended in three brief apophthegms, condense the wisdom of nations against the three vices of society that open a door for all evil: *Ama sua; ama llulla; ama quella*. Thou shalt not lie; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not be idle.

When adoration had ceased for the Incas, who were known only by their good actions, and whose government, if we may credit the historian, realized the paternal system so vaunted and so abused by China, the power passed into the hands of the Spaniards; but, ignorant of the language, these could not understand the philosophy of their religion nor the spirit of their laws. It is worthy of notice, too, that our own Robertson, whom we should be inclined to style less an historian than an historical writer, has fallen into the vulgar Spanish error of asserting that the Peruvian language was destitute of a word expressive of the Deity. The *Quichua* tongue, farther, is only partially devoid of terms to designate abstract ideas; but the native word *Pachacamac* precisely indicates the Supreme Power, the force that upholds the universe. It is strange that Robertson should have fallen into these, amongst the frequent errors and misrepresentations of his work, as he could scarcely have been ignorant of the authorities he consulted: in the instance before us, the Inca Garcilaso had carefully guarded against the possibility of mistake.

In the same misapprehensive spirit, and doubtless from the same causes, the Peruvians were charged with idolatry, as erecting temples to the Sun. Yet it is unquestionable, that the worship, or more properly speaking, adoration, of this planet, was simply secondary, and in his capacity of the orb of light; a beneficent star, whose influence induced vegetation, and whose power controlled the starry stations and the seasons of the year; a singular coincidence, the reader will observe, with the Eastern theories as given in our last and present Numbers. As provident legislators, the Incas united religion with utility and temporal weal: thus agriculture flourished, and surveying and irrigation were regulated under the control of the Incas. To their watchful solicitude was due the perfection attained in this latter branch. The tropical heats rendered fresh water scarce, especially near the coast; and, to provide the public with this first necessary of existence, they constructed stupendous aqueducts with the nicest precision and forethought, and a thorough knowledge of the principles of levelling. A few particulars on this head, furnished by a friend, may not be unacceptable.

The rivers that descend from the Cordillera of the Andes in Lower Peru southward to the sea, run in a direct course, and parallel to, the ramifications branching out from the Cordillera. As the soil, from the want of streams, is arid and dry, at even a few leagues' distance from the base of the Grand Cordillera towards the coast, the ancient inhabitants of the country were necessitated to form large canals or reservoirs to fertilize the land on either side of the channels of the rivers down almost to the sea; creating thus an immense vegetation, and inducing a large number of inhabitants to settle in towns and districts. The ruins of these are now visible in the midst of apparent deserts; for, with the neglect and decay of these constructions, vegetation has entirely ceased.

The most striking circumstance connected with these works is the exactness with which the natives were able to follow the levels of the water, and avail themselves of every spot beneath its plane; while traversing mountains and valleys, and following their breaks and sinuosities. Besides the admiration excited by their extraordinary magnitude, the proofs of the builders' skill and forethought are evident, since these canals are double and equidistant, that is, they form parallels at a short distance apart. The larger of these parallels was for general use; the other, and smaller, to supply the inhabitants and water the lands while the first was cleansing, which would be necessa-

ry from the sediment deposited from time to time, more especially in the rainy season, and by torrents. I have had various opportunities of closely examining one of these canals, which is formed at the source of the river Saña, on the right bank, and extends along a distance of fifteen leagues without reckoning sinuosities, and which, consequently, supplied a vast population; particularly one city, whose ruins still remain, in the vicinity of a farm now called *Cojal*. The city of Saña, which gave name to the river, is situated on its bank, between Lambayeque and Pacamayo, and was destroyed by Admiral Anson, so that at present its population is scanty, but its former grandeur is attested by the vast number of ruined temples, &c., that are still to be seen.

Besides ruins of the nature here described to us by an intelligent observer, there is in Cuzco a fountain that supplies the *Hospital de Naturales*, so singularly constructed that every endeavor to trace its course is fruitless, as it sinks into the ground to an unknown depth. The cisterns too that it fills are formed of a compost of lime and sand, equally solid and impenetrable. Another evidence of the advanced civilization of the ancient inhabitants is the facilitating communications by roads, or ways, of 400 or 500 leagues in length, carried over mountains and other obstacles.

The history of Peru offers little that is interesting since its occupation by the Spaniards. Besides the general laws of the Peninsula, there was an especial code, entitled *The Laws of the Indies*: and another for mining, which, as the most important and cherished branch of industry, had its own legislation, distinguished from the rest by the brevity of its proceedings; thus affording no room for the skill and dexterity of advocates. This code was framed by order of the Viceroy Toledo, a man of such reputed talents as to have obtained the appellation of the Solon of Peru. His great qualities were however tarnished by his perfidious conduct to the Inca, *Sayri Tupac*, whom he commanded to be put to death, after having in the strongest manner guaranteed his safety. For this, on his return to Spain, he was bitterly reproached by his own sovereign, and died in disgrace.

The passive obedience shown to Spanish domination, led to an abuse of power on the part of the delegates holding the royal authority. These soon degenerated into a commercial and trading magistracy, who had magazines of goods, which they compelled the Indians and other inhabitants to purchase, at prices fixed by themselves: spectacles, playing-cards, and minute needles, such as

are used in only the most delicate work, were sold by compulsion to those who knew not their very names. This was styled *Repartimiento*. A system however that left no choice to the purchaser was too serious an encroachment on private right; and, like all tyranny, which, however grievous to the public, is never resisted till it invades the homes of individuals, it was found too oppressive even for the native patience. The whole population rose against the authorities, and broke out into open rebellion, at the head of which was the celebrated *Tupac Amaru*. It was quelled only by shedding torrents of blood, and disgraced by executions as unheard of as they were barbarous: acts of horror, that can but in horror be recorded, the more striking since they date but to the year 1781.

The rebellion of *Tupac Amaru* roused the Spanish government from its long lethargy, and occasioned a change in its colonial policy. For the transmarine provinces a new code was formed by Galvez, and entitled *Ordenanza de Intendentes*, allowing greater freedom to the trade between the colonies and their mother country. To that time it had been carried on in the *galeons* which sailed at stated periods to certain ports of America; the rest of the country being, if we may use the phrase, hermetically sealed to all European commerce.

This slight relaxation of the old system, and which was limited to Cadiz, produced nevertheless a kind of revolution in the habits and administration of the rising countries. The class of *Corregidores*, the merchant-magistrates we have alluded to, was extinguished: the vexations to which the natives and the creoles had been subjected in a great degree disappeared, while the supreme judiciary tribunals, styled *Audiencias Reales*, which had been multiplied for the express object, considerably modified and diminished the oppressive proceedings of the different provincial governors. The tribunals or *Audiencias* were established at Cuzco and Buenos-Ayres; as the inhabitants there had previously suffered most severely from the effects of mal-administration, and the deleterious influences of private interests and favoritism: and, since the authorities could no longer interfere with the departments of the treasury and finances, they had no material inducements to swerve from justice, but executed their functions with integrity and independence.

This display of care in the mother country for the private rights and the interests of individuals in the colonies; and the freedom enjoyed by the latter from those contributions and personal services to which native Span-

iards were subjected in the parent-land, afforded guarantee sufficient for the future welfare of the American provinces. Content with this, though not free to choose their own governors, a general revolution would probably have been avoided there, but for the catastrophe of that lawless and unprovoked aggression which in 1808 deprived the Spanish nation of its sovereign. The moral, like the physical, body must suffer and sympathise with the injuries of its head. The important intelligence that, in the Congress of Bayonne, the kings of Spain had abdicated the crown of the two worlds, was the spark of combustion that at once set the Spanish-American continent in a flame. From the centre to the extremities a revolution of ideas and feelings spread like the electric fluid descending from the height of their own Cordilleras. As if in concordance with their geographical position, the most nearly approximated to those steepy summits, and certainly confident in that mountain-barrier which everywhere forms the early cradle of freedom, *Quito La Paz* broke forth into revolution immediately. In the latter of these cities the year 1809 witnessed the formation of the first popular Junta, headed by Sagarana, Lanza, &c., and which, entitling itself the *Junta Tuitiva*, or protectory, proceeded to depose the authority of the kings who had in the first instance abandoned them.

This revolutionary movement however, the earliest declaration of American independence of Spain, was put down by force of arms and severest punishments. A Military expedition marched under the command of Nieto from Buenos-Ayres, and another from Lima was led by Goyeneche, a native of Arequipa, and whom his countrymen detested, not less for the share he took in this transaction, than for his having previously become an emissary of Joseph Bonaparte amongst them. To this latter leader may be attributed the inhuman slaughters that followed at La Paz: but scarcely had he quitted that suffering city, when Buenos-Ayres effected a revolution (1810); the sequel and consequence undoubtedly of the insurrection of Paz, which had been followed by Quito on the 19th August, 1809.

From that time the history of the revolution that ensued at Rio la Plata, in Peru, and Chili, is familiar to all readers. The alternate changes of fortune and vicissitudes consequent on this state of things were, after many years, terminated by the memorable battle of *Ayacucho*, on the 9th December 1824, which totally extinguished the power of the Spanish monarchy in all the southern states of America. Upper Peru, which up

to this time had been the seat of war and successively invaded and overrun by royalists and independents, had suffered unspeakable evils; for the contest was carried on with the wildest ferocity whilst it lasted, by the leaders of irregular bands that sprang up and showed themselves in every quarter. The fruits of that decisive day, so glorious for liberty, was the formation of a political society composed of those who had confronted and survived the violence of those sanguinary struggles. Such was the origin of the government of Upper Peru, which, in honor of the great leader who had marched from the Orinoco to plant the standard of independence on the silver mountains of Potosi, adopted his name for itself. *Bolivia*, or the *Bolivian Republic*, separating itself from Buenos-Ayres in 1825, was declared in the first General Assembly an independent and sovereign state.

But the establishment of independence by no means necessarily included the establishment of social order and deference for the laws. A country run to anarchy for so many years cannot at once return to habits of tranquillity, or dispense at will with the seeds of disorder so long nourished, and bringing forth their fatal fruit in her bosom. It is no wonder therefore that internal revolutions, effected by intrigues of the factions of all classes, continually assailed the public peace, and barred the progress of improvement. A spirit of violence, excited to the utmost during the war, was not allayed by the name of freedom and independence: each leader of a party, whether civil or military, during the contest, had too freely mingled his own with the public interest to forego the former now for the sake of the last; they had tasted the sweets of power, of influence, and of plunder, and would not and could not live without them. The war had destroyed their estates and taught them to banish all nicer scruples for the sake of the paramount advantage; they now consequently struggled as eagerly, if not as fiercely, for predominance as they had previously for victory, and transferred their passions and hatreds from their recent enemies to their actual rivals. There, as elsewhere, a scene ensued evincing that, in the moral as in the physical world, the swell of the ocean when the storm has passed is scarcely less to be dreaded than the tempest that engendered it.

It was at this juncture that Sucre appeared on the political stage; and, fortunately for his country, as one of the principal actors. His military talents had already honorably distinguished him above his contemporaries, and he gave early and satisfactory proofs of political ability also. To him the republic

owed the first adoption of those sound principles which have since raised her above her rivals, but his power and influence were of short duration; the intrigues of jealous aspirants, and some errors, however slight and unavoidable in the disturbed condition of the country, forced him into banishment, and faction once more assumed the sway.

But, as the author of the *Memorias Historicas* has justly remarked, societies seem to follow the course of individuals, and as the accidental injuries suffered by the latter in infancy tend in general to strengthen and indurate their feeble limbs for after exertion, so societies in their origin undergo vicissitudes and evils, that teach caution, prudence, and fortitude to those who aspire to govern the remainder. The arm he alludes to as requisite to support the first tottering efforts of the young republic was fortunately found in the president Santa Cruz; and since the progress made in social order and institutions, as specified in the above volume, are fairly the work of this one man, we may compare the statement of the *Memorias Historicas* with the facts we have ourselves gathered from different sources, to elicit the character and conduct of the present head of the Bolivian state.

"To give," says the volume referred to, "a just idea of the advance made by the new republic during the short period of its natural existence, a multitude of facts start forward which it is difficult to scan without perceiving the fitness of the persons composing the national administration for their task, and admiring the principle of the executive. *Bolivia* is, doubtless, as her president has declared, a republic that knows the value of peace in promoting and confirming public prosperity."

We proceed to give from our own sources a slight sketch of the president's career so far as connected with the office he holds, and which we consider fully bears out the panegyric of his admirer, for such the author we have just quoted undoubtedly is, if we may judge by his writings.

General Santa Cruz displayed his capacity for the high station to which he has subsequently been called, from the time that he became a member of the Peruvian government council; and it was no small proof of his talents and integrity that this post was bestowed on him by Bolivar himself. From hence he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Chili, where his conduct gained him the applause and esteem of both governments, and where he remained till, on the expulsion of General Sucre from the presidency, he was selected by his countrymen as the fittest person to rule the state, assailed as it was by the turbulence of parties, and the intrigues of

Gamarra. The new president at once felt and acted upon the necessity of creating a fresh element in the social system of Upper Peru: to depress the ambitious and shield the helpless against the excesses of tumultuary violence, he did not recur to force, but adopted the slower and more effective expedient of framing laws and establishing regulations for the due administration of justice in the tribunals. To give permanence to these changes the support of an armed force might become needful, either against foreign or domestic enemies. He placed, therefore, the military on a footing of the strictest discipline, well-knowing that the best auxiliary would, without subordination, be only the most formidable foe of his system. His arrangements for the interior administration, to ensure private security, and his regulations for the mines, the principle source of Peruvian riches, have had the effect of introducing confidence and capital; and it is by these results that we, as strangers, can alone decide on the propriety and wisdom of acts that otherwise require more local and intimate knowledge than can be expected in a distant land, of the genius and wants of a people. By the direction and under the eye of Santa Cruz himself, a code has been framed, embracing the civil, criminal and mining departments, as well as the commerce of the country. Great as was the task, it has been completed, and stands a lasting monument of the author's wisdom and integrity of purpose; while the corrections and alterations suggested by experience evince that not vanity, but public weal, was the source of the undertaking. The Bolivian code therefore justly bears the name of the regenerator, Santa Cruz.

His foreign policy is not less worthy of notice, as manifesting a superiority of views far in advance of his country. In spite of the prejudices, moral and religious, entertained by the native Spanish descendants against foreigners, and the reluctance every where, and not always unreasonably, felt against throwing open the trade of nations; for where commerce has long flowed in particular channels, the first and unrestricted introduction of a different and opposite system must induce serious injury and losses to individuals:—in spite of such and similar prepossessions and prejudices, the Bolivian president has invited strangers to locate on the soil, by placing and recognizing all men alike under the protection of the laws; and given unqualified freedom to trade by the formation of free ports in his dominions: nor are the Spaniards excluded from these arrangements.

The restoration of public credit and finan-

cial order; the equitable system of contributions, the preservation of peace abroad, together with the less obvious but not less necessary cultivation of the general mind at home, by the establishment of schools and institutions for arts, manufactures, and sciences; and the proofs of all this in the moderate expenses of the government, which fall short of the receipts; and in the anomaly of a state not indebted at all, amongst a brotherhood, in both worlds, so hopelessly involved as to argue that the public burden is a public convenience; all these, which have been publicly boasted, and which, since suffered to pass without contradiction, we may fairly conclude to be undeniable facts, attest a course of policy so sound and so determined as to induce us to augur well for the future of Bolivia. Her existence in the time of Bolivar depended on one man, but the unity of her present government affords the best ground for trusting that her welfare hereafter is assured by her own wisdom.

We cannot part with the author of the work we have just cited without again expressing * our satisfaction at the soundness and moderation of his views; so utterly unlike the generality of crude and partial theories that continually mislead us in regard to South America, and make us undervalue her judgment. The union of sagacity with patriotism (and something must be allowed for national predilections) which we find in the book, have doubtless recommended the writer to the Bolivian president's notice; as a panegyrist, perhaps, but certainly a just one; and we hope we are not mistaken in believing him to have been at length rewarded by his country with the post of her diplomatic agent to England; for which, as is evident from his volume, his sound knowledge of European governments and their relation with his native land establishes his superior fitness. The exertion he—for we suppose it must be the same person—formerly made, and successfully, to obtain respect and recognition for his native government from the United States, are found in the State-papers, and that useful record, *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*.* We trust the example of Bolivia will be followed by her sister republics, both in rewarding zeal and controlling faction and disorder.

The recent junction of the two states of Peru with Bolivia, and their voluntary subordination to her president, recall what we have previously stated of the Inca system and

* See the notice of the 'Memorias Historicas,' by D. Vicente Pazos, in our number for December, 1834, page 465.

† Vols. ii. and iii.

sway, spreading and adopted by the influence of a good and beneficial example, in fact, by the progress of reason. The three states were but inconvenient neighbors, too closely connected by position and interest to remain asunder without injury to all. To Bolivia, it seems, this was particularly injurious, as she possessed no market for her produce in the hostility of Peru; and a narrow strip and single port on the sea coast, though rendered free, was a very insufficient outlet for a country teeming with the most valuable productions for foreign commerce. Thus surrounded and confined, or in the happy phrase of diplomacy, *enclavée*, by her rival, the utmost of her efforts must have been slow and imperfect, and the cultivation of her eastern territory, its fertile soil, and trade-inviting streams, must have been the sole channel of her wealth: but this is, fortunately for her, no longer an obstacle; and the power of her neighbor, instead of creating jealousy, is only a source of triumph and gratulation, for it is now her own. *Cobija, Arica, Arequipa, Lima*, and all the sea-coast thrown open, the three kingdoms now join to flourish in union—

“Alike, though various, and though many, one.”

The Bolivian army consists of about 5000 effective infantry and 800 cavalry. Peru has already a marine department; and, however trifling its naval force may seem to European maritime powers, it is sufficient to make her flag respected, and to protect her commerce.

This trade is chiefly coasting, and carried on southwards, from Lima to Chili, &c., in the schooners, which are very numerous, and in general of about 100 tons burthen. Formerly large vessels were employed; and some few of them from 400 to 600 tons. Guayaquil in Columbia is the place where her vessels are principally built, as the timber there is excellent; mostly of the *palo-maria*, a wood so durable, that a vessel constructed of it is now lying at Santander, in Spain, more than 30 years old.

The Indians, however, carry on a trade from Lambeyaque to Guayaquil, a distance of about 100 leagues, in rafts with three or four men. They are constructed of two or more layers of timber, gradually receding in dimensions to the top, on which the cargo is deposited, the lowest range projecting considerably beyond the others, and in this is fixed the rudder; the steersman consequently is freely exposed to the washing of the waves.

They bear a mast with a single sail; and are laden with sugar, brandies, rice, straw-hats, sweetmeats, fruit, &c., to the quantity of from 300 to 500 quintals—and make the

voyage, with the current, in 4 or 5 days. But these ocean currents set only one way, and to return, *hic labor, hoc opus*, against their course, takes nearly two months.

The Indians of Arica avoid this difficulty by rafts or floats of inflated seal-skin, which carry from 4 to 6 persons besides the cargo. When these are discharged, the skins are emptied of air, folded up, and carried over land.

But we must devote a few words to the subject of the commerce, present and future, of the country we have been examining; its produce, and the exploration of those giant streams that till lately have been an opprobrium to our geographical and historical knowledge, and which the recent, though imperfect, investigations of English travellers and native missionaries are bringing strikingly before our eyes, too long accustomed to turn away from them; or, if to regard them at all, to regard them only as impracticable and hopeless courses, pregnant with destruction to their explorers.

Before proceeding with this subject, however, it will not be amiss to notice the singular omission in the map (published by the Geographical Society in their fifth volume,) of the Bolivian Andes. From an Association, naturally supposed by the public throughout Europe and America to combine all the knowledge existing in Great Britain on the express subject of their researches, we should have expected greater nicety of examination, and even, if necessary, corrections of sketches submitted to them by scientific travellers to illustrate their own remarks. Though these might omit features of the country not absolutely required for their immediate observations, yet we should imagine a scientific society almost bound to supply such oversights, since they give a false idea of the country at large. We shall hereafter, and we grieve to say it, have occasion to refer to this topic in more than one instance, besides the case at present under our consideration. In this, the eastern range of the Cordillera boundary of Bolivia is made to descend towards Oruro, to where the valley of the Quetoto divides it from the range of Cochabamba, running east and west in the 17th degree of south latitude; but no notice whatever, nor indication, is given of the southern boundary of the *plateau*, which, joining the western Cordillera about the line of Tarapaca, runs in a north-east direction towards Paria, near the 19th degree, and approaching the range of mountains west of Oruro. This is surely a singular, and not very necessary, omission in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

The two journeys of *Mawe* and *Smythe*

into the interior of the South American continent have brought much information before our eyes ; and the able paper of Mr. Pentland, on the Eastern or Bolivian Andes, abounds with interest. These researches have, amongst other points, brought to our knowledge the high peaks of *Illimani* and *Sorata*, or, as it is called in the *Quichua* language, *anco-uma*, the *white*, or *hoary*, head : both exceeding the vaunted height of Chimborazo, and really rivalling the new-found giants of the Himalayah range in Hindostan. We may observe, by the way, that Mr. Pentland has been misled in his derivation of the first of these names ; since the *Aymara language* (and it is not a *dialect*) gives the term *kuno* for *snow*, and not *illi*, which signifies a thunder-bolt ; *mani* is a seat or place, so that the compound term gives us, in *Illimani*, the “realm of the thunderbolt.” Another pardonable error, from the *Aymara* also, is found at page 79 of the same memoir ; *Chuqueago* is the modern and unmeaning corruption of *Chuqueapo*, which is not by any means entitled to the lofty appellation of *field of gold*. Its far more unpoetical designation is simply *Chuque-apo*, the *potatoe-farm* or *field* ; a derivation from anything but the True Sublime, unless of the Utilitarians.

It is time, however, to turn to the commercial views that have been the principal inducement in our review of D. José Arenales' work ; since, according to General Miller, the time appears now arrived, when the solution of the question touching the course of the great rivers that empty themselves into the Amazons may be expected ; and that he “anticipates, with confidence, the notice of the patriotic government of Bolivia, and of its highly-gifted president, Santa Cruz,” to be drawn to this development (*Journal of the Geographical Society*, vol. vi. p. 186). We consider it high time to point also the attention of our enterprising countrymen to this question ; the more, as it cannot be doubted that by tracing those aqueous *aortæ*, in their communication with the inferior veins and currents of the American geographical system, and their intimate connection with its heart, we shall add largely to the advancement of science, as well as commercial advantage ; and remove much of the ignorance that has hitherto prevented any cure of the evils of its body politic.

We dwell the more upon these considerations because we observe with pleasure the wise policy of our Foreign department, in appointing, at this juncture, a consul-general to Bolivia ; and it is singular, that the individual nominated (Mr. Pentland) is also a writer to whom we have had occasion to re-

fer with praise in the present article. Great Britain and Bolivia, therefore, have evinced an honorable reciprocity of emulation, in selecting for their mutual functionaries men of distinguished judgment, attainments, and literary talents. We trust sympathy on these points will produce it in others.

The question of commercial intercourse between the two countries, is, in truth, of the utmost importance to both parties. If Bolivia finds in it a powerful stay of her political existence, England, too, will obtain on her part a market for her products, and a supply for her manufactures. We well remember the eagerness which stocked the warehouses of Calcutta and the East, and glutted the *almacenes* of Buenos Ayres, some years ago. Those bright anticipations failed at the time ; but individual injury has wrought out, so far as has been permitted, national advantage. By the depreciation consequent on overstocked markets, a taste for British products has spread, though slowly, in both regions : cottons and printed goods are now freely sought for in the Western hemisphere, and English woollens are preferred to fur amongst the mandarins of China ; though the *paternal* care of the last government dispenses for its subjects with all indulgence of choice in the article of dress.

In this state of growing wants, and readiness for mutual relations, the appointments we refer to are necessary and wise ; and it is highly satisfactory, as an antepast and pledge of future confidence, to behold our Foreign Department avoiding a predecessor's errors ; by disregarding the vulgar censure of dilatoriness and neglect, and calmly waiting the proper time for a measure that involves so many interests and creates so much eager anticipation. The slightest previous encouragement on this head might have opened the door once again to ill-timed speculations, and to those fatal consequences from which wisdom would vainly dissuade, and which humanity must shrink to contemplate. But a minister to those countries now is indispensable, to gather the rays of commercial information and concentrate them into an official focus ; to point out for this nation the properest channels of enterprize, and regulate the course of those who embark in them.

Yet we ourselves can scarcely become chargeable with presumption for attempting to draw to this subject the mind of the public at large. There are cases in which the public voice is called upon to manifest the public feeling, since mankind in general are not in the blessed category of diplomacy, on which speech was bestowed, by heaven, (?) only to conceal its thoughts. A wise government

will hear and distinguish the popular voice ; a weak and frantic one only will obey the national clamor.

Of the two great streams of South America so little has been known, and that little, till lately, so incorrect, that some short notice of them will be necessary to our subject. The southern river takes its source in the mountains of La Paz, near the foot of both Ancouma and Illimani ; whence the Chuqueapo, descending till it almost impinges the 17th degree of latitude, bends northward here, and uniting successively with the Quetoto, Bogpi, Challana, Tipoani, Mapiri, and other streams that water the eastward slope of the Cordillera, forms the great river of the Beni. This, after receiving the waters of the Itenez and Mamoré, assumes, about latitude 9, the name of Madera—or the Wooded :—and joins its stream in the 5th degree of latitude, longitude 59, to the celebrated Marañon or Amazons, in a general angle of 45 degrees. The latter river therefore is, with its tributaries, Peruvian ; the former Bolivian in its origin : but their junction takes place at Tatalegu, far within the Brazillian territory, which, descending in the section of almost a square or right angle, includes the Amazons near the 32d degree of west longitude, and the Beni in south latitude 82. It will be therefore obvious, that, however necessary for the commercial existence of Bolivia and Peru, the larger and more important portions of the two great streams are the property of Brazil, from Tabatinga to the Atlantic Ocean.

In prosecution of his efforts for unrestricted trade, the Bolivian president sent an envoy (General Armasa) to Brazil about two years since to throw open the navigation of both rivers to the sea, along the whole of their course through the different territories ; but the Brazillian government, considering their right and possibly their safety, compromised by the concession, after many delays rejected the treaty, and Armasa consequently retired. Since then the Brazillian government has granted the privilege of navigation to private companies, after the exploded system of the Eastern hemisphere. The former Peruvian president, Orbegoso, had previously made a similar attempt for opening the Marañon as unsuccessfully.

We need not enter here into any prolonged discussion on the abstract rights of nations to their internal waters ; the less, since it is clearly the interest of commerce that these should be navigated freely : and enlightened governments have ever encouraged a system that enriches themselves no less than their rivals, and that, by promoting the relations of countries, unites their interests

for the preservation of peace. Thus Spain, in her recent treaty of reciprocal commerce with Portugal, has, by the first article of that convention, declared the Douro free to its source ; and Portugal has opened it to the sea. It is singular that the descendants of these respective countries have exchanged their relative positions and pretensions in the new world ; Portugal conceding the right which Brazil has refused to yield to the proposition of the Bolivian and Peruvian Spaniards.

The question is most material for the prosperity of Bolivia and Peru ; it is also of the utmost importance to European trade : for the closing of half a continent thus hermetically deprives the republic of half her existence. The doubtful project of the Darien canal, and the difficult, if not dangerous, navigation by Cape Horn, are the only two alternatives left for the new state, and these can offer but a partial relief. The long line of the Cordillera opposes, as we have seen, freedom of communication across the country ; and thus the richest plains and the most lavish productions of the southern continent must be doomed to neglect, or at least, to the influence of every obstacle that can impede the progress of agricultural cultivation and moral improvement. On the other hand, the opening of the two principal rivers to the east would, in the present advancing state of navigation, bring all those southern republics, to say nothing of Brazil herself, into immediate contact with Europe : Great Britain, therefore, is especially interested in the question ; and if with her actual influence through all that southern hemisphere she would interfere to this effect, her political as well as commercial relations would be without a rival ; not from gratitude, for nations have not, nor ought to have, political gratitude ; but because the necessity of having at hand a powerful and impartial mediator would necessitate a closer cultivation of her amity. We would even suggest to our government the establishment of a Commission of Arbitration in some one of the islands at the mouth of the Amazons, to facilitate the arrangement of any disputed points that may arise. A toll, such as that at the Baltic, might, if agreed on in the first instance, obviate disputes like those which Holland so long and so obstinately persisted in constructing, on the slender basis of the *jusqu'à la mer*. The rights of the case in the present instance differ little from those of the Scheldt, when nations, like school-boys, were half embroiled for a French dictionary.

We need not wonder at the anxiety of the Bolivian president on this point, since it involves all others for his country ; and this,

we presume, is the cause of his liberal offer of 20,000 dollars for the first steam-boat that reaches the republic through either river. The superiority of many of the natural productions of this country—coffee for instance—to any other, naturally increases his wish to bring them into fair competition with rival growths:—and it requires little sagacity to foresee that, if the botanical researches of Haenke are not strangely exaggerated, the opening of the Amazon and Beni would produce a change in the course of trade as great nearly as that induced by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

The following is a list of the natural productions of the Bolivian republic and Peru.

Mineral Substances.

Alum, (three kinds,) epsom salts, glauber salts, nitre, or saltpetre, soda, native verigris, orpiment of Peru, salt, blue vitriol (sulphate of copper), vitriolated tartar (sulphate of potash), magnesia, and nitrate of soda.

Native Alum. There are three kinds of native alum found in this country, and which are called cachina blanca, or white cachina, millo, and colquenillo, or yellow cachina.

Green Vitriol (sulphate of iron). This substance is found in the greatest abundance in the town of Tarapaca, in the province of Carangas. It is found in its native state in the dry season.

Epsom salts (sulphate of magnesia). These salts are found in great quantities in their native state in masses of slate, and sometimes united with millo.

Glauber Salts (sulphate of soda). This substance is found in the dry season along the road from Cuzco to Potosi and Jujui, and in Tarapaca.

Pure Nitre and Nitrate of Soda. The vast abundance in which this valuable substance is found in Peru is truly astonishing. It occurs in its native pure state; and is fit for commerce without the aid of any chemical process. It abounds on the tops and sides of the hills; and besides, there are many plants which yield it abundantly by lixiviation.

Native soda, native verdigris (sub-acetate of copper), orpiment of Peru (a sulphuret of arsenic), and common salt.

All the foregoing substances are produced ready formed to hand without the aid of art.

Vegetable Substances.

I. Medicinal. Gum arabic, camphor, hama-hama (a species of valerian), tanitani, arnica of the Andes, guachanca (tithymalus tuberosa radice: the favorite drastic medicine of the natives), quinquina (Peruvian bark), jalap,

rhubarb, sarsaparilla; gums copal, storax, tragacanth, myrrh, guaiacum and benzoin, frankincense, balsams of copaiva, Peru, and tolu, gentian, aloes, cullen (prorallen grandulosa), calaguala (polipodium canceolatum), canchalagua (a species of gentian), vira-vira (graphalum vira-vira), chamico, azraguero, ipecacuanha, cinnamon, and a variety of bitumens and resins.

II. Economical. Tar, yellow wood of Santa Cruz, churisiqui, molle and tola, chapi, rocou, or Brazil wood, airampo, indigo, cocoa, coca, tobacco, coffee, cotton, potatoe, banana, oka (oxalis tuberosa), quinoa (Peruvian rice or millet), agi (Guinea pepper), agave (forming a light cider), vanilla, allspice, wax, chonta, mahogany, lucma, ginger, olives, grapes, palms, tamarinds.

Many of these substances are dye-stuffs, such as the yellow wood of Santa Cruz, chapi, and airampo (a cactus on which the cochineal feeds); the former for dyeing yellow, and the two latter red.

Lucma and chonta, fine woods used in cabinet work. The lucma yields a delicious fruit, and the chonta is equal in color, in fineness of texture, and solidity, to ebony.

Animal Substances.

Sal ammoniac, wool, cochineal, furs, plumage. The fur of the chinchilla is not inferior to that of the martin; the furs also of the zorillo and the bullin, an amphibious animal, are very valuable. The ostrich inhabits the Cordilleras.

Wheat.

The mean produce of wheat in Peru, compared to that of other countries, is truly astonishing. It is computed by Humboldt that the produce of wheat in the plains of Caxamarca, in Lower Peru, is from 18 to 20 for 1, while that of France is from 5 to 6 for 1, and that of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana, is 4 for 1. From these data, we may estimate the average produce of wheat in Caxamarca to be from 60 to 70 bushels an acre.

Maize, rice, the sugar-cane, fruit (native and all European kinds); horned cattle; sheep, four kinds; the llama; the alpacha and vicuña, both valuable for fine wool, and the latter producing the best bezoar-stone.

ART. IX.—*Historisches Taschenbuch, herausgegeben von Friedrich von Raumer. Siebenter Jahrgang.* (Historical Pocket-Book, edited by Frederic von Raumer.

Seventh Year's Produce.) 12mo. Leipzig, 1836.

WE long since made our readers acquainted* with Herr von Raumer's strange whim of publishing beforehand a portion of the appendix proper to a work in contemplation or in progress, as also with the manner of its execution. Having done so, we feel under no necessity of reviewing his repetition of this new—can we call it original?—device in the craft, or mystery, of bookmaking, *i. e.* his recent publication of materials collected in London, at the British Museum and the State Paper Office; especially as, whatever remarks we may wish to make upon the documents themselves, or their subject matter, will find a natural place in the *critique*, that we hope ere long to offer, of the great work upon which the Berlin professor is now engaged, namely, his *History of Europe since the end of the Fifteenth Century*. But we must meanwhile call the attention of the British public to another historical enterprise of this indefatigable literator,† which we have too long neglected; we allude to the *Historical Taschenbuch*, of which he has now been seven years the editor and one of the writers.

Our readers are aware, we believe, that a German *Taschenbuch* bears no analogy to the small almanac with blank leaves for memorandums, that the sound of the word pocket-book conjures up to our mind's eye. Perhaps the title of the work now before us might best be translated *Historical Pocket-volume*; but even this might mislead the English reader—not indeed the primitive student, the book-worm regardless of appearances—but of that race, so rapidly disappearing from the face of this island, if not of the earth, how many, we should ask how few, specimens remain? and we suspect that the dandy scholar or critic, who should venture forth with a *Taschenbuch* of the bulk of from 500 to 600 pages in his pocket, would grievously rue the detriment occasioned to that portion of his reputation which depends upon the name and skill of his tailor; whilst we are convinced that no living blue-stocking sports a *reticule* capacious enough to contain so cumbrous a volume.

But enough of the title and outward form.

* See F. Q. R. vol. xi. p. 452.

† This word is used by Burke, and justly, according to its Latin meaning, for a petty schoolmaster; but as the English language really wants a singular of the familiar plural *literati*, (man of letters is heavy,) we have ventured to follow the continental fashion of the day, in assigning new significations to old words, and thus use *literator* in the sense of the corresponding French term *littérateur*.

We proceed to the proper province of the critic, the nature of Raumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch*, which, if no pocket-companion, will be found a useful and agreeable drawing-room or library guest, instructive, and often entertaining.

The book is in fact an historical miscellany, consisting of detached pieces of history, too detailed for general history, yet too short, or relating to events of importance too limited, to form a separate work; of essays upon historical antiquities; of inquiries into single, curious, or obscure points, or facts; of philosophic views of periods of history; of collections of facts, or what the Germans call contributions (*Beyträge*) relative to particular subjects, and the like, by divers authors, mostly historians of German, if not European, celebrity. Thus, though there are few persons who would or could read through all the seven volumes that have now appeared, there are probably still fewer who would not, upon dipping into them, find profitable amusement or desirable information.

A detailed account—an analysis would be impossible—of the whole unconnected, though not heterogeneous, mass is out of the question. But we will, as explanatory of the editor's plan, state the contents of the last two volumes, and add an extract or two from one of the most amusing articles.

The *Taschenbuch* for 1835, though of considerable thickness, contains only three papers. The first of these is entitled, *Jürgen Wullenweber von Lubeck, oder die Burgermeister-Fehde*, (George Wullenweber of Lubeck, or the Mayor's Feud,) and is a circumstantial narrative, by F. W. Barthold, of one of the many popular rebellions to which, in Germany, the Reformation gave rise. The peculiarities attracting the historian's notice to this individual war are, that, breaking out in the Free Imperial Hanse Town, Lubeck, the flames caught the kingdom of Denmark,—that, originating in the Hanse Town, in the resistance of a Protestant democracy to the intolerance of a Catholic priesthood, it produced, in the monarchy, municipal resistance to a Protestant king, and a passionate popular desire for the restoration of a Catholic sovereign, whose name is usually associated with ideas of cruelty, tyranny, and bloodshed, but whom we find surnamed the People's Friend; a designation under which it is difficult to recognize Christian II. of Denmark, best known as the usurper of Sweden, and the enemy of Gustavus Vasa. The second paper is an essay, by J. Voight, illustrated by facts, extracts, and original letters, upon the mode of life and habits of princes in the sixteenth century, invaluable to the writer of historic novels; and the third is a

similar essay, similarly illustrated, or nearly so, upon the mode of life and social condition of heathen Iceland, by Dr. H. Leo, an eminent historian.

The *Taschenbuch* for 1836 divides a smaller number of pages amongst a greater variety of subjects. The first article is entitled, *Die Schlacht von Deutsch-Wagram*, (The Battle of Wagram,) and is an account of that great defeat of the Austrians, with its immediate antecedents, by K. A. Varnhagen von Ense, a northern German, it should seem, who, excited by the victory of Aspern, hastened to obey the imperial summons to take part in the contest of the German empire against French thirst of conquest. It is scarcely worth adding that the description of an eye-witness gives interesting details rather than the enlarged views of an enlightened strategist or statesman.

The second, *The Marriage of William of Orange with Anne of Saxony*, by K. W. Böttiger, is a dissertation on the conjugal dissensions of this high-born pair. It gives some amusing particulars preceding the union of the Dutch prince with the wealthy Saxon princess, but leaves unsolved the main question, that of the propriety or impropriety of William's conduct, though admitting the vices to which Anne in her forlornness and distress finally abandoned herself. The most remarkable points brought forward are, that all the obstacles to the marriage turned upon the Catholicism of the Prince of Orange, that wise and steady antagonist of Philip the Second's bigotry, and the fears of Anne's relations lest he should lure her from the Protestant faith; that when the Electress of Saxony requested him not to interfere with her niece's religious opinions, he, William the Taciturn, of whom we think only as the grave statesman and warrior, absorbed in an arduous struggle for political and religious liberty, answered, that "he should not trouble her with such melancholy things, but would have her read, instead of the Holy Scriptures, *Amadis de Gaul* and the like entertaining books that treat *de amore*; and, instead of her knitting and sewing, learn to dance a galliard and the like courtlinesses, such as were usual in the country, (meaning of course the court at Brussels,) and seemly." Thirdly, that when William had become the great champion of Protestantism, his Protestant wife turned Catholic; and finally, that this champion, this martyr of a strict religious creed, besides annoying his princess with a few paramours, married a third wife during the life of Anne, from whom he separated himself, but never was divorced.

The third paper, by our Lubeck acquaintance Barthold, depicts the court and cabinet

of Anna Ivanowna—or Ioanowna as he writes it—of Russia, and of this, intending to take our extracts from it, we shall say no more till we shall have despatched the three remaining papers. They are a comparative statement, by F. von Raumer himself, of the financial administration of Prussia under Frederic William I., Frederic II., and Frederic William II.; a narrative by R. Roepell, of the first war between the French and English in the East Indies, clearly showing that our immense Indian empire was actually forced upon us by French ambition; and lastly, an abstract, again by Raumer, of a Venetian Envoy's report of the negotiations between Charles V. and Francis I., carried on at Nice under the mediation of Pope Paul III.

We return to the Czarina. This paper is not a master-piece, and, instead of bringing out its grotesque figures, its glaring contrasts, in bold relief, goes somewhat long-windedly about their delineation. But it is well conceived, and in the true German spirit of nationality, as a portraiture of the struggle between Germanism—we should probably have said European civilization,—and Russian nationality. This is the light in which it is most interesting; and, although the contrast between Anne's neglected youth and her subsequent exaltation to the empire be impressive; though the obscurity shrouding her connection with her favorite Biron,—to whom she married a lady of her household, and of whose reputed legitimate children it has been doubted whether his wife, or she, his imperial mistress, were the mother,—is provocative of curiosity, it is the seeming contradiction of virulent rivalry amongst themselves, blending with a cordial coalition against the native Russians, of the basest self-interestedness combining with zeal for the advancement of their adopted country, of her foreign ministers, generals, and favorites, that forcibly arrests our attention in this sketch. We should like to extract the account of the arts of the German chancellor, Ostermann, who, avoiding collision with the omnipotent favorite by pretending illness, retained his office and his influence, without crossing his own threshold, and sent his decisions upon important state affairs from his pseudo-sick-room; to exhibit Münnich despotically and successfully conducting two wars, whilst apparently upon the brink of ruin from Biron's enmity; and display the capricious tyranny of the upstart favorite himself, more resembling adventures in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, than the sober incidents of European life. But our limits render this, which would require long extracts, impossible; and we will therefore take a shorter subject from this picture

of the court and cabinet of Petersburg; to wit, the intrigues that surrounded the deathbed of Anna Ivanowna. She was a childless widow, and in her selection of a successor had passed by her natural heiress, her niece Anne, the only child of her elder sister, to fix upon that niece's new-born son; and the intrigues in question regarded the nomination of a regent during the infant autocrat's long minority. When the Czarina was suddenly seized with her last illness, we are told that—

"Biron, fearing the worst, a prey to stormy anxieties, quitted the inner apartments, and sent his son with the threatening intelligence to the Princess Anne, who, being herself unwell and very capricious, referred him to her lady of honor and confidante, the *Fräulein* (unmarried noble lady) von Mengden. Biron next summoned the two cabinet ministers, Czerkaskoi and Bestuchew, the grand *Maréchal de la Cour*,* Löwenwolde, together with Münnich, who, since his return from the Turkish war had, better than before, concealed his obstinate self-will under a show of flattering attention to the favorite. . . . To the two last named, Biron, with tears and lamentations, revealed the dangerous state of the Empress, and his fears for the future. . . . He observed that it was essentially important to entrust the government to experienced, strong, and resolute hands; that the character of the Princess Anne was unobjectionable; but that, as regent, she would, from natural affection, invite her father to Russia; who, whimsical and obstinate and at variance with his own subjects, would most injuriously mislead his daughter: whilst, if the regency were committed to the Princess's husband, the Prince of Brunswick, the noxious influence of the court of Vienna was unavoidable. . . .

"Czerkaskoi, entering into the secret wishes of the duke, (Anna had made Biron duke of Courland), declared that no one was so worthy of the regency as he who had so long governed the empire with equal zeal and reputation, and whose interests, as Duke of Courland, were so intimately connected with the weal of Russia. Bestuchew chimed in, in the same key; and Münnich, impelled, it is said, by the immediate danger of making objections, thought it advisable to assent. . . . But there is every reason to believe that Münnich most zealously promoted Biron's nomination as regent. He hoped, once at the head of the military force of Russia, to find Biron more manageable than another, especially than the Duke of Mecklenburg, as the ladder for his climbing ambition; he hoped perhaps, according to Biron's repeated

promises, to be hetman of little Russia. Besides, the maintenance of the existing Anti-Russian system, and the common interest of the foreign authorities, whose very lives were threatened upon every change of government, required that the duke should, in the first instance, be placed at the head of the empire. Should the change of reign burst a single link of the chain that held down the Russians' hatred of foreigners, they must all perish. . . .

"Count Löwenwolde hastened to Ostermann, who for five years had not appeared at court. Biron repaired to the sick-room of the empress. (He or his wife remained constantly on guard there.) . . . Ostermann was startled when Löwenwolde acquainted him with the instant urgency of affairs; but, upon the same grounds with Münnich, assented to Biron's appointment as regent."

Biron now affected a modest reluctance, which was of course overruled without much real difficulty.

"Early next morning, Münnich and the rest of Biron's chamber, demanding an audience of the empress. The lord high chamberlain (Biron) announced them, and discreetly withdrew to the ante-chamber. After duly expressing their grief at the condition of the imperial invalid, they read her the manifesto they had prepared respecting the announcement of Ivan (the new-born babe) as heir, and presented it for her signature; whereupon Münnich entreated the empress to name Biron regent. The invalid gave no answer, but seemed exhausted and depressed, when the lord high chamberlain re-entered the room. She said 'I have signed that oath with a trembling hand; I did not so subscribe the declaration of war against the Porte.' She observed that she had inadequately rewarded the long services of her friend, and intimated that Münnich had recalled a thought that had been in her mind during the past night. . . .

"Two days after the oath of allegiance to the infant Grand-Duke had been taken, the aged and infirm Ostermann was carried in an armchair to the bedside of the empress, whose face he had not seen for five years. He drew out a paper, and asked if he might read to her her last will; Anna, who still would not hear of impending death, who had reluctantly yielded even so far as to admit the chancellor, that monitor of life's transitoriness, who had already stood beside the deathbed of three sovereigns,* rejoined disturbedly, 'Who has drawn up my last will?' when Ostermann, raising himself up in his armchair, answered in Russian, with a low bow, 'I, your faithful slave.' Then soothing the agitated empress with explanations, he read his paper. When he came to the article that said, 'The Duke of Courland shall

* We hardly know how to translate this title further than into French; the German is *Oberhofmarschall*. The mention of the court implies too much of a household office to answer to our earl marshal, and Biron himself was lord high chamberlain.

be regent during the sixteen years of the emperor's minority; she, in Russian, and in seeming surprise, asked Biron who was then entering the room, 'Needst thou that?' and took the paper in her hand, as if to sign it. Upon his imploring her to spare herself and him the pain of signing her last will, she placed the document under her pillow, and dismissed the assembly in uncertainty as to her determination."

Biron next endeavored to gain the slighted mother of the baby-heir to his interest.

"She evaded his request to interfere, by the vague assurance that she would conform to the empress's pleasure, but not disturb the invalid by again reminding her of death. . . . Despairing of the princess's co-operation, Biron urged the presentation of a petition, signed by the most considerable members of the cabinet. Upon receiving it, the empress, clearly foreboding that Biron was preparing his own overthrow, summoned the chancellor to court. Not until the second invitation, did Osterman re-appear in his armchair. Anna drew the paper from under her pillow, signed it, and bade Ostermann inform the petitioners that their request was granted. The chancellor then enclosed the document in a cover, and sealed it up beside the bed of the dying autocratix; who handed it to the lady von Uschakow, to be by her locked up in the imperial jewel-chest, that stood at the bed's head."

And thus was the low-born Biron, not content with his duchy of Courland, made regent of all the Russias, until he was, more cleverly than honorably, ousted by Münnich, who transferred the regency to the princess Anne and her husband, in order to be viceroy over them; but, ere long, to be in his turn ousted, together with the infant Czar Ivan, his parents, and the whole of that branch of the imperial house of Romanow, by the conspiracy that suddenly elevated Elizabeth Petrowna to the throne of her father, Peter the Great.

ART. X. — *Invasions des Sarrazins en France, et de France en Savoie, en Piémont et dans la Suisse*, par M. Reinaud, Membre de l'Institut, &c. 8vo. Paris, 1836.

THE wars between the Saracens and the Franks in the West form an extremely interesting chapter of middle-age history, and one which hitherto has been but imperfectly known. Those invasions, indeed, took place at a period which, in the annals that remain, is wrapped up in great obscurity; it was a

period of revolution, a period sometimes of anarchy, and always of violence; but it was the period when were laid the foundations of most of the institutions of the western part of the continent, the ground-work of its political divisions, and of its science and its literature for some ages after. It was an age which in aftertimes gained a larger place in the pages of the poet than in those of the historian, and to it we owe the plot of the romance of the Lorrains, and of the vastly extensive Carolingian cycle. M. Reinaud has sought to supply the deficiencies of the Christian historians of this period, by confronting them with the writings of the Arabians; and, aided in the research by his profound knowledge of the Arabic language, and his position as Keeper of the Oriental Manuscripts of the Royal Library at Paris, he has certainly made a very curious and interesting volume, which cannot fail to be acceptable to the historian for the light which it throws on the dark period of which we have been speaking, and to the lover of middle-age literature, as an invaluable companion to the earlier romances which were founded upon the invasions of the Western Saracens in France.

The turbulent state, and consequent helplessness, in which France found itself at the commencement and during much of the continuance of the Hispano-Arabian invasions, has been vividly pictured to us in the romance of Garin as edited by M. Paulin Paris, of which we have given an abstract in a former volume.* It was early in the eighth century, when the dynasty of Clovis was falling beneath the vigorous usurpation of the *maires* of the palace, that the Arabs, who had made themselves masters of Spain in an incredibly short space of time, were first perceived on the borders of France. The part which was first exposed to their attacks (Languedoc and Provence) was governed by Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, who, himself allied to the blood of Clovis, looked with suspicion and jealousy on the rising power of the usurping family, and was himself as fearful of seeking the assistance of the then ruler of the Franks, as the latter was backward in aiding one whom he knew to be opposed to his power. The Saracens, whose horses gave them an advantage similar to that which the Danes, in their predatory invasions of England, derived from their ships, spread fear and consternation by the quickness and suddenness of their motions; but, in fair battle, they generally yielded to the heavy firmness of their opponents; and the

* Vol. xvi. p. 113.

Christians, though terribly harassed by the cruel devastations of the infidels, were from time to time saved from entire subjugation by an opportune, and, for the time, decisive victory. It was thus that, in 721, the expedition of Alsamah, who had formed the project of marching victoriously through Europe to Constantinople, was disconcerted before Toulouse by the arms of Eudes.

In 724, a new invasion, much more terrible and destructive than any which had preceded it, was conducted by Ambissa, the governor of Spain. This chieftain was slain, and the invasion withheld for a moment, but new bands of Arabs arrived to restore courage to their companions; the whole of the country as far as the Rhône was overrun; the barbarians penetrated into Dauphiné and Burgundy; and Vienne, Lyons, Mâcon, Châlons, Beaune, Autun, and other important towns, experienced the extremity of their ferocity. Their depredations continued for some years almost undisturbed till about the spring of 732, when Abd-alrahman arrived with a new army from Spain, resolved upon the entire conquest of the kingdom of the Franks, and destroying every thing on his route. Bordeaux and Poitiers were sacked by the Infidels, and they were on the point of subjecting Tours to a similar fate, when Charles Martel, who, at the solicitation of Eudes had withdrawn his troops from the shores of the Danube, the Elbe, and the Ocean, made his appearance on the banks of the Loire. Eight days after was fought the memorable battle which decided the fate of Christianity in the West, and which gained for the conqueror the title by which he is best known.

"An Arabian author tells us that, at the approach of Charles, Abd-alrahman was alarmed at the looseness of discipline which, in consequence of the immense riches that his soldiers dragged after them, had crept into their ranks, and that for an instant he conceived the idea of inducing them to abandon a part of their booty. He feared lest, in the moment of action, the goods which they had acquired by so many fatigues and by so much excess would be an impediment; but still he was unwilling, in so critical a moment, to raise discontent amongst his troops, and he rested his hopes on their bravery and on his own good fortune. This weakness, adds the author, was soon followed by the most fatal results.

"The same author relates that, in the very presence of Charles, the Mussulmans threw themselves upon the city of Tours, and that, like raging tigers, they glutted themselves with blood and pillage; which doubtless, he adds, irritated God against them, and occasioned the disaster which followed. The Christian writers, whose relation, it is true, is very defective, make no mention of the tak-

ing of Tours. and suppose that the treasure of St. Martin remained untouched; whence we may conclude that the suburbs alone were for a moment exposed to the ravages of the barbarians.

"At length, after eight days passed in mutual observation, and after some slight skirmishes, the two armies prepared for a general action. The Arabian account already cited gives us to understand that the battle took place in the neighborhood of Tours, and this is the opinion adopted by Roderic Ximenes, who follows generally the relations of the Arabians. On the other hand, most of the French chronicles, and particularly that of the Abbey of Moissac, which is a contemporary compilation, affirm that it was fought near Poitiers, or even in the suburbs of that city. We may reconcile the two statements by supposing that the first encounter of the two armies occurred at the gates of Tours, whose suburbs had been already plundered; and that during the engagement the Saracens lost ground, so that their ruin was completed under the walls of Poitiers.

"It was then, according to some authors, the month of October, of the year 732. The Saracens began the battle by a charge of their whole cavalry. The French were supported by the memory of their former victories, and by the presence of Charles Martel, who was himself on the spot wherever the danger was most imminent. In vain the Saracens, by the quickness of their motions, tried to throw disorder into their ranks; the Christians, heavy armed, and, according to the expression of a contemporary writer, like a wall, or a mass of ice which no effort can break, saw their most impetuous attacks repulsed by their firmness. The combat lasted the whole day, and night alone separated the two armies. On the morrow, the action recommenced. The Mussulman warriors, athirst for blood, and unaccustomed to such a resistance, redoubled their efforts. Suddenly their camp was attacked by a detachment of the Christians, led probably by the duke of Aquitaine. At this intelligence, the Saracens left their ranks to fly to the defence of their plunder. In vain Abd-alrahman endeavored to establish order; his efforts were useless; he was himself pierced by an arrow and fell. From this moment the disorder was fearful among the Saracens; they succeeded in saving their camp, but a great part of their army was left dead on the field of battle.

"As it was again night, Charles prepared for a renewal of the combat on the morrow: but the Saracens, who had entered France with the intention of subduing it, and who now saw themselves entirely defeated in their object, judged it useless to try again the fortune of battle. Taking advantage of the night, they sought in all haste the road to the Pyrenees; and such was their precipitation, that they waited neither to strike their tents nor to secure their booty. In the morning, Charles presented himself with his army to renew the combat; but, being informed of what had happened, he seized upon the ene-

my's camp, and distributed amongst his soldiers the riches which were there piled together."—pp. 43—47.

There can be no doubt that this battle saved Christianity in the West. Its importance is acknowledged equally by Christian and Arabian writers; the former declare that three hundred and seventy-five thousand of the Saracens were slain in the engagement; the latter call the place the *Pavement of the Martyrs*, (بَيْتُ الشَّهِيدِ), and assert that one may still hear the noise which the angels of heaven make in so holy a place, to invite the faithful to their prayers.

Still the ambition of the Spanish Arabs was not broken. New invasions were planned and executed. A few years afterwards, before Narbonne, they received another check from the arms of Charles Martel, who was now master of the kingdom of of Eudes. But they long held possession of Narbonne, and were thus virtually masters of the surrounding districts. The divisions and dissensions which broke out among the Arabs themselves in Spain, and the vigorous efforts of the remains of the Goths, who had established themselves in the mountains, contributed not a little to the salvation of France. In 759, Narbonne was recovered by the Christians, and the kingdom of Pepin was purged of the barbarians who had so long harassed it.

Under Charlemagne, things took a new turn, and the Franks became the invaders. One party of Saracens had invited the emperor to cross the Pyrenees and aid them against their opponents. He did so, but found by no means the encouragement he had been led to expect. He took by force Pampeluna, and is said also to have taken Saragossa. But news suddenly arrived, announcing the renewed hostility of the Saxons. Charles hastened to France. But, in passing the Pyrenees, his rear-guard was attacked in the valley of Roncevaux, by the Christians of the mountains, who looked upon the entrance of the Franks as an attempt upon their own liberties; they were perhaps aided by the Saracens, and many of the most illustrious of the Frankish warriors were slain. Among them, we are told, was Roland. This was that disastrous battle of Roncevaux which has been so often sung by bards and minstrels.

Towards the close of the eighth century, France experienced a new and formidable incursion from the Arabs of the Peninsula; they were partially successful, and the rich spoils which they took were employed in finishing of a mosque, which now forms the cathedral of Cordova. It is said by some Arabian writers, that the foundations of this new part of the mosque were laid in earth which had been brought from Galicia and and Languedoc, conquered territories, on the backs of Christian captives.

The Saracens, however, made no permanent conquest. On the contrary, they were losing ground; and, in the first year of the ninth century, the Franks besieged and took Barcelona, which had remained ninety years in the hands of the Mussulmans. But under the successors of Charlemagne, the Saracens again entered France both by sea and by land, and ended by establishing themselves in Provence.

We have thus reached the middle of M. Reinaud's history. In his "third part," he relates to us how, after their establishment in Provence, the Saracens made extensive and destructive excursions into Savoy, into Piedmont, and into Switzerland. The former of these countries was then called Maurienne, and it is the tradition of the wars during this latter occupation of France by the Saracens that [has formed the ground-work of the earlier part of the poem of "Garin le Loherain." About 960, the Mussulmans were driven from Mount St. Bernard; five years after they were ejected from the diocese of Grenoble and the valley of Graisivaudan. From this time to the end of the century, we hear of nothing but the successes of the Christians. France was freed from the Saracens who had so long ravaged its fairest provinces, and the divisions among the Arabs in Spain, and the continued success which crowned the efforts of the remains of the older population of the Peninsula, delivered it from the fear of future invasions.

The fourth part of M. Reinaud's book, on which we shall not at present enter, is devoted to the consideration of the general character of the Saracen invasions, and of their influence on the manners, condition, and literature of the Franks.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

NETHERLANDS.

A Commencement has been made of a Collection of inedited Belgian Chronicles, undertaken by order of the government. The first volume, which has appeared, contains the Chronicle in verse of Jean van Heeln, or Narrative of the Battle of Woeringen, edited by J. F. Willems, of the Academy of Brussels. It forms a 4to. volume of 86 sheets.

There has also appeared at Brussels "Le Livre de Baudoyne, Conte de Flandre; suivi de fragments du roman de Transignes," edited by C. P. Serrure and A. Voisin, an 8vo. volume, with 20 wood-cuts.

At Ghent has been printed "Theophilus, gedicht der 14e eeuw, gevolgd door drie andere gedichten van het zelfde tydvak," 8vo.

FRANCE.

M. Henri Ternaux, whose collections concerning and knowledge of the early history and literature of Spain and America are well known, and who has lately published a bibliographical catalogue of works relating to America, from its first discovery to the year 1700, is now publishing a series of French translations of the earlier works on America. Three volumes are just published, containing the Narration of Nicholas Federmann of Ulm, from the edition of 1557; the history of the province of Santa-Cruz (Brasil) by Pedro de Magalhães de Gandavo, from the Lisbon edition of 1576; and the relation of Hans Staden, of Homburg in Hesse, from the German edition of 1557. Three other volumes are in the press, which will contain the History of the Conquest of Peru and Cuzco, by F. Xeres, the Secretary of Pizarro; the Voy-

age of Ulrich Schmidel of Straubing to Brazil and the Rio de la Plata; and the Expedition of Don Alvar Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, from the edition of 1555, printed at Valladolid.

A new daily newspaper has been lately established at Paris, entitled *Le Monde*, whose professed object is to unite the literature and politics of all countries, and accordingly the scholars and politicians of different countries have been invited to contribute to its columns. It has obtained the names of some very distinguished German scholars.

M. Paulin Paris has published, in 8vo., the first volume of his Catalogue of the French Manuscripts of the Bibliothèque du Roi. It includes the MSS. in large folio, and contains a very detailed and interesting account of the history and contents of each volume.

M. Silvestre has in the press a volume of collections on the curious legendary voyages of St. Brandan. It will contain very early Latin and English poems on the adventures of the Saint, edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, an Anglo-Norman poem, edited by M. Francisque Michel, and two early poems on the same subject in different German dialects, edited by Dr. Haupt.

M. Raoul-Rochette is engaged upon "Recherches sur la Peinture des Grecs et des Romains," which will be illustrated with colored plates.

The first two volumes of "L'Empire, en dix Ans sous Napoleon, par un ancien Chambellan," are just published. Two more will complete the work, which is intended by the author rather to present a faithful picture of society and the court under the imperial government, and of the manners of the remark-

able epoch from 1804 to 1814, than to produce a political book, or to relate what has been already so often related.

M. Merle d'Aubigny has produced the first volume of a well-written "*Histoire de la Réformation au 16me Siècle.*" It is chiefly occupied with a biography of Luther, which is brought down to the year 1518.

A work has been commenced with the title of "*Histoire et Description des principales Villes de l'Europe*," edited by Nisard, and written by Chateaubriand, Villemain, St. Marc Girardin, Aug. and Am. Thierry, Nodier, Letronne, Delecluse, Pichot, Chasles, &c. This work, elegantly printed and accompanied with steel engravings and woodcuts, will be published in 250 numbers, forming 12 vols. 4to.

Madame Dudevant, one of the most eminent, if not the most moral of the French novelists, has obtained a divorce from her husband, to whom, however, she is obliged to pay an annuity of 5000 francs; and she is authorised to educate her children herself. She will now probably cease to write against marriage.

At the public meeting in August last of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Literature, in Paris, the annual numismatic prize founded by M. Allier d'Hauteroche, was adjudged to M. Streber, keeper of the cabinet of coins of the King of Bavaria. Then followed the first adjudication of the three honorary medals, of the value of 500 francs each, given by the government for distinguished performances relative to domestic antiquities. They were awarded to M. Saulez for his *Numismatic History of Metz*; to M. Pricux for a description of the Roman monuments in the now French portion of North Africa; and to M. de la Saussaye for his "*Histoire de la Sologne Blessoise, à l'époque de la domination Romaine.*"

Paul de Kock, a French novelist, to whom criticism adjudges a very subordinate rank in his own country, and whose works are chiefly read by shopmen and ladies' maids, has lately been brought into a court of justice by Barba, the bookseller, who had purchased of him the copyright of his detached works, because he has sold to another bookseller the right to publish them collectively. The court awarded 30,000 francs damages to Barba. A Count d'Orsay, who is well known in the fashionable circles of London, has thought fit to appeal to the British public in behalf of M. de Kock, whom he is pleased to style the French Smollet, in apparent expectation that its liberality will bear him harmless for this flagrant breach of common honesty.

We have mentioned in a former number that M. de Chateaubriand has sold to a joint-stock society the copyright, not only of his collective works which have already been pub-

lished, but of all that he shall hereafter write. These consist of his *Memoirs*, the manuscript of which is deposited with M. Cahouel, notary of the society, and which will form 10 or 12 vols. 8vo.; but may be extended by supplementary matter, which the author intends adding, to from 16 to 20. These *Memoirs* are not to be made public during the lifetime of the author, without his consent. He has also engaged to furnish an historical work in 4 vols. 8vo., concerning the epoch of the congress of the Verona, and the Spanish war in 1823, which he is to deliver not later than the year 1840 to be then published.

It has been calculated that no less a sum than five millions of francs have been lost in Paris since 1830, by unsuccessful attempts to establish periodical works. As the booksellers have learned prudence from experience, they seldom have any concern in such undertakings; so that this loss has mostly fallen upon shareholders, though it is true that many an author, who hoped to secure the editorship, has sacrificed the whole of his little property in them.

The year 1835 gave birth to 177 new novels in France, and only 11 of these were translations. The number of authors in this line amounted to 144; of these 40 were debutants; 27 were females—being about one-fifth of the whole. The most celebrated names in the list were Alfred de Vigny, Balzac, and George Sand. The same year brought forth 299 poetical works, among which Victor Hugo's deserved particular distinction. The drama was not less fertile, as 151 new pieces were represented. Eugene Scribe continued to be the most prolific writer in this department.

M. Gasparin, minister of the interior, has written to Count Philip de Segur, announcing the intentions of the government to appoint a commission for the purpose of inquiring what improvements can be made in the legislative enactments relative to copy-right, as many artists, authors, and literary men, have solicited a prolongation of the term fixed by the existing laws for the benefit of their families. Count de Segur is appointed president of this commission, to which are also nominated several of the most eminent writers of France, and among others, Villemain, Jay, Lamartine, Viennet, Renouard, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, Scribe, Auber. M. Roger Collard, director of the department for the sciences in the ministry of public instruction, and M. Cavé, director of the department for the fine arts in the ministry of the interior, will likewise take part in this commission.

M. Ancillon, the Prussian minister, has written to Count Molé, assuring him that Prussia will second the efforts of the French ministry to prevent the piracy of the productions of the French press. This communication has produced a very agreeable impression at Paris.

Died in Paris, at the end of October, M. Raynouard, the oldest member of the French Academy. The following extract from the speech of M. Hase, president of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, delivered at his funeral, enumerates the principal of his works: "Nominated a member of the Academy of Inscriptions in 1816, the author of the 'Templiers' and the 'Etas de Blois' [dramatic pieces] has shown us how a superior mind can combine the most opposite acquirements. Whilst France numbered him with pride among her dramatic poets, his name, in whatever part of Europe it was uttered, was a sufficient eulogy. A scholar, an historian, a philologist, an archaeologist, he was assiduous in collecting and arranging the materials of the science which he cultivated. His 'Histoire du Droit municipal en France' may serve as a pattern for compositions of the same kind. In his 'Croix des Poésies originales des Troubadours' we see, perhaps better than in our annals, the manners, the opinions, the customs of the old times; immense reading, a profound knowledge of all the idioms of Latin Europe, are evinced in his 'Lexique romane,' a work unfortunately left incomplete,—a work which appeared too vast for the strength and talent of a single individual, but which, had he been spared a few years longer, there was every prospect of his finishing. Lastly, in composing his 'Grammaire romane' he conceived that he had discovered fixed forms, a complete mechanism, constant, simple, and ingenious principles, in the language cultivated of old by the *troubadours* and the *trouverès*." We may add to this notice that M. Raynouard has left autobiographical memoirs, which are expected to be published forthwith.

DENMARK.

In a publication entitled "Laxdaela-Saga, sive Historia de rebus gestis Laxdaelensium," the learned Finn Magnussen has just presented us with one of the most important portions of those northern Sagas, which form the connecting link between the mythic and the historic age, and which refer to the events and the peculiar relations of the Icelandic republic from its foundation till its decline under the dominion of the Norwegian kings.

Pastor S. S. Blicher and Dr. C. M. Eckbohm have announced from Copenhagen and Gothenburg the publication of a poetic Union Calendar for the three northern kingdoms, which, among other things, is to contain an annual survey of the productions of the fine arts in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and is to appear alternately at Copenhagen and Gothenberg.

GERMANY.

The first volume of a History of the Counts of Eberstien in Swabia, whose possessions now belong to the grand-duchy of Baden, compiled by command of the grand-duke

Leopold by Captain G. H. Krieg von Hochfelden, has just appeared. The work is elegantly printed, and accompanied with steel-plates and lithographs, showing that its illustrious patron spares no expense to erect a worthy monument to ancestors and possessors of the castle of Oberstien, the favorite residence of the present owner.

Wigand of Leipzig has commenced an illustrious work in parts, by the title of "Das malerische und romantische Deutschland." It will consist of ten divisions, comprising 260 engravings on steel: 1. Saxon Switzerland, by A. von Tromlitz; 2. Swabia, by Gustav Schwab; 3. Franconia, by G. von Heeringen; 4. Thuringia, by L. Bechstein; 5. The Harz, by W. Blumenhagen; 6. The Giant Mountains, by E. Rappach; 7. Styria and Tyrol, by E. Herlossohn; 8. The Danube, by Ed. Duller; 9. The Rhine, by C. Simrock; 10. The Baltic and German Ocean, by Mohnike and Starkloff.

The third volume of Fr. Tiedemann's Physiology of Man has made its appearance under the title of "Untersuchungen über das Nahrungsbedürfniss, den Nahrungstrieb, und die Nahrungsmittel des Menschen." The first volume of this work was published in 1830, and the second, which will complete it, is expected speedily to follow the third.

Breitkopf and Härtel have commenced with the present year (1836) the publication of a Polish Annual entitled "Militele," edited by A. E. Odyniec, and embellished with six engravings on steel.

In the several provincial towns of Bohemia there are 14 and in Prague 9 printing-offices, the most considerable of which is that of Messrs. Haase and Son. It employs 4 machines, one of which produces 2400 impressions in an hour, 12 Stanhope and 14 ordinary presses, and 124 hands, to which must be added about 80 belonging to the type and stereotype foundry connected with the establishment.

The celebrated poet Ludwig Uhland has commenced a series illustrative of the northern traditions, by the title of "Sagerforschung." The first volume, comprehending "Der Mythos von Thôr, nach nordischen Quellen," has just appeared in an 8vo. volume.

The second volume of Professor Fallmerayer's "Geschichte der Halbinsel Morea, während des Mittelalters," which has just appeared, brings down the history of what constitutes modern Greece from the year 1250 to 1500.

An interesting contribution to the biography of Schiller has been published with the title of "Schiller's Flucht von Stuttgart und Aufenthalt in Mannheim von 1782 bis 1785," from the pen of the late M. Streicher, teacher

of Music at Vienna, a native of Stuttgart, and a partner in the adventures which he describes. The work is published by his children just as it was found among his papers, and the produce is destined for the subscription to the monument preparing to be erected in memory of Schiller.

Mr. Friedr. Karl von Strombeck has published the first and second volumes of "Darstellungen aus einer Reise durch Deutschland und Italien im Jahre 1835."

A continuation of Prince Pückler-Muskau's Travels has just appeared, with the title of "Semilasso in Africa," in 5 vols., with an atlas containing seven plates. It is wholly occupied with Algiers and Tunis.

M. Kleinschord, ministerial councillor in the department of finances to the King of Bavaria, has produced a compilation which, if executed with care and accuracy, would excite, we think, considerable interest in this country. It is a volume entitled: "Grossbritanniens Gesetzgebung über Gewerbe, Handel, und innere Communicationsmittel, statistisch und staatswirthschaftlich erläutert."

A translation of Longhi's Art of Copperplate Engraving, by K. Barth, will speedily be published by Kesselring of Hilburghausen. The second volume will comprehend the translator's own views and observations, especially upon engraving on steel.

A new work by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, entitled "Biographische und Gemälde-Saal der morgenländische Geschichte," in six volumes, will be published early in 1837 by Leske, of Leipzig and Darmstadt.

The people of Osnabrück have erected by subscription a statue to their patriotic countryman Justus Möser, the celebrated German writer. It was opened to the public on the 12th of September with due solemnity. The statue, of bronze, exhibiting a striking likeness of Möser in his best years, was executed by Friedrich Drake, a young pupil of Rauch's. It stands on a pedestal of white sandstone.

Dr. Christian Ludwig Stieglitz, who died on the 27th of July, 1831, in his 80th year,—having been born December 12th, 1756,—was one of those writers who, although not following architecture as a profession, have rendered it essential service by their studies. During the course of a very long life, those of Stieglitz were mainly directed to this art, contributing now towards its history, now towards its criticism. Many of his earlier and shorter essays on the subject appeared in the "Neue Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften," the "Journal des Luxus," and other journals of that class; besides a few papers of late years, in the *Kunstblatt*. Some of the former may still be read with interest, due allowance being made for the period when

they were composed, architecture being then at a very low ebb in Germany. In 1792 he published his "History of the Architecture of the Ancients," wherein he treats, not only of that of the Greeks and Romans, but of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, and other nations, as he has likewise done in a second work of somewhat similar title, (*Geschichte der Baukunst vom frühesten Alterthume*, 8vo., 1827,) wherein he has taken a more extensive view of the subject, pursuing the history of the art through its vicissitudes during the Middle Ages; nor is this portion of the work the less interesting because confined chiefly to the Gothic style of Germany. As far as it goes, it affords some valuable information on that subject; but then it is only a rapid sketch wherein comparatively few buildings are mentioned, and still fewer are spoken of at all in detail; which is the more matter for regret, because what is said is of a kind to increase our desire to learn more. Of somewhat earlier date than the volume we have just been speaking of, is another work by him expressly on the subject of Gothic architecture, entitled "*Alt-deutsche Baukunst*," accompanied with a separate folio of plates. Although not of equal celebrity with Möller's work on the Gothic architecture of Germany,—and, indeed, hardly known at all in this country,—Stieglitz's is one from which much information and instruction may be derived; at the same time it must be acknowledged that the labors of both are very limited in proportion to the extensive field of research they have entered upon. Stieglitz was also author of an "Encyclopædia of Civil Architecture," in 5 volumes; besides which, he edited a collection of Designs under the title of "*Zeichnungen aus dem schönen Baukunst*," 1805; but the choice he has here shown, does not speak very favorably for his taste, hardly any one of the subjects displaying the least originality, and many of them being even below mediocrity in every respect. That this should be the case is the more extraordinary, because in some parts of his writings his judgment appears to be severe, and inclined to scan architecture with the precision of a mathematician.

A twelvemonth ago we recorded the loss of a very eminent archæologist, one whose general attainments could hardly have failed to earn for him distinction, had he not obtained paramount celebrity in that capacity. To the name of Böttiger, may now be added that of Friedrich Carl Ludwig Sickler, who died at Hilburghausen, on the 8th of August, 1836, in his 63d year. With Böttiger he may, in fact, be allowed to claim a close degree of literary relationship, since it was from him that he first caught his passion of antiquarian pursuits. In early life, an offer made to him by Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt enabled him to visit Italy in the suite of that minister, with whom he remained six years, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to his studies, and of which he did not fail to avail himself to the utmost. He afterwards passed

some time at Naples, where he greatly interested himself concerning the Herculanæum papyri, and was exceedingly sanguine in anticipating the important literary discoveries to which they would lead. Herein he lived to be disappointed; and was nevertheless invited to this country in 1817, for the purpose of unrolling the Herculanæum manuscripts which had been brought over here, according to the process employed at Naples. The result, however, was totally unsatisfactory. His literary labors were more successful: one of the earliest of them was an Historical Memoir relative to the various works of art which had been carried away from Italy by the French. His *Almanach aus Rom* contains much learned and interesting research relative to the district of ancient Latium, and similar topographical study is shown in his work entitled *Umgegend von Rom*, 1823. Of earlier date than this last is his celebrated controversy with Millin "Sur l'époque des Constructions Cyclopiennes, and likewise "Die Hieroglyphen in dem Mythus des Aesculapius," wherein he attempted to explain the hieroglyphic writings of the Egyptians. Besides these and other works professedly archæological, he published Homer's Hymn to Ceres, and some other philological pieces. Like Böttiger, too, he wrote a number of dissertations, chiefly on antiquarian topics, which are scattered through various journals—such as the *Deutsche Mercur*, the *Journal des Luxus*, the *Curiositäten*, and the *Isis*.

HUNGARY.

Professor Dankowski, of the university of Presburg, has published a "Critico-etymological Dictionary of the Magyar Language," the last part of which has recently appeared. The account of the proportion of the families of words derived from Asia to the foreign words now naturalized in the Magyar language is curious. The author has reckoned up only 962 native Magyar families of words, partly related to the Turkish, and, on the other hand, 1898 Slavonian, 889 Greek, 334 Latin, 288 German, 268 Italian, 25 French, and 4 Hebrew. According to this statement no more than about one fourth of the families of words are Magyar, and the language is essentially Slavonian.

A similar work by Professor Stephan Sebestyen of Papa is now printing at the expense of the Magyar Society, by the title of "Hebraizalo Etymologus," in which the proportion of the Oriental, and especially the Hebrew, is more precisely stated.

RUSSIA.

A new popular poet, named Kolzow, has made his appearance in Russia: he is the son of a cattle-dealer at Woronesch, and now twenty-six years old. His poetic talent, which

he everywhere displayed in the steppes and in the markets, was developed in consequence of Dmitrieff's Poems having accidentally fallen into his hands. A small volume of Kolzow's Poems was published at Moskau about the end of 1835.

During the past year a translation of the New Testament into the Mantchoo language, made for the British Bible Society, has been printed at St. Petersburg. It is considered as one of the most elegant Oriental works printed in Europe: the China paper was made expressly for it. Liposoff, the translator, resided for a considerable part of his life in the East, especially in Pekin.

We are informed that the Russian Conversations-Lexicon numbers 7000 subscribers.

A History of the Campaigns in Asiatic Turkey, in 1828 and 1829 is publishing at St. Petersburg. The author is Colonel Uschakoff, who was with the army as aide-de-camp to Prince Paskewitsch.

The number of academical institutions in Russia, which are under the direction of the ministry for public instruction, amounted in April last to 1663; of these 400 have been founded by the present emperor since his accession to the throne. In the years 1833—1835, 213 were established, and among them the Wladimir university at Kiew. The number of scholars at the public schools increases at the rate of about 6000 annually.

At the suggestion of the governor-general of the Caucasus, Georgia, and the Transcaucasian provinces, the emperor has approved of the establishment of a printing-office at Tiflis, and the publication of a journal with the title of "Transcaucasian Newspaper."

GREECE.

Several of the civil officers at Athens are delivering voluntary lectures on various subjects, which, by the numerous attendance of young and old, prove the desire of information prevailing among the Greeks. Great activity is also displayed in literature,—hitherto, indeed, chiefly in translations. Thus a translation has appeared of Theophilus by Rhallis, secretary of state; and one of Gross's Law of Nature by Polizoides, councillor of cassation. Translations of Schlegel's History of Literature, and of Mackeldey, are announced. The Medical Society publishes a periodical in the Greek language; and a German work on the Epidemic Disease of 1835, by Dr. Rothlauf, will soon leave the press. During the present year (1836) 56 works, great and small, have appeared, whereas in the preceding year scarcely six were published. At that time there were only 4 newspapers; their number has now risen to 12, with the promise of further increase.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXVII.

FOR APRIL, 1837.

ART. I.—1. *Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger, ou Description du pays occupé par l'Armée Française en Afrique.* Par. M. Rozet, Capitaine au Corps Royal d'Etat Major, &c. &c. Paris, Arthus Bertrand, 3 vols. 8 vo. with atlas in folio.

2. *Semilasso in Afrika. Aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen.* (Semilasso in Africa. From the Papers of the Deceased.) By Prince Pückler-Muskau. Stuttgart, 1836, 5 vols. 12mo.

It is a thing not a little remarkable, that countries separated from each other by so short a distance of sea as the two coasts of the western part of the Mediterranean, should present so striking a contrast in the character and condition of their populations. On the one side, Spain, France, and Italy have, during ages, been distinguished by their high degree of civilization, while the natives of the opposite shores are, even now, only to be compared with the savages of central Africa. The southern parts of Africa have in fact been hitherto better known to us, and more accessible to civilization, than the interior of Algiers. We may, perhaps, consider this as one of the numerous proofs of the demoralizing influence of unbounded despotism on the one hand, and of the beneficial effects of free and liberal institutions on the other. The occupation of Algiers by the French since 1830 will, even if it should have no other important consequences, at least have added to our geographical knowledge, and will enable us to become better acquainted with the manners and condition of the original tribes of this part of Africa.

Among the best books upon the "regency," which have appeared since its conquest, we

must certainly reckon the three volumes of Captain Rozet, with their beautiful atlas of plates,—indeed it deserves to hold a distinguished place among the many excellent works of a similar class that have lately issued, and are still issuing, from the Parisian press. He enjoyed the occasions of collecting information and making observations on the manners and condition of the original inhabitants, which are always attendant on a sudden and successful invasion, like that of Algiers, and which can occur but once. Captain Rozet was attached to the staff of the invading army, as "ingénieur-géographe," and remained with it in Africa sixteen months, during which period he accompanied nearly all the military expeditions into the interior of the country. In addition to his own observations, he obtained much information from the natives, and particularly from an Algerine Jew named Salomon, who often accompanied him in his excursions. Salomon had travelled much in Barbary, spoke French extremely well, and—a rare quality among the Israelites of Algiers—his word might safely be depended upon.

The regency of Algiers is formed by a long and comparatively narrow slip of coast territory, without any known accurate boundaries towards the interior of the continent, but rather losing itself among the mountains, and towards the great deserts. We cannot give our readers a better idea of the general aspect of the country included within this slip of land, than by supposing him placed with Captain Rozet on the most elevated works of the Castle of the Emperor, about a mile to the south-west of Algiers. If he looks toward the south he will see a group of hills extending, in an undulated line, from E. N. E. to

W. S. W. ; beyond them he will perceive the vast plain of the *Métidja*, extending far beyond the reach of his view towards the east and west, but terminated towards the south by a lofty chain of mountains, whose direction is nearly parallel with that of the hills. This chain is the Lesser Atlas. If he then crosses the plain of the *Métidja* towards the south, and climbs to the summit of the aforesaid chain of mountains, he will see that their southern side is much more precipitate than the northern, and that beyond them a mass of hills extends on every side to a great distance, the horizon towards the south being bounded by a very elevated chain, resembling in form and nearly parallel to that on which he is standing : this elevated chain is the Greater Atlas. Towards the east, at a distance of about twenty-five leagues, is seen Mount Jurjura, a great, lofty, naked mass, apparently destitute of vegetation. To the south-west appears a series of very elevated summits : the most distant of these, which must be on the borders of Morocco, has the form of a sugar-loaf. Towards this point the two chains of the Atlas mountains converge. At Algiers and at Oran the chain of the Atlas is nearly equally distant—that is, about eight leagues.

Of this territory a very small portion has hitherto been occupied permanently by the French. In 1835, Prince Pückler-Muskau describes them as being in actual possession of territory reaching only to a very small distance from the walls of the capital. The conquest of Algiers was one of the last works of a dynasty which has since fallen, and the restless and unsettled state of the French government itself since that period has rendered impossible any energetic measures with regard to the settlement established there. The present attempt on Constantine seems to show a renewal of activity ; but what has hitherto been done, and the sacrifices which it seems to have cost, lead us to think that the only circumstance which will drive the French to extend their territory effectually, will be the necessity either of doing so, or of giving up what they hold,—an unprofitable possession certainly, but one to which France appears to attach—we scarcely think it deserves it—no little share of importance and glory. The expedition against Algiers was probably first taken up seriously as a means of carrying away people's thoughts from what was going on at home, and of employing restless minds, who might otherwise be embarking in dangerous plans against the government. We are not sure that the colony is not still chiefly valued as subserving more or less to the same purpose.

Enough, however, of this ! we are not going to run into political speculations : had the colonization of Algiers by a European power been considered worth the pains, it would doubtless have been executed long ago. It is our intention first to follow rapidly Captain Rozet in his descriptions of the territory already occupied by the French, as well as of that which, though traversed by their armies, has not yet been permanently subdued. In so doing, we shall cast a glance from time to time on the narrative of our German Prince, whom we shall afterwards follow into the neighboring state of Tunis. We are now going to visit the city of Algiers which has been denominated *the Warrior*,—not, we presume, on account of the greatness of its military expeditions,—but rather from the absence of the contrary principle at home,—from the little acquaintance which it could claim with peace even within its own walls ; and it comes upon us with all its old associations of piracy and slavery, of flesh-hooks and other not less dreaded instruments of execution upon its walls, and of machines for torture in its prisons. Captain Rozet is naturally much more detailed in his description of the capital than in that of the other towns, where his residence had been more brief, and, on the whole, under less favorable circumstances.

The city of Algiers—which in form has been compared to a triangle, whose base rests on the shore, and whose summit is identical with that of the hill which also rises from the sea, and which, from the liberal coating of whitewash that has been bestowed on every part of the exterior of its houses, is said to have, from a distance at sea, the appearance of a great chalk-pit—stands in lat. $36^{\circ} 47' 25''$ north, and in long. $0^{\circ} 42' 25''$ east of the meridian of Paris. We will not stop to occupy ourselves on things so common-place as the general appearance of the town, or of the dirty, narrow, crooked streets, or the *outsides* of the houses, the only part which generally in Mahometan cities strangers are allowed to see, because in all these things there would be little of novelty ; but we are strongly tempted to venture into the interior of the *latter*, because we have hitherto had little information on the domestic economy of Turkish houses, and because our French visitors, armed with strong introductions, seem by no means to have waited at the door to stand upon ceremonies.

"The houses of Algiers are all alike in form and disposition, though some are better than others ; they are squares or rectangles, formed by four walls, which rise commonly to the height of a third floor, pierced by certain

small holes to let the air pass, but scarcely ever furnished with windows. These latter are almost entirely confined to the houses inhabited by the Jews, and even there they are fortified by very thick gratings. Each house has but one entrance, which is tolerably large and circularly vaulted, which is approached by a flight of steps. Among the Algerines, the ground-floor is almost invariably occupied by stables, warehouses, the rooms of the slaves, and the vestibule, at which we arrive immediately after passing the door. This is a rectangular apartment, very large in the houses of the rich, of which the two sides are furnished with a long raised seat of masonry, ornamented with a range of columns of white marble or of stone, supporting a pediment, or sculptured moresque arches, and thus forming small arcades, under which the master of the house squats himself down, smoking his pipe, to receive visits or treat of business; the entrance to the other apartments being forbidden to strangers, both on account of the women, who are there, and from the force of long habit.

"This hall of reception is called *skifa*. On the long seats where the visitors place themselves are laid rush mats, sheep-skins, or carpets. When you are seated, the slaves present you with a pipe and bring you coffee, which you drink with the master, after having shaken hands with him.

"When we leave the *skifa* we mount a staircase, the steps of which are formed of pieces of slate and of tiles of china-ware, and sometimes of marble or stone, by which we arrive at a square court on the first floor, surrounded by a colonnade of stone or marble, which supports the second floor. This court is not covered; it is by it that air and light are admitted into the chambers, each of which has a door and several windows looking inwards. These chambers are long rooms, occupying each the whole length of a side of the building; there are generally but three, one side being occupied by the place of the staircase but sometimes there are four on each floor. The chambers are entered by a great arched door which rises two feet above the ceiling, and which is closed by two folds, within which are two little square doors, which are those most commonly opened; the others are only opened when it is absolutely necessary, or on grand ceremonies. The windows, which are placed on each side the door, are not glazed; but they are furnished with bars of iron or brass, and are closed in the inside by shutters. The chambers of each house are nearly all alike; they are oblong: at each extremity is a raised frame of wood or masonry, on which are placed the beds; and these frames are often so high that they are obliged to mount them by means of a ladder, so that in each house are found ladders destined solely for this purpose. Opposite to the entrance there is generally a kind of niche or hollow place in the wall, covered by an arch, in which is placed the divan or cushions on

which the woman sit during the day. On each side of the divan are cupboards made in the solid wall, which are used to lock up the delicacies or the objects used in the toilet of these ladies; above each, as likewise beneath the windows, there is a semi-circular niche for the reception of different objects.

"The furniture of each room consists of one, or at most two, wooden chests, tolerably well made, and ornamented with extremely fantastical paintings, which in the houses of the great are richly gilt, and painted with much care; of a little round table, of the height of two or three decimetres; of cushions which compose the divan; of carpets or rush mats which cover the ground; lastly, of beds placed on the raised frames before mentioned: these beds are composed of tolerably good mattresses of wool, with a bolster, sheets of linen or calico, and a coverlet of silk or of very light wool. This is the sum-total of the furniture in the apartment of an Algerine, which is repeated verbatim in every chamber. This furniture differs in beauty according to the wealth of the proprietor; in the houses of the poor they are sometimes very bad; many have no mattress, and sleep on sheep-skins or rush mats. Beside the staircase, where there is no chamber, are found on each floor a kitchen and wardrobe, which are kept extremely clean. The kitchen is the only room in the house where there is a chimney: this chimney, of which the mantelpiece is about the height of a man, occupies the whole breadth of the room; beneath, at a very small elevation above the pavement, are several small circular stoves made of brick; each of them is covered by a grate, on which the pot is placed. The kitchen utensils used at Algiers are made of earthenware, or of a kind of bronze mixed with tin, which contains a sufficient quantity of copper to render it very dangerous to let the meats cool in them.

"The floors are all distributed in the same manner; there are three in a house; but the third contains generally at most but one or two chambers, the rest being a platform on which the women go to take the air. Above the chambers of this floor there are also little terraces, to which these ladies mount by ladders after sunset, at which time it is forbidden to the men to go out upon the terraces."—vol. iii. p. 18—23.

It will be seen, by the reference to the volume whence this extract is taken, that we do not follow the same order in treating the subject as that adopted by Captain Rozet. We ought, perhaps, to have stated, that he has made three distinct divisions of his work, the first volume being confined to the natural history of the country, the second to the characteristics and manners of the different tribes who inhabit it, and the third to the description of the country itself. We have preferred taking the latter first, as containing the personal narrative of the author; and

the first volume we shall pass over entirely. We will not occupy our space and time with the description of the public buildings of the capital, but we cannot omit one which is more intimately connected with all the associations that the name of Algiers raises in our mind,—we mean the prison of the slaves taken in piratical expeditions:—

“The public establishments of Algiers, which have had the greatest celebrity in Europe, on account of the cruelties which were committed there, are the prisons in which were shut up as slaves the prisoners taken by the Corsairs, from the vessels which they had captured. When Algiers was in its highest prosperity, there were several of these prisons within the town, wherein were detained a great number of Christian slaves; but by the treaty imposed by Lord Exmouth, these prisons were emptied, and since that period, their piracy having been much restrained, particularly during the three years of our blockade by sea, there have been scarcely any Christian slaves at Algiers. Many of the prisons were closed; and when we took the town there was but one left. It was situated in the street of Bab-Azoun, not far from the great barrack of the janissaries. There we found imprisoned the victims who had escaped from the massacre of the crews of the two brigs which were wrecked, a few French prisoners taken during the war, whom the Turks had snatched from the yatagan of the Bedouins, and a few Greek and Genoese slaves, who had been there two years,—in all a hundred and twenty-two persons.

“I went to see this prison shortly after our entrance into Algiers, and I saw some slaves who were still there, and two of our soldiers, who were shut up with them. I asked them how they were treated, and they gave me the following information:—They were chained together in couples like galley-slaves, but they were allowed to walk in the prison; they were allowed every day two little black loaves about as large as one's fist, and some water; they slept upon sheep-skins and a few rags. The men who guarded them treated them rudely, but they did not strike them; the slaves who had been there several years were led every morning to work, and always in chains. They gave them two loaves more than the others, which raised their rations to about a pound and a half; but, in compensation for this indulgence, they were often beaten by their overseers.

“The prison of which I am speaking was an old building, which was falling into ruins. The hall occupied by the prisoners, in which there was scarcely room for them all, was eighteen metres long by nine broad. It was an ancient Catholic chapel; it adjoined at right angles a great gallery divided into several parts, which also had been used for a similar purpose, but it was so ruinous as to be no longer habitable; all that remained in good condition was a little chamber in the middle, where the keepers lodged. In the

hall occupied by the prisoners there was a great cistern beside the places of ease, and, just beside the entrance, a little closet full of chains. At first all the windows of this building had been walled up; but as the prisoners were almost suffocated by this operation, it was found necessary to open them; they were without shutters, so that the prisoners had no shelter from the winds, and when it rained they were all wet.”—vol. iii. p. 43.

We turn willingly from the dark side of the view, and will present our readers with a picture of Algerine sociability, in the two chief places where people assemble for the purpose of passing their time and amusing themselves, that is, the *coffee-houses* and the *barbers' shops*. These latter, it will be seen, are at Algiers, as in every other country, the places of assembly for those who seek the news and the scandal of the day.

“I have counted at Algiers not fewer than sixty coffee-houses kept by the inhabitants of the town; but of this number, five or six only merit the attention of the observer, the others being very often established in holes not more than six feet square. The most remarkable of all was situated in the street of the marine, not far from the mosque; it was composed of several narrow but very long galleries, supported by small marble columns, and furnished on each side with seats built in masonry, and covered with rush mats. Next to the street of the marine, there was a little square hall, entirely open, in the centre of which rose a superb *jet-d'eau*. The laboratory was in the middle of the gallery; it was a little black kitchen, four feet wide, in which was a stove, and upon it two great tin coffee-pots, in which the coffee was made, whilst three other little ones kept warm by the fire the coffee which was to be served out. On each side of the kitchen were two tolerably high piles of wood for burning, but so placed that they might easily have taken fire and so burnt the whole establishment.

“The Moors and Turks came and squatted themselves gravely on the seats, and soon after came the waiter with a burning coal to light their pipes, and a little cup of coffee without sugar, placed in another cup half full of water, in order that it might be held without burning the hand. This coffee is weak, very ill made, and somewhat like that which they drink in England; it is not however dear, for four cups cost but a halfpenny.

“In all the coffee-houses of any importance you find one or two musicians from the afternoon till the evening. These musicians touch the guitar whilst they make grimaces with their eyes and head, or play very seriously and in a most tiresome manner on a violin with two cords. The persons present appear to take great pleasure in listening to them and in seeing their grimaces.

“The Mussulmans betake themselves to the coffee-house about ten o'clock in the morning, and remain there sometimes the

whole day, drinking ten or twelve cups of coffee and smoking their pipes, often without uttering a single word. Sometimes, however, there arise conversations among select parties; many play in pairs, particularly in the establishment we have just mentioned, at the French game of draughts. The players are always surrounded by spectators, who take great interest in the game.

"Other places of assembly much frequented by the Moors, particularly by those who are inquisitive and who meddle with politics, are the barbers' shops, which are very numerous. Tradesmen's shops, not only at Algiers, but in all the towns of Barbary I have visited, are holes in the wall about two metres deep and one wide, which are almost entirely occupied by the dealers when squatted inside. But those of the barbers are more extensive, being four or five metres long and two or even three wide, surrounded by a seat or benches for the accommodation of customers. They are kept tolerably clean, ornamented by all the instruments of the vocation hung about the walls, and by paintings executed in Barbary, representing the most glorious sea-fights of the Algerine corsairs.

"All day long these shops are filled by those who come to have their heads shaved or their beards combed, and by a great number of idle people who come thither only to kill time and to hear news. They are seen gravely seated on the benches, listening very attentively to the barber, who tells what he knows and often much more, at the same time shaving somebody's head, or strutting about and gesticulating if he has no work under his hands. Several plots for the extermination of the French were organized at the barbers' shops, and from thence was sent the information of our movements to the bey of Titarie, before he was taken prisoner."—vol. iii. p. 60.

Our author reckons the population of the city of Algiers, before the arrival of the French, at not more than 30,000 persons, of which number, after its conquest, about a third had migrated. As nearly as could be calculated, this population was composed of 4000 married Turks or Janissaries, about 2000 negroes, 5000 Jews, 18,000 Moors and Coulouglis, and 1000 Berbers, Arabs, and others. The Jews here, as in all Mahometan towns, form a distinct, in some measure proscribed, and certainly the most despised part of the population, particularly since the Turks obtained the government. Here also, as elsewhere, they are chiefly occupied in brokerage. Many of them patrol the streets as pedlars, with muslins, cambrics, and other things, which they sell to the Moorish ladies. They are forbidden, on pain of severe punishment, to enter the house of a Mussulman, or even to knock at the door. The mode of trading with them is, therefore, as follows. When the women hear the pe-

culiar cry which they constantly repeat as they pass along the streets, they descend to the door, and send a slave to call them: when the pedlar arrives, the door is opened just enough to make room for the hand of the slave or of a little child, who passes the merchandize to the lady; the money is returned in the same manner, and the Jew departs without having ever seen his customer. The Moorish dames are not always honest in their dealings with the Jews. Sometimes they take his merchandize, and then shut the door in his face, without paying for it. In this case, as he dare not knock at the door, he begins to shout with all his might and to stamp with his feet, and if in the end the money is not thrown to him, he runs to make his complaint to the Cadi, and even there he is by no means sure of obtaining justice. The Jewish population of Algiers was originally formed by the refugees from persecution in Spain, and they were once on a much more respectable footing in the town than at present. They still relate a strange legend of their first arrival from Europe.

"Whilst the Moors were in possession of Spain, they had allowed the Jews to establish themselves there and to occupy themselves in commerce. The people of Israel did there as in Egypt; they multiplied fast, and in a short space of time became extremely numerous. They had their magistrates, their temples, and the free exercise of their religion. When the Christians had driven the Mussulmans from Spain and reconquered that fine country, they permitted the Jews to continue to dwell there and to carry on their commercial speculations, on condition of their submitting to the laws of the new state. To the great riches which they had amassed under the empire of the Moors, they added still more, until at last the Christians became extremely jealous of them. In 1390, the chief rabbi of Seville (*Simon-ben-Smia*), a man of first-rate capacity, who possessed great wealth, was seized and thrown into prison by order of the king of Spain, with sixty of the principal heads of Jewish families and many Moors who had remained in that city. Immediately after this arbitrary act, the Spaniards subjected the Jews and Moors established in the kingdom to all kinds of exactions. Soon after the imprisonment of the rabbi, the king ordered him and all who had been shut up with him to be put to death. On the evening which preceded the day appointed for the execution, at the moment when all his companions in misfortune were abandoning themselves to despair and grief, Simon took a bit of coal and drew the figure of a ship on the wall. Then turning to those around him who were weeping, he said, 'Let all those who believe in God, and who are willing to quit this place immediately, put their finger with me on this ship.' They all did so, and in an instant the ship sketched with coal became a

real ship, which put itself in motion; the wall opened to give a passage; it traversed Seville, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants, without running against any of them or even touching their houses, and went with all its crew direct to the sea. We are not told if the rabbi took the helm, or if his companions served as sailors; but this we are assured, that the vessel never stopped till it suddenly anchored in the bay of Algiers, a town then only inhabited by Mahometans, Moors, and Arabs. The rabbi, having despatched in all haste some of his companions to the Algerines, to tell how they had been brought to their coast, and to solicit an asylum, the latter answered that it was no concern of theirs, but that they would consult Sydi-Ben-Yousef, a famous marabout who dwelt at Meliana. Immediately a party of horse set off at full gallop and soon arrived at the residence of Sydi-Ben-Yousef, whom they informed that certain Jews and Moors, who had escaped miraculously from Spain, had arrived in the port of Algiers, begging to be received as inhabitants of the town. 'Receive them and treat them in the best manner possible,' was the answer of the marabout. The messengers hastened back with the order of the holy man, and it was immediately announced to the Rabbi that he might land with all his companions. The inhabitants of the town, with the chiefs of religion and of the law at their head, marched out to meet them, and offered them every thing of which they were in need. They gave them lodgings in the town, where they settled."—vol. iii. p. 210.

The most interesting and remarkable objects in the environs of the town are the fountains and the marabouts or hermitages. The *marabout*, or divine, amongst the Moors as well as the Berbers, is a person who exercises great influence, and who is believed to receive immediate inspiration from the Deity. He is consequently, among a superstitious people, consulted on every occasion, and his advice is never rejected. He is not even subject to the ordinary laws of society, and the person who has experienced at his hands any violence or injustice throws himself on his face and thanks God that he has thus deemed him worthy of his peculiar notice. His attributes resemble those of the wise men of some of our country villages, who, for a small consideration, pretend to indicate the possessors of lost or stolen property, tell fortunes, and the like. In like manner the marabout is generally approached with presents, and, not content with this, when he wants any thing he sends to demand it of any one whom he knows to possess it, and the latter hardly dares to refuse. He enters people's gardens, or shops, or houses, and takes what he likes, and the person who is thus robbed, instead of being angry, considers it a presage of good fortune. The most remarkable of the nume-

rous sanctuaries of these men in the neighborhood of the capital, which are also called marabouts, is that of Sydi-Abderrahman. A little farther from the town, on the sea coast, is one not less famous amongst the people, particularly the Jews, that of Sydi-Yakoub, of the ceremonies at which, apparently bearing some analogy with the worship of wells so prevalent in all countries during the dark ages, an amusing account is given by Captain Rozet:—

"To the north-west of the powder-mill rises a rock of schistus, on the top of which stands the marabout of Sydi-Yakoub, under the shade of a magnificent olive-tree, which spreads out its branches like a cedar. This marabout is much esteemed, not only by the Mussulmans, but by the Jews also, for the numerous cures which are operated there. Below it, on the west side of the rock, is a great fountain covered by a circular vault, to which we are assured that Sydi-Yakoub gave the property of curing all kinds of diseases.

"Every Wednesday pilgrims repair to the fountain of Sydi-Yakoub, and sometimes in such numbers that they block up the road. One Wednesday, as I walked out of the town on this road, about six o'clock in the morning, I saw some negroes and a great number of Jews proceeding in this direction; totally ignorant of their design, I followed them, not doubting that some very interesting ceremony was to be performed; I joined two whole Jewish families, men, women and children. When we reached the fountain, the men stopped; but the women took off their shoes, and, taking the baskets which their husbands had placed on the ground, they very devoutly approached the fountain. Each drew from her basket an earthen pot; in which she made a fire with tinder and a little coal; they then lighted small yellow tapers, and placed them on a stone beside a little hole, whence issued a *jet-d'eau*, crying *You, you*. After this they returned, threw some grains of incense into their fires, and carried the pots in their hands several times about the fountain. They then returned to their baskets; some of them took eggs, boiled beans, and bread; others, the feathers and blood of a chicken, &c., which they threw into the basin, crying *You, you*; after which they placed themselves on the step nearest to the water, washed their face and hands, drank the water, and made their children drink it, and then returned to their husbands, who were waiting for them at the place where they first halted. I saw several negroes and negresses performing similar ceremonies, but, by their hurry and want of devotion, it was easy to see that they were not doing it on their own account.

"Taking a turn round the fountain, I found sitting on a stone an old Moor, covered with dirt, who presented to me a bit of paper which he held in his hand; it was a billet signed by the general-in-chief of the French

army, which authorized him, a marabout, to post himself on Wednesdays and Thursdays at the holy fountain of Sydi-Yakoub, to receive the offerings of the pilgrims. I returned him his paper, and asked him if the offerings he received were numerous. 'No,' said he, 'I scarcely receive anything; this place is visited by more Jews than Mussulmans.'

"As I was going away I heard a great noise on the sea-shore; I went to see what it might be, and was not a little surprised to find there many Jewish families drinking and eating, uttering from time to time cries of joy, and singing at the utmost extent of their voice. I approached them to learn what they were doing, and immediately several men arose, begged me to partake of their repast, and, in spite of all my refusals, obliged me to eat a small apple, and to drink with them a glass of *anissette*. I then learnt that, after coming to seek the protection of Sydi-Yakoub, it was proper to pass the whole day in drinking, eating, and amusing themselves, with their relatives and friends, in the open air. In the evening I returned to see if my companions of the morning had punctually fulfilled their duty, and I found in the fields, all along the road conducting to Sydi-Yakoub, numerous assemblies of several families, in which every body was drunk. Several musicians had come to increase the uproar, and the guests accompanied them singing, or rather howling, all at once. Men, women, and children, unable to support themselves any longer, rolled one over another, without any regard to modesty, and we may thank the drawers which the Jewesses wear that this was not altogether violated. I have often heard talk of the Sabbath, where, they say witches meet the devils, and deliver themselves to all sorts of orgies, and I never saw anything which gave me a more complete idea of them than the farce of the Jews who perform the pilgrimage to Sydi-Yakoub.

"Salomon, to whom I have related all I had seen, told me—"Sydi-Yakoub is a very powerful marabout, whom we worship as well as the Mussulmans. He cures all manner of diseases, and drives the devil out of the body of him who seeks his aid. If any one is ill, he goes to seek the Xine, or he sends another person if he cannot go himself. When she has heard attentively the recital of the patient's sufferings, she takes a handful of wheat and throws it on a sieve; after contemplating the grains of wheat, sometimes for half an hour, she pronounces almost always that the sick person is possessed by the devil, and that he must visit the fountain of Sydi-Yakoub, or send some one thither in his stead. The Xine then orders him to kill two chickens, one white and the other black, or one single black and white chicken; to collect the blood, and rub with a part of it the arms and legs of the sick person, and to carry the rest, with the feathers, to the fountain, and throw them in, with some orange flowers; to eat the chicken on the sea-shore, to throw the bones into the sea, and to pass the rest of the day in amusement, in sign of the cure

which you have obtained, or which, at all events, you will obtain.'"—vol. iii. p. 136.

We have chosen more readily the foregoing extract, because it presents a picture, by no means exaggerated, of superstitions and observations which still prevail among the lower orders of the Catholic population of Ireland.

Prince Pückler-Muskau tells a story of a marabout buried among the ruins near Cape Matifou, which we are tempted to give, as a very fair specimen of Mussulman legends. The prince was attended, in this short excursion, by a necessary escort of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* :—

"We rested some time among the ruins of *Torre Tschika*, and examined the remains beside the monuments of the holy marabout, and his friend the Spaniard, whom he had converted in this very place. The story of this event is as follows :—The Spanish captain had landed with the marabout, whom he had brought hither, when both, overcome by the heat, yielded to slumber. The Spaniard awaking first, tempted by the evil one, resolved to take advantage of the deep sleep of his passenger, and to sail home with his property. He immediately put out to sea, but he could not find his way out of the bay, for a magic wind drove him about in a circle during four-and-twenty hours, and at last brought him to land at the same place, where the marabout, who was now awake, arose to salute him. Full of repentance, the Spaniard confessed his treacherous design, and delivered up the property he would have stolen: after which he, encouraged by the pardon of the saint, again took ship. But the same fate once more awaited him, and, after four-and-twenty hours, the waves drove him back to the strand. The marabout received him with a smile. 'Pardon!' said he, 'thou hadst forgotten my sandals in the ship, which hinder thee from thy voyage.'

"This last miracle awakened his unbelieving heart. He fell down at the feet of the marabout, besought his blessing, became a Mussulman, and ended his life as a faithful hermit by the side of the saint, on the same spot."*—*Semilasso*, vol. ii. p. 14.

* It is curious how superstition, in far distant lands, and amid varying circumstances, is constantly reproducing the same forms. With us the puritans in the seventeenth century, while declaiming with bitterness against the pretended miracles of the Popish monks, did every day the same thing which they blamed in their opponents. The following story, among many others of a like nature, is found set down in the diary of a very respectable person of the north of England, where the puritan party seems to have been the strongest, who put it in writing at the time it was believed to have occurred (1680;) it has a striking resemblance to the above legend of the holy marabout :—

"A gentlewoman near Newcastle having mur-

The general appearance of the country, on this side of the capital, must, according to the account of the German traveller, be extremely picturesque :—

“The land which we passed over in this excursion consisted chiefly of a plain, over-spread by several rows of hillocks, which, entirely waste, but by no means unfruitful, were thickly covered with shrubs. A countless multitude of oleanders, arbutus, pomegranates, myrtles lavender, and innumerable flowers, clothed them in the spring with the most variegated garment, and green meadows were charmingly intermixed with the clumps of shrubbery. Some Roman remains, though of little importance, might here and there be observed. A little before El Ibrahim, where the French posted themselves after having gained the first battle, the country changes its aspect, and exhibits an abrupt country luxuriously covered with trees, thickets, and loftier shrubs. On their sides lie some Arabian villages, the first I had seen. They consist partly of very poor huts of reeds, partly of dirty tents of camel-hair, into which crowded half-naked children, who beheld us with alarm and terror, and who, in look and manners, had all the air of savages. Although we threw money to them, yet they would not venture to pick it up ; whilst on the contrary, the grown-up people took very little notice of us. In a meadow close by, under a tree, accompanied by two of his courtiers standing, lay the chief of the tribe, the Sheikh Ben Omar, a very old man, with a long snow-white beard. He and his court were equally ragged. Nevertheless they assured me that the old miser had amassed a treasure of more than 300,000 francs. He appeared to be very ill-humored, and used no ceremonies to the courtiers who surrounded him. This country, where we again see ruined cottages, affords many picturesque points, particularly a magnificent dell with a cool stream, full of jujube, orange, and other trees, encircled with creepers, and a species whose stalk here reaches an elevation of twenty feet. To the advance of troops this ground, in an entirely unknown country, must have opposed manifold difficulties ; and they showed us an olive copse where the Arabs, themselves concealed and protected by it, with their muskets, which are effective at a great distance, killed many of the French ; and not far hence, on the right wing, a ravine, in which a whole company was cut to pieces, because they had conceived the unfortunate idea of cleaning their arms.”—*Semilasso*, vol. ii. p. 16.

dered her child, would have run away, but her horse would not stir ; then she hired a coach ; neither would the horses goe with her tho' whipt, but overthrew the coach ; after she got into a ship to fly, but could not get from the harbor ; in the mean time the child was found, and hue and cry made after the author (of the murder,) and she was suspected and committed to prison.”

At no great distance from Algiers, Captain Rozet found monuments of that class which are generally termed *Druidical*. We regret much that he has not given us a drawing of them. We begin to have many doubts of the justice of attributing all such monuments to one tribe, or even to one family, of people ; and the many ingenious theories which have been built upon this hypothesis are likely, we think, to fall to the ground on further examination.

“A little before the first stream, on the point of *Ras Acrata*, where the ground again becomes flat, we perceive, amidst ancient walls which scarcely rise above the ground, several rectangular cisterns, made with an extremely hard cement, of which two were still in a state of perfect preservation, and half full of water when I saw them. Following the ruins, in the middle of the brushwood, at a distance of four hundred metres to the southwest, I discovered several arcades of a small aqueduct still standing, and entirely concealed by the brambles. These arcades were but four feet high ; they are semi-circularly arched, and constructed with small irregular pieces of calcareous stone, joined by a yellowish cement, which is become extremely hard. I had long examined the cisterns, and the ruins amidst which they lay, but could find nothing which bore the mark of the hands of the Romans, or of any other people whose mode of building was known to me. When I found the aqueduct I was still more embarrassed ; it resembles nothing I have ever seen in Europe or in Africa.

“I had come to the conclusion that all these works might be of Punic origin, and, absorbed in my reflections, I slowly climbed the hill, which overlooks them from the south, to see if there were not some more ruins on its summit. After half an hour's walk, I arrived in the middle of a very extensive plateau, about 120 metres above the level of the sea, entirely covered with brushwood, upon which I found at first nothing but the rocks of tertiary grit which compose it. But in descending to the valley which bounds it on the west, I was struck with astonishment at the sight of two groups of *Druidical* tombs, exactly like those which I had seen in France some years before. Each monument is composed of four stones of the same kind as the rock itself, entirely uncut, forming a rectangle, covered by a fifth as large as could be found in the neighborhood. I measured one, which was two metres and a half long, two metres and one-tenth broad, and two centimetres thick. In some of these tombs there were only three upright stones, and in several they had experienced a movement after the covering stone was placed over them. These ancient monuments were placed one beside another, without observing any particular direction ; one of the groups contained ten, the other twelve. In spite of their ignorance and their natural apathy, the Bedouins had been struck

with the appearance of these monuments; they easily perceived that the stones which composed them were not there in their natural position; they had made searches about several, probably to see if there were treasures buried there, but not having found any, they left the rest untouched."—vol. iii. p. 163.

On a supposition which has been made that the Druidical monuments were the works of Phœnicians; or, on another, that the Celts themselves were an Asiatic tribe which had arrived by the same route; these monuments might, there is no doubt, be accounted for. As, however, neither of these hypotheses seems to us to have been clearly made out, we willingly turn them over to the Society of Antiquaries,* and will ourselves follow Captain Rozet in his excursions.

The road from Algiers to Constantine, which runs at first through a picturesque country on the sea-shore, and presents at every step marks of the decline of wealth and cultivation in the country, passes, at no great distance from Cape Matakou, the extensive and interesting ruins of the Roman city of Rustonium. Captain Rozet proceeded no further than this point, but from Salomon the Jew, who had often been to Constantine, he obtained a tolerably exact account of the remaining part of the road. The third day's journey from Algiers brings the traveller to the chain of the Little Atlas, and during the three following days his path lies through steep and dangerous mountains, which are inhabited by the Berbers, who levy contributions on all who pass. The most difficult pass is that of Biban, better known among travellers as the Iron Gates.

"The Bey of Constantine himself, who never entered the Biban without an army, when he came with his tribute to Algiers, could not pass without paying a sum of money to the Berbers, who, informed of his arrival, had seized all the positions, and would have crushed him and his army with stones, had he been so imprudent as to try to force the passage. At the taking of Algiers, this Bey, who had brought an army to the aid of his master, in his retreat carried with him a considerable treasure from the country-house of the Aga, beyond the suburb of Bab-Azoun. The Berbers, having learnt this, allowed him to enter the Biban with his army, and then fell upon him, carried off all the plunder he brought from Algiers, and even a great part of what he had originally brought with him to the war."—vol. i. p. 327.

* Precisely the same kind of monuments as these described by Captain Rozet are found in different parts of Germany, where they are called *Hünenbetten*. See Klemm, (*Handbuch der Germanischen Alterthumskunde*, Dresd. 1836, § 34,) who has given drawings of several.

On the sixth day the traveller enters an extensive plain, inhabited by wandering Arabs, and extending thence to Constantine, where he generally arrives on the ninth day. Constantine is a large and fine town, of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, but, according to Salomon's account, it was not fortified, and its only defence was said to be a small battery on the side towards Algiers, occupied commonly by a few Turks, and mounting seven or eight bad guns. The town is partly surrounded by a river, whose banks in the vicinity are covered with beautiful gardens. The inhabitants were said to be "braves gens, sur la parole desquels on peut compter." The army of Marshal Clausel marched on Constantine by the much shorter route from Bone (a coast town), estimated in the official accounts at a distance of about thirty-one hours, and, though they had still some mountains of less importance to pass, they avoided the length and dangers of the road from Algiers.

Bone, situated in $36^{\circ} 53' 56''$ of north latitude, and in $5^{\circ} 24' 38''$ of east longitude from Paris, is a small town, strong by position, and tolerably well fortified. The inhabitants are described as a people greatly superior to the generality of the population of the regency of Algiers. But the surrounding country is inhabited by some of the most cruel and warlike of the native tribes. Before it was first occupied by the French, these tribes had made several attacks upon Bone, with the sole object of plundering the town. During the first occupation, the French garrison were harassed by the most desperate and continued assaults. Captain Rozet was inclined to believe, from the character of the country and of its inhabitants, that the approach to Constantine from Bone would be much more difficult and dangerous than it had commonly been supposed to be.

Our space will not allow us to follow Captain Rozet in all his excursions, the principal of which extends as far as Medeya, the chief town of the Bey of Titerie. On this road, at the foot of the Little Atlas, beautifully situated, is the small town of Belida, whose inhabitants are declared to be the most turbulent and faithless of the whole regency, although, in spite of their own warlike character, the Berbers of the mountains frequently made descents upon them and plundered their town. The inhabitants of Medeya are famous for their love of the chase. Their mode of hunting tigers is curious enough: armed with a sharp yatagan, the hunter entices the animal to pursue him up a tree, and, turning round, cuts off his forepaws as he mounts, so that he falls to the ground, and becomes afterwards an easy

prey. But their manner of catching young lions beats all the ingenious experiments of which we have ever heard, and we confess that our incredulity is at least equal to that of our author.

"The manner of taking young lions seems to me a fable, although it has been told by a person worthy of credit. They discover very easily, by the numerous tracks of their feet, the places where the lions have lodged their young, and they know that one of the parents always keeps watch whilst the other goes to seek food. When the mother watches, she never closes her eyes, and would instantly devour any one who came near; but the father almost always falls asleep, and slumbers so soundly that a person may approach without disturbing him. He who has discovered the young lions, observes the father and mother until he is well acquainted with the hours of watch of each; then, while the lioness is away, he mounts his horse and approaches as near the den as possible; he dismounts with naked feet, and creeps, without breathing, to the young lions, takes one, or two if he can, without waking the father, returns to his horse, and makes his escape in all haste with his prize.—vol. viii. p. 237."

To us, the most interesting part of the German prince's account of the regency, is his excursion over the Metidja; and here, again, we have a notable example of the would-be Quixotism of its author. According to his own account, he waited long at Algiers for some military expedition which might give him an opportunity of visiting the country between the two Atlas ridges; but at last, finding his expectations vain, he resolved, in spite of all the dangers with which people threatened him, to set out on this adventure alone. "He was confidently assured that, without two thousand men, the excursion was impossible, and that he who should venture upon it alone might be perfectly sure of having his head cut off; but our friend (the prince) is notoriously so sworn a sceptic in impossibilities, that even in this instance he did not give implicit credit to the assertion, although in fact it was a very general one!!" (ii. 91.) However, he procured from the Governor of Algiers a strong recommendation to the care of the câids of Beni-Mussa and Kraschna, whose tribes occupied the ground he was going to explore. Being taken under such protection, we by no means see the nature of the dangers which he so courageously faced, nor does the narrative which follows throw much more light on this point, except that in one or two instances it appears that his guides told him it was unsafe to go any further, when he immediately and very wisely acted according to their advice. Be the dangers, however, what they might,

Prince Pückler-Muskau set out on this long-projected journey, and on a Friday (an unpropitious day, he confesses, for such an undertaking): he was received by the câid of Beni-Mussa, and an escort of Arabs, who gained his good opinion by their respect for champagne and the flesh, or at least the heads, of wild swine; the former of which seems to have had a very perceptible, and, we have no doubt, good effect upon the heads of the whole troop, for Semilasso tells us that they rode about on the beach like so many madmen:—

"At length they ceased to misuse the willingness of their spirited animals, and soon the cavalcade arranged itself in orderly march on the bad pavement of the old Roman road. They passed between hedges of Indian fig-trees, so lofty that they yielded the travellers a complete shade, a great blessing in the now overpowering heat. After a few hours they reached the last French blockhouse and the Aratsch, which they passed at a tolerably deep ford. Here they halted a few minutes, to water their horses, and to wait for some of the party who had loitered behind. At this place a party of Arabs passed the river from the other side, chiefly mounted on small but heavily-laden asses; and altogether, with these different groupes, the scene might have afforded a singular picture; particularly when the last Bedouin's poor animal dropped under its burden in the deepest part of the stream, and, with a true ass's patience, once stretching its head out of the water like a carp, gasped for air, and then sank quietly, and perished without a cry. At last, after much labor and time, the Arabs succeeded in drawing the goods out of the water, which, with the now motionless ass, floated on the stream.

"From the Aratsch the plain began gradually but continually to rise towards the mountains, and presented everywhere a dry soil, sometimes mixed with a little sand, but chiefly consisting of a fertile loam, or a black mould, entirely covered either with green grass or with low underwood. Towards evening the caravan reached in safety Beni-Mussa, at two hours' distance from the Atlas, where the câid had his *hautch*, a kind of court surrounded with very wretched buildings of stone, which was probably first built as a secure place for the reception of plunder. An ill-conditioned orange-garden, surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of aloes, concealed one side of the building, and, not far separated from it, extended on the other a pretty little wood of wild olive trees, carobs, and high underwood, in which lay the village, which could only be distinguished by the smoke that rose from it. This foreground, with the deep blue mountains behind, formed a very wild but interesting landscape."—*Semilasso*, vol. ii. p. 93.

At this place our traveller passed the night,

dining upon couscoussou and pilau, and taking his coffee and his three pipes after the true Arab fashion. The câid had the preceding day made all preparations for the continuance of their excursion, and early in the morning they set out for the Metidja,* with an escort of fifteen or sixteen horsemen, all well armed :—

“Favored with the serenest weather, the nearer they approached the foot of the Atlas, the richer was the vegetation ; and the green declivities of the mountains, covered with well wooded villages, meadows, fields, and lovely groves, presented an aspect differing little from that of European cultivation. And yet here dwelt the wild and so much dreaded Kabyles and Hajutes, of whom, as the câid informed us, the majestic mountains of Bonaralissa, which rose right before the eyes of the travellers, alone furnished 2000 combatants. At the mountain-stream, Oued Dschemma, the caravan was met by a very neatly-dressed, handsome man, mounted on an excellent steed, and accompanied by two servants, who held a private conference of some duration with the câid, and, as they afterwards learnt, was a *thaleb* (theologian), who by his authority hindered the adjacent tribes of the mountains from taking any notice of the Christians. He joined the caravan, and only quitted it with the train of the câid.

“After they had, with manifold varying views of the mountains before them, ridden a few hours further, and very often through thickets where an attack would have been highly perilous, they reached the place where the river, which they had already once passed at a lower point, rushed out of a deep and romantic mountain-glen, and had covered its bed, which was more than a thousand paces wide, but was at this season in great part dried up, with pebbles and masses of rock. On its banks they found many burning charcoal-kilns, which seemed here to be managed just as in the woods of Germany ; but they could never see any of the natives about them.

“Not far from this place they came to a very beautiful spot, called Sukel-Arba, to which, as well as to all the district over which they had travelled this day, no European had penetrated since the taking of Algiers ; for no military expedition had been directed on this side. For this reason is the place more frequented by the Arabs, as a market, as might be seen by the great number of elegant and substantial huts constructed of branches of trees, which remain always standing, though their owners only use them on Wednesdays. Situated immediately at the foot of a lofty mountain, with the view into a deep glen, watered by a clear silvery stream, closed towards the plain by thick

hedges of aloes and thickets of flowering shrubs, and shaded by a venerable olive-grove, in which there is not a tree whose appearance would give it an age of less than 200 or 300 years, this place forms one of the most original and most striking market-places that could possibly be conceived. At the end of the afore-mentioned hedge, under some palms, stands the stone monument of a marabout, which sanctifies the surrounding plain. Near it runs the great road over Hamsa towards the desert of Saharah, which, following the bed of the river, lost itself so temptingly in the dark rocky glen, that Semilasso called up all his powers of persuasion to induce the câid and the thaleb to follow this path at least another hour. After we had proceeded scarcely a few minutes on the way, both, already in an ill-humor, declared that there was no going further unless at the head of 2000 men ; they dared not expose the company to *this* danger ; and moreover, added Kasnadschi, there would not be time sufficient, for he must hand over his charge before night to the câid of Kraschna, for so the Aga had prescribed to him ; but there still remained a couple of hours, after breakfast, to lead the strangers deeper than they had yet been into the Atlas, and indeed as far as it were possible, but more than this they must not require from him.”—*Semilasso*, vol. ii. p. 105—108.

As it would have been imprudent to do otherwise, our traveller yielded to the representations of his guides, and they hastened towards the edge of the mountain, the Arabs amusing themselves on the way by running races over the uneven ground. A short journey, through the most charming scenery, brought them to Hadrah, a farm belonging to the câid, where they were invited to a parting meal, which consisted of dishes of milk and couscoussou and a kind of thin dried cakes, and was laid out on a carpet spread on the green turf under flowering olive-trees. Here our Prince gives us a dissertation on the word marabout, which seems to us very little to the purpose, and, oddly enough, he succeeds in discovering a “certain analogy” between a Berber *marabout* and an English *gentleman* ! After their repast was ended, they again mounted their steeds, and proceeded on their road up the Atlas, till they came to a narrow crest, which they reached by natural steps in the rock. Here the scenery was very desolate, with scarcely any vegetation ; but the prospect was magnificent, with the vast plains of the Metidjah below, traversed in a thousand windings by the Aratsch, the Hamyse, and many other mountain streams, with oases of thickets here and there on their banks ; and bounded in the distance by lofty mountains. On descending into the valley, the travellers were received by the câid of Kraschna, who

* We take this occasion of observing that, as our two authors disagree much in their mode of spelling the Arabic names, and as there seems to be no regularly-established rule, we give them in our extracts as they are spelt in the books from which each is taken.

met them with an escort, and conducted them to his own residence, where they passed the second night. From this place they beheld in the distance a lofty and interesting mountain, and an unconquerable desire was kindled in the mind of our traveller to visit it; but the *câid* of Kraschna threatened him with the same difficulties as had been conjured up the preceding day in similar circumstances by the *câid* of Beni-Mussa. The Prince, however, was fertile in resources, and he made his guide acquainted with some curious points of his own genealogy; he said that he came from a land where the Arabs had once ruled, that he was himself descended from Arabian blood, that he was come all this way to visit his Bedouin brethren and their country, and that he must ascend to the summit of the mountain of Hammal, there to offer up his prayers to Allah for a blessing upon his friends. The Arabs, Semilasso thinks, believed this truly "cock-and-bull" story, and they proceeded next day to visit the object of his desires. Had we space, we would willingly accompany him thither, for if there is any thing in which Pückler-Muskau has merit it is in describing natural scenery, and his narrative becomes here extremely interesting. He afterwards visited the coast of the Metidja and Cape Matifou, and then returned to Algiers.

The population of the regency of Algiers, of whose manners Captain Rozet had furnished us with many interesting anecdotes, may be divided into seven distinct races. The Berbers appear to be the remains of the aboriginal inhabitants of Barbary, but are now chiefly confined to the mountains; the Moors form the principal part of the population of the towns and cultivated districts; the Arabs inhabit the country, and are in a great measure nomadic tribes; the Turks, though not numerous, were by right of conquest, the ruling race; the Negro population had been formed by the importation of slaves from the interior of Africa; of the origin of the Jews we have already had occasion to speak; the Koulouglis are the children of Moorish ladies married to Turks, and, according to the description which is given of them, seem to be distinguished as the *dandies* of Algiers. Of all these different classes, the most interesting to us, as having been hitherto the least known, are the Berbers of the mountains. They are described as a handsome, brave, and extremely skilful race of men, possessing none of the disgusting vices of the Moors and Turks, but exceedingly faithless, and, like all savages, cruel and vindictive. Unaccustomed to any kind of government, their mode of life appears to be very primitive.

"The habitations of the Berbers are huts composed of a few bits of wood fixed in the ground, to which they fasten reeds or small branches of trees, and the whole is plastered over with clay mixed with straw. I have seen some of their huts built with stones, uncut, but arranged with much art. These huts are all rectangular, with two gables, and covered by a flattened triangular roof, made of stubble or reeds. They are rarely more than ten feet high; the entrance is by a low and narrow door, tolerably well closed; the windows are small holes made in the front, and in a very few instances are furnished with a piece of glass.

"These huts are scarcely ever collected together in villages; they are found in little groupes in the valleys and on the declivities of the mountains. On the road to Medeya we saw some of these groupes inhabited by several families. We observed the same thing in the mountains of Sumata and Beni-Menad; but in the tribe of Beni-Sala, which we sacked, the huts were joined four or five together, forming a rectangle with a court in the middle; that through which was the entrance to the court containing the stables, which were separated by the passage; the others containing the lodgings of the family, and the places for preserving their crops. In the vicinity of the huts, which is kept tolerably clean, are found the *matmoures*, or great conical pits in the ground, in which they preserve grain, pulse, and fruit. At Beni-Sala we found these pits in the interior of the rooms, closed by large stones covered with earth.* The soldiers descended into several, which were filled with dried fruit, and with great earthen pots containing honey, oil, melted butter, dried pulse, and *couscous-sou*.† In nearly all the chambers we found great jars, made of clay dried in the sun, two metres high, and half a metre in diameter, and not above three or four millimetres thick. These jars were full of grain, which could be taken out by a large opening in the lower part; they were supported against the wall, or against great wooden posts, and fixed by two iron braces, placed one in the middle and the other at the upper part, terminated by a collar, in the same manner as the jar. We saw, also, in the inside of the chambers, bowls full of milk, pots of butter and honey, barley in the corners, and piles of small po-

* We may very well imagine the dwellings of the less civilized Ancient Britons, which must have been merely temporary structures, to have resembled those of the Berbers of Africa. In different parts of England pits are often found nearly resembling those described in the text, though perhaps somewhat larger, which have been by many people supposed to have answered the same purpose, namely, that of store-rooms. We understand that Sir William Betham has lately attempted to show, by the old names of places, that the Celtic inhabitants of our isles were (if we have been well-informed) the same as those who first inhabited the northern coasts of Africa.

† A coarse kind of vermicelli, made of wheat flour.

tatoes. The bee-hives, placed among the bushes around the houses were made of the bark of the cork-tree or platted reeds. The whole furniture of a Berber house consists of two stones for grinding the grain, a few baskets rudely made of reeds, earthen pots, in a most filthy condition, rush mats and sheepskins, spread on the ground, which serve for beds. Sometimes there are at the two extremities of the chamber platforms of masonry or wood, elevated about two feet above the ground, on which they place their sheepskins and rush mats, which serve them for mattresses. I never saw anything like beds; the Berbers manage to sleep without them. Those who come to market at Algiers sleep on the pavement, in the middle of the street, or on the terraces of the houses in the suburb of Bab-Azoun: the only precaution they take is to wrap themselves, head and all, in the blanket which serves for their clothing. In a hut at Beni-Sala we found a looking-glass in a frame of gilt wood, a small enamelled vase, and several boxes painted with different colors; it was probably the residence of one of the chiefs of the tribe. All the houses we visited were furnished in the same manner. I was much surprised to find in each a manuscript Koran, written in letters of several colors. In their flight, the inhabitants had, perhaps, left this sacred book by design, to preserve the house from the fury of the soldiery. These houses are very small; women, children, and the stores of provisions, are heaped together in the same room, and the result is a most disagreeable smell, which is every where the same, and which almost suffocates you when you enter; however, we find precisely the same thing among the peasants of the Vosges, and of several other parts of France."—vol. ii. p. 9.

And now for a few words on the ingenuity and industry of this curious people.

"Although, since their origin, the Berbers have lived in a savage state, and have never had any connection with civilized nations, they are still very industrious; they are certainly the most skilful of all the inhabitants of the regency of Algiers: they work the mines of their mountains, and thus obtain lead, copper, and iron.

"With the lead the Berbers make bullets; with copper, some of the ornaments of the women. It is reported that they work even gold and silver; the fact is, that their arms are often decorated with plates of silver admirably worked, and that they make a great quantity of false money, particularly reaux-boudjoux, which they bring to Algiers and the other towns of the regency. These boudjoux are of copper, silvered, and may be known by the notched border, which is executed with a file.

"The iron ore, after having been melted, is converted into malleable metal by the hammer. With this iron they make gun-barrels, instruments for ploughing, and many rude utensils, which they sell to the Moors and

Arabs. They know how to convert iron into steel, and make knives, sabres, and other cutting instruments, not very elegant, but of a tolerably good quality.

"The Berbers manufacture powder for their own use, but they never sell it. This powder is much more esteemed than that which is made at Algiers. It must be here observed, that the fabrication of powder requires some knowledge for the extraction of the saltpetre, the proportions of the mixture, and the manipulation, which proves that the Berbers have much more instruction than is generally supposed.

"They are seen selling in the towns, and at the fairs which are held in the plain of Metidja, a black soap, which they make with olive oil and the potash which they obtain from sea-weed."—vol. vii. p. 17.

Captain Rozet is well qualified to describe the mode of fighting of the Berbers, as the French army had frequent engagements with them:—

"The warlike temper of the Berbers, and their savage manners, cause the different tribes to be always at war with each other; they fly to arms on the slightest pretext; a sheep stolen, a tree cut, an insult to a woman, are causes sufficient to excite them to mutual slaughter. Led by their sheiks, and always accompanied by marabouts, their warriors armed each with a gun, a yatagan, and sometimes a brace of pistols, occupy positions, and, hiding themselves behind trees or rocks, shoot at one another, but always at a great distance, so that the war often finishes with no greater hurt than two or three men put hors de combat. Sometimes, however, they come to close quarters; the vanquished fly to places which are inaccessible, and leave to the victors their women, their herds, and their property. But generally they do not push things to this extremity; after a few shots on each side, the marabouts, who are all-powerful, order them to cease firing, and after mutual negotiations, they end by concluding a treaty whereby the injured party is generally indemnified for its losses.

"The greater part of the Berbers who came to the aid of the dey Hussein-Pacha, when he was attacked by the French, was commanded by the famous Benzahmum; he had about as many horse as foot. They were all armed alike, each having a long gun, a yatagan, and often a brace of pistols. Each tribe had its standard, borne by one of the bravest soldiers. In their attacks, the standard-bearers went before, and the others followed. The cavalry darted upon us at full gallop, and the foot came with them; holding themselves on by the saddle or tail of their horses, we sometimes saw as many as three riders on one horse. Arrived at a certain distance, the standard-bearers halted, and the crowd immediately assembled around them; each man fired his gun, then retired to re-load, then returned to fire again, and so on. When they attacked us in the plain, they never dared

to stand before our battalions; they arrived at full gallop, discharged their muskets, then turned immediately, lay on their horses, and fled. In this case, the foot lay in ambush behind the hedges, bushes, and trees, and, hiding themselves as much as possible, fled as soon as attacked. In the Atlas, the Berbers posted themselves on the tops and sides of the mountains: when we pursued them, they fled from one rock to another, without ever allowing themselves to be caught; their chief manœuvre consisted in dispersing as soon as they were attacked, and in rallying immediately to fall upon our rear, or to harass our retreat. Cannon produced on them an effect truly magical; when they saw a piece presented in a given direction, they dared no longer show themselves on that side; and so soon as a ball fell amidst one of their groupes, they all fled in different directions, and none dared to return to the position. They, as well as the Turks, Moors, and Arabs, were seized with terror and wonder, when, a few minutes after our landing on the coast of Africa, they saw our columns march, with their arms on their shoulders, up to their batteries, and take them amidst a heavy fire."

—vol. ii. p. 29.

The Berbers are Mahometans, and, as might be supposed, many of their customs and ceremonies have become modified by the religion which they have adopted. Marriage, amongst them, seems to be conducted as a mere matter of commerce, and perhaps the few restrictions in this commerce to which they submit have been imposed upon them by Mahometanism since its introduction:—

"The Berbers arrive early at the age of adolescence; the girls are married at the age of twelve, and the boys at fifteen. It is not here as among the Mussulmans; the women go with their face uncovered, and may converse with the men: the young people see the maidens before marrying them, love them, and seek to excite their love. When a young Berber is in love, he goes to the father of his mistress, and begs him to give her to him for a wife; the father then asks him how many head of cattle or how much money he can give in exchange. The young man makes his propositions, the father rejects them as not sufficiently advantageous; at last, after having bargained for some time, they conclude by agreeing upon a sum of money, which varies from 30 to 100 boudjoux (65 to 185 francs), or their equivalent in cattle, according to the beauty or qualities of the damsel, and the degree of love which the suitor feels for her. When the bargain is made, the father of the girl and her future husband go to the marabout, and inform him of the agreement they have just concluded; he approves or disapproves, according to his caprice, and sometimes the young man is obliged also to make a composition with him to obtain his consent. When all difficulties are overcome, the husband repairs to the

house of his future wife with the sum of money or the cattle which he has promised to the father; the girl is then delivered to him, he leads her to his hut and makes her his wife, without any other ceremony. The Berbers may have four wives, but not more; this restriction has probably been derived from the Mahometans. The women take care of the house; they spin flax and wool, and are also employed in agriculture; they accompany their husbands to the wars, but not in their travels; I never saw Berber women come to Algiers.

* * * *

"Divorce is allowed among the Berbers; a husband may quit his wife, either because she has given him some cause to complain, or because he loves her no longer: it is only necessary that he go to a marabout, and declare to him the reasons which oblige him to repudiate her. Immediately after, he orders her to leave his house, and she returns to her father, carrying with her only the clothes she has on her body: but the price which the husband paid for her is not returned; it is only in case the woman wishes to be married to another man, that this man is obliged to repay the first all he gave to her father at her first marriage. After having turned away one wife, the husband is at liberty to take another; and if he has a sufficient fortune, he may amuse himself by changing every month."—vol. ii. p. 45.

The Moors, though more refined, are on this head, if anything, more lax in their principles than their savage neighbors:—

"When a Moor suspects one of his wives of infidelity, he can repudiate her; he can also do this when she becomes thin; when he quarrels with her, for whatever cause; lastly, this power is pushed so far by the husbands, that they can divorce whenever they think fit. But it is not so with the women; they are only permitted to leave their husbands when they are sent away. A Moor who wishes to repudiate his wife, has only to say to her—*El merah hiseh haramah aliè*—Henceforth this woman is to me a thing sacred; and immediately she returns to her father, with the dress she has on her back. There is, however, one case in which a woman can have a divorce; it is when her husband stays too long from home on his travels. She has then only to present herself before the Cadi, and say, 'My husband has been gone so many months or years; I cannot live alone, I am tired of it, and I am going to take another husband.' The Cadi, after having addressed some observations to her, says—'You may do so.' And then she is at liberty to marry again.

"It is not forbidden to a Moor to take again a wife whom he has repudiated, for whatever cause; but he cannot do it until she has been married to another: then he goes to seek the other husband, makes him proposals to induce him to repudiate her, and, when he has consented, they are married anew.

"When the repudiated wife has not contracted a second marriage, and her husband wishes to take her again, he is obliged to go seek one of his friends, or often an individual of low condition, whom he pays more or less dearly, to beg him to have the kindness to marry her whom he has repudiated, to keep her twenty-four hours, for so the law of the Prophet requires, and then to put her away. Cases of this kind occur often in Barbary; there are men called *halla*, who make a trade of marrying women to give them up without touching them, on consideration of a sum, which is regulated by the beauty of the lady and the violence of the love of her former husband. The friends who perform these acts of kindness seldom do it for nothing; in some instances they have been so satisfied with their accidental wives, that they have kept them, and refused to perform their promise."—vol. ii. p. 132.

Want of space alone compels us now to quit the work of Captain Rozet; we refer our readers to the book itself for further information on the present condition of the regency of Algiers, and we recommend it heartily to their attention. We have already spoken our mind as to the few advantages to be reaped by France from her possessions in this quarter. Captain Rozet looks upon the subject in a different point of view. He considers that France, who signalized herself during the dark ages in saving the West from the hands of the Mussulmans, has contracted, in some manner, a duty of at last penetrating into the den whence issued the swarms of unbelievers who then devastated her plains, and of making herself again famous as the deliverer of Africa from barbarism. He acknowledges that the task will be difficult—that it is even probable that France will never be willing to make the necessary sacrifices; but he would have all the sovereigns of Europe join in putting their shoulders to the work; he would have a general congress called; they should invite America to join in the undertaking (we wonder how brother Jonathan would take the invitation); all these powers ought to subscribe their quota of money; to France alone is to be intrusted the execution of their plans and the government of the conquered territory, until the period when barbarian Africa should become a flourishing and civilized land, and then it should be divided amongst all the sovereigns who had subscribed to the enterprise in portions according to the sum each had subscribed. He would, in fact, have a sort of African Colonization Joint Stock Company. We confess that we like Captain Rozet's projects of colonization much less than the rest of his book; nor do we see on what good principle the nations of Europe are re-

quired to join in the persecution of a whole race of men—for it seems clear that the only way of subduing the country will be to exterminate the wild part of the natives at least—because those men are Mahometans and barbarians. It seems to us that it would be but a repetition of what Spain once did for the civilization of America. In conclusion, we quote Captain Rozet's estimate of the sacrifices which France must make for the colonization of Algiers, if left, as it seems more than probable she will be, to execute the project herself:—

"At the present day, the territory we occupy at Algiers extends not three leagues from the town on every side, and we have scarcely a garrison on two other points of the coast. Yet the expense of our army amounts to more than twenty millions (of francs): what would it be, then, if we occupied only all the towns on the coast from Bone to Telmecen? Sixty millions a-year at least must be expended in the cost of administration, the support of troops, that of the colonists who arrive, and of the works to be executed in the country, and that during perhaps more than ten years: for we must not deceive ourselves. The ground about Algiers was the only ground on which there was a sufficient number of houses to lodge the colonists who should come to settle; nearly all these houses were destroyed by our soldiers. In the other parts of the country there are none, as we have already said in describing them, and there are no roads practicable for carriages; the communications are often but wretched tracks, scarcely passable for beasts of burden. Thus it would be necessary to create everything, and to create in the rear of troops, who must cover the laborers from the attacks of Berbers and Arabs. All these considerations incline me to say that we should be obliged to expend more than six hundred millions, and to lose sixty thousand soldiers, by the fire of the enemy and by sickness, before the colony should arrive at a certain degree of prosperity."—vol. iii. p. 414.

We now turn to this second part of the "penultimate world-walk" of Semilasso. We have, on occasion of the first part of this same 'world-walk' (F. Q. R. Number XXXIV.), given our opinion of the literary merits of its author very freely, and at the same time very honestly. We have little to add on this point at present, and nothing to change; our opinion remains the same; for the new work exhibits to us Prince Pückler-Muskau in Africa the same vain, pretending, frivolous person who then figured in Europe. The information he gives us is generally of little or no value when set beside that of any other traveller. Two reasons, however, have hindered us from persevering in the intention we then

declared, of passing over the present book in silence; one of these, which is entirely accidental, is the circumstance of our having been already attracted to the subject by the work of Captain Rozet on Algiers; the other, perhaps the more substantial, is the fact, which we readily confess, that Semilasso in Africa is, from the subject, more easily interesting than Semilasso in Europe, that he has there more opportunity of exhibiting the few redeeming qualities which we have allowed him. As we have already observed, the prince is a passionate admirer and a successful delineator of natural scenery; he succeeded in penetrating, by the aid of native escorts, which were granted to him both in Algiers and Tunis, far into the interior of some parts of Northern Africa, and the wild and varied scenery which he traversed, so little known to Europeans, could not fail to furnish abundant materials for the exercise of his powers. These excursions, which form a tolerably large portion of Semilasso's diffuse* and often tiresome narrative, will furnish us with a few extracts wherewith to close our paper. They interest us, and we think that they will perhaps interest our readers, of whom we fancy few will have courage to wade through Semilasso's "World-Walk," as we have done, in search of them.

From Bone, Prince Pückler-Muskau left the regency and went to Biserta (Bensert), on his road to the city of Tunis. Every thing here bore a new appearance, and our traveller speaks with raptures of the scenery in its immediate neighborhood, particularly towards the ancient Promontorium Hippos.

"The tongue of land on which we now stood, about two hours long and one hour broad, is as well cultivated land as any that could be found in Europe, associated with all the novelty of the torrid zone. The hilly ground, which afforded a perpetual variety of prospect, exhibited in the most lovely change—now light green levels, shaded with thick olive-woods, which yielded an exquisite oil; at one time, well-kept vineyards regu-

larly intersected with fig-trees and almond-trees laden with fruit, jujubes and other fruit-trees in bloom, and inclosed with hedges of Indian figs, through which crept beautiful blooming roses; at another, meadows stored with good cattle, which are enveloped, as though in a golden cloth, by a very rich-blossomed species of broom, which predominates there. Sometimes we remarked also inclosed thickets of pomegranate trees, which we only regretted not having seen in their bloom. Their fruit must be the choicest in all Tunis. In the corn-fields we found, instead of our corn-flowers, the blue garden bindweed and the red iris, and in the meadows the most beautiful lupines, several different asters, and a very striking purple-flowered sainfoin. Towards the town and the sea there is a succession of large pleasure gardens, which furnish in abundance palm, orange, lemon, mulberry, quince, peach, and apricot trees, but they are comparatively worse kept than the vineyards. In one of these gardens stands a majestic pine, which must be the only one in this region. There seems, with regard to property, to reign here a great liberality, for we not only might ride without obstruction into the possessions of strangers, but our guides gathered for us, both right and left, whole hatfuls of roses, orange-flowers, and sweet-oranges, the last of which tasted more bitter than sweet, and were far removed from the excellency of those of the Atlas. Nothing can be more agreeable than the covered way which leads between these gardens. The ever-varied shadows of so many shrubs, trees, and plants, among which, in particular, the light-green and silver-colored odorous absinthus, contrasting beautifully with the dark boughs of the savin, formed so beautiful a picture, that one could not but admire the inimitable art of nature, which, always sufficient for itself, continues working in silent solitude, incessantly creative, careless if the eye of man understands and esteems it."—vol. iii. p. 12.

In this part of the kingdom of Tunis lay the ruins of two cities, Carthage and Utica, both of which, it seems still offer pickings for the collector of antiquities. The latter of these is near Biserta, and was visited by Semilasso during his stay in that town.

* By the term *diffuse* we do not mean to say that Pückler-Muskau's account of Algiers and Tunis is too long for the subject, although it be spread over five volumes. He is diffuse in frivolities, in self-complacencies, and in idle tales which have little to do with his subject. There are parts of his book, too, which could not be presented to an English reader: we supposed that the prince had more judgment than to fill his book with obscenities, for which, we can assure him, neither the cautionary notice to the ladies, nor the circumstance of the worst passages being written in French, is an excuse. Since writing our article, we have seen an announcement of an English translation of Pückler-Muskau's *Travels in Africa*, which will be condensed into two volumes, post 8vo.

"The part of the ruins where we now were, the old citadel, stands on an isolated hill, which, as is easily seen, was formerly surrounded by water, being joined to the main land by a bridge. Some hundred paces thence, on the height, are visible the remains of the great amphitheatre, which, according to the opinion of antiquaries, was excessively appropriated to *naumachia*, and was capable of containing, 20,000 men. Under it are found spacious cisterns, which are sunk several hundred feet deep in the mountain, probably used as reservoirs for the water necessary to the representations, and which are in tolerable preservation. They are thirty feet high

and fifteen feet wide, with a wonderfully flat and thin vault. The floor was covered with filth and dung, for the Bedouins, who had built a *Duaz* between the neighboring walls, kept their cows in them during the winter.

"Near the palms before mentioned rises a warm spring, to which are ascribed great medicinal virtues, and in whose nearly hot water we found several tortoises, which seem always to inhabit this basin.

"After the Vandals and Arabs, the modern Moors have also ill-treated these ruins, particularly when a first minister of the last century built the great mosque in Tunis, at an expense of more than a million of Spanish piastres. Carthage and Utica furnished the marble and the columns. On this occasion were found several statues, which they half destroyed, yet without any good in the sequel, in order to ascertain with certainty the situation of the senate-house. They were those of a Jupiter, of a Julius Cæsar in his war-dress, of a matron and three vestals, with a beautiful unknown torso, which is still preserved in the museum at Leyden. The traces of a theatre and of two temples presented to us nothing worth mentioning, and we were hindered by want of light from entering a *souterrain* in which stood a sarcophagus of red marble. Utica was on the whole very small, and was scarcely more than an hour in circumference. When the sea filled the present morass, and the plain on the other side up to the promontory of Apollo, now Cape Zibieb, under which lies the town of Porto Farina, was covered many fortified Roman stations and towns, the prospect from the height of Utica must have been extremely noble."—vol. iii. p. 42.

From Tunis our traveller made an excursion to the still more interesting site of Carthage, and spent the whole day amid the ruins. We quote the following, as giving interesting information on the excavations which have been made there, and in the belief that it will hold out no little temptation to some adventurous hunters of antiquities.

"As we made the circuit of the isolated ruins, by the great mass of them, near the fort of Burdsch-Dchedid, we fell in with a party of negroes and Moors, who had been employed here some months in making excavations for the governor of Goletta. They had a short time before, at a depth of from twelve to fourteen feet, come to the level pavement of a building, where two gigantic pillars stand already freed from incumbrance. In this small space they have already found the broken fragments of eight columns of costly marble, with some grave-stones and other less important antiquities. Two of the fragments of columns and the grave-stones were carried away the preceding week by an English ship,—for they here esteem these things of so little value, that whoever may be on the spot, may take what he likes and carry it away for a mere trifle. Yet, on this occasion, the overseer was in a great rage, because, as

he asserted, they had left him only six bottles of English beer to refresh them for the beautiful things they had carried away. During our stay, I caused them to work hard, and they found a couple of glass vases, nearly calcined, variegated in color, but, alas! already broken, some vessels of earthenware still perfect, and two drinking vessels to which time had given a dark yellow color, with several pieces of black and white mosaic, and other fragments of beautiful marbles, all which I purchased for three piasters. In addition to these, I also bought several old Punic copper coins and engraved stones, though with less luck than M. Joseph Perasso, who some years before obtained here, for fourteen piasters (in value rather more than a ducat), the celebrated Neptune in his chariot, one of the most beautiful antiques in existence, for which stone he has since been offered as much as 10,000 piasters. I was in raptures with the excellency of this work. There is, in fact, something wonderful, I might even say supernatural, when we see before us the domestic god in his quadriga; the snorting and apparently living horses; the foaming, high-booming waves, with the tritons emerging from them, and all lights spread thereon like the glittering of gold—conjured into the small space of a ring, in a distinctness and fulness of execution which exhibits each hair of the horses' manes, each fine expression of the manly features, as clearly as in the most excellent pictures. We are here convinced, that this art also is as good as lost."—p. 212.

By far the most interesting part of Pückler-Muskau's travels is that comprised in the two last volumes—his long excursion into the interior of Tunis,—and it is here, with some regret, that we find ourselves compelled to pass it over very hastily. He took in his route a host of ancient cities, for Tunis presents to us a region covered with ruins, which are in the most varied state of preservation. The prince delights in finding occasions of differing from our excellent old traveller Shaw, often we suspect without very good reasons for so doing; and as, in one case, he asserts that an ancient building is round, which Shaw declares to be square, we conceive that in this instance, at least, the two travellers are describing two things altogether different. Prince Pückler-Muskau is, however, by no means learned in antiquities, and his descriptions of old sites and old remains, though often spirited enough, seem to us by no means satisfactory. The ruins of Uthina, at no great distance from Tunis, and not seen by Shaw, he describes as more picturesque and extensive than those either of Carthage or Utica. Here the party passed the heat of the day in a cellar, amusing themselves by telling stories, which stories, or at least their equivalent, form a very considerable and very worthless part of the fourth

volume. At Zugar (Zucchara) the clear waters of whose vicinity were once carried by an aqueduct to Carthage, and into the whole surrounding region, the ancient remains are exceedingly interesting. We join, for a moment, our traveller, who is standing by the fountain from which the water was obtained.

"As the distance appeared much clearer to-day than yesterday, I climbed a pretty considerable mountain, at whose foot the ruin lay. My labor was, however, almost in vain, for other still higher peaks ever presented themselves before me; yet I discovered towards the desert a veiled strip of Numidia, in the direction of Thala and Capsa, where Jugurtha had his strongest position, and where even Cæsar had a rather toilsome campaign. This part of the country is full of ruins, and I would willingly have undertaken an excursion thither, had it been possible for me to gain time for it, without being obliged to give up entirely more important plans. As we again reached the temple below, nature afforded us quite a pastoral picture; a cow was delivered before our eyes on the grass, and then went on quietly grazing, while the sheik of Zugar and his Arabs concerned themselves as much in the matter, as with us scarcely do the god-parents about a christened child. The little calf in fact was extremely pretty, it immediately greeted the sun with a joyful bleating, and in ten minutes it knew how to make decent use of its four legs. How painful and grievous a proceeding is all this to the lofty king of animals, our dear self! And afterwards, how much we remain still the slaves of custom. So was it to-day, the first evening on which I, poor fellow, could sit an hour with crossed legs, without their going to sleep; a step towards the *Turkomanie* which gave me great content.

"The unnatural number of flies in Zugar, which quite darkened my chamber, may be almost accounted one of the wonders of the place. In the morning they drank half a cup of coffee on my breakfast carpet, after they had, like Suwarow at Otschakow, first by the sacrifice of a thousand carcasses, which ever crowded on each other, provided themselves with a firm footing on the fluid. After I had presented the sheik with some silks for his harem, we traversed, during the forenoon, the last mountains which separated us from the sea-like plains of Keruan. The heat was here much greater than before, and the earth was everywhere full of chinks and crevices caused thereby, as in the crater of Vesuvius. My companions were ready to faint, but I, well packed up as I described to you, felt in spite of it quite comfortable. The Sauwan, which still remained always at our side to-day, afforded a perpetual variety of its singular and picturesque forms; in general the distant prospects were extremely grand, but nearer at hand there appeared nothing but monotonous evergreen on a stony ground. About eleven o'clock we reached a marabout,

where extensive ruins covered the neighboring hills, and a charming landscape was surrounded by high mountain-summits. Many ancient trees have sprung up between the heaps of stones, and in part even grown into a firm mass with them. We measured a carob and an olive, two feet above the ground, and found the first 20, the second 16 feet in circumference. Both must count many centuries, and yet they were in the most perfect vigor of vegetation. Among the ruins are seen some bold arches, vaulted, without cement, a high slender pillar, which looks as if every gust of wind would overthrow it, but above all an imposing temple, with many overthrown Corinthian columns, architraves, and friezes, which still present many interesting details; among these are the borderings of the tower of the chief entrance, both of one piece, and decorated with the most exquisite workmanship in flowers and arabesques. Their style differs strikingly from that which I have seen on other old monuments of this kind; I might say, that it is less strong, but more southerly fantastic, yet without in the least departing from the noblest forms and the most tasteful arrangement. Of the right-hand stone about half of its elevation is broken off and thrown down; the other stands still perfect, and measures, above the ground, 24 feet,* so that, with the part buried, we may reckon the whole height of this enormous mass at 30 feet. On a fragment of the cornice which was lying near, we read in large letters,—

M A
G I P

The rest was defaced and no longer legible. I found there, by an antique water-basin, a tablet with the following inscription, not particularly difficult to decipher, which appears to me to be a very original and remarkable public monumental satire, engraved after the death of the excellent individual whom it celebrates:

ISTI SENATORI LIPARITANO
BASSO QVI EX REDII
TVIS XXII MILLIARIUM QVAESTVS
LAMENTO REIPVBLICAE
DEDIT SEPTIMO QVO
QVE ANNO STATVAM
SIBI PONE LEX IS MCC
NEMPE PVLPAIONIS NO
MINE DECVRIONIBVS
SPORTVLAM CVRIALIBVS
EX SEXAGENO SVMMAE
DIE NATALI SVO PRAEBIA
TARI IVISSIT. D. D.

I cannot discover what old place this may have been, since, in the few maps I have, nothing is marked in this region, and I have, here no other works which might help me. Even Dr. Shaw makes no mention of these ruins, which, to judge by their former splendor and their proportionally small compass, seem perhaps to have been no town, but only

* It must be borne in mind that these are German feet.

a group of temples, with the dwellings of the priests lying about them. The Arabs call the place at the marabout (for where there are ancient remains we may reckon almost always on finding a marabout) Sidi Massud-Ladscheni. Near it flows the now almost entirely waterless stream, Uad Dschibibina, whose abrupt sandy banks, as usual, were bordered with blooming oleanders."—vol. iv. p. 163—170.

The foregoing is a tolerably fair specimen of our author's style of relating his country excursions, and even exhibits a little of his defects. The story of the cow and her offspring is made too much of; it is—if our readers will allow us once to pun—rather calf-ish; and the reflection which follows, in our estimation, is extremely mawkish, although quite worth Prince Pückler-Muskau. Not long after leaving these ruins, having passed a district "famous for robberies and occasional murders," our traveller approached the borders of the great desert.

Amongst other ancient sites which our German traveller passed in the sequel of his long excursion till his return to Tunis, were those of Aquæ Regiæ, Sufetula, Colonia, Scillitana, Hydrah, (Tynidrum), Thugga, and Sicca Veneria, the latter famous for the many theories which its name has supported or given rise to in the writers on Syrian mythology. The ruins of Sufetula appear to be very extensive and highly interesting. In their immediate neighborhood Pückler-Muskau also found a monument which he could compare to nothing so much as some of the Druidical remains that he had formerly seen in England and Bretagne.

On the 14th of August our traveller left the most southerly point of his excursion, the neighborhood of Sufetula, and shaped his course again towards the north. He was now on the borders of the territory of the Dey of Constantine, and as all border land is barbarous and hostile, he was, or at least the prince would have us believe so, on very dangerous ground. Still "half in the territory of Constantine," at Hydrah, lie the ruins of the ancient Tynidrum or Thunadronum, "one of the most remarkable collections of ruins in the kingdom." Amongst uncivilized people ancient sites have commonly popular legends connected with them, which are often highly characteristic of the character and superstitions of those people, and we are never sorry to see such legends collected. In one instance has Prince Pückler-Muskau thought good to repeat such a legend; its scene is the ruins of the ancient Thugga, which are said to be free from the visits of scorpions, and we give it as our last extract from Semilasso in Africa, although

we are not sure it is not one of the prince's own invention.

"In remote times there dwelt here a mighty king and magician, who had a wonderfully beautiful daughter. In order to preserve her from the sting of scorpions, with which this place then abounded, he laid a charm upon the air around, so that these dangerous animals could no longer live in it. When the beautiful princess had attained the age of womanhood, a neighboring giant, who was also a great dealer in the black art, demanded her for his wife, but was refused, because he was a hateful, deformed and wicked man. Long he brooded over vengeance before he found a favorable opportunity of executing it, for his power was far inferior to that of the good king. But as the marriage of the young princess with an amiable young prince, who had been attracted to the court of the king from a distant land by the fame of her charms, approached, one of his demons suggested the following devilish artifice. By his advice, he changed himself into a female eagle, built his nest on a rock which was near, and laid there two eggs, in each of which he inclosed one of the most venomous scorpions. He knew that the princess had a particular fondness for eggs, and that there was no more certain way of gaining her good graces than by bringing her eggs of any kind. She had now by good chance tasted the egg of an eagle, and had rewarded the person who had brought this new delicacy with the most friendly look of her gracious eyes; for he was no other than the bridegroom himself, in whose hands the wicked magician was clever enough to place the fatal eggs. Scarcely had the prince delivered them to her, on the evening before the wedding-feast, already laid out, when she immediately, with the eagerness of a young, spoiled maiden, who must always enjoy her desire without delay, hastened to taste them. But no sooner did her delicate fingers touch the shells, than the sting of the venomous reptile suddenly sprung out and pricked the tender girl so deeply that her life ebbed away with the blood. The sensitive prince died some days after of grief and despair, and the disconsolate father built this temple; caused, as an everlasting memorial of the sorrowful event, the eagle to be painted on it, which may yet be seen here, and soon after sacrificed within its walls, with the most cruel torments, the treacherous giant, whom, by means of the legions of spirits who were at his command, he easily captured. Since that time, concluded the Thalob, it has become a custom with us, that no bridegroom shall be allowed to see his betrothed before the very day of the marriage, and none of our maidens has since needed to dread such a fate, because no scorpion has since dared to approach, within the circuit of half a league, the houses of Dugga."—vol. v., p. 171.

ART. II.—*Le Paradis Perdu de Milton.*

Traduction nouvelle, Par M. de Chateaubriand. 2. vols. 8vo. Paris. 1836.

At last the long-expected performance of the travelled and accomplished Viscount has been transmitted to us, ushered to the literary world by his *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*, which we are told by the author himself was destined to serve as a sort of prolegomenon to the translation of the work in question. His *Essai* we have discussed and criticised in our last number,* and if we allude to it in the present article, it will only be in reference to what the author states relative to Milton and English poetry in general; the ecclesiastical and political topics having been fully developed in our former article. To bring together all the reflections which the perusal of this *Essai* suggested, even in reference to its poetic allusions, would be tantamount to furnishing a work nearly parallel in size and matter; we therefore propose to pass over the political and military comparisons previously noticed, and which to us, on this side of the Channel, convey *quasi* nothing new; though, if we were to sift the inductions resulting from the arguments, we should, even with the renunciation of national prejudices, be nearly as often in opposition as in unison with M. de Chateaubriand. Be this as it may, we must in candor confess, that no one of the compatriots has before thrown such an extensive comparative *coup-d'œil* on the political and literary movements of the two nations at the portentous comparative efforts of Cromwell and Napoleon. The author, than whom no one has more expanded his mind by foreign travel, dwells with much complacency on the fame of our greatest poets. He has taken the trouble to bring together all the leading personages and events that were taking place in Europe when Shakspeare flourished. In a section titled "*Shakspeare parmi les cinq ou six grands génies dominateurs*," we can only count *four* as stated by our author: to wit, Homer, Dante, Rabelais, and Shakspeare. Now, *maître Rabelais*, thou art classed in high company! That he was perhaps the first that furnished nourishment to thought and *esprit* in France, we do not deny. But to class him with the three great names as above, appears to us about as plausible as the placing of a clever demi-character actor of the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* on the same pedestal whereon are seen the statues of a Garrick, a Siddons, or a Talma. M. de Chateaubriand states that it does not appear that Shakspeare found favor among the nobles of the court of Elizabeth.

Now, we have always heard that Lord Southampton gave him one thousand pounds, a munificent present for those times. Our author speculates on the religious opinions of Shakspeare: "*Chrétien, au milieu des félicités éternelles s'occupe-t-il du néant du monde? Déiste dégagé des ombres de la matière, perdu dans les splendeurs de Dieu, abaisse-t-il un regard sur le grain de sable, où il a passé? Athée, il dort de ce sommeil sans souffle, et sans réveil, qu'on appelle la mort.*" It was *at least* unfair to omit the note of question to the last period. Were we to judge from the drift of thought and reasoning applied to many of his most touching characters, we should be inclined to infer that the bard of Avon was Catholic, in a high sense of the word, that is, without the abuses and mummary that for many centuries before his time had crept into the Church of Rome.

This clever book, for so it unquestionably is, is not unfrequently disfigured by incongruous juxtapositions, no where more remarkable than in the last paragraph:—

"Milton servait Cromwell; *j'ai combattu Napoléon*; il attaqua les rois; je les ai défendus: il n'espéra point en leur pardon; je n'ai pas compté sur leur reconnaissance. Maintenant, que dans nos deux pays, *la monarchie penche vers sa fin*, Milton et moi (*ego, et poeta meus*) n'avons plus rien de politique à démêler ensemble."

But it is time to abandon the Essay, and examine how far M. de Chateaubriand has done justice to that poet who sustained himself longer on the wing of the sublime than any of his rivals both in ancient and modern times. And first, we must congratulate him on the judgment he has displayed in translating our venerable bard into prose—the only chance that France has of ever being able to do him tolerable justice. We have only read, at hap-hazard, citations from the translation of Louis Racine—the work, no doubt, would be oftener found in our libraries were it of much value—but we are conversant with the translation of the Abbé Delille, who was a poet, but of secondary order. Now, the Abbé's Milton gives about as good an idea of the original as would a copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, done by a third-rate artist, furnish us with an adequate idea of the Sistine Chapel frescoes. From a few passages that we have noticed of a translation by Dupré de St. Maur, we predict, with some confidence, that its station in French literature will be supplanted by the translation before us. A question very interesting to general literature occurs—What is that foreign dialect best suited to express the sublimity, energy, and inconceivable variety of

* F. Q. R. No. XXXVI. Art. V.

the Miltonic style? We naturally first turn the eye towards Germany, not only from our ancient connection with that country, through our Saxon ancestors, but because we have heard, from those competent to judge, that Schlegel has rendered Shakspeare very pithily, not only in the finer passages, but also in those *quasi desperata intelligentæ* for the inhabitants of the South of Europe. Now, since Milton and the bard of Avon were so nearly contemporaries, since their terms of expression are often similar, we may fairly conclude that Germany possesses, or ought to possess, the best version of the bard of Eden. It occurred to the writer of this, when at Bussels, to run over several pages of a Latin translation, done many years since, and by no means unworthy of the original. With the English text we have also compared two Italian translations, one by Mariottini, at Rome, another during a late residence at Florence, by a gentleman of Lucca. Both appeared about of the same calibre; rather better than Delille, and no compliment to either; since both, rendered in blank verse, admitted of greater command of language than what Delille, fettered as he was by rhyme, could wield. Faint indeed is the outline given by these two Italian translators of what Count Algarotti finely called "*la gigantesca sublimità Miltoniana*."

How would Milton appear dressed as a Spanish Don? If we credit the well-known apophthegm of Charles V., who prescribed "*Spanish to our God*," we might presume that the habiliment would suit him admirably; and yet, perhaps, the very frequent recurrence of words ending in *os* and *as* might make the version appear more pompous than sublime, unless dexterously varied by the rough Arabic words. We believe that he has been translated at Madrid; but among the hundreds of libraries which the writer of this has explored, he has never had the fortune to lay his hands on a copy. With regard to the dialect of France, that *légèreté* inseparable from the character and tongue of the inhabitants, is much against the bard of Eden. Nevertheless, a language which owns such expressive and sonorous words as the following—monde, onde, morne, tombeau, inébranlable, redoutable, abîme, fracas, tonnerre, surabondant, rassasié, inexorable, tremblant, entonnoir, profonde, trône, sombre, ombre, cuirasse, surplomber, onduler, rayonner, siffler, mugir, gronder, étincelant, flamboyant, étendard, vengeance, orgueil, mort, tourbillons—with about twenty others, need not despair of furnishing to its utterers materials of sufficient calibre wherewith to discharge with satisfactory effect the Miltonic

thunder, when directed at least by a skilful engineer.

Great as our poet is, and allowed as he is to be the most powerful master of the sublime that ever scaled Parnassus, how comes it that the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* affords much less satisfaction than the conning of Homer and Virgil? Is it because his readers discover that he by no means fulfils what he gives out with a biblical solemnity, his ascent to the height of the argument, and vindication of the ways of God to man? The eternally perplexing question of the origin of evil he leaves more perplexed than before. For, we ask, how does he explain the entrance of sin into heaven? He gets out of the scrape in as dexterous a manner as a man of ingenuity can do, by imagining Sin starting a goddess armed from the throbbing temples of Satan. But still he is in a scrape, for Sin *must* have come from some other hell, creeping in, we presume, at the mouth of Satan when asleep in his opal tower, and bursting forth from his brain. Nor is this all. More *bizarre*, we think, is the Deity of Milton than the Jupiter of Homer and Virgil; for he makes him deliver a speech in which he says he has begotten a Son *in heaven, of whom* we are not told. Here he perplexes the great mystery of the incarnation, typified only by the "Blessed Virgin," born many centuries after. When a man attempts and professes to expound the great mysteries of religion and philosophy, and fails like Milton, he must expect to be blown nine times nine by the winnowing blast of criticism. For these reasons, and, were we disposed to be over-minute, for others, the writer of this, who has devoted many hours to these studies, would far prefer to have been the author of the *Iliad*, or even of the *Æneid*, than of the *Paradise Lost*. The *Æneid*, in spite of its plagiarisms, is, of all epic poems, the most *readable through*. So good is the judgment of Virgil, that, if we except the transformation of the vessels of his hero into sea-nymphs, and the puerile "*mensas consumimus*" exclaimed by Ascanius, we do not think a passage can be quoted to which criticism can be vulnerably attached. His Jupiter and Juno are not always boxing each other's ears, as in the *Iliad*; neither do his heroes pester us with long genealogical narrations before setting to with the sword, as is not unfrequently the case in the *Iliad*. Virgil's Jove never makes us laugh, as Homer's does; neither is he held out to us to adore with all our soul and strength, like the Deity in Milton, who but too often turns out nothing higher than a *bizarre* puritanical divine; few of whose unprejudiced readers, we appre-

hend, can wade through his poem without being tempted to exclaim with Boileau, who, we little doubt, glanced at Milton in the following lines :—

“De la foi d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles
D'idées fantastiques ne sont pas susceptibles..
Et quel objet enfin présente-t-il à nos yeux,
Que le diable toujours hurlant contre les
cieux ?”

But we must pull in the reins to general criticism, and return to the work before us.

Exclusive of the separately published *Essai*, we have to notice preliminary remarks, which preface the translation, and we propose to apply a short analysis to these. Some of these remarks are certainly ingenious, and develop satisfactorily enough the sense of the difficulties which the translator had to combat in his arduous task. He tells us, “J'ai refondu trois fois la traduction sur le manuscrit et le placard : je l'ai remaniée quatre fois, d'un bout à l'autre, sur les épreuves, tâche que je ne m'en serais jamais imposée, si je l'eusse d'abord mieux comprise.” In confirmation of this, he complains in the succeeding paragraph of the unintelligibility of some apocalyptic phrases used by the poet. But surely in this M. de Chateaubriand may console his ignorance, for the visions of St. John the Divine baffle to this hour hosts of commentators, and it may be fairly presumed that Milton himself had not a clear conception of them, though he more than once, from veneration for the Bible, introduces them *verbatim* in several passages of his poem. M. de Chateaubriand leaves the interpretation of some of these passages ironically to the visionary crew of the Swedenborgians. The next stumbling-block that he meets is the well-known end of the serpent's syllogism :

“Your fear itself of death removes the fear—”

perplexing, indeed, enough, *primâ facie*, but with the help of the two preceding lines we understand it thus : “God is just ; if he be not just he is not God ; consequently, not being God, he can neither be feared nor obeyed. But you fear death, and without reason, for were God to inflict it, he would be no longer just.” We do not wonder at M. de Chateaubriand being staggered with this reasoning, which, it must be confessed, savors more of the arch-felon's logic than of Aristotle's. The next difficulty of which M. de Chateaubriand complains is in the following passage :—

“————— I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
The temp'ring” —

Bad must have been the edition which the translator consulted ; for in Newton's, perhaps the best of our poet, the reading is “*Thy temp'ring*,” which makes the sense easily intelligible, being nothing more than a metaphor, taken from the tempering of steel or other metals, and finely applied by Milton to the tempering of his earthly essence, so as to render it a fit vehicle for celestial inspirations. One of the great beauties of the English language is the gerund used substantively, and frequent in daily talk. Had M. de Chateaubriand, when sentimentalizing on our smoky Babylon some years since, with his friend Fontanes, in the tavern at Chelsea, upset and broken a bottle of *triste vin du Port*, or Dorchester ale, he would have heard, most likely, his angry hostess exclaim, “This was all *your doing*, and you shall pay for it.” We coincide in what he says relative to the irony dealt by Milton against the usual subjects of epic poems, in the well-known opening of the ninth book ; but we are far from thinking that he has happily translated the following passage :—

“—————many a row
Of starry lamps yielded lights
As from a sky,”

“Plusieurs rangs de lampes étoilées émanent
la lumière comme un firmament.”

Now this has not only the defect of being bad French, but it does not quite minister to the sense of the poet. By over-refining, M. de Chateaubriand misses his mark. We are convinced that most of his country's critics would even prefer “Plusieurs rangs de lampes étoilées jettèrent la lumière, comme d'un firmament.” We approve much of the last word, which is finer than the “*sky*” of the original. We acquiesce in M. de Chateaubriand's judgment in using the old word *maintes*, in his translation of the fine passage descriptive of the dolorous regions traversed by the demons. After a series of further remarks on the errors of former translators, and on the numerous obstacles presented by our bard to a French translator, he closes his prefatory remarks with the following sentence. “Je cherche seulement une excuse à mes fautes. Un traducteur n'a droit à aucune gloire ; il faut seulement qu'il montre qu'il a été patient, docile, et laborieux.” Here we are completely at issue with M. de Chateaubriand. For though nobody ever ventured to place the fame of Pope within one hundred degrees of the same level as that of Homer, still it is universally allowed that his excellent translation, or rather paraphrase, of the Greek original, confers upon him nearly as much celebrity as the rest of his productions.

Who is ignorant that Dryden has gained more fame by his nervous and racy translation of the *Æneid* than by all his plays and prose works put together? The translator who but ill accomplishes his task is much to be pitied, for he will not only injure his own reputation, but also, in some degree, that of his original, especially if he shall have gained *some celebrity* by his own writings. If he succeed pretty well, with an author for instance so difficult to transpose as Milton, he may perhaps, with the quota of fame which he will reap, compensate nearly the labor that the task will have cost him. If he succeed *very well*, his name will be often mentioned at the same moment that applause is bestowed upon the original, and he will participate in no small share of the glory of his prototype; and, the more the difficulties he has had to conquer, the fuller, of course, will be his renown. Such was the case of Pope with Homer, of Annibal Caro and of Dryden with Virgil. From the first-mentioned class of these three we can venture to emancipate, with perfect confidence, M. de Chateaubriand; whether or not he should be assigned to the second or third, (we suspect the second,) can perhaps only be decided by the course of time, which never fails to keep more or less buoyant in the great reservoir of literature, works of intrinsic merit. We, nevertheless, hope to be able to point out what we consider the leading defects and merits of the work before us; and we shall begin with the defects, keeping as clear as possible of that bitterness of temper so common in criticism, and reserving our commendation, the most agreeable task, to the last. To attempt to follow the translator word for word through a performance which, we have heard, and may conclude from what he himself states, has been long on the anvil, would be to swell our criticism to a considerable volume. We propose to limit it to an inquiry into the manner in which the learned Frenchman has accomplished his task, especially in relation to the first, second, third, fourth, ninth, and tenth books of the poem, which all readers of taste concur in looking upon as the most transcendent of the *Paradise Lost*.

The first page of the translation contains two faults, which, though of small import, are still faults. "Ou si la colline de Sion, le ruisseau de Silœ, qui coulait rapidement près l'oracle de Dieu," &c. M. de Chateaubriand, in his preliminary remarks, promises us a translation "mot à mot," not very difficult to follow in a work unfettered by rhyme, as are both the original and copy of the poem. "Fast by" cannot be translated by *rapidement*. It here means *quite close to*. He has, too, omitted the *and*. We should propose in

lieu of his version: "si la colline de Sion et le ruisseau de Silœ, qui coulait *tout près* l'oracle de Dieu," &c. In the next sentence he translates *thence* by *là*; *de là* is *thence*, *là* is *there*. In page 10 we have the line

"There to dwell in adamantine chains," &c.

He renders *adamantine chains* by "*chaines de diamant*." Adamant is an imaginary stone of impenetrable hardness, which the word *diamant* but unsatisfactorily interprets. We almost think, as the tribunal of Port-Royal is extinct, M. de Chateaubriand might have ventured on coining a new French-Miltonic word, *adamant*, which is a sort of poetic mineral, as Shakspeare's *mandrake* is a poetic vegetable. He has not, we think, abided as near as he might in the fine sentence of "*darkness visible*," &c. to the original. He translates *rather* by *seulement*. We should prefer the plain *plutôt*; and we think his *obscurité plaintive*, "doleful shades," had been better rendered by "*ombres mornes de douleur*." There is something very Miltonic in the word *morne*. He omits, we think, *toujours* needlessly, in rendering the words "*ever-burning sulphur*." "*Qui brûle toujours sans se consumer*," gives more roundness to the period. In the next sentence, M. de Chateaubriand translates *utter darkness*, by "*ténèbres extérieures*," *utter* here does not mean *outer*; it is simply *complete*, *total*. The fault, however, is too trivial to dwell upon; for he is in unison with one meaning of *utter*, which Johnson gives. He puts in a parenthesis the description of Satan's lance, which we think, mars, in some degree, the original. Better surely would be "*sa lance ne serait qu'un roseau dont il se servait*," &c., without any parenthesis. In page 40—

"Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell,"

he omits the translation of *till*, which, we think, mutilates the sense not inconsiderably. We presume that the French language will not admit of anything more expressive than "*ornée d'un croissant*," to render the poet's fine description of Astarte's *crescent horns*. If our own language sunk before Milton, we cannot have room for wonder that the French, an unpoetic dialect, should do so too. M. de Chateaubriand is not unfrequently careless in omitting certain monosyllables, all of which have wonderful force in our poet, as in—

"Both her first-born, and all her bleating Gods;"

for M. de Chateaubriand's translation of

which, we do not hesitate to prefer "*et ses premiers-nés, et tous ses dieux bélans.*"

"All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast, and damp"—

"Tous ces dieux et beaucoup d'autres vinrent en troupe, mais avec des regards baissés et humides."

Damp cannot be rendered by *humide*; *abat-tus* is the right word. He fails also in his description of the light reflected on the face of Satan—

"——— which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue."

"Ceci refléta sur le visage de Satan comme une couleur douteuse."

We ask, to what does *ceci* refer? evidently to the word *lueur*. Here, then, is false grammar. We have no fear of hazarding, in the room of this, "*cette lueur jeta sur le visage de Satan une semblable couleur douteuse.*"

In the second book, the word *couler bas* is given for *sunk*, in Moloch's speech. We allow it to be the literal translation; but surely the French tongue could furnish a nobler. In Belial's speech, we have "*grim fires*," rendered "*pâles feux*." We should prefer *grimés*, a word he elsewhere uses, or even *réchignés*, as being nearer the true meaning. The last, we are persuaded, might stand; for the conceptions of our poet were so vivid that he here *quasi* personifies *Fires*. The word *spite*, in p. 106, is ill rendered by *dédain*. *Rancune*, *haine*, or even *ressentiment*, would have been better.

We have often had occasion to remark the translation of the preterite tense of the poet into the French present. We do not mean *always* to object to it; though, generally speaking, it must surely be allowed more advisable to adhere strictly to the text. In p. 126, we find "*épiceries*" for "*spicy drugs*." A higher cast of diction than this from Rheims, would be "*leurs drogues aromatiques.*"

Subsequently, in the speech of Sin, we are of opinion that M. de Chateaubriand, seeing the difficulties occasioned by *Death* being feminine in French, offers great violence to the words of Sin, calling *Death* her *Son*; and that he had better retained the word *Fantôme*, *spectre effrayant*, or the like. Supposing M. de Chateaubriand had forged a sort of Gallogreco word, for instance, *Thanate*, he might thus have settled all incongruities. Sin also is, most untowardly for Milton, masculine in French. The Greek word *Atê* might have

been adopted to preserve concord in the allegories and genders. Milton, in applying the epithet *sable-vested* to Night, could never have meant to picture her in a robe of *Zibeline-skins*. Yet such is our Translator's interpretation of *sable-vested*, which means nothing more or less than that the Queen of Darkness was attired in robes of a dark color. M. de Chateaubriand confounded the substantive with the adjective, which are synonymous. We suggest, in place of his translation, "*Auprès de lui (Chaos) siège sur le même trône la Nuit, vêtue d'une robe du noir le plus foncé.*" At the end of the second book, we have the preterite *se hâta*, for the present *he hies*; where the present tense has a most remarkable force. In the splendid invocation opening the third book, he translates "*ethereal stream*" "*ruisseau du pur éther*;" "*emanation*" would be far preferable to *ruisseau*, which has but a scanty signification. "*May I express thee unblamed?*" is rendered, "*ne puis-je pas te nommer ainsi, sans être blâmé?*" This, we think, hardly conveys the meaning. "*Oserai-je te nommer sans être blâmé,*" will appear, we imagine, more plausible. In p. 208,

"Satan
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once."—

Our Translator renders *world* by *univers*; in which he is wrong; for the poet says especially, *this world*. We are the more surprised at the mistake, for there is a fine *à-plomb* expression in the word *monde*, rivalling the original. Had Milton meant by the word *world*, the universe, he would have made Satan look *around*, and not *down*. We next have *spires* and *pinnacles* translated into *pyramides et tours*. We suspect that *flèches et créneaux* convey the directer meaning. We observe that he often uses for the title *Satan*, the word *l'Ennemi*. We hazard nothing for or against this; except that it had been better relieved oftener by the words, "*le Démon*." A carelessness with regard to the articles and pronouns is often observable; as in this line—

"The rest in circuit walls this universe"—

translated *l'univers*, instead of *cet univers*. "*Il ne s'arrêta qu'au moment où sur le sommet du Niphates il s'abattit.*" Here are two unfortunate preterites, which mar wofully the effect of the fine close of the third book. Surely we should read, "*Il ne s'arrête qu'au moment, où sur le sommet du Niphates il se pose.*" "*Wheel*" in the preceding verse, cannot be translated by "*roue*"—"en decri-

vant plusieurs cercles" would be better, though by no means satisfactory—"en se pirouettant circulairement?" we add with a note of interrogation; for we are aware of the great difficulty of rendering "many an æry wheel."

We will not enter at present into a criticism on the rendered soliloquy of Satan, in the fourth book; but we cannot resist from wishing that the last sentence had been moulded into a more sonorous inversion. The "en peu de temps" is too light and familiar for its terrific sublimity. We should prefer "ainsi que l'homme et ce monde nouveau bientôt l'apprendront." In perusing this book, we have been often struck with the insufficiency of the French language to express the essence of our poetic diction. Thus the words "éclipsaient la lune," render but feebly the "dazzling moon" of the poet. We have also here, as before, had occasion to notice but too frequently the substitution of tenses differing from the original; if the translator gains once or twice, five times, at least, does he lose the true expression and emphasis, by so doing.

The ninth book of the *Paradise Lost*, which contains the grand *dénouement*, will naturally be looked upon as the true touchstone of the talent of every handler of Milton. We agree with M. de Chateaubriand, that Milton intended to convey a slight irony in the words, "chief mastery," applied in the following passage, to the usual topics of epic poems:—

"Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights,
In battles feign'd."

Thus rendered:—

"La nature ne m'a point rendu diligent à
raconter les combats, regardés jusqu'ici
comme le seul sujet héroïque. Quel chef
d'œuvre!"

The last words are too slashing an interpretation of "chief mastery." We should prefer, "dont le *but vanté* est de dissequer," &c.

"The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem."

"L'habileté dans un art, ou dans un travail
chétif, n'est pas ce qui donne justement un
nom héroïque à l'auteur, ou au poème."

We quote the translation of the above sentence, not to disprove it, for it conveys the sense; but to show that, in the original, there is nerve and pith; in the translation, little better than a prosy common-place remark.

He translates—

"higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name"—

"Un sujet plus haut me reste, suffisant de lui-même pour immortaliser mon nom."

Rehausser is the word, not *immortaliser*; for John Milton did not think immortality so easily seizable as an inhabitant of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. We will note *en passant* what we think an error, perhaps, in the original of the poet, p. 260—

"So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied."

For *though*, we feel inclined to substitute *and*.

By altering the text as above, and the punctuation, as well as that of the Translator, we shall have "Eve persista, quoique soumise; *et* répliqua pour la dernière fois;" which renders the sentence clear and intelligible. We think the words of Eve relative to the reasoning and speaking attributes of the brute creation somewhat obscure, in the original of the poet:—

"What may this mean? language of man
pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears."

The word *latter* apparently refers to *human sense*. Now, we see no reason why Eve should question the existence of the *latter*, if in their looks and actions, much reason oft appears. The conclusion she makes, ought rather to fortify than weaken her belief. It is, nevertheless, probable, that Eve demurred the *denial* of human sense to brutes. But whichever way it be taken, the structure of the lines is rather amphibological in the original, if not in the translation. In the fine passage descriptive of the effect of the plucking of the fatal fruit by our general mother, we should prefer, "La nature, *de son siege*," to the "La nature, *sur ses fondemens*," of M. de Chateaubriand. In a subsequent page, we read—

"Quels mots sévères sont échappés de tes
lèvres, Adam?"

Severe is applied to Adam in the original, and not to *words*. We should prefer, "Après Adam! quelles paroles sont échappés de tes lèvres!"

In the tenth book, the Deity, addressing Eve, says:—

"Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

The translator mars the noble simplicity of this question, by rendering it:—

"Dis, femme, pourquoi as tu fait cela?"

There seems to us only one way of translating this impressive line, "Dis, femme, qu'est ce que c'est que tu as fait?"

In p. 252, we read:—

"Thou art accursed
Above all cattle, each beast of the field."

In the version:—

"Tu es maudit *entre tous les animaux.*"

Perhaps better, "*plus que tous les animaux.*"
Worse is the translation of—

"Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

"Elle te brisera la tête, et tu tâcheras de la mordre par le talon."

We prefer, "Sa race te brisera la tête, et toi, tu briseras son talon."

We think that he might sometimes round his periods more in unison with the grandeur of the original, by frequenter inflexions. For "Tu es poudre, et tu retourneras en poudre;" we are tempted to suggest, "Tu es *poussière* et en *poussière* tu retourneras." He has carelessly done the passage descriptive of Satan's re-appearance in Pandæmonium:—

"His shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter;
clad
With what permissive glory," &c.

"Sa forme d'étoile étincelante apparut, ou plus brillant encore; il était revêtu d'une gloire de permission, ou de fausse splendeur," &c.

We presume to suggest: "Sa forme apparut brillante comme une étoile, *et encore davantage*; il était revêtu d'autant de gloire, ou de fausse splendeur, *qui lui avait été permise*, ou laissée depuis sa chute." "The wide-encroaching Eve," is rendered, "dans les temps éloignés," conveying scarcely a shadow of the meaning. We suggest: "cette Eve peut-être, *qui s'empiétait sur de vastes régions.*"

But we have done with the most disagreeable part of our task; not but that we could extend our disproving criticisms to at least double what we have above hazarded. Let us turn to the merits of the work before us; and these, we apprehend, will be found to counterbalance the defects. M. de Chateaubriand, evidently a considerable master of his own language, has often rounded his periods

not only with striking inflexions, but also with harmonious and sonorous cadences. We have diligently compared many of the paragraphs with the opposite text; some of these are nearly *instar* the original; and two or three, we think, we could indicate as even superior to it. In Sin's speech to Satan, p. 268, the words "Tu nous as donné la force de surcharger de cet énorme pont le sombre abîme," cannot fail to strike all ears as quite Miltonic. The transformation of the demons into serpents is given with accuracy and great spirit. P. 280, "Terrible fut le bruit du sifflement dans la salle remplie d'une épaisse fourmillière de monstres compliqués de têtes et de queues, scorpion, aspic, amphibène *atroce*," &c.; and, a few lines afterwards, "Tombent leurs bras, tombent leurs lances et boucliers, tombent eux-mêmes aussi vite; et ils renouvellent l'affreux sifflement." The effect of the consummation of the grand transgression by Adam, is thus given:—"La terre trembla jusque dans ses entrailles, comme de nouveau dans les douleurs, et la nature poussa un second gémissement. Le ciel se couvrit, *et un sourd tonnerre marmonnant* pleura quelques gouttes tristes, quand s'acheva le mortel péché original." We prefer *gouttes* to M. de Chateaubriand's *larmes*; the original, *drops*, having a beautiful reference to *rain*, as well as *tears*. The italics mark a slight change of our own.

The splendid address to the sun in the fourth book, may be said to be fairly, but not strikingly translated. Several of the periods might have been easily moulded with more emphasis. He has succeeded well, we think, in the catalogue of the demons; also, in the splendid passage in the tenth book, descriptive of the effects of the eating of the apple on the general aspect of nature. In the eleventh book, the farewell apostrophe of Eve to Paradise is touchingly rendered: "O coup inattendu, pire que la mort! Faut-il donc te quitter, o Paradis!" &c. And this apostrophe, as well as several other similar passages which we could cite, indicate that our immortal poet could, when he pleased, put forth a delicacy both of diction and sentiment, not surpassed by Racine in his best efforts.

We subjoin the translation of the concluding lines of the poem, sublimer than the close of any other epic, printing in italics our proposed alterations of the text of M. de Chateaubriand:—

"So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now, too
nigh

The archangel stood: and, from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,

The cherubim descended : on the ground
Gliding météorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river on the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front ad-
vanc'd,

The brandish'd sword of God before them
blazed,

Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side be-
held

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery
arms."

"Ainsi parla Eve notre mère, et Adam l'entendit *satisfait*, mais ne répondit point ; car à cet instant, l'archange se posait trop près, et de l'autre colline à leur poste assigné, tous, dans un ordre brillant, les chérubins descendaient : ils glissaient, comme des météores sur la terre, ainsi qu'un brouillard du soir élevé d'un fleuve, glisse sur un marais, et envahit rapidement le sol sur les talons du laboureur, qui retourne à sa chaumière. De front avancé, flamboyait devant eux le glaive brandissant du Seigneur, terrible comme une comète. La chaleur torride de ce glaive, et sa vapeur, telle que l'air brûlé de la Libye, commençaient à dessécher le climat tempéré du Paradis ; quand l'ange, hâtant nos parens tardifs, les prit par la main, les conduisit droit à la porte orientale ; de là aussi vite, jusqu'au bas du précipice dans la plaine inférieure, et disparut. Ils regardèrent derrière eux, et virent toute la partie orientale du Paradis, naguère leur heureux séjour, surondulée par ce brandon flambant : la porte était obstruée de figures redoutables et d'armes ardentes."

But it is time to refer our readers, who may be lovers of Milton, to the work itself, which is well got up, and printed in separate paragraphs, which at once relieve the eye, and the mind. The English text is on the left hand, the French on the right ; and we have but seldom noticed errors in the typography or punctuation. Still it must be confessed that the Miltonic ladder has not yet, by any means, satisfactorily been scaled by our Gallic neighbors. There is a brisk petulance in their dialect, which is very hostile to the matronal and Juno-like majesty of the "Lady of Christ's," who loves to walk with a gait "sober, steadfast, and demure," generally speaking, at least, like her own *Penseroso*. Aware, as we are, that M. de Chateaubriand has been a great reader of our Homer, perhaps he may be pleased to hear, that the garden of Christ's College, in Cambridge, the nurse of our poet, has been lately embellish-

ed, and made, perhaps, as pretty as a small acre will admit of its being, for the sum expended upon it. Sometimes did it occur to the writer of this, when a stripling at Cambridge, about the time that Byron was lisping his numbers under the elm at Harrow, to pass a musing hour or two by the mulberry (it should have been an apple) tree, traditionally believed to have been planted by Milton's own hand. He revisited this tree but last year, and found it, with some sorrow, shorn of a limb of considerable size, through the incivility of Notus, or Boreas, "bursting their brazen dungeons" from over Barnwell, Trumpington, or the Gogmagog-hills. The hollow of this tree, two centuries old, has long been protected by a leaden plate ; but the remaining portion of the trunk showed a good display of fruit, *forbidden* to all but the inmates of the college.

Some three centuries hence this garden will be visited, perhaps by some Byron of the new world, to muse there, as did lately our Byron by the tomb of Dante, at Ravenna.

One or two more efforts from the *mar-chands de modes* in the service of MM. Didot and Gosselin, and France will ultimately be able to congratulate herself on having conferred on the "Lady of Christ's," a dress à la *Parisienne*, and with which she, peradventure, will be, on the whole, as pleased as with many other of her foreign habits. But it must be confessed that the atmosphere of Paris is not over-well suited to her physical and moral temperaments : and, how much soever to her satisfaction may her future best dress prove, she will never be content with any residence in that capital, out of the *Boulevard du Temple*.

M. de Chateaubriand, the *Abdiel of the revolution*, has, we are aware, carried in his pilgrimage through life a pretty heavy wallet of mind. *Scriptis multum, et nil moramur*. In his essay noticed above, which he dates *d'outre tombe*, we have often noticed strong proofs of that *wide-encroaching* vanity, which we think, in the eyes of posterity, must deduct considerably from the merits of his literary toils. The essay smells as strong of this as any of his former productions, confirming the fine lines of Alexander Pope, which we conclude with paraphrasing :—

"Thou, Chateaubriand, at thy latest breath,
Shalt find the ruling passion strong in death ;
Such in those moments, as in all the past—
'Crown me immortal, fame,' shall be thy last."

But, whatsoever may be the quota of praise which posterity shall award to his deserts, let us hope that the evening of his days will be gilded by the consciousness that the major

part of the productions of his prolific pen have been, even out of France, neither fruitless nor disregarded.

ART. III.—*Portraits Littéraires*. Par Gustave Planche. 2 tomes 8vo. Paris. Werdet.

THESE volumes contain a collection of several clever literary sketches, which appear to have been occasional contributions to Parisian periodicals. They are destitute of formal arrangement; there is no connection between the parts; Planche assumes the character of a gossiping friend rather than that of a regular lecturer, and he thus continues to correct errors without giving offence, to hint useful information without wounding self-love. The subjects on which he dwells most emphatically are the state of modern criticism and the characteristics of modern works of fiction, both in France and England. We feel inclined to adopt his example, to lay aside the grave dictatorial character of reviewers, and enjoy a quiet chat with our readers by the social fire-side, discussing various matters, grave and gay, in the desultory conversation that best whiles away the long nights of winter. How shall we begin? What subject may best be started—the last drama or the last novel, or the character of Bulwer, whose tragedy would, it was supposed, outshine the glories of *Rienzi*? Every body says that the English stage is in the lowest state of degradation; many add that our neighbors are no better off: let us just inquire into the causes that have produced this consummation, far from being devoutly to be wished.

Oh! for the days of Shakspeare! sighs the lover of what is called the legitimate drama. "See what the theatre was then!" Well, let us see; it was the newspaper, the novel, the essay, and sometimes the sermon; it was not merely the place of public amusement, it was more emphatically the place of public instruction. A new play, in the days of Elizabeth, was a leading article in the *Times*; a comedy in five acts filled the place of a novel in three volumes; *Macbeth* on the stage was what *Rienzi* is in the closet; and Ben Jonson's *Alchymist* was a very able essay on the currency question. What a fine trade wool-combing was in the days of Shakspeare's father? Cotton had not then commenced its race against the fleece, silk was rare and costly, hands had not been superseded by machinery, brawny arms did not

confess themselves vanquished by the potent force of steam, and spinning-jennies were jocund figures of flesh and blood, not curious combinations of wood and iron. We have touched, then, the very point of explanation; the theatre has lost its intrinsic importance because more efficient means have been found to effect its great object—public instruction; and because potent rivals have interfered with its secondary object—public amusement. While it stood alone at the head of both departments, all the talent of the nation hasted to the only vantage-ground by which it could obtain display; but Bunn and Osbaldistone are less active managers than Colburn or Bentley. On all intellectual grounds the novel has beaten the drama hollow, and all the lamentations of steady play-goers cannot alter the fact. Does any one now propose to act *George Barnwell* once a year for the benefit of the London apprentices, or hope to improve the morals of servants by exhibiting *High Life Below Stairs*? Apprentices and servants, like the higher classes, have taken to the circulating library, just as they wear cottons instead of worsted stuffs; to revive the power of the stage is about as wise a project as to restore the Heptarchy. Could Bulwer bring back the days of Shakspeare? Yes, if he could annihilate all the periodicals, and unwrite the *Waverley* novels.

Our good friend Gustave Planche admires the author of *Pelham* exceedingly, but he moots a question which, in reference to that gentleman's present literary projects, possesses considerable interest. Can the same person hope to excel as a dramatist and a novelist? *Maturin's* example may be quoted on one side of the argument, *Scott's* on the other. Before, however, we allow any weight to the instance of *Maturin*, let us see whether one play will make a dramatist, although one swallow will not make a summer. *Bertram* succeeded, but *Manuel* and *Fredolfo* were very speedily dismissed to the tomb of all the *Capulets*, and they merited their fate.

Let us not be accused of treating unjustly a very powerful and very original writer. *M. Planche* ranks *Melmoth* and *Bertram* with *Faust* and *Manfred*, and he is not the only continental critic who thus highly estimates works that have here fallen into undeserved oblivion. But in all *Maturin's* writings, for the stage or the closet, we find a want of form, that prevents us from assigning to his works a definite place in literature. He is all over Irish; his imagination hurries him into digressions, extravagances, and inconsistencies; he wrote for the sake of writing, as his countrymen fight for the abstract love of fighting. It is said that a young

Irishman, going out to join Don Pedro, accidentally landed in the territories of Don Miguel—the Mogul, as he had learned to call the pretender. Naught recked he of cause or principle; he fought valiantly against those whom he came to join, declaring all the time that he would drive out the intruding Mogul, a name which his Portuguese associates, not too deeply skilled in geography, supposed to be a malicious allusion to Don Pedro's empire in Brazil. Maturin, in his glow of composition, similarly misleads himself and others. Like Frankenstein, he collected all the limbs and appurtenances of strength and beauty, but, huddling them together unartificially, the result was a monster.

Coleridge criticized Bertram with great skill, but with too much severity. He regretted the introduction of German metaphysics into English literature, and reproached Sheridan for having translated Pizarro. We agree with his conclusion, but dissent from his reasoning. Pizarro ought not to have been translated, because it is nothing better than a piece of stilted mediocrity. It strutted its little hour upon the stage, simply because John Kemble declaimed the part of Rolla. Coleridge finds the germ of Bertram in *The Robbers*. Without denying that there is a strong analogy between the dominant thoughts in both productions, we must say that there is very little similarity in the developments. Maturin's metaphysics are not so explicit as those of Schiller; he is more passionate and less declamatory. Schiller, we are told, in the latter end of his life lamented his authorship of *The Robbers*. He was right; for, in spite of its temporary popularity, the piece is destitute of poetic value, and should never range on the same shelf with *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and *Mary Stuart*. The ideas, which in Schiller assume the form of a grave dissertation, or at best a fragmentary essay, become in Maturin's hands living legends, glowing with the superhuman and the terrible. Bertram's style wants the nature and simplicity suited to the stage; the defect is compensated by the brilliancy of the images, the boldness of the metaphors, by the burning lights with which the poet occasionally illumines the secret and mysterious workings of the human conscience. The action of the piece belongs rather to the irregular epic of the middle age, than to the definite and rapid deductions required by the exigencies of the modern drama. As a whole, we cannot admit Bertram to the lofty elevation once claimed for it, but it contains scenes and situations not unworthy of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. What we have said of Bertram as a play, is equally applicable to

Melmoth as a romance; Maturin's example is therefore indifferent to the issue; instead of being both a novelist and a dramatist, if we adhere to strict form and definition, we must deny him to be either one or the other.

Another example, not mentioned by M. Planche, merits a little of our attention. *Salathiel* and "*Pride shall have a Fall*," were written by the same powerful author, and both commanded intense admiration in the closet and on the stage. Much that we have said respecting Maturin is applicable to the case of the Rev. Dr. Croly. Like his countrymen he possesses a wide grasp of genius, an overflowing abundance of imagery, and a gorgeous style, whose march is impeded by its own richness. But *Salathiel* is not a romance, and "*Pride shall have a Fall*" is not a comedy. Both are the untrammelled epics of Ariosto's school, written by an Irishman, not by an Italian, and consequently dashing onward with an Hibernian recklessness which leaves even the Orlando Furioso far behind. Criticism on such works is like a legal writ sent into the wilds of Connaught; it is laughed to scorn, and well it is if the reviewer be not compelled to eat his own article, just as ministers of the law, when caught with writs in Connemara, are forced to devour the obnoxious parchment, steeped in whisky however, in order to assist their powers of deglutition.

Let us now attend to the example on the other side, Sir Walter Scott; as a novelist he has no equal, as a dramatist he is below contempt. Yet there are few writers who have displayed so much conversational power, or whose characters, to use his own phrase, made themselves better known by their talk. Nay, his novels when dramatized by some professional play-wright have had considerable success; we have ourselves enjoyed Baillie Nicol Jarvie far more in Drury Lane than in our own chambers. Is then Scott's failure in dramatic literature an inexplicable anomaly? We trow not; he had all the elements of a successful writer for the stage but one, and that one was form. The management of the story in a romance differs essentially from its management in a play; the novelist can insert explanations, introductions, and preparations; the dramatic hero must enter unannounced on the stage. What the novelist can directly state in his own words, the dramatist must rely upon the actor to imitate by look or gesture, and the mechanist to exhibit by contrivances more or less clumsy. How powerfully might the chase of the Wild Huntsman be described in words; how paltry and insignificant is its

show on a screen in the incantation scene of *Der Freischütz*. Practical stage knowledge is requisite to the production of a successful drama; the secrets of the green-room must be understood, the scene-painters must be consulted, the scene-shifters examined, and every trap door intimately known. The stage, not metaphorically, but literally, from the foot-lights to the remotest scene, must be thoroughly understood by any one who aspires to produce a successful drama. Let us not forget that Shakspeare was himself an actor. That Ben Jonson was the boon companion of the players, and that Molière almost lived in the theatre. It was not from any want of genius that Scott failed as a dramatist, it was simply from a meaner want; he knew not how to manage contrivances for helping out his story. As a novelist he had all these subsidiary means at his own command, but he knew not where to seek for them in the theatre.

Scott had the principal share in the revolution that in our opinion, overthrew the drama, by substituting the novel in three volumes for the play in five acts. He put an extinguisher on historic tragedy. The fashionable novelist will perform the same office for genteel comedy; and, if Boz has many followers, we may bid a long farewell to the whole generation of farces. It would be the most absurd thing in the world to enter on the investigation of the relative claims of novels and plays; the matter is already settled; that most obstinate and puzzling of all personifications, "the reading public," has pronounced its fiat, and has recorded its opinions in such a practical shape, that he who runs may read. Circulating libraries flourish, and theatres are ruinous speculations; publishers are sending forth fleets of literary ventures, managers are contracting their issues, and setting their houses in order. It is all nonsense to say that there is no dramatic talent in the present age; the plain fact is, that there is no demand for the article in the market. We generously spare our readers a learned dissertation on the laws that regulate demand and supply; political economy is rather too heavy a subject to be introduced into the free gossip in which we are indulging with our gentle companions.

M. Planche takes another view of this question, in his sketch of Henry Fielding; he thinks that there are essential psychological differences between the novelist and the dramatist; the former he regards as an investigator, the latter as one who skims the surface of things, and seizes only the broad outline of events. We must allow him to join our social circle, and share in the conversation:—

"To certain intelligences that mingle with the world and regard it attentively, that collect the numerous and almost imperceptible anecdotes which form the tissue of life, that take pleasure in studying the most minute details of character, that never witness the most trivial incident without scrutinizing physiognomies, to discover the sentiments which they reveal, or which they try to hide,—to such sorts of intelligence, I say, the narrative form of romance is particularly suited. . . . Spirits of a more energetic temperament, who think less but act more, who study parts rather than characters, and limit their attention to the external aspect of events, require an action to be definite and rapid. They strip from it every episode, whether real or probable, that does not lead directly to the accomplishment of a dominant and defined event; they use a dialogue concise and pointed, proceeding straight to its object, obeying the laws of an irresistible fatality, like a hero of *Æschylus* or a Mussulman soldier; such are the minds that Nature has designed for the drama."

Now we think that, on a very cursory examination, it will appear that the first class of intelligences described by Planche, no more possesses the characteristics of novelists than of dramatists, and that the second class includes the authors of both species of fiction. It is true that a knowledge of mental anatomy is necessary to the writer of romance, but an ostentatious display of his science will be fatal to his success. He must not tell the secrets of his dissecting-room; he must not present the component parts of character separate, he must give the results, not the actual operations of his moral analysis. He is not so much fettered by space as the dramatist, but he cannot support his illusions by direct appeals to the eye and the ear, and when descriptions of scenery and action are removed from the romance, he will be found to have little more room given to the actual working out of his fiction than the dramatist. Take *Ivanhoe*; it is to regular romance what melodrama is to the legitimate drama. Suppose all its scenes painted instead of being described, and all the actions of the characters directly represented; you at once feel that it would become a melodrama of no very inconvenient length. On the other hand, the *Tempest* might very easily be changed into a romance of three volumes. We hold, then, to our opinion, that the novel and the drama differ not in essence but in form; that they vary in their developments rather than in their nature, and that the popularity of the circulating library has been a principal cause of the decline of the stage.

To come more immediately to the case of Fielding; we grant that very few of his dramatic pieces survive, but we must remember

that they were literally written for bread. He had neither time nor opportunity for study; his play was his only chance of support; detaining it for revisal a week, or a day, might have consigned him to a prison and starvation. Still we think that in Fielding's dramas there is sufficient merit to prove that he would have been a successful writer for the stage, had he confined himself to that path of literature. Fielding has been styled the English Cervantes; and there is more justice in the epithet than is usually found in these complimentary appellations. His *Joseph Andrews*, written to ridicule a forgotten folly, won a victory over *Pamela* as decisive as *Don Quixote's* triumph over books of chivalry. The story is curious, and highly characteristic of the English nation, where the man who sets up a wooden idol is lauded to the echo, until some hardy wight breaks the false deity to pieces, when the destroyer inherits the fame of the maker. About a century ago, Richardson was confessedly the chief of English novelists; it is questionable if the great unknown ever attained an equal share of popularity. His *Pamela*, indisputably the weakest and worst of his novels, had a success which was absolutely astonishing. Not only was it vaunted as a finished model of perfection, but ministers cited it from the pulpit, just as Hannah More and Wordsworth have been quoted at a later period. This mania roused the parodying spirit of Fielding; he had already demolished some score of mock tragedies by the admirable burletta of *Tom Thumb*, and he now attacked Richardson in *Joseph Andrews*. The parody is immortal, but *Pamela* has sunk into utter neglect. Like Gifford's *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the satire has survived the folly, and some modern critics have even blamed Fielding for wasting his strength on such ignoble game. Before passing to any other example, we must notice Planche's warm testimony to the merits of *Tom Jones* :—

"*Tom Jones* is a constant truth; a probability which never contradicts itself; it is nature caught in the fact, keenly observed, and depicted with unexampled delicacy. It is in this respect especially that this book is distinguished from all books of the same kind that have preceded or followed it. . . . Considered as a mere romance, it is as *spiritual* as *Gil Blas*, and as amusing as *Don Quixote*, and unites to this double advantage an interest more judiciously and constantly sustained."

To Henry Mackenzie, a writer of a very different order, our French critic awards higher praise than modern readers of the

Man of Feeling and *Julia de Roubigné*. But it would be of little use and less interest to raise a controversy about works which have long since lost their importance; we turn, then to Planche's account of E. L. Bulwer, or perhaps we should rather say, the author of *Pelham*. In examining the merits of *Pelham*, M. Planche avoids the common error of identifying the author with the hero; he very justly remarks that a novelist, like a biographer, must more or less have a personal interest in the character of his hero, and nothing is more common than to believe that the fiction, which is thus invested with the attributes of life, must have a real existence. It was thus with Byron and *Childe Harold*; the poet loved the creature of his imagination, and invested the imaginary wanderer with much of his own feelings and remembrances. Hence it was concluded that he designed to draw an ideal portrait of himself, and much virtuous indignation was wasted on the personal faults of the imaginary *Childe*. The same injustice, but in a lighter degree, has been dealt to *Pelham*; the hero of the fiction is assailed as if he were a living man, and the novel reviewed as if it were a biography. Even Rienzi was exposed to this extraordinary species of criticism, and it was gravely asserted that Mr. Bulwer wrote with the prepossessing purpose of recommending himself to the vacant office of Tribune of the English people. To us *Pelham* has always appeared a clever personification of aristocratic exclusiveness, drawn with a satirical design, and as effective for its purpose as if the character had been sketched by Juvenal or Molière. We know that, in London as well as in Paris, *Pelham* has been represented as the model of dandyism, and the author accused of having proposed his hero as an example worthy of imitation. This is a proper piece of social controversy for the present occasion, and we will say a few words on the subject. It is undeniable that the reader is taught to admire *Pelham*, in spite of his airs and haughtiness, but this very circumstance gives truth and strength to the satire. Had Mr. Bulwer described the idol he designed to break as altogether worthless and contemptible, the world would have been shocked by the absurdity of the caricature. If, in the very first pages, *Pelham* had been represented as insensible and indifferent; if, at the age of sixteen, he had acquired the fastidious languor and apathy which were supposed to be the highest consummation of fashionable existence; if, on his entrance upon the stage, he had been invested with the vices in matured perfection that are only produced by

long and continuous indulgence of disastrous passions ; had he possessed a brazen forehead, cheeks which feelings never flushed, eyes where tear-drops never glistened, in fine, all the attributes that can only be acquired after having passed the dangerous round of debauchery, gambling, and ambition,—the reader might say to the author, “Your hero is a monster, such as the world never saw ; we regret before hand all the inferences that may be drawn from an impossible character ; your premises are utterly false, and we therefore care not a jot for your conclusion.”

Pelham stands at the head of a countless host of fashionable novels, like *Ivanhoe*, leading its train of historical romances. It is a fiction peculiarly English ; had Mr. Bulwer sought at Paris for the original of Henry Pelham, he must have given up the search in despair. The French capital has no Court Journal, to detail in millinery romance the drosses at the last drawing-room, or the display of fashion at Almack's ; a couple of lines, dry, dull, and reckless, contain the sum of all that Parisian journalists deign to say respecting a ball at the Tuileries or the English embassy. At Madrid, Vienna, or Berlin, the aristocracy is too widely dis severed from the middle classes to inspire the slightest interest. It is very singular that M. Planche has better described the psychological character of Pelham, and more completely developed the causes of its success, than any of Mr. Bulwer's English critics. We must let him explain the reasons why the attempt to draw a French Pelham would not have the slightest chance of success :—

“It is because the English aristocracy, in spite of the rude assault that it now sustains, which menaces indeed its overthrow and the dispersion of its very fragments, has struck deep roots in the history and constitution of the country. In spite of the destruction which its recent opposition to the declared will of the people threatens, it has continued ever since the accession of the House of Hanover, in the greater part of the questions and accidents that interested it personally, to associate the country in its fate, to attach national independence and national glory to its cause. It is because, without going farther back, we can trace its history for one hundred and sixty-four years, can count its battles and its victories, can see it always active, always ready for contest, whether it were necessary to defend the soil from foreign invaders or to protect public freedom against a stretch of the royal prerogative.

“But in France, at the same epoch, whilst the English aristocracy drove out James II., and gave the throne to William III., how were the nobles employed ? The whole body

of the noblesse was grovelling at the footstool of Louis XIV. ; the demi-god of Versailles had no longer need, as at his first entrance into his Parliament, of his whip and spurs to impose silence on factious murmurers ; a word, a curl of the lip, an almost imperceptible motion of the eyebrow, was sufficient to enforce obedience to his sovereign will. Has it done anything since to regain public confidence or esteem ? ”

We have dwelt thus long on *Pelham*, because it is one of the works which best illustrates the question between novelists and dramatists, which we proposed to consider. It is, in a great degree, a satirical drama, belonging to the school of Aristophanes rather than Menander ; the tragical tale blended with the original design, though it possesses deep romantic interest, is felt to be a digression, and almost an impertinence. Had the stage retained its monopoly of holding the mirror up to nature, *Pelham* would have been just such another comedy as the *School for Scandal* ; that it is not so is by no means a proof that the author wanted dramatic talent, it is simply explained by seeing that every fiction must, more or less, derive its form from the age in which it appears.

M. Planche seems not indisposed to favor this opinion in his examination of *Eugene Aram*, a fiction which, Mr. Bulwer himself informs us, was originally designed to assume the form of a tragedy. Of this work our critic speaks in terms of the warmest admiration :—

“*Eugene Aram* is, next to *Pelham*, the most important of the author's works. It would not have established the author's reputation so rapidly, but it will sustain it more surely. It is a poem at once marvellous and pathetic, a village tragedy in which the actors are few, and derive no celebrity or lustre from their social rank,—but it is a tragedy so full, so rapid, so rich in terror and in tears, that Euripides or Sophocles would not have disavowed it. The characters introduced have nothing exclusive or conventional ; they possess, on the contrary, all the depth and majesty that belong to universality. This production is assuredly the result of long meditation.”

With a very slight alteration the same criticism is applicable to *Rienzi* : both belong to the same class of prose epics ; but the characters, the incidents, and the situations are infinitely more dramatic than narrative. *Eugene Aram* is, in fact, a tragedy deprived of its proper form, and in some degree injured by the softening down of the hero's character to a standard which conventional laws have imposed upon moralists. The stern sophist, the unrepenting murderer, the cold cal-

culator of chances, would not have added devoted and enthusiastic love to his attributes ; but, what is of much greater importance, the conciseness and correctness required for the development of the fable on the stage would have imposed on the writer a task from which he has ever shrunk—we mean the task of paying some attention to style and expression. It is impossible to read any one of Mr. Bulwer's productions without a strong conviction that a fatal facility of writing is his besetting sin ; blocks of polished marble are put together in his edifices not unfrequently with mud instead of mortar, and the Ionic shaft has sometimes a Corinthian capital. His dramatic power is proved by his novels ; the only question that remains to be decided is whether he possesses sufficient industry to master the difficulties of acquiring a new form. In this effort the strength of his own will must be the measure of his future success. We trust that we have said enough to show that excellence as a novelist is far from being presumptive proof of failure as a dramatist. In the opinion, however, of all our dramatic critics, Mr. Bulwer's tragedy is a failure, and the author feels their censure as he would an injury done to a favorite child. But the severity of the critics, and the soreness of the author, are equally out of place. The fault is in the age ; though novels have not disqualified novelists from writing dramas, they have cut them off from the greatest source of inspiration, a fitting audience ; while the progress of civilization has swept from them all the models of prominent, that is, dramatic character. Shakspeare saw in his generation husbands as jealous as Othello, statesmen as unscrupulous in the use of means to gratify ambition as Macbeth ; Ancient Pistol was probably one of his tavern companions, and Dogberry the parish constable of Stratford. Where are we to find such marked characteristics of habits of thought or action in this Pelhamite reign of affected indifference and real uniformity ? In Mr. Bulwer's play

“Groom *talks* like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.”

But so they do in the present world—if, as Shakspeare says—“All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,” it follows that the fortunes of the world and the stage are intimately blended, and that the sobriety and quaker-like stillness which have seized the great theatre must of necessity rule the small one. In short, before a good drama can be produced, a dramatic age must be created :—are human abilities adequate to such a task ?

The last question that remains for discussion is, Can the power and the popularity of the drama be restored ? We have incidentally stated our reasons for answering in the negative ; we cannot conceive a return to the circumstances which gave the theatre supreme importance ; we cannot conjecture any new combinations that can be substituted for those which have passed away. The drama once stood alone ; it is now one of many, and of many that have stronger pretensions to public favor, or at least which possess more powerful sway over the public mind. The days are gone by when a play would shake a minister and even threaten a dynasty, and the genius that in these days wishes to impress itself on the national intellect and character is forced to seek a larger audience than can be cooped into a theatre.

In presenting our readers with specimens of what may be called the gossiping and personal criticism which is just now the fashion in Paris, we have confined ourselves to Planche's reviews of English writers, and in some degree also to his incidental remarks on the analogies between narrative and dramatic fictions. We have controversies enough of our own, without meddling in the disputes between the partisans and the opponents of Victor Hugo ; and we hope that our conversation, though rather desultory, will prove more agreeable than formal discussion. Should any prove dissentient, let them be satisfied by our declaration that we shall not pursue the subject further at present.

ART. IV.—1. *Beiträge von den Konstruktionen in Holz und Eisen, und der Ausbildung des Characters neuerer, zeitgemässer Baukunst.* (Contributions relative to Constructions in Wood and Iron, and the forming a Character for a newer and more appropriate species of Architecture.) Von Hugo Ritgen, Doctor der Philosophie und Architect zu Giessen. Leipzig & Darmstadt, 1835.

2. *Die Holzarchitectur des Mittelalters, mit Anschluss der schönsten in dieser Epoche entwickelten Producte der gewerblichen Industrie : in Reise-Studien, &c.* (Timber Architecture of the Middle Ages, including other Specimens of Art and Manufacture belonging to the same period.) Gesammelt von C. Bötticher, Architect. Folio, 1stes und 2tes Heft. Berlin, 1836.

3. *Gesetze der Pflanzen und Mineralienbildung angewendet auf Alt-Deutschen Baustyl.* (The Laws of Vegetable and Min-

eral Structure applied to old German Architecture.) Von J. Metzger. Stuttgart, 1835.

4. *Beiträge zu der Lehre von den Konstruktionen.* (Contributions to the Theory and Practice of Constructions.) Von Doctor Georg Moller. Folio. Leipzig and Darmstadt.

WHILE two opposite parties in architecture are warmly advocating their respective systems, to the exclusion of any other, are at variance on every other point, and agree only in recommending their own favorite style, not merely as the most beautiful in itself, but applicable to every purpose, and to all our present necessities; a third comes forward and assures them both, that, much as they may seem to differ from each other, they both embrace one fundamental error in common—namely, that of substituting imitation for art, imagining, it would seem, the highest triumph of the latter to give, as near as may be, the *fac-similes* of works of former ages, instead of attempting to impress upon their own productions that consistent beauty of character and expression, which would render them in their turn worthy to take their place beside those styles which gradually developed themselves into completeness and perfection. To such an extent is this unfortunate predilection for imitation—or to give it its proper name, copying—carried, that, although the architect who should venture to ingraft ideas of his own upon the particular style which he takes for his model, would incur the danger of being stigmatized as a capricious and adventurous imitator, it is held quite allowable to deviate from it into some bastard mode, which, though it originated either in ignorance and unskillfulness, or in perverse taste, is too remote from our times to strike us as a degrading revolution in the art, and is consequently permitted to enjoy a sort of authority. Thus the enthusiastic admirer of classical architecture, who would be scandalized at any liberties taken with the models expressly derived from antiquity, tolerates, patiently enough, the strange metamorphose it has undergone from its so-called revivers and the Italian school generally; and, in like manner, the devotee of the Gothic style is more inclined to admit the pretensions of the Elizabethan mode, and that of the times of James the First, as derivatives, although in fact tasteless depravations of the other, than allow any departure from precedent in what would be infinitely more faithful to the spirit of the original style. Such, in fact, is the authority conceded to everything or anything, no matter how extravagant, which has already established itself

as belonging to a particular period, that even such a mere capricious fashion as that which has obtained the appellation of *à la Louis Quatorze*,—at once most whimsical and *bor-né*,—is admitted as something standard at least, even by those who would be shocked at meeting with a tenth part of the same caprice and conceit displayed according to a mode to which we are less accustomed. This is doubtless to be ascribed, in a great measure, to that indolence which causes people to be dissatisfied with whatever calls upon them for any exertion of their critical faculties before they can with safety decide upon matters of taste; and therefore leads them to prefer what has some time or other been admired to that whose title to admiration still remains to be made out. At least it is difficult to account in any other way for that anomalous severity of taste, which, while it is so exceedingly latitudinarian in regard to all that has been done some time or other, is so intolerant of all further innovation. Hence, too, it happens that, notwithstanding the numerous varieties and sub-varieties of style we are now become acquainted with, the resources of the architect are very little if at all increased in proportion; because, instead of being left at liberty to have recourse to them as sources from which he may draw elementary forms, to be worked up by him into fresh combinations, he is expected to adhere, as strictly as possible, to some one style in particular, retaining all its characteristic deformities or incongruities, no less than its positive merits. Were it not for this unhappy prejudice and its cramping influence, many ideas now suffered to remain in their native uncouthness, when they were probably no more than rude and imperfect essays in the transition from one mode to another, might be taken up and worked out into some degree of beauty. But such process, unexceptionable as it may appear to be in itself, would by no means be calculated to satisfy those who hold exactness of imitation to be almost the very first condition of correctness in architectural style, no matter what else be violated, or how little suitable the precedent itself may be for the purpose to which it is thus applied, or under any different circumstances.

Of the two leading sects into which our architectural imitators—that is, nearly the whole of the architectural public, professional and non-professional—are divided, each is equally dogmatical in asserting its own views, apparently regarding them as quite incontrovertible, yet neither cares to rebut or even to notice the objections brought forward by the opposite party; which certainly is not for want of opportunity for doing so, since such

questions are suffered to remain from time to time unanswered, although quite as well deserving attention as many which are made subject of serious dispute. Those, for instance, who, opposed to Grecian architecture and the styles derived from it, maintain that of our ancestors to possess indefeasible claims upon us as congenial to our soil and climate, and as bearing that stamp of nationality which imparts so much interest to the buildings of any country, carefully abstain from adverting to the wide difference there is between adhering to a long-established system, and attempting to revive it after it has fallen into desuetude, and been altogether superseded by one which, if nominally more foreign to us, is certainly quite as popular, and accommodates itself more economically to all our present exigencies. Had the link never been broken, then indeed it would be no more than prudent to consider how far it would be advisable to abandon one national mode of building for another, even though that other should be recommended by superior intrinsic beauty; but such is very far from being the case, so much so that we should now find it an exceedingly difficult task to apply the architecture of our ancestors to general purposes at the present day although for certain subjects it recommends itself as decidedly preferable to any other. Undoubtedly, it sounds plausible enough to say that we are neither Greeks nor Romans, but Englishmen, and that consequently our old English style, of which we have varieties enough to furnish us with either express types, or else hints, for every possible occasion, ought to serve us as a standard model. Such argument, however, is not perfectly free from fallacy; it is incumbent, therefore, upon those who hold it, to be prepared to show not only that we are still Englishmen, but remain precisely such Englishmen as were those of the periods when that national style was in vogue. Unless this can be satisfactorily shown, and also that the two or three last centuries have produced no perceptible changes in our habits as a people, and in the transactions of life, such argument becomes little more than a rhetorical flourish, addressed rather to our patriotism than our judgment. We have adopted so much that is exotic, not in the shape of refinements alone, but of the daily necessities of life, that now to reject any mode of architecture, because the offspring of other ages, of a widely different soil and inhabitants, would be preposterous; especially as it is quite as easy for us, taking that we are accustomed to, as we now have it, to efface its foreign mark, and stamp it afresh, as to divest the

other of its venerable rust, and obtain for it fresh currency.

In thus calling attention to what the advocates for Gothic architecture carefully keep out of sight, let us not be thought disposed to take a hostile part either against them or their favorite style, to which we are quite as much attached as they can possibly be, although not blind to the many and serious obstacles that lie in the way of its being again brought into general use; nor insensible to the merits of other styles which they would willingly proscribe, or which they at least affirm to be comparatively quite unworthy of public favor. We might in fact here prove our impartiality, by bringing forward circumstances that are equally overlooked by those who claim the pre-eminence for Grecian architecture, not only on the score of its pure æsthetic beauty, but for the facility with which it accommodates itself to every modern purpose. We would rather, however, hint to both parties, that it would be more profitable were they, instead of pronouncing panegyrics on their own favorite style, and affecting to treat the rival one with unseemly contempt, to inquire within what limits it may safely be proposed for imitation, and what changes are rendered expedient both in consequence of the greatly altered purposes for which it is required, and of the difference of material and mode of construction now employed.

That, in many otherwise praiseworthy modern buildings, not only the apparent forms are more or less at variance with construction, but superfluous parts are brought in with no other view than that of securing marked features peculiar to the style aimed at, will hardly be denied by any one who is at all capable of distinguishing between what is essential and what is merely supplementary in an edifice. Nay, it by no means always happens that any pains are taken to bestow a plausible appearance of utility on what is in reality so superfluous as to announce itself as such almost at once, although by a little management some kind of motive might be made to excuse it. Besides these radical defects, arising from adopting styles arbitrarily chosen, independent of any ascertainable object in doing so, and sometimes even more to the prejudice than advantage of utility; it rarely happens that the detail, however correct it may be considered merely as so many pieces of pattern, copied from authentic examples, is intelligently composed, or consistently kept up, so as to have the air of not being compiled and put together almost at random, but of emanating from and being dictated by the leading ideas of the

work—those which have determined the architect to shape it out in the way he has done preferably to any other. Still more rare is it to meet with a building in any one assumed style, where, without direct imitation, the particular idiom of that style is successfully adhered to and maintained, not in those minutiae alone which may be transferred by the process of mere copying, but in the general conception, arrangement, and expression. This peculiar quality of style it is which shows the architect to be master of it, not working formally after precedents whose spirit, perhaps, he after all very imperfectly comprehends, but moulding to his immediate purpose that particular style of design of which he happens to have made choice, in such manner as to convince us that he has a perfect command over it; enters into all its peculiarities; and is even capable of imparting to it fresh power. It was thus, by consulting and complying with circumstances, not by slavishly conforming to previous modes of building, that those styles were gradually brought to maturity, which we now receive as models, and which we, for the most part, vainly strive to emulate, while pursuing a directly opposite course; whereby, even if much of their effect is retained, propriety and significancy are generally lost sight of.

With an earnestness amounting almost to bitterness, does Dr. Ritgen animadvert on what he contends to be a most injurious prejudice in favor of borrowed architectural modes and forms, both abstractedly beautiful, and beautiful in their original application, but which are rendered incongruous, affected, and unmeaning, when allowed to falsify what ought to be the natural physiognomy of a building,—making it appear other than it really is, or at least than it would show itself, if no such artifices were resorted to, and if the architect made the real constructive members and forms contribute to effect and decoration; whereas the character obtained by the usual process is little better than an imposition kept up with more or less dexterity. An excessive and mistaken reverence for antiquity led the revivers of Roman architecture—Greek being utterly out of the question—to content themselves with borrowing its external features, without attempting to penetrate beyond them into the constitution of the style itself, or to investigate its principles. Their vanity was, in all probability, sufficiently flattered by their being able, by dint of examining and comparing Roman structures, to produce the semblance of a style recommended to them, on the one hand, by the imposing authority of classical times, and on the other, by its novelty, in

comparison with that which they were endeavoring to explode. This was, perhaps, all the more excusable an error, because, during the preceding ages, the architecture of Italy had not, like that of other countries, refined itself into a distinct and independent system, but continued to retain strong reminiscences of its Roman origin, in columns and ornaments taken immediately from more ancient structures, and adapted with more or less skill to other situations and purposes than those for which they were at first intended. Hence, in restoring to columns their entablatures, and all the component members of the orders, it is no wonder that the Italian artists of the *risorgimento* period gave themselves credit for having purified architecture from the corruptions which it had undergone, and rescued it from the caprices of a degenerate taste; but it certainly is to be regretted that, through an undue scrupulousness, and an overweening regard for ancient examples, just as they happened to meet with them, they should have considered the Roman orders rather as patterns implicitly to be followed, than models, of which discretionary use might be made; while, at the very same time, they unreservedly allowed themselves so much latitude in every other respect, that the degree of resemblance which is attained chiefly serves to render the general disparity between the type professed to be imitated and the imitation all the more glaring; and to make manifest, either that they very imperfectly understood the nature of the style they professed to adopt, or else that the style itself did not contain such resources within itself as would have enabled it to meet circumstances not originally contemplated for it.

Certain it is that the respect, whether sincere or pretended, entertained for the ancient orders* and the few other ornamental members to be met with in Greek or Roman edifices, has operated mischievously, both in securing admiration for buildings destitute in themselves of claims to notice as productions of art, beyond what they derive from adscitious parts, and in cramping the architect by conditions not to be fulfilled without violating the primary law of architectural composition; viz., that the forms and details shall arise out of the plan and construction, at least not be in contradiction to them.

“One of the chief causes,” says Ritgen, “why our modern architecture is so utterly de-

* The article *Civil Architecture*, in the Penny Cyclopædia, affords a very lucid synopsis of this subject, and many no less ingenious than novel remarks, among which is the writer's hypothesis as to the origin of the base of the Ionic column.

ficient in actual creative and plastic power, and is prevented from attaining it, consists, in my opinion, in those mistaken æsthetical principles which, not content with prescribing impassable boundaries to each of the fine arts, establish other and still more contracted limits within those boundaries; and consequently prevent the different arts from acting in concert together, or co-operating towards any one great purpose. It is a fatally pernicious idea (*ein unglückbringendes Gedanke*), that the beauty of architectural productions consists entirely and solely in their form. A most unhappy fatality was it that the great Brunelleschi, Alberti, Bramante, Michael Angelo, and other eminent masters of the Roman and Florentine school, should have regarded nothing more than ancient classical form, without endeavoring to explore the principles of Grecian art, to investigate the sources of Grecian taste, and, if possible, to imbibe the same spirit. No less unfortunate a fatality was it that Winklemann, the worthy hierophant and eloquent champion of ancient sculpture and architecture, should have recognised Grecian purity only in naked baldness, and absence of decoration, without, apparently, even respecting the intimate connection which exists between the several arts of design, and how powerfully they may be made to support each other, when brought into such alliance as to co-operate together.

"Most undoubtedly, beauty of form is both the first and the last requisite in beautiful architecture; yet more, very much more, is indispensable, in order to constitute a building a perfect work of art."

This, it must be confessed, is taking a widely different, and far more comprehensive and searching view of the matter, than is generally taken either by teachers or theorists, who seem to be of opinion that measurement and memory are all-sufficient to insure beauty in architecture, which, if it does not actually include, is with them a substitute for every other merit. Fain would they persuade us that we are bound to follow the ancients implicitly, as closely as we can, certain so far of satisfying the most fastidious taste, assuring us at the same time that all attempts to proceed beyond the point where their examples stop short must prove worse than nugatory. Even supposing, for a moment, such doctrine to be incontrovertible, it certainly is not encouraging, nor by any means calculated to impress persons with any very elevated notions of an art which, according to the confession of those who are most interested in asserting its dignity, is so exceedingly limited as to have been completely exhausted long ago, and incapable of furnishing any other modes of expression or beauty than the comparatively few which have been actually preserved to us, out of all the productions of Grecian art.

It is one thing to study the architecture of

the ancients with the view of forming our habits of taste accordingly, another and widely different one to confine ourselves to the express models which it affords; the former is both liberal and laudable, and can hardly fail to be beneficial, while the latter leads only to pedantic servility, and at the very best to little more than bungling *secundum artem*, because such imitation can be but partial, or rendered complete only by thoroughly disguising the fabric, and bestowing on it an appearance that does not belong to it. Almost might we imagine that this profound veneration for the antique is in general quite as much assumed out of indolence or sheer incapacity as prompted by real feeling; it being made the pretext for a species of routine which, while it fetters invention and cramps real talent, bolsters up imbecility and mediocrity, raising them to a level they could not possibly have attained of themselves. It is true, that the want of real taste, for the most part, betrays itself through all the seeming classicality which it assumes; but then it is only to the eyes of the few; it still imposes upon the million, who are unable to distinguish between the counterfeit and the sterling metal, seeing that the one bears what looks to them like precisely the same stamp as the other. Some showy columns or a portico are sufficient to secure the applause of those who have no suspicion that such things are precisely those which in themselves cost least trouble and study, unless they are treated with a far greater degree of originality than architects seem disposed even to aim at, in such particulars. So abortive, indeed, are the majority of designs and buildings professing to be Greek, that it becomes doubtful whether they do not tend more effectually to depress taste than more palpable extravagances would, by deadening, if not by decidedly vitiating it; so that in time we may possibly come to regard with wearisomeness and disgust the very models themselves, which, owing to the perverted use made of them, have occasioned the insipidity and sluggishness that unhappily stamp so great a portion of modern architecture.

At the risk of being taxed with inconsistency, we are nevertheless ready to admit, that architectural design has in some respects made a considerable advance during the present century, compared with the preceding one; but then the improvement extends hardly at all further than the discarding certain incongruities before tolerated, and showing greater correctness—perhaps exactness would be the more suitable term—in those details for which we have the antique to guide us. That is, our advance consists in

having got certain lessons by rote, and being now able to repeat them with specious cleverness off-hand; having accomplished which we stop short, as if we had reached a *ne plus ultra*—not impassable, perhaps, yet not to be passed without plunging at once into chaos and darkness. To the superficial observer, a rapid progress may seem to have been made, whereas of real progress there has been little or none, inasmuch as we stop short at the very point from which we ought to begin to reckon, all the rest being considered as merely preparatory, and as affording proof not so much of our actual ability, as of our aptitude in studying our tasks.

"That lofty, creative energy"—it is Ritgen who again speaks—"which in the times of classical antiquity, and not less so in those of the middle ages, gradually brought architecture to perfection, stamped with the impress of nationality, and elevated it to the rank of one of the noblest arts, no longer exists. Wavering and unsteady, without any confidence in its own powers, it now contents itself with the humble office of imitating and re-combining the productions of its more genial time—a time far different from the present—when it produced works instinct with soul and character, and touched them into life by the magic power of art.

Popular religion, to which architecture was in former days so greatly indebted, not for patronage alone, and the opportunities of displaying itself on a scale of magnificence, but also for a certain imposing authority with which it was invested, is no longer favorable either to this or the other fine arts. Neither are our public buildings of such nature as either to admit of architectural grandeur, unless it be externally, or to familiarise the great body of the people with art in any degree.* This principle of exclusion, of se-

questration of art from the people, constitutes one most influential difference between the spirit of modern times and those of ecclesiastical power and splendor. Had the Roman Catholic church done no more than employ artists, it would have effected comparatively nothing for the advancement of the fine arts; but, let its motives for doing so have been as self-interested as they may, it gave its noble fabrics and their rich adornments to the gaze of all without distinction, and at all times. In them the poorest had the opportunity of contemplating not only the pomp of architecture, but the finest productions of the pencil and the chisel; and whatever delight he might feel—a delight enhanced by religious sentiment—it was unalloyed by any of the bitterness of envy, since it was for him and such as he, no less than for the noblest and the wealthiest, that this array of solemn magnificence existed. He felt that he stood not beneath the roof of man, but in the house of God.

As respects private buildings, although expense is lavished upon them, and luxuriousness consulted almost to a degree of effeminacy, they are not, with here and there an exception, permitted to afford much encouragement to architecture; not because edifices of this class offer a very limited scope for the display of talent and striking effect—quite the contrary—but because the studied refinements of art are treated as matters of secondary importance. What the architect is chiefly called upon to provide in the way of display is empty space, to be afterwards filled up with costly furniture, and with such decoration as admits of being changed at pleasure. And here we may remark that one great, perhaps insurmountable, obstacle to the establishment of permanent good taste among us arises out of what is in itself a source of commercial activity and national prosperity—namely, the impetus given to all branches of manufacture by the constant fluctuations of fashion, and

* In fact they are, for the greater part, only so far public as they are open to those who happen to have business to transact in them, or who visit them, where it can be done, for the express purpose of viewing them as a special sight; one, moreover, which is seldom accessible either without a fee, or formal application for admission. To us, therefore, it seems that Mr. Hamilton—to whom, we may observe, both Colonel Jackson and Mr. Vivian have just replied—makes use of a very feeble plea, in his second letter to the Earl of Elgin, when he recommends the adoption of the Grecian style for the new houses of Parliament, on the ground that it would better admit of the interior being embellished with historical paintings. Such a scheme might certainly be beneficial enough to the artists who obtained commissions, but hardly could it be attended with any effect in regard to the improvement of public taste; since, as far as the public are concerned, such paintings might as well be shipped off to the North Pole at once. In fact, no pains are taken among us to facilitate ac-

cess to works of art to precisely that portion of the community which stands most in need of assistance in that respect, they having no other means or opportunities of improving their taste than what can be provided for them. How many thousands are there even of the middling classes of society to whom the National Gallery and similar places are, though nominally open, virtually closed, merely because the time of admission is limited to those hours when persons engaged in any sort of business are occupied. Perhaps it will be said, so much the better, it serves to keep the company more select; besides which, persons of the class alluded to ought not to be so unreasonable as to have any taste of the kind to gratify. Or if this is not expressly said, it is—which is still worse—acted upon, and tolerated in practice, though it might appear quite odious in theory.

that demand for novelty which the supplier increases by his increasing eagerness to meet it; so that one new fancy is constantly starting up after another, and each in its turn discarded for some newer one. Here we have one leading and important distinction between antiquity and modern times; for neither fashion nor anything analogous to it appears to have had influence over the former, if we except, perhaps, the age of extravagance among the Romans under their later emperors. Costume is not to be confounded with fashion, it being, in fact, the reverse of it; not a series of modes shifting in quick succession, but permanent national modes transmitted from one generation to another; and, where such is the case, taste, when once refined, becomes fixed upon a steady basis; whereas the reverse of this can hardly fail to take place, whenever it begins to be considered requisite to have recourse to change for the sake of change, and to regard whatever is common as vulgar. The feeling which drives so many among us to aim at exclusiveness and distinction in the style of fitting up their houses, and in that of their furniture, is, it must be confessed, altogether opposed to the cultivation of taste on sound æsthetical principles; since it is not so much intrinsic beauty, as rarity or expensiveness, which finds favor with them; nor will they want imitators among those who can afford to enter into a species of rivalry which can be supported by their purses alone; and in a commercial country, the means of thus establishing a character for fashionable taste will as frequently as not be at the command of those who are fain to supply themselves with taste at the readiest market for it they can find. Much has been said on the advantage that would result from taste being generally diffused among all classes of our population, and some measures have lately been adopted for promoting it among our artisans and manufacturers; yet to us the ultimate, if not the immediate, success appears doubtful, unless it should be in the power of some ingenious projector to devise a scheme whereby good taste should be rendered universal, and yet not become common. Besides which, it would be not less indispensable that it should itself remain unwavering, and firmly anchored, yet able to veer about and drift with every changing gust of fashion. The problem is a puzzling one—so puzzling that there is little chance of its being solved otherwise than by cutting through the Gordian difficulty; and since it is impossible to produce a lasting league between fashion and taste, by deposing the former from the paramount sway which it has obtained.

But if, owing to circumstances which it is much easier to point out than to remedy, or even to control, neither our public nor our private edifices furnish architecture with opportunities of exerting its full powers, we have numerous public works that may fairly be pronounced so many triumphs of constructive genius or mechanical skill,—canals, and tunnels, and suspension bridges, and breakwaters and rail-roads. These may well be reckoned among the monuments of our age and country, so strongly do they identify themselves with both the present spirit and the actual state of society; yet stupendous as many of them are, considered as undertakings, and beneficial as they may be to the interests of the community, they neither possess, nor make any pretensions to, æsthetic value. They lie entirely within the province of mechanical science, and quite beyond the confines of that of art. Else it would not be impossible that, in the course of time, architecture would hence derive, together with new expedients and new modes of construction, new forms and expressions of beauty. They belong, however, so exclusively to the engineer, that it is not likely they should ever receive any of the refinements of architecture, supposing them at all capable of doing so, and consequently, they will be prevented from imparting to the latter any fresh spirit and vigor in return. Gigantic as they may be, such constructions do not in the least address themselves to the imagination, but merely to good sense and matter-of-fact reflection. There is nothing of the poetical connected with them, any more than with a problem in Euclid. Whether they be not preferable to the poetical—more befitting the manhood of society and the earnestness of every-day life, than the chimerical fancies and illusions which amuse our idleness, is a different question, which will be answered in the affirmative or the contrary, according to the individual views entertained of it. The only point upon which most are likely to agree is, that from this quarter little or nothing is to be expected that will in any degree advance architecture by driving it out of its beaten track. Or, if this should ever happen, it is not likely to be produced by any direct agency, but rather by architects being driven to the necessity of availing themselves of improved methods of construction, and other materials than those they have hitherto employed, and thus gradually led to essay forms dictated by such changes. In the mean time, they strive to mask their structures to the best of their ability by all manner of appliances, out of deference to customs which they

either have not the courage to desert or the talent sufficient to put down, by showing that beauty may be elicited from other elements of design than those of which we have hitherto availed ourselves. Quoting again from Dr. Ritgen, we may add :—

“It appears almost incomprehensible, that the passion for imitating the ancients should have taken such deep root as to have grown up into a species of tyranny—a tyranny that daily instigates us to the perpetration of some fresh folly, some *regular* absurdity. Satisfied with shifts and expedients that answer our immediate purposes, we allow no time for either the understanding or taste to exert itself; but, while we admit the necessity for new ideas, the plastic talent which should produce them is inert—dormant, if not extinct. Greek, Roman, and Gothic forms are alternately resorted to and alternately laid aside, in order to be again brought into use; until, perhaps, wearied of thus repeatedly borrowing modes of architecture, which we put on and off with equal facility, because they are no more than superficial disguises, we may at length begin to form for ourselves a style of our own, which, in all its features and ornaments, including the embellishments of color, shall be both consistent and expressive. The course we must pursue in order to accomplish such arduous purpose, and gradually mould our architecture to the actual wants and usages of society in its present tendencies, may even now be foreseen with some degree of distinctness. The progress of civilization is in nothing more evident than in the strides which mechanical industry and invention are every day making. It will be incumbent, therefore, on architecture to follow closely in the same truck, and, by catching the spirit which now animates the mechanical arts, to assume a natural and unaffected character, wholly independent of antiquated systems. Besides which, it out to avail itself of the improvements that have taken place both in the mathematical and the physical sciences. Intimately acquainted as we are now become with the properties of every kind of material, whether wood, metal, or artificial substitutes for stone, and with the laws of statics in respect to them, we possess the means of providing whatever we require, with far greater facility and economy than by employing stone and marble. Here a new and extensive field opens itself to the architect; for the variety in regard to proportions, forms, and modes of construction, which the materials now known to us afford, is endless in comparison with what solid masonry admits of.

“But O! the folly of inveterate prejudices! While ample means are thus placed at the architect's command for securing propriety not less than novelty, he can scarcely be induced to make any use of them. The most he does is to make his new materials simulate the old ones, and in proportion to the ingenuity he shows in thus falsifying his work,

does he give himself credit for having achieved something particularly meritorious and deserving admiration. Yet, after all, the incongruity is too evident, the imposition too palpable to be persisted in for ever. Already do the newer modes of construction, and their tendency, begin to gain ground, and as they do so, the architect will be gradually led to have recourse to them in every branch of his practice, both on a large and on a small scale, so that, driven from his old routine, he will strive to infuse another and newer æsthetic character into his productions. All we have to require of him is, that, in pursuing this aim, he should proceed honestly and openly, exhibiting his construction such as it really is, without any attempt to mask or falsify it.* Let but each kind of material show itself undisguisedly, in the forms and proportions natural to it, and, while all the conditions of durability, convenience, and propriety, are fulfilled, there will also be full play allowed to originality. At the same time, all regard must be paid to beauty, as one of the first and most indispensable conditions annexed to art. One beauty, that of simplicity, will result almost spontaneously, inasmuch as the ideas of the artist, not the mere imitator, will present themselves in their original clearness, and in unaffected expression. At the same time, the natural constructive forms and outlines will admit of being decorated and filled up, and thereby present a wide scope for taste in the selection of suitable details and colors.

“In this respect, antiquity offers few models. Stone construction was almost universally prevalent, so that we have scarcely any examples of the application of wood or metal; nevertheless the few that we do clearly meet with prove that they were designed independently of any reference to the other material; which is, perhaps, so much the better for us; since the few remaining instances of the use of metal and wood, and likewise of polychromy,† are sufficient to call

* “We ought not,” observes a recent German critic, “to strive to imitate the Greeks, either in the construction or the architectural composition of their buildings, but rather in the refined taste with which they made art subservient to what their climate and their customs required. Had they been inhabitants of the North, and at the same time been gifted with the same degree of taste, they would not have produced the antique as we now find it, but have invented something partaking more of the style of the middle ages. Most assuredly, they would have approximated, more or less, to Gothic architecture, because no other style is so well adapted to northern countries.”

† The subject of polychrome architecture, to which we ourselves recently called attention (see No. XXV. Art. 8), has excited much interest and inquiry, more especially in Germany, where, as we now learn, one or two practical experiments of the kind we recommended have been actually executed, and, it appears, with complete success. The principal one is an ornamental building, lately erected after the designs by Klenze, in what is called the “English Garden,” at Munich. This structure, (upwards of fifty feet high,) which is an open ro-

our attention to them ; while, not being such as to furnish express models for our imitation, they are likely to direct us all the sooner to exercise our own invention, unfettered by formal precedents."

After this, many, if not most, of our readers, at least such as are professional men already far advanced in their career, will regard Ritgen's doctrine as not less mischievous than novel ; as amounting, in fact, to a proscription of Greek, Gothic, and every other former style ; and tending to upset all that is now recognized as legitimate and established, to subvert the principles of taste, and to introduce complete anarchy, by countenancing wholesale innovation—or rather directly advocating it. However opposed they may be to each other, all sects in architecture are likely to view in him a common foe, aiming at nothing less than to give a death-blow to what they term sound principles, but which he looks upon as pedantic restrictions and antiquated prejudices.

tunda, or monopteral decastyle temple, in the Grecian Ionic style of the richest character, is so embellished both within and without. No coloring is applied to the shafts of the columns, but it commences immediately below the capitals, where a series of arrow-headed leaves, blue on a gold ground, correspond with the flutings of the columns ; the neckings of the capitals are similarly ornamented with painted leaves and tendrils, in accordance with the decoration of the like character given to the abacus and echinus, and with the mode in which the volutes are enriched with colors ; and the whole combination of colors, although different from that observed in any of the ancient specimens of polychromy yet met with, is allowed to be exceedingly beautiful. The middle fascia of the architrave is distinguished from the other two by a tint partaking of red or orange hue, while it is thus made to agree with the cymatium and other mouldings which crown the entire architrave. The frieze has a fret interspersed with rich foliage of different colors, upon a sky-blue ground ; and the different members of the cornice are relieved by colors ; besides which, the antefixæ surmounting it, are so painted as greatly to contribute to the general richness of effect. On the summit of the roof or dome is a rich ornament composed of foliage, partly of white metal and partly variegated with colors, surmounted by another in the form of a pine-apple. Within, this dome is divided into coffers, with white ornaments on a green and red ground alternately ; and its centre is occupied by a rich rosette upon a blue ground, encircled by a kind of border or frieze composed of differently colored flowers. The pigments are applied with wax and an admixture of copal, and the dead coloring, or first coat, is made of a darker tone than the finishing one ; and, in the stone employed for this building the colors were found to penetrate considerably beyond the surface ; so that there is every reason to presume that the method here resorted to will be found to possess great durability, provided the colors themselves resist the action of the weather and atmosphere. The new Post-Gebäude at Munich, by the same architect, offers another example of polychromy, but of a different and more simple character.

which cannot be too soon got rid of, in order that we may freely avail ourselves of superior mechanic means, together with improved mechanic knowledge. Our own objection is, that he gets over the main difficulty by passing it by altogether untouched, and leaves us in the dark with respect to those very points which most require some kind of direct illustration ; there being nothing either in his introductory remarks or in the body of his work from which we can gather more than the above vague, unsatisfactory, and remote hints, announcing that as not merely possible, but almost easy, whose feasibility remains to be proved by its successful accomplishment. The difficulty of practically working out the solution of this problem is not at all lessened by the consideration that there must be very decided success to recommend what would have to encounter a more than usually rigorous ordeal, and must submit to have its pretensions closely scrutinized by those who would be ill-disposed to admit them ; because, in the case of architecture, novelty—that species of it at least which consists in actual innovation—is generally so far from conciliating favor, that it is rather apt to be regarded with suspicious jealousy. Besides all which, it is exceedingly difficult to divest the mind of habitual associations and prepossessions, and to get rid of that attachment to established styles which would prevent our breaking away from them to the degree we ought to do, if we would form one that should not appear either a corruption of some one of them, or a medley of several. The present position of the art is altogether different from what it was when pointed architecture began to develop itself out of a negative, degenerate style, bearing few traces of its original elements. At that crisis, there were no models of excellence to be abandoned ; nothing to be lost by experiment ; every thing to be gained ; nothing to be uprooted, but merely the seeds of future taste to be sowed. Widely different becomes the case when both taste and practice are biassed in favor of certain styles already so inveterately confirmed as to admit of no improvement in themselves, and scarcely of any departure from them that would not be deemed capricious or solecistical.

Hitherto not one systematic innovator who has set up as the founder of a new style has been at all successful, or rather, his failure has been so decided, that his example has carried with it more of warning than of authority, and proved more disheartening than encouraging. Both Ledoux and Soane failed most egregiously, the wild theory of the one producing only bombastic chimeras—misshapen, unlicked, roughly chalked out mon-

strosities; the feebler invention of the other rising no higher than puny conceits, hammered out of two or three pet fancies, and repeated till they became sickly, nauseating mannerism. Like the Frenchman, our English architect and professor got out of the high road only to bewilder himself, and stumble about gropingly, without chart or clue whereby to direct himself onwards in a progressive course. Sir John's own distinct style was made up of little arches without impost mouldings, sunk lines in lieu of mouldings, and petty dabs of ornament scattered about, as if intended to render the general blankness and vacancy the more disagreeably striking: or an infinitude of petty details was spread over entire surfaces, so as to render the whole indistinct and confused; yet, even in such cases, there was also something left in jarring contrast with the rest—some incongruous manifestation of penuriousness in the midst of riotous prodigality. The primitive elements of his style, and the taste upon which it was founded, may be traced with tolerable distinctness from his incipient efforts in his collection of "Designs for Casinos and Garden Buildings"—a volume, always curious, and now become rather scarce, owing to the author's having afterwards bought up every copy he could meet with—to that *chef-d'œuvre* of it when in its acmé, his own residence in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, destined henceforth to pass under the title of the Soanean Museum. Neither ought we entirely to overlook that specimen of his powers in design, the exterior of the National Debt Redemption Office, a work so execrably uncouth in every respect, that it would be discreditable to the merest village bricklayer. Besides its other offensive incongruities, and poverty-stricken conceits, that building, like many others of the professor's, exhibits a most offensive mixture of brick and stone in glaringly raw opposition to each other; the piers of the no less flimsy than cumbersome screen being of stone, while the arches themselves are of rough brick, without the slightest dressing or finishing of any kind: in fact, the whole looks as if it had been suddenly abandoned in its progress, before being completed by the architect. The extreme paucity of Sir John's ideas, if we except some of those which relate to plan alone, wherein we admit that he threw out many excellent hints, becomes evident enough on inspecting his volume of "Designs of Public and Private Buildings," which, to say nothing of the disgracefully coarse and bad drawing, proves his imagination to have been exceedingly limited, although devious and irregular. For the most part, these Designs show only two

or three odd whims differently hashed up, at which he appears to have been perpetually fumbling, without being able at last to make any thing tolerable of them. Not a few of them, particularly those for churches, are of the most patchwork and piebald character—heterogeneous compounds, salmagundies of all styles, brought into harsh conflict with each other. He certainly did something in being the first to venture upon a practical application of the Tivoli-Corinthian, but of Grecian architecture he appears not to have had the slightest apprehension, otherwise hardly would he have fallen into such caricatures of it as heavy Doric columns, mixed up with mean-looking fluted pilasters, light segmental arches, and fan-work dome ceilings, like that in his own breakfast-room; or giving us such vile sophistications of the Grecian-Ionic as that in the King's Gallery at the late House of Lords; where the likeness of that order was confined to the capitals of the columns alone. Even his *magnum opus*, the Bank—the study of thirty years—contains merely some good bits here and there; the order itself, except in the part at the north-west angles, is defrauded of its original character by the frieze being left blank, and so occasioning the capitals to look squat and heavy: and the centre of the principal or south front, is a most egregious falling off, and a decided failure in itself, not taking into account the miserable solecistical conceit of making the chimney-shafts resemble small Doric columns. Another most indefensible impropriety, quite counter to every sound principle of architecture, and even construction, was that of putting, as he has done, both in this part of the Bank and at the Board of Trade, a row of columns and their entablature, forming a mere sham erection, placed against the building and only partially attached to it, so as to discover that there are mezzanine windows behind the entablature, quite blocked up and obstructed by it.*

* Were it not that our list is likely to be considered long enough already, we could enumerate many other instances of architectural freaks and absurdities indulged in by the late professor, such as those ugly horizontal stripes and scorings of external walls, in which others have since followed him, and the rusticated internal walls; unmeaning and tasteless zigzag flourishes of sunk lines around arches; and the aiming at sundry little *peep-show* effects, which, although they might be all very well in such a mere little show-box as his own house and museum, produced an air of insignificance and paltriness elsewhere. In short, the professor's taste in his art may justly be affirmed to have been at once dull and capricious—whimsically bigoted to precedent in some things, in others setting both precedent, principles, and common sense at utter defiance; and far more instruc-

At the very best, Soane can be allowed to have done no more than to have made some beginnings towards a style which he wanted either the leisure or the ability to reduce to any

tive from the warnings it still holds out to others, than in the exemplars it has left. Thus much must suffice here, as we have no room for entering into such systematic and detailed criticism of his works and designs as would serve to confirm the opinion we have passed upon them. In saying what we have done, we shall probably be considered ungenerously harsh, if not absolutely unjust, towards one over whom the grave has so recently closed, and who has bequeathed—not, indeed, unincumbered with restrictions—his museum and its contents to the public. And if so, we should be thought more unjustifiably severe—even to uncharitableness, were we to give utterance to our estimate of the man as well as the architect; in doing which we should be tempted to set at nought the maxim—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—a time-honored one with most, yet, in our opinion, “more honored in the breach than in the observance,” since, by promising posthumous impunity, it tends to do away the wholesome awe of posthumous disgrace, and the last remaining check upon many, who—

“Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Are awed by dread of infamy alone.”

We do not speak rashly and unadvisedly when we say that, however much public opinion may be dazzled by certain acts of munificence, the motives for which might be traced to not the most laudable source, it will be difficult even for those most eager to vindicate Sir John Soane's memory, to exculpate him from the charge of having been the reverse of amiable in his private character. That he was a singular compound of sordid meanness and ostentatious prodigality, those who knew him will hardly pretend to deny. That he was a man of egregious vanity and overweening self-conceit is perfectly notorious; though the full extent of that vanity may not be so generally known—a vanity that led him to relish the most fulsome, outrageous and barefaced flattery from sycophants, parasites, and legacy-hunters, whom, all the while, he despised, if not actually detested, being aware that they looked upon him as their dupe. In his disposition he was ungenerous, unfeeling, obdurate, tyrannical; in his capricious resentments, implacable even to oppression and persecution. His enmities, once avowed, were most deadly; and, besides various acts of direct malevolence, he could stoop to the most paltry and shuffling duplicity in matters which, although not always important in themselves, plainly marked the natural disposition of the man. Numerous are the anecdotes related of him on the most unquestionable authority, which would corroborate all this beyond the possibility of doubt; and although they have hitherto been allowed to circulate only in whispers, the time is now arrived when many of them will, perhaps, court the publicity they before shunned. Whether Mr. Smith's *Life of Sir John*, a prospectus of which made some noise in certain circles not long ago, will now see the light, is somewhat doubtful, but if it ever should, it will portray him more à la Fraser, or as we ourselves have delineated him, than in emulation of the flattering pencil of Thomas, or the more servile pen of one, whose unctuous memoir of Sir John has, perhaps, by this time, been rewarded by a fat legacy.

tolerably consistent system. Even Schinkel himself is by no means uniformly happy, when, deserting both the antique and every later style, he trusts almost exclusively to his own resources, as is the case, we are concerned to say, of the buildings attached to the new barriers at the extremity of the Wilhelm's Strasse, in Berlin. His originality displays itself most advantageously in bestowing copiousness and variety to Greek architecture, infusing into it a fresh spirit, pliancy, and grace, not less than in purifying it from not a few adulterations ingrafted upon it by mere copyists. However it may please Dr. Ritgen to make light of it, it is a point of very formidable difficulty to find out how we are, in consequence of the more general and undisguised use of metal and wood, to obtain such numerous and characteristic forms and details as will fully supply the place of those which, if newer ones be adopted, must be abandoned, because it would be still more difficult to reconcile the two together. It is not for mere economy and facilities of execution that the use of metal is recommended: it is already employed for cast-iron columns and other things that mimic stone: on the contrary, it remains to be devised how we can escape from such mimicry, and show the actual materials as they really are, and as they enter into the construction of the fabric, without counterfeit. To effect this, we must, “at one fell swoop,” dismiss the Greek orders—columns, and entablatures of every kind, which, even now, for the most part ostentatious embellishment, would become too palpably and offensively incongruous when attached to what would be made to display totally different materials and mode of construction. This would be all the more requisite, because, otherwise, the main building itself, however durable and strong it might be, would appear almost flimsy patchwork in comparison with the solid and more massive columns of uniform stone. Could we, in fact, obtain any substitute for the orders—external columns of any kind in lieu of those we should thus be interdicted from making use of? we apprehend not.

The utmost, in all probability, that we could do, if metal or wooden pillars are to be employed, of such forms and proportions as the mechanical constructive principles would require, would be to introduce them in virandas or open viranda-galleries; which would of course lead to the adoption of a light style altogether different from the Grecian or any of its derivatives, and with not much that would be nearly akin to the Gothic. Independently of pillars for such purposes, there would, we imagine, be very little opportunity for having recourse to metal-work in the ex-

terior, which would thus be reduced to little more than mere wall and windows—the latter of simple unvaried outline, since there would be nothing to occasion any great departure from the forms now generally in use. Timber, again, it is to be presumed, could be made to shew itself to any extent, or with any degree of effect, by merely resorting to something analogous to that species of construction once in vogue for domestic buildings, in what are styled half-timbered houses, that is, those in which a frame-work of timber, often richly carved on some of its external surfaces, was filled up either with brick or plaster. Adopting this species of construction, it would be very possible for us to re-fashion it so as to bestow on it that finished elegance and uniform richness in which it was generally deficient; since, owing in many instances, perhaps, to subsequent repairs and alterations, in which economy alone has been consulted, few examples are to be met with of uniform character throughout; spirited and beautiful as many of the details are, taken separately, the general effect is, for the most part, of that quaint uncouth kind, which pleases chiefly by its singularity, and in consequence of the associations attached to the buildings as reliques of former periods and of their taste; or else interesting as studies from which valuable hints may be derived.

As a series of specimens and studies of ornamental forms and details suitable to such mode of construction, we can, in all sincerity, most strongly recommend Bötticher's work, entitled "*Die Holzarchitektur des Mittelalters*," not only for the intrinsic beauty of most of the subjects themselves, which exhibit a very superior style of design to any thing of a similar kind in this country, but also for the masterly execution of the plates themselves, and the free, artist-like spirit with which the respective details are delineated. Notwithstanding the fancifulness of some of them, and though they are equally remote from Grecian and Gothic, they evince a certain refinement and delicacy of taste and happiness of composition, that are almost fascinating; which is particularly the case with some of the examples from Halberstadt. In this respect, these details are, although equally "nondescript," if we may venture to apply to them an epithet universally taken in an unfavorable sense, immeasurably superior to any thing in what is termed Elizabethan architecture, including that of James the First; since, compared with these, the details of the latter appear coarse and tasteless, even to unmeaning clumsiness. It is to be regretted, however, that the work itself proceeds exceedingly slowly, only two numbers having as yet appeared, although it is now more than

a twelvemonth since its publication commenced; which tardiness is all the more displeasing, because, besides supplying much historical and technical information, the text is to be further elucidated by additional engravings, showing plans and modes of construction; and this portion is reserved for the concluding *Lieferung*. This "*Holzarchitektur*" is calculated to prove very serviceable in suggesting ideas applicable to various purposes of construction and ornament both in wood and metal, should any of our architects have confidence enough to venture upon the course so strongly urged by our German theorist, as one of imperative necessity, and to which they must come at last.

At all events, it is likely that professional men will be led to bestow some consideration on the matter, and inquire into its practicability, the Institute of British Architects having proposed it as the subject of one of their next prize essays: they would do well also to offer a premium for some design that should exemplify some such mode of construction, and show what rudiments at least of an appropriate ornamental style might be elicited from it. Otherwise, we apprehend that it will not have a fair trial either way, but that either the difficulties attending it will be pronounced insurmountable, or its feasibility taken for granted, without the slightest proof, or any attempt being made to point out a beginning and a starting-place for such new career. For our own part, we very much question whether the more extensive application of iron to building could be made at all to affect design, or conduce to any decided change in that respect, either internally or externally. Supposing it to become in time almost universally adopted for the framing both of floors and roofs, those are parts not exposed to view, consequently, could not very well influence or produce any modification in those which are visible. Hardly, too, could iron or other metal be employed to any extent for the outside of a building, except in the particular way we have already instanced, which, after all, would be suitable for dwelling houses alone. In regard to wood, again, that would be far more likely to be exploded, nearly altogether, in consequence of metal being substituted for the principal purposes for which timber has hitherto been employed, than to be brought into use afresh for constructions whence it has been discarded, and for which it would now be considered objectionable on account of its dangerousness in case of fire.

One point, by far too important to be overlooked, perhaps fatal to what might otherwise seem a very rational and well-founded hope

on the part of those who advocate innovation on or renovation of architecture, is that, contrary to the process by which all the styles we are now acquainted with were gradually reared up to maturity, we should be compelled to lay the foundations of ours upon too humble and contracted a basis. We should be compelled, in the first instance, to begin with it, and consequently, adapt it to private buildings, or such as would be comparatively unimportant, so that, even if we succeeded in giving it some determinate character, while a certain prejudice would thus be excited against it, such character itself would be accommodated not to stateliness and grandeur, nor be in any wise capable of rising to them, but be confined within exceedingly contracted limits. Never would the pointed style have been able to develop its full powers, and attain to that wonderful variety and those various excellences which claim our admiration, had it not found an open field for its exertions in the lofty and spacious interiors of cathedrals and other ecclesiastical structures; whereas, hardly any one class of our public buildings, not excepting even our churches, affords scope for the manifestation of internal construction, upon such a scale as might conduct to an impressive degree of grandeur. Excepting churches, all the rest are partitioned off within into separate rooms, which, although they may be comparatively termed spacious, are utterly inadequate to the purpose of achieving that architectural dignity which would be recognized as a valid authority, and give currency to the style so coined. Without some such generally acknowledged authority, it would be hopeless to look for the establishment of any fixed system; for, however successful some individual attempts might prove in themselves, a very long time indeed must elapse before any thing like a fixed standard test could be derived from them, even for buildings of the same class. In the mean time, taste would be unsettled, fluctuating, and exposed to vagaries and caprices of every kind. Could we, indeed, clear away, expunge, and draw the veil of oblivion over, all former examples, so as to begin entirely *de novo*, there would be greater chance for our ultimately working out some style for ourselves, marked by beauties which should be congenial both with the materials employed and the construction followed; but, while we already possess, or are acquainted with, so many examples of finished excellence, it is almost impossible that any thing, however meritorious it might be intrinsically, could be at once decidedly unlike any of them, and yet stamped with such matured perfection of design, as to be able to stand a comparison with what have beforehand so

many suffrages in their favor. We should point to America, as almost the only country where an entirely new and independent style of architecture could take root and thrive, and where it could freely accommodate itself to all the exigencies of a community who have no violent prejudices and partialities to break through before they could admit it. What would elsewhere be apt to be scouted as extravagant innovation and a dereliction of good taste, would there incur no such danger. Of Gothic architecture America possesses nothing whatever; it has neither cathedrals, nor abbeys; neither castles nor baronial mansions; and what samples it possesses of Greek, Roman, or Italian, are neither so numerous nor so excellent as to cause an abandonment of them as models to be considered presumptuous. There would also be this advantage, that, owing to the absence of Gothic architecture, there would be little danger of borrowing from that style, while departing from the others. At any rate, it must be allowed that, unless it be obstinately bent on rivalling the old world in the architecture it has derived from it, in preference to making any original efforts of its own, that country affords the most favorable opportunities for such efforts and experiments, with the greatest probability of their being attended by ultimate success.

In fact, it is no easy matter to steer entirely clear of one style without coming in contact with some other, so that after having, as we may imagine, obtained elements sufficiently novel for composing one which shall be unborrowed, we discover that they resolve themselves more or less directly into forms already familiar under another appellation. Or should we be so far fortunate as to hit upon one or two features passably original, a fresh perplexity arises—how to extend the same character to all the rest, in such a manner that the whole shall seem of a piece? or, if we must retain much that we would willingly get rid of, how to blend together the old and new forms, and not only make them perfectly accord, but appear to have been intended from the very first to combine with each other? The *Bauschule*, or Architectural College at Berlin offers, upon the whole, one of the most skilful solutions of this exceedingly puzzling problem. While the taste manifested in it with regard to the style of ornament in relief is evidently founded upon the antique, there is nothing whatever in the building itself to recall to mind ever so slightly that of Greece. Equally remote is it from Roman, Byzantine, Lombard, Gothic, Cinquecento, later Italian, or any intermediate variety of those styles. There is no masking, no counterfeiting: the forms are those actu-

ally demanded by the purposes of plan and by construction; and the material, while allowed to show itself, is made to conduce to novelty both of character and embellishment, it being throughout of brick and terracotta, and producing variety and richness not by ornament alone, but by opposition of color likewise. Yet, although the marking peculiarities and characteristics of every preceding style are avoided, many of the qualities belonging to them are here incorporated. Thus we may trace that simplicity of *ensemble*, that exact symmetry, and that successive repetition of parts belonging to classical architecture; that profusion of ornament in relief, disposed in panels, so general in the Cinquecento; that predominancy of windows, as embellished features, which distinguishes the Italian; together with that species of decoration of surface obtained by means of variegated brickwork, and alternating courses of different tint, to be met with in some of our old English buildings and Tudor mansions; yet the resemblance extends no farther, for in no other respect is any trace discernible of the styles mentioned; consequently, it exists only in certain adjective qualities, which may be possessed in common by things altogether dissimilar in themselves.

We have thought fit to refer somewhat particularly to the above example, as affording evidence of what it is possible for a man of taste and genius to accomplish when guided by principles of art alone, without direct assistance from models. At the same time, we must confess it to be with us matter of very great question whether such a style is capable of that variety of expression which would render it generally applicable. In the opinion of some this may be no great defect, provided it be good so far as it goes; so also may it be urged, that, although unsuitable for buildings required to display solidity, majesty, and grandeur, such a style as would be likely to be produced by the mode of construction and the application recommended by Dr. Ritgen might in itself be very desirable, there being nothing to prevent our availing ourselves of different styles for different purposes, and admiring each for its respective merits. Such kind of compromise in favor of all tastes would certainly help to put an end to much of that idle squabbling and bickering which now takes place between rival schools and parties, each of which claims exclusive admiration for its own favorite style, and is loth even to tolerate any other; whereas, were they to succeed in carrying their point and banishing all the rest, they would probably then discover that they had done away with all that, by its contrast, acted as a foil to what they admire; and tended, although

unconsciously to themselves, to make manifest its decided superiority even in their own eyes. If heretofore, both in ancient and later times, only a single contemporary style prevailed among the people, that was owing to circumstances which have since altogether changed. We have nearly all previous styles of widely different ages and nations already fashioned to our hands as models; and when, laying aside traditional prejudices, we look at the matter as a plain question of common sense, we can hardly fail to see that, if there be anything preposterous in employing a variety of architectural styles, there are many things analogous to it which we do without scruple, and in which we perceive neither contradiction nor absurdity. It has been said that many of our European cities have no predominating styles of architecture, but rather seem to be "a congress of the representatives of every known style:" this may be a very clever and smart, though somewhat exaggerated comparison, but it is nothing more. A city is not a single piece of architecture, but an assemblage of buildings,—a collection more or less miscellaneous—it may be a jumble. So then are our galleries and museums, where we meet with specimens of all schools, styles, and classes of painting and every variety of subject; ancient and modern art, works of painting and sculpture in all their diversities, brought together; where the productions of some thousands of years ago are placed in juxtaposition with those of yesterday. Is there anything incongruous in all this? anything repugnant to taste or good sense? Does the admirer of one particular school or department of painting affect to proscribe all others as undeserving regard and unworthy of being cultivated? Or is any one so extravagant a stickler for uniformity as to contend that a gallery of pictures should contain such only as partake nearly of the same character as regards subject and execution? And what else is a city, save a gallery of architecture, containing subjects and designs independent of each other, and each one of which may be contemplated without reference to those around it. Such at least it may, in a great measure, be considered; not that we would therefore recommend an indiscriminate huddling together of all styles, there being no occasion to make them clash disagreeably with each other, even where prominent examples of opposite ones are brought into the same view.

Let us have both Gothic and Grecian: meanwhile we ought not, on that account, to be less earnest in our endeavors to rear up something that may in time deserve to supersede them. One step towards this would be, perhaps, to relax in the excessive scrupulous-

ness with which we restrict ourselves to a species of imitation hardly a degree higher than mere pattern-taking; though, with all this affected preciseness and unnecessary rigor, we in the very same things tolerate deviations from our professed models, far more at variance with the laws of composition observed in them than almost any affecting mere detail could possibly be. To this some will reply—we adhere to the originals—we follow as closely as circumstances will permit, deviating from them only where unavoidably compelled to do so, in consequence of having to provide for purposes never contemplated by them. Such then being the real state of the case, which rather accounts for, than excuses, the defect complained of, would it not be better, since innovation there must be after all, to admit such degree of it in the borrowed features as would reconcile us to that which is inevitable? Do we then advocate rash innovation?—by no means. On the contrary, we would have it be the fruit of deliberate study, and of a taste fertilized by constant intercourse with the best exemplars of the original style. We would have nothing rashly ventured upon, no groping experiment of dubious issue to the architect himself; and surely any one who at all understood effect, would be able to satisfy himself beforehand, by means of adequate drawings and models, as to what would be the actual appearance in execution. We would have such invention displayed in regard to forms, details, and proportion, as, instead of breaking loose from the principles of Grecian design, or those congenial to any other style which might happen to be adopted, should closely incorporate themselves with the original elements, and so increase them. But then, in order to accomplish this effectually, and to do justice to their own ideas, architects should boldly bring them forward in works of some likelihood and magnitude; otherwise, by confining all their essays of the kind—and they are but few—to trifling and unimportant erections, not only do they betray their own mistrust, but stamp them at the very first with a character of triviality, so that even supposing them to be really good in themselves, they become no authority.

There are many natural productions which would afford hints for, and germs of, architectural detail, could but professional men bring themselves to look for fresh embryo rudiments applicable to their art, out of its seeming province. The artist-architects of the middle ages undoubtedly derived many such from the vegetable kingdom, and that to much greater extent than what is obvious in the forms borrowed almost immediately from

foliage and flowers. Some curious, not to say fanciful, speculations on this subject, are to be met with in the work of Metzger, the title of which is prefixed to this article. According to him, it was upon the laws of organization observable both in plants and minerals, that the originators of the Gothic style founded their system. A knowledge of these constituted the mystery of the societies of masons or freemasons; and, so long as they were understood and followed, Gothic architecture continued faithful to its original character; but when those fraternities were abolished, the art itself degenerated all at once; and unmeaning, capricious ornament was introduced, which at length nearly effaced all traces of it. As a complete contrast to such organization, springing from an internal vivifying principle, energy, and stamina, which gave expansibility to the style itself, and modified every minuter detail into varied harmony with each other and the whole, we may point to the lumbering, quaint, conceited dulness which stamps that of our first James, or to the equally dull and monotonously capricious, and gaudily pompous mode, if not exactly of architecture, yet of decoration, distinguished with unhappy celebrity by the name of Louis Quatorze. In such fashions—for styles they can hardly be denominated—constructive fitness is altogether disregarded, and mere “gilt gingerbread whimsies” and gimcrackery substituted for art. Although to the ordinary observer Gothic architecture may appear equally capricious,—even still more wild and extravagant in its exuberant and “thick-coming fancies,”—its richness is not that of factitious, extraneous decoration, but may be likened to the efflorescence of a plant, whose stem derives nourishment from its concealed roots, and throughout the whole of which vegetable life permeates, until it finally manifests itself to the eye ripened into the loveliness of the flower. As respects the precise formation of the pointed style, what was the primitive germ in it from which its whole scheme gradually developed itself is still a secret, and likely ever to remain such, for want of that direct historical evidence which it is now almost hopeless to look for; yet there can hardly be a doubt that motives of construction, seconded, indeed, by happy skill and exercise of invention on the part of the architects in availing themselves of them, led gradually, yet also rapidly, to that completion and that unity of character by which it continued to be distinguished until it verged upon its decline.

Moller, a name tolerably well known in this country among amateurs and antiquaries, perhaps more than among architects, is

almost the first who, instead of contenting himself with a knowledge of its external forms and characteristics, has attempted to inquire into the first rudiments of the constitution of Gothic architecture, by analyzing its peculiar modes of construction. His new work, *Beyträge zu der Lehre von den Konstruktionen*, is intended to point out and recommend the practical application of the same principles to which he himself has had recourse on various occasions, with apparently uniform success. These he considers to have lain in establishing a framework of the whole edifice, strongly articulated and firmly united together by intersecting ligatures, and his general views in regard to them may be found in his essay, "On the Construction of the Buildings of the Middle Ages," attached to the recent English translation * of the descriptive text to his *Denkmäler der Deutschen Baukunst*. "Let us compare," he there says, "the strength of a number of cords arranged parallel with each other, and of the same number when united together by meshes. The latter, where the lengths are intersected by knots at small intervals apart, appear to me to be the characteristic principle observed in the constructions of the middle ages, and one which is deserving of being imitated. And for examples of it we may consult the vaultings, roofs, and spires exhibited in these very plates of Freiburg. One and the same principle may be detected in them all." Much, however, as this may be in favor of Gothic architecture, proving it to have been founded upon a correct theory skilfully carried into practice, it may be thought conclusive against a new style out of new modes of construction, since they must resolve themselves into some modification, or else some combination of the two already exemplified in their full perfection in Grecian and Gothic architecture.

* This translation, which must not be confounded with an incomplete one published several years ago, contains, in addition to the original matter, much useful supplementary and illustrative information in the shape of notes, besides an excellent table of all the known lineal measures. Although, therefore, chiefly intended to accommodate the purchasers of the large German work, it may be considered in some respect independent of that. Yet there are few, we should conceive, professing to have any taste for Gothic architecture, who would not, now that the 'Denkmäler' may be obtained at so low a cost, pass by the opportunity of possessing themselves of a work almost essential to attaining a full knowledge of a style, of which Germany affords specimens so distinct in their character from any of our own. It must be admitted that it does not contain such as would furnish immediate models for practice here, yet we would hardly think so meanly of our architects as to imagine that they take no interest save in what conduces to their interest another way,—little or none in those studies which tend to elevate their art, and extend the views of those who devote themselves to them.

It would be idle to look for entirely new elements in what depends upon unchangeable physical laws. Still we would not despair, when we perceive how differently the same general principles of formation and structure manifest themselves in operation throughout both the animal and the vegetable world, according to the specific purposes to be accomplished. It is very possible, therefore, that, by allowing design, instead of entirely disregarding or concealing construction, to be in some degree controlled by it, we should be directed to congenial decorative forms. At the same time, we dare not flatter ourselves that, important as they are in themselves, any of the public works of the class to which we have already alluded promise to assist us in achieving such aim. Content with exciting admiration as triumphs of mechanical power and science, whose primary and ultimate object is utility, they stop short of the point where art commences. They do not even so much as pretend to show the slightest deference to its laws, æsthetic beauty being the indispensable condition of the one, utility and economy of the others. Little does it avail to insist that utility and fitness contribute in marked degree to beauty, which, unless recommended by those qualities, must offend the judgment even while it delights the eye; that beauty ought never to be at open variance with them; that, if possible, they should be indissolubly linked together with it is indisputable, but that in themselves they constitute æsthetic beauty is a doctrine we must broadly deny. Such beauty makes itself valued on its own account alone, and for the pleasurable emotions which it excites in the mind independently of ulterior purpose; whereas, if fitness and utility were beauty, it ought to exist in innumerable objects which make not the slightest pretension to that quality. Those who maintain the contrary ought, by way of showing their consistency, if nothing else, to assert that medicine is more delicious to the palate than the daintiest food, and an apothecary's bolus more relishing than a Perigord *pâté*. How architecture is to obtain other beautiful forms than those already appropriated, it is for architects—those, at least, who can detect all the latent and unexplored resources of their art, and who would have confidence enough to call them to their aid—to discover. They who launch out upon such an undertaking must be prepared to be foiled in it; since to the first adventurers, if not to all, it might prove not a whit more successful than any of the voyages made for the purpose of discovering a North-West Passage. In all such cases, the only certainty we have is, that if we shrink from the peril attending the at-

tempt, so likewise must we abandon all hope of success.

One thing which we ought not to leave, as the Spaniards say, in our inkstand, and which may be shaped interrogatively, is, through what sinister circumstances does it happen that, while we of this country follow the Grecian style so much more closely, our architecture, as exhibited in our public buildings, is, with few exceptions, of inferior effect, upon the whole, to buildings of the same class abroad,—less dignified and impressive in the *ensemble*, although more tasteful and correct in certain details? Perhaps we should not be altogether wide of the mark, were we to ascribe this defectiveness to our trusting too exclusively to the efficacy of the copied parts alone, and to the comparatively little study bestowed on every thing else, which might, by different treatment, be rendered of value in the design. Neither do we appear even so much as to suspect that our excessively punctilious niceness, as far as mere copying goes, serves to render our negligence in other respects, and the inequality of our taste, the more apparent. Taking all merit to ourselves, it would seem, for being fastidiously correct, where correctness is no more than mechanical imitation, we are apt to limit our ambition to that humble scope, instead of bestowing all the greater care upon the rest; which, if it does not fully bear out and support the character of the order, or other adopted features from the antique, necessarily interferes with them, and thereby disturbs and deteriorates the whole. Hence, while the correctness is but partial, the incongruousness becomes total. To the same mistaken mode of proceeding, may we also very fairly set down the disregard manifested for every other kind of quality and effect—nor are they few—which the art is capable of eliciting and expressing.

And yet we have occasionally seen designs that assure us there is talent among us which, could it meet with opportunities, and obtain fair scope, would give us much superior edifices to almost any we now possess. Indeed it is not a little surprising to observe the vast difference between ideal architectural compositions—of course we do not mean in general—and designs intended for actual execution, even when proceeding from the same mind. It looks not much unlike as if, when called upon to provide the latter, the architect's powers were all at once paralyzed; or, as if his chief aim was to comply with such taste as is likely to be sanctioned by those who have the power of selecting—a power, we are sorry to say, perfectly irresponsible, and very frequently abused—sometimes to such a degree as to render competi-

tion little more than a mere form, subservient to collusion in favor of some individual to whose interests every other consideration is made to give way.* This calls loudly for correction; and it might tend to produce it, were the designs sent in on such occasions gratuitously exhibited for some days beforehand to the public.

The competitions for the additional new churches now proposed to be erected will, it is to be hoped, be conducted with more attention to architectural merit, and so as to afford no room for the suspicion of undue preference. Equally is it to be hoped that architects will, on their part, seize the opportunity thus presented to them for bringing forward ideas both more novel and appropriate for Protestant places of worship than either abortive imitations of ancient temples, with no other pretension to classicality than a portico taken from Stuart; or those Gothic churches shorn of all their beauties, and miserably curtailed, in order to meet the conditions imposed in regard to economy. Here, then, an opening presents itself for originating a better treatment for subjects of this class—and that both internally and externally—than what has been hitherto pursued; and surely one may be devised quite as appropriate to actual circumstances as that derived from buildings adapted either to Pagan or to Roman Catholic worship. Nor can there be much danger in innovating even freely, since, to speak unreservedly, little is risked in breaking away from the *patterns* for buildings of this particular class, which the last twenty or thirty years have scattered over the country. We dare not be too sanguine; yet, as more intelligent and liberal views of the art than were formerly entertained appear to be now gaining ground among the profession—among its rising generation at least—there ought to be room for hoping that the advance made in theory and criticism, together with the increased practical resources now at our command, will lead to a corresponding degree of improvement in the application of those means, and in actual design.

* A good deal has at various times been said on the subject of competition in the "Architectural Magazine," and some exceedingly curious anecdotes illustrative of it have come to our knowledge; one especially, where, owing to the unfortunate mistake of a name, the influential person gave all his interest in favor of the wrong candidate, who thereby immediately obtained the preference, the merits of the respective designs being left entirely out of the question.

ART. V.—*Denkwürdigkeiten der Gräfin Maria Aurora Königsmark und der Königsmarkschen Familie. Nach bisher unbekannten Quellen.* (Memoirs of the Countess Maria Aurora of Königsmark, and of the Königsmark Family, from sources hitherto unknown.) Von Dr. Friedrich Cramer. 2 Bände, 8vo. Leipzig, 1836.

WE have long entertained a suspicion that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at least the greater part of the latter, were the most vicious periods of time that the world has seen since the unspeakable corruption of the Roman Emperors, diffused by them throughout the Roman world, was simultaneously punished and crushed by the invasion of the northern barbarians. This suspicion was strengthened by seeing sufficient cause for such vice, public and private, in the then state of the world, which might be termed in modern phrase, a state of transition. We omit many particulars of that state, which were perhaps local—as, for instance, on the Continent the rise of the military profession, which, superseding chivalry, had inherited all the violence and lawlessness of feudalism without any of its lofty spirit, of its patriarchal sentiments, and as yet dreamt not of its later high tone of honor and patriotism—we will speak only of what may be esteemed European. Knowledge, civilization, and luxury had, at this epoch, made just sufficient progress to throw ridicule upon the ignorance, the prejudice, the coarse simplicity of past times; and this degree of progress necessarily brings on a crisis unpropitious for human nature. The virtues belonging to the contemned state of society are but too likely to share in the reprobation and mockery lavished upon their concomitants;—as was exemplified during our own civil war and after the Restoration, when the royalists thought vice indispensable as a security against the suspicion of republicanism and puritanism. Succeeding generations, as they grow more enlightened, see the faults and absurdities of their immediate predecessors, and learn to discriminate between the good and the bad qualities of their remoter ancestors; until gradually science and civilization attain to that height of improvement at which knowledge induces modest self-distrust, and refinement is the parent of delicacy. We use the word delicacy in a comprehensive sense, including personal, social, moral, and intellectual delicacy; inasmuch as we consider the delicacy of moral feeling that would render it impossible for even the most vulgar-minded of our living English public men to accept from a foreign power such bribes as a Sidney, a Russell, a Marlborough,

received without any apparent consciousness of disgrace; the delicacy of manner that forbids the remotest allusion in female society to topics familiarly discussed by and with the wives and sisters of those great men; and the delicacy of taste that compels genius to submit to critical rule, as, all alike, the fruit of mental cultivation and refinement.

French history and memoirs down to the French revolution, and English history to the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, or perhaps we should say of this likewise till the French revolution, afford but too ample confirmation of our unfavorable opinion of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and, should they be deemed insufficient, as relating to two countries only, although the two most advanced in civilization, the volumes now before us supply proofs that, as relates to Germany, and we believe we may add Sweden, render all others superfluous.

But how we are to make our readers acquainted with the matter contained in these volumes is a point requiring some consideration, they not being at all susceptible of regular criticism or analysis, or calculated to afford ample extracts. They give no regular memoirs of the Countess or her family, consisting chiefly of family papers, such as extracts from the conjugal correspondence of Count and Countess Löwenhaupt, (the lady was a Königsmark,) letters addressed to Countess Aurora, a few written by her, and some few statements, memoranda, &c., in her hand-writing, with a few occasional pages of explanation, connection, and the like, by Dr. Cramer. But from these un-literary, scattered, detached, and diffuse materials, we gather a view of northern Germany at the close of the seventeenth century, too painfully impressive to pass unnoticed. It is a picture less striking from the guilt portrayed, than from the exhibition of such an utter absence of principle as is not readily conceivable. Patriotism and honor in the one sex, like chastity in the other, appear to be, not so much virtues beyond the reach of a corrupt generation, as ideas that never presented themselves to the minds of most of the personages here introduced to our acquaintance. And it must be owned that the individual who, associating with these personages, should have formed such out-of-the-way conceptions, must have been gifted with a truly Shakspearean imagination. We believe our only course will be to give a sketch of the narrative to be gathered from these papers, occasionally illustrating and substantiating it with an extract, when we find one worth inserting.

These Königsmark Memoirs begin during the thirty years' war; a war be it remem-

bered, the object of which was on one side the establishment of religious liberty, on the other the suppression of heresy; objects, however, which seem to have interested none of the warriors engaged except Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and the Emperor Ferdinand II. himself. John Christopher Königsmark, of the ancient and noble family of Königsmark, in the Old Mark of Brandenburg, entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus during this war, and certainly does not appear to have been more actuated by religious zeal than his own comrades. As a soldier he must have distinguished himself, since we find him holding separate, and in some measure independent, command of a body of troops; but we learn that he was one of those whose freebooting propensities brought disgrace upon the Swedish arms. By plunder he amassed a fortune, and, unwilling probably to forsake so lucrative an occupation, he did not choose, it should seem, to consider himself bound by the peace of Westphalia, as the Imperial city of Bremen experienced to its cost in the year 1657. This appears to have been Königsmark's last exploit as belligerent or bandit. He submitted to the general peace, received the reward of his services from Queen Christina in the title of Count, and divers estates both in Sweden Proper and in the then Swedish duchy of Bremen, and, renouncing altogether his allegiance to Brandenburg, became a Swedish subject, and the founder of the Swedish family of Königsmark.

Upon wealth and honors acquired by converting the military profession and the alleged championship of religious liberty into mere pretexts or covers for wholesale brigandage, and by a desertion of country, natural enough in a freebooter, it might be said that there rested a curse. The Count's two younger sons died early and childless; the one by a fall from his horse; the other, after affording promise of legal eminence, wandered over Europe as an adventurer, and fell at the siege of Negropont, in the service of Venice against the Turks. The eldest, Count Conrad Christopher, also died young, in foreign service, that of Holland; but he had married in Sweden, and left two sons and two daughters, the youngest of whom was the Countess Aurora, whom Voltaire has called, "the most celebrated woman of two centuries;" an opinion—even he scarcely meant it as a panegyric—from which we must take leave to dissent; though we pretend not to deny the celebrity of her beauty, or that of her illegitimate son.

Of Count Conrad's sons, the youngest ran a course nearly similar to his younger uncle's; and the eldest appeared likely to do

the same, had not his career been cut short by a catastrophe, in which his fate was involved with that of a Princess, destined to be Queen of England, Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I. Of him, in whom the Swedish house of Königsmark perished, we must speak more at length.

Philip Christopher, Count Königsmark, like all those of his name and race, forsook his native land and patrimonial estates for foreign countries, and his earliest youth he appears to have passed in the court and household of the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, at Zell; where, it is said, he was thought a very desirable match for the Duke's daughter by an unequal marriage, until the Emperor, by conferring high rank upon the wife, changed the character of the marriage, made her Duchess, and her daughter, Sophia Dorothea, hereditary Princess of Zell. Upon reaching manhood, or perhaps upon the alteration in Sophia Dorothea's rank and prospects, he left Zell, and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony, which some years afterwards he quitted, we know not why, for that of the Elector of Hanover. Be it observed that none of these changes led him back to the original country of his family, Brandenburg.

At the Hanoverian court Königsmark found, in the neglected wife of the Electoral Prince, the daughter of his first foreign master, the Duke of Zell. The Princess Sophia Dorothea was delighted at meeting again the former playmate, whom she had once regarded as her intended husband, and she resumed her intimacy with him to a degree which, whether innocent or guilty,—a point hardly to be determined at this distance of time—was certainly indiscreet. The mass of presumptive evidence, however, as well as all the documents collected by Countess Aurora, are decidedly in favor of the Princess's innocence and imprudence. That upon Count Königsmark's arrival at Hanover, he awoke a sudden and vehement passion in the bosom of Countess Platen, the mistress of the old Elector, and the sister of the Electoral Prince's mistress; and that, without the least degree of liking, he engaged in a criminal amour with her, we learn from a statement written by the Countess Aurora, which, we blush for the sex while we say it, we cannot extract or even abstract. We mention this, however, rather as corroborative of the opinion we have advanced concerning the character of the age than as a matter of imputation against the then spotless though afterwards frail Swede; as will distinctly be seen if we add that a maid of honor of the Electoral Princess's, upon whose reputation even those who wished to discred-

it her testimony cast no suspicion, in her formal examination argued the innocence of her accused mistress upon grounds, at the nature of which we cannot even hint. It further appears, from Countess Aurora's paper, that Count Königsmark at length broke off his intrigue with Countess Platen, whose jealousy, both of the Princess and other ladies, was so unbridled and inveterate, that the Electoral Princess became alarmed, and "entreated him to renew his former intercourse with the Countess, for fear of her revenge."

Strange as such advice from a Princess appears to us, her dread of the profligate termagant's revenge was but too well founded. Countess Platen's jealousy becoming frenzy; she first thwarted all Königsmark's hopes of advancement in the Hanoverian service, whereupon he resolved to return to that of Saxony. He requested permission to resign his Hanoverian regiment, and had received his appointment as general from the Elector of Saxony, when Countess Platen, exasperated probably at the approaching escape of her victim, by exciting the suspicions of the Elector, and the jealousy of the Electoral Prince, brought on the catastrophe. From the many papers respecting this affair here published we will extract one narrative, that seems authentic in its simplicity, after we shall first have stated that a letter from Königsmark's secretary to the Countesses Löwenhaupt and Aurora Königsmark, merely stating that the Count had gone out one evening, as he frequently did, unattended, and had never returned, and that he, the secretary, knew not what to do, produced an unnoticed appeal to the Elector from the sisters, and great exertion to discover what had befallen their vanished brother:—

"Bernhard Zeyer, a native of Heidelberg in the Palatinate, a wax image maker, and artist in lacker work, was engaged by the Electoral Princess to teach her his art. Being on this account continually in the Princess's apartment, he has frequently seen Count Königsmark there, who looked on while the Princess worked. He once learned in confidence, from the Electoral Princess's groom of the chambers, that the Electoral Prince was displeased about the Count, and had sworn to break his neck; which this Bernhard revealed to the Princess; who answered, 'Let them attack Königsmark, he knows how to defend himself!' Some time afterwards there was an Opera; but the Princess was unwell, and kept her bed. The Opera began, and as the Count was absent as well as the Princess, first a page, and then the *Hofffourier*," (an officer whom not to know does not, we trust, argue ourselves unknown; literally Englished, his title should mean, Court Quarter-master, or Court Harbinger,) "were sent out for intelligence. Then the

Hofffourier came back running, and whispered to the Electoral Prince and then to his Highness the Elector. But the Electoral Prince went away from the Opera with the *Hofffourier*. Now Bernhard saw all this, and what it meant; and as he knew the Count was with the Princess, he left the Opera secretly, to warn her; and as he went in at one door, the other door was opened, and two masked persons rushed in exclaiming, 'So! Here I find you!' The Count who was sitting on the bed, with his back to the door by which the two entered, started up and whipped out his sword, saying, 'Who can say anything unbecoming of me?' The Princess clasping her hands, said, 'I, a Princess, am I not allowed to converse with a gentleman?' But the masks, without listening to reason, slashed and stabbed away at the Count. But he pressed so upon both, that the Electoral Prince unmasked, and begged for his life, whilst the *Hofffourier* came behind the Count and ran him through between the ribs with his sabre, so that he fell, saying, 'You are murderers before God and man, who do me wrong.' But they both of them gave him more wounds, so that he lay as dead. This Bernhard seeing all this, hid himself behind the steps of the other room.

"Then was this Bernhard privily sent by the Princess to spy out what they would do with him.

"When the Count was in the vault, he came a little to himself, and spoke—'You take a guiltless man's life. On that I'll die. But do not let me perish like a dog, in my blood and my sins. Grant me a parson, for my soul's sake!' Then the Electoral Prince went out, and the *Fourier* remained alone with him. Then was a stranger parson fetched, and a stranger executioner, and the *Fourier* fetched a great chair. And when the Count had confessed, he was so weak that three or four of them lifted him into the chair; and there, in the Prince's presence, was his head laid at his feet. And they had tools with them, and they dug a hole in the right corner of the vault, and there they laid him, and there he must be to be found."—[If this be correct, the body reported to have been found at a later period, under the floor of one of the Princess's apartments, could not be Königsmark's.]

"When all was over, this Bernhard slipped away from the castle; and, indeed, Counsellor Lucius, who was a friend of the Princess's, sent him one of his livery to save him; for they sought him in all corners, because they had seen him in the room during the affray. * * * And what Bernhard Zeyer saw in the vault, he saw through a crack."

The Electoral Princess spent the remainder of her life in confinement; but it is to be observed further in her justification, that attempts were repeatedly made by the Electoral family to effect a re-union betwixt her and her consort, all indignantly rejected by her. It is said that, after that consort had ascended

the English throne, a similar proposal was made to the lonely Princess by some influential persons in this country, to which she replied, "If I am guilty, I am not worthy to be your Queen; if I am innocent, your King is not worthy to be my husband." Whereupon we must observe that she is one of the few exceptions to our rule of virtue having been unknown to our friends in these volumes. What really became of Königsmark was never ascertained. His sisters received several positive assurances of his existence in confinement from different persons connected with the Electoral Court, and from the imprisoned Princess herself. But he never reappeared; and the uncertainty respecting his fate served merely to prolong the distress of his family, and to enable some litigious relations to prevent his sisters from obtaining possession of his estates as his natural and lawful heirs.

To these sisters we now turn. The eldest, Countess Emilia, married Count Löwenhaupt, a Swedish nobleman of very old family and high rank, and it might be supposed that she would, through such a marriage, have found friends at court to support her own and her sister's claim to the provisional occupation, at least, of the family property. But Count Löwenhaupt, according to the fashion of the day, had deserted his native land to seek increase of fortune and professional advancement in foreign service. He first entered the Emperor's, and made several campaigns with the imperial armies in Hungary; then, either from some unexplained cause of dissatisfaction, or from the restlessness that seems proper to these unpatriotic knights-errant, he exchanged the imperial for the Dutch service, and again the Dutch for the Saxon. In this last Löwenhaupt remained for several years, although during some of those years Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was, as the ally of Czar Peter, at war with Charles XII. of Sweden; and our Count and Countess appear to have thought it a most atrocious piece of cruelty and tyranny that the said Count was prosecuted in Sweden as a traitor, in arms against his country. Equivocations, to our apprehension, the most childish and unintelligible, are adduced in their letters to prove that he, an officer in the enemy's service, consuming his fortune in speculatively raising and training a regiment for that service, never actually bore arms against Sweden. Had we been so unfortunate as to be that wife, or son, or brother to Löwenhaupt, we should have deemed it a very merciful interposition of Providence that removed him from the world, a victim to grief, anxiety, and mortification, before the termination of his trial at

Stockholm, whither his Countess had gone to move heaven and earth in his favor. It does not appear in the letters what legal measures ensued upon his death; but they must have been lenient, since we afterwards find the widow residing upon the Löwenhaupt estate. Before leaving this branch of the Königsmark family, we must observe that we here meet with a redeeming feature in the domestic affections. The Count and Countess Löwenhaupt seem to have been faithfully and fondly attached to each other, and to their children. But is it not characteristic of the age that in the confidential correspondence of this worthy couple, we should find not only no idea of public principle, but not a word intimating either suspicion of her sister's illicit connection with the Elector, or anger at, and disbelief of, the public gossip respecting it, whilst her favor and court influence seem tacitly recognised?

We now come to the extraordinarily beautiful and accomplished Countess Aurora herself. She has usually been represented as having accompanied her sister to Dresden, when little more than a child, as such having fallen a victim to the seductive arts of the libertine Elector, become the mother of Maurice, the celebrated French General, the *Maréchal de Saxe*, and been deserted; and having dedicated the remainder of her life to the cultivation of the Muses in a convent. The editor of these family papers and memoirs, whilst professing himself an admirer of Aurora, refutes much of those apologies for her frailty. He proves that at the period of Königsmark's disappearance she was five and twenty, had already been surrounded by numbers of lovers, honorable and dishonorable, equals and superiors, whom she had, at least coquettishly, encouraged; and that she repaired alone to Dresden, for the just and reasonable purpose of soliciting the Elector to interfere in behalf of her brother, who was, it must be remembered, at the moment of his disappearance, a Saxon general, and whom she firmly believed to be alive in a Hanoverian prison. The inquiries of the Elector into the fate of his own officer were civilly eluded at Hanover, and do not appear to have been urged with the warmth that might have been anticipated from the suit he was even then pressing to the affectionate sister. The success of this guilty suit is proved by the existence of the *Maréchal de Saxe*, called in his youth the Count of Saxony; and with his birth the Elector's passion for the lovely mother died away. Countess Aurora did not hereupon exactly retire to a convent, in the usual acceptance of the phrase, or after the fashion of *Madame de la Vallière*, but she sought to secure the fu-

ture post of Abbess of Quedlinburg, by obtaining that of coadjutrix in the princely abbey, which, since it had become a Protestant establishment, imposed no severe restrictions upon its nominally cloistered inmates. The history of this abbey is so remarkable both in itself and as illustrative of the changes and corruptions—or reforms, if the reader pleases so to call them—of the original feudalism of the empire, that we cannot refrain from refreshing our own mind, and relieving our picture of vice, by a sketch of its foundation and vicissitudes.

Upon a hill commanding the town of Quedlinburg, stood a castle of the old Dukes of Saxony, often inhabited by Henry the Fowler, the first and the greatest of the Saxon Emperors, even after his election to the sovereignty, and given by him at his death, with its domains, to his widow, the subsequently canonized Matilda. In the church of Quedlinburg Henry was interred; and adjoining to it Matilda founded the abbey, with which she connected schools for both sexes. She endowed the abbey with most of her possessions; and, assisted by her son, Otho the Great, she obtained for it privileges, ecclesiastical and temporal, unexampled, we believe, in the history of nunneries. Ecclesiastically, the Abbess of Quedlinburg was exempt from the jurisdiction of her diocesan, the Bishop of Halberstadt, and subject to no superior save the Pope, whilst several cloisters of monks as well as of nuns were placed under her spiritual government. In her political relations, the Abbess of Quedlinburg was a Princess of the empire, entitled to a seat in the college of Princes, and a vote at the Diets. The town of Quedlinburg, with others of inferior note and extensive domains, were the property of the abbey, which numbered Saxon nobles of higher as well as of lower grade amongst its vassals and its honorary officers. The Dukes of Saxony enjoyed the high office of its hereditary Protector (*Schirmvogt*).

A daughter of Henry's and Matilda's appears to have been the first abbess, and for a considerable time her successors were princesses; at a later period the daughters of counts of the empire attained to the envied dignity. But, whatever their birth, these ecclesiastical princesses appear, almost without exception, to have exercised their high functions wisely and holily. The abbesses by their prudence, if they could not quite save their subjects from the calamities resulting from the wars which so frequently desolated Germany, at least reduced those calamities to the level of the most favored district. The Quedlinburg domains suffered less than those of most other princes, and flourished

accordingly. The town of Quedlinburg, if it did not rise quite to an equality in opulence, privileges, and importance with the republican free imperial cities, was yet allowed by the sovereign abbesses to enjoy a great degree of self-government, whilst it acquired wealth both by trade and by the renown of its high schools, which were much frequented, and in which many distinguished men received their education. We feel tempted here to give another extract, as illustrative of a different state of manners, and of the religious opinions or at least sentiments of really devout persons, from the tenth to the thirteenth century inclusive, and probably even somewhat later:—

“The bishops of Halberstadt were always engaged in disputes with the abbesses of Quedlinburg, respecting the spiritual independence of the latter, sanctioned by the Popes. The bishops claimed spiritual jurisdiction over the abbey, in virtue of the natural subjection of women to men; of ancient custom, which included the whole Harzgau (in which stood Quedlinburg) in the diocese of Halberstadt; and they further endeavored to found a plea upon arbitrary ancient usages. The celebration of Palm Sunday, professedly intended for the edification of the pious, but in fact a scandal to them, was an annually recurring cause of dissension.

“From the Gospel assigned to that Sunday, was borrowed the pattern of a procession which was conducted from Halberstadt to Quedlinburg. The bishop, representing the Redeemer, riding upon an ass, under the shade of palm branches,* surrounded by his clergy, and followed by a numerous train, arrived at and entered the abbey church, amidst the ringing of bells and shouts of Hosannah! After high mass he caused the abbey relics to be exhibited; and, with all his attendants and followers, was abundantly feasted throughout the day. The multitudes who flocked thither to banquet *gratis*, for a whole day long, increased every year, occasioning inconveniences and annoyances, of which the intemperance of the banqueters was not the least. Even in early times Otho III. had recommended the abandonment of this custom. In 1259 the abbess offered to purchase an exemption from the Palm Sunday celebration with 200 marks of silver; this the bishop refused, but he assigned certain tithes to the abbey in order to defray the cost.

“These disputes were repeatedly referred to Rome, and the Popes always decided against the pretensions of the diocesans, prohibiting the ass procession. But in vain. The utmost that could be accomplished was the restriction of the number of horses brought from Halberstadt to Quedlinburg, upon these occasions, to sixty. It was only the progress

* Query, whether the palm branches were not likewise represented by lowlier plants?

of the public mind that at length put an end to this blasphemous festival, represented by ecclesiastics as an act of, and incentive to, devotion."

As feudalism declined, so did the splendor, power, and dignity of the ecclesiastical princesses of Quedlinburg, whose lives were long absorbed by incessant struggles in defence of their rights and privileges, against diocesan, hereditary protectors, and the Quedlinburg municipality. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the abbess, Countess Anne of Stolberg, embraced Lutheranism, which she established in her abbey and its domains, forfeiting thereby some of her lofty privileges and jurisdiction, but obtaining in exchange, for herself and her community, emancipation from claustral seclusion and from the perpetuity of their vows; the sisters being thenceforward free to resign the advantages of their situations, quit the abbey, and marry.

The decline of this once princely establishment now proceeded rapidly. The abbess was reduced to a fraction of a vote at the Diet, her feudal sovereignty became merely nominal, and the dependence of the town of Quedlinburg was rather upon the abbey expenditure than upon the will and authority of the abbess. The community, never large, decreased in numbers, till it consisted merely of the abbess herself, with sometimes a coadjutrix, her designated successor, a prioress, a deaconess, and one single canoness. We should say that this Lutheran nunnery was heavily plundered by the Lutheran Swedish leader, Count John Christopher Königsmark; in fact Quedlinburg and its domains never suffered so much as during the thirty years' war.

The community of Quedlinburg was in the sunken condition just described, when the fair, frail, and forsaken Maria Aurora of Königsmark sought the appointment of coadjutrix to the abbess, Anna Dorothea, a Princess of Saxe-Weimar. The abbess appears to have been willing to oblige the Electoral hereditary protector of Quedlinburg, by receiving as her heir-apparent his discarded favorite; but the deaconess and the single canoness, two sister Countesses of Stolberg, were inveterately opposed to her pretensions. And it is not the least remarkable feature of this age, that two ladies so actively and fiercely inimical to Countess Aurora never urged her misconduct, as a fault that ought to preclude her aspiring to the sovereignty of a community, which appears to have been appropriated exclusively to virgins, admitting neither wives nor widows. It is impossible to conceive that no whisper had circulated to her discredit, though we do not readily ap-

preciate the degree of mystery or publicity that attached to her lapse from virtue, which at one time wears the guise of a profound secret, and at another, without any appearance of discovery or disclosure, seems generally known.

Count Maurice was born during Countess Aurora's absence from Dresden, professedly upon a canvassing visit to Quedlinburg. His birth and christening by the single name of Maurice are registered at Goslar as occurring Oct. 28, 1696, and he is called in the register the son of a great lady in the house of R. H. C. Winkel, without any name of father or mother. Among the letters here published, is one from Countess Aurora to her brother-in-law, like most of the others, in execrable French,* dated October 29, the day after the birth, very playful, and relating chiefly to the engaging of actors for the Elector's theatre. In the Löwenhaupt correspondence there are letters dated immediately before and immediately after this 28th of October, in which the Countess, who was then residing in her sister's house at Dresden, mentions her expectation of Aurora's arrival on that day, or on the subsequent day, and her disappointment at Aurora's repeated delays, but never hints at their cause. Neither is there in the published letters, nor, as Dr. Cramer assures us, in the unpublished, any mention of the child,—although the Countess Löwenhaupt spent many months with Countess Aurora, and was visited by her husband at a Silesian estate which the latter had purchased, and where Maurice dwelt with his governor, preceptor, and a whole educational establishment,—until very many years afterwards, when he (Maurice) was seeking the Duchy of Courland, and Countess Löwenhaupt speaks of him as a near relation. In the Count of Saxony's letters to his mother, he only twice names their relationship, though he always writes to her as to a mother, to wit, as to the person upon whose love he implicitly relies, from whom he expects every thing. And though the different governors who had the care of him write to her as governors would to a mother, only one plainly calls her so. The others merely insinuate as much, the one speaking of Count Maurice as "what she best loves," another as "the dear secret."

* For our comfort Dr. Cramer generally gives us a German version, but tells us that almost all the originals are in French, especially the whole correspondence between Count and Countess Löwenhaupt. One might suppose that they adopted this foreign language as a security against the opening of their letters at German post-offices, only that we find, when they wished to keep any particular secret safe, they wrote a few lines in their mother tongue, i. e. Swedish.

There is one other circumstance which we know not whether to take as a proof of the skilful concealment of Countess Aurora's misfortune, as servants call such awkward accidents, or of the prevalent indifference to a trifling *faux pas*. It is, that the lady, subsequently to her son's birth, received many offers of marriage. Most of these she declined as inferior to her pretensions; and one, that she would probably have gladly accepted, from the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, appears to have been thwarted by the lover who had discarded her, Augustus of Saxony and Poland.

To return to Quedlinburg and the coadjutrixship. Augustus zealously supported his cast-off mistress's endeavors to attain this maiden sovereignty expectant, until they clashed with his own views upon Poland. The contest for the Polish crown was to be waged with gold, not steel; and the Elector of Saxony, from the moment of his becoming a candidate for this elective crown, thought only of what could be turned into hard cash, to bribe his intended subjects and electors. Amongst other saleable commodities, he laid his hand upon the hereditary protectorate of Quedlinburg. This he sold for ready money to the King of Prussia, stipulating, however, for the new protector's sanction of Countess Königsmark's nomination as coadjutrix. It is averred that the Elector afterwards underhand prevented her appointment, in order to have a pretext, in the purchaser's failure to fulfil his engagement, for cancelling the bargain.

Whatever were the cause, Aurora of Königsmark failed of the coadjutrixship and consequent succession; but obtained the second situation in the abbey, both as to rank and emolument, that of prioress. As such she incurred censure by her habitual non-residence—it should seem that the gay court lady found the abbey a dull abode. But we hear of no other objection to her conduct, although it can hardly be doubted, from some of the letters addressed to her by men of high rank, that this was as inconsistent as the birth of her son with her station in a vestal community. And if we explain this silence by the veil of mystery that would, of course, be sedulously thrown over these her meaner transgressions, we must say that to us it appears strangely indecorous that the prioress of a religious establishment should, as Countess Aurora did, without any plea of natural connection or necessity, have frequented the Court of Augustus, the licentiousness of which soon became so grossly flagrant, that the two dowager Electresses, his mother and his sister-in-law, together with his consort the Queen of Poland, collectively withdrew from it, leav-

ing their places to be supplied by his numerous successive and contemporaneous mistresses. We extract a description by an eye-witness, of one of the most decorous of the courtly festivities of Dresden, in which the Quedlinburg prioress was too often a partaker:—

"Field Marshal Count Flemming gave an entertainment which was to offer to the court the spectacle of a regular engagement. Here war appeared in its beauty. The hosts attacked each other with a well-matched fire. Their manœuvres, charges, retreats, in short all their movements, had something in them fearfully comic, since no one was hurt. The King appeared on horseback, with Countess Dönhof and the wife of the Lithuanian General, Potzki (the rival mistresses of the day), dressed as Amazons; the other ladies were in coaches and six. After the battle the King sat down to table in a large tent, with the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen. Two other large tables were laid in two other tents, for the rest of the company. During the meal the music of cannons, drums, and trumpets, relieved each other's harmony. The merriest scene was after dinner. The tables were not removed, but the victuals upon them were abandoned to the soldiers. As the bread fell short, the Field Marshal, in compensation, ordered a thousand *gulden* to be severally stuck into as many little bits of bread. Then the bands sounded a charge, and the soldiers, drawn up in order of battle, boldly stormed the well-provided tables, the foremost being overthrown and trampled upon by the hindmost, &c. &c.

"Then all was cleared away, and dancing followed until seven o'clock in the evening. The Field Marshall drank stoutly with his guests, and was thoroughly intoxicated. The King was not sober, but committed no degrading indecency. I pitied a poor chamberlain who had to stand behind his Majesty with a glass of water, and was so unsteady upon his feet that the touch of a finger would have upset him. Count Flemming was beside himself with joy. When the King prepared to depart, Flemming fell familiarly upon his neck, saying, 'Brother, I break with thee if thou goest.' Countess Dönhof, who never left the King's side, tried to repress such improprieties; but Flemming was too happy for decorum. He endeavored to embrace her, affectionately addressing her by the coarsest term in the language. She who is used to such compliments from the Field Marshal when drunk, only laughed, and endeavored to keep him from the King. On their way home, both King and Countess fell from their horses,—but, thank God, without hurting themselves."

Profuse as was Augustus upon his own pleasures, his liberality towards ex-favorites was small; and the income of the prioress of Quedlinburg was utterly inadequate to support the magnificence and the extravagance

of our Countess Aurora. It was ostensibly to solicit the possession of her vanished brother's estates for herself and her sister, as also the pardon of her brother-in-law's treasons, that she repaired to the head-quarters of Charles XII., being further secretly commissioned by Augustus to negotiate a peace for him if possible. It is well known that the rugged Swedish hero, whether fearing her reputed fascinations, or merely in his accustomed contempt for the female sex, refused to see his admired countrywoman; and, although she made herself friends among his ministers, she failed in all her objects. In fact, much as has been said of this celebrated lady's permanent influence over her faithless lover, of her talents for business, and of her genius for the arts, to all which we apprehend Voltaire's expression adverts, no evidence, as far as we or her posthumous admirer, Dr. Cramer, can discover, remains to attest their existence. Her political attempts, and her efforts in behalf of herself and her family, were alike unsuccessful; and if her music and her poetry aided her conquests during the period of her youth and beauty, they do not appear to have yielded any power of captivation that could in later years serve as a substitute for those failing charms, or afford to herself any source of solitary and permanent enjoyment, that could console her for the loss of the universal admiration which her beauty had long commanded.

Countess Aurora of Königsmark never obtained her portion of her patrimonial heritage. We know not whether Countess Löwenhaupt was subsequently more successful, or what became of the ill-acquired Königsmark estates. Aurora spent the remainder of her life in pecuniary embarrassments and involvements, and died deeply in debt.

As to Quedlinburg—to our mind a more interesting subject—the few words we have to add concerning it are far from satisfactory. The Kings of Prussia appointed Princesses of their own family, although Calvinists, abbesses of this Lutheran community. Those abbesses drew their income from Quedlinburg, and resided at court. The community, like the abbesses, deserted the abbey, and the town languished for want of the accustomed abbey expenditure. In 1802 the abbey principality was secularized, and given as an indemnification to Prussia. It was afterwards transferred to the transitory kingdom of Westphalia, and declined yet more as part of that ill-compiled State. On the fall of Napoleon and his vassal kingdoms, Quedlinburg was restored to Prussia, but not to its pristine consequence, or even to the provincial dignity which it enjoyed upon its secularization. It is no longer the residence of

the provincial authorities, the seat of provincial administration. It has been despoiled even of the abbey archives, which are removed to Magdeburg; and Quedlinburg is now a mere country town of little trade and less importance.

ART. VI.—*Manuel des Consuls*. Par Alex. de Miltitz, Chambellan de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, tom. i. Berlin, 1836.

A GOOD work on the duties of consular agents was a real desideratum. That of De Steele, published at Berlin in 1790, is not without merit, but is deficient in fullness of details and illustrations. Those of Borel and Warden, though compiled from very good materials, are also deficient in arrangement and clearness. The theory of the consular office, and a systematical delineation of its practical duties, still require the labors of a new builder. The work, the first volume of which is now before us, is intended to supply these deficiencies, and is particularly destined for the instruction of that numerous class of consular agents who have not been prepared by special studies for the performance of their official duties. The present volume contains a valuable mass of information on the historical origin and development of the consular institution in the interior of the countries where it was formerly established; of the judicial and administrative institutions created to supply its place, and to promote the interests of commerce; and the commercial and maritime legislation of the different countries of Europe and America from the earliest times to the present day. The second volume will complete the work, and will be divided into two parts; first, the origin, development, and actual organization of consulates established in foreign countries; with the stipulations contained in treaties and other international compacts since the sixteenth century respecting the consulate; second, the laws and ordinances of different states concerning consuls, with the theory of the consulate. It will be terminated by a bibliographical catalogue of the authors cited.

In the course of their official duties, consuls are frequently called upon to consider and decide questions arising under foreign laws. In order to fulfil this important part of their duties, it is essential that they should have some notion of the judicial and administrative institutions created for the advantage of commerce and navigation, and that they should be fully informed respecting the com-

mercial and maritime legislation of the countries where they reside. The learned author has therefore very justly deemed it not beside the object of his work to give a complete view of the principal monuments of maritime and commercial legislation anterior to the seventeenth century, with the successive alterations and improvements in each country since that period, and bibliographical notices of the principal authors to be consulted, under each of those chronological divisions. In this manner he has successively traced the history of this branch of legislation in France, the Italian States, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Austria, the Germanic Empire, Turkey, and the United States of North America.

Little is known of the commercial legislation of the maritime nations of antiquity previously to the establishment of the Roman empire. The earlier Roman jurists adopted the maritime laws of Rhodes, not by incorporating them into the text of their own code, but in the same manner as the Roman law is now used by some modern nations, as supplementary to their own institutions, and as containing a collection of rules consecrated by the wisdom and experience of a great maritime nation. The Emperor Augustus first formally incorporated the Rhodian into the Roman code, and the Emperor Antoninus Pius, being called to decide a maritime controversy, declared that it was to be determined "according to the Rhodian laws, by which the seas were governed, as his predecessor Augustus had decreed." This adoption of the Rhodian laws was confirmed by Justinian in the Code and Pandects: it survived the invasion of the western empire by the nations called *Barbarians* by the Greeks and Romans. These barbarians infused new life and vigor into the nations subdued by their heroic valor, and the efforts of this new creation soon became manifest in the institutions of the Italian republics of the middle age. Among these, the little commonwealth of Amalfi took the lead at a very early period in establishing commercial relations with the still-surviving eastern empire, and with that of the Arabian caliphs. Amalfi was also illustrated by the discovery, in the twelfth century, of the celebrated MS. of the Pandects, of which no complete copy then existed in the West, although the Roman law was never entirely extinguished in what has been called the midnight darkness of the middle age. This MS. had been imported in the course of trade by the Amalfitans from the Levant, and was taken by the Pisans in the sack of Amalfi in 1137. Pisa itself was sacked by the Florentines in 1406, and this

copy of the Pandects taken to Florence, where it is still preserved with great care, whence it has acquired the name of the *Florentine Pandects*. The knowledge of the Justinian legislation, which the people of Amalfi had thus acquired, has perhaps given rise to the tradition repeated by Giannone, and so many other authors, of a code of maritime laws compiled by them, called the *Amalfitan table*. Every trace of this code has been long since lost, and it therefore seems probable that this name has been given to the code of some other maritime people, less famous in history, but better entitled to the credit of having established such an institution. The Amalfitan table, if it ever in fact existed, has perished; but the *Consolato del Mare* survives to attest the early cultivation of maritime legislation among the various communities bordering the Mediterranean Sea. The honor of making this famous compilation has been claimed for Pisa by Azuni and other Italian writers. This claim rests upon the naked assertion of the abbate Costantino Gaétan (who wrote in the beginning of the seventeenth century), in his Notes upon the Life of Pope Gelasius II., who states that the *Consolato* was presented by the Pisans for confirmation to Pope Gregory VII. in 1075. If it were true that this code was compiled by the Pisans in the latter part of the eleventh century, it must have been written in Latin or Italian. How happens it then that no Latin MS. of the *Consolato* exists either in the archives of Pisa or elsewhere? How happens it that the Italian editions, the earliest of which is that of Venice, in 1544, are all confessedly translations from the original, in whatever language that was written?

The jurists in every part of Europe have been so constantly in the habit of citing the *Consolato* from some one of the Italian editions, that it is no wonder the tradition which attributes it to an Italian origin should have met with such universal faith. But no tradition or authority can repel the stubborn fact, that the *Consolato* exists in manuscripts and in printed editions in a language which is neither Italian nor Latin, but a dialect of the *Romanz*, from which the modern French, Italian, and Spanish languages have been derived, and which is still preserved in several districts of Southern Europe, and with the least alteration in the Spanish province of Catalonia. The language in which the *Consolato* was originally published points irresistibly to one of two great commercial cities, as being the place where this collection of laws was first compiled. These are Marseilles and Barcelona. If the decision of the controversy depended upon superior com-

mercial antiquity, Marseilles would unquestionably carry off the palm from her rival sister. But all the oldest manuscripts of the Consolato are written in that dialect of the Romanz which was spoken in Catalonia in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and which is still spoken in that province almost without any modification of its original structure; whilst the *Romanz Provençal*, spoken at Marseilles, before the alterations it experienced under the rule of the princess of the house of Anjou, has much less resemblance to the idiom of the Consolato. To this almost decisive circumstance must be added the facts, that the general opinion of all those who have not attributed this compilation to an Italian origin (a supposition entirely unsupported by proofs), concurs in referring it to Barcelona, where the first known editions were confessedly published; that the manuscript existing in the royal library at Paris (more ancient than any of these editions), was probably written there; and that no historical circumstance, or opinion of any author whatever, points to Marseilles or Provence as the place where the Consolato was first promulgated, whilst all the authors by whom it was cited soon after it was first printed concur in attributing it to Barcelona.

As to the time when this compilation was made, it must have been previously to the year 1400, since there is no reference in it to the contract of insurance, although every other maritime contract is distinctly treated. Now it is a well-authenticated fact, that the first written laws on the subject of maritime insurance in the south of Europe appeared in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and that the most ancient of these laws is that published by the magistrates of Barcelona in 1435. Had this contract been sufficiently known when the Consulate was compiled to have become the subject of legislative regulation, it would certainly have been distinctly mentioned. On the other hand, those writers who carry the antiquity of this compilation so far back as the time of St. Louis appear to have been led into error by the fabulous documents annexed to all the editions respecting the adoption of the Consolato by different sovereigns and republics, beginning with Rome in 1075. The conclusion adopted by M. Pardessus, which refers its compilation, at least in its present form, to some period between the year 1340 and 1400, seems to be founded upon grounds as probable as can be attained in a matter so very uncertain as the formation of a work which ought to be considered as a collection of maxims and usages relative to maritime affairs, rather than a code of positive laws or ordinances. The *Consolato*, properly so

called, must not be confounded with the Ordinances of Barcelona, which are subjoined, and by many considered as forming parts of one entire code promulgated by the magistrates of that city. It is evident, indeed, that the Consolato, in its present form, is not the result of a single compilation made at one and the same time. Some of the chapters must be referred to a compilation anterior in date to others, which appear to serve as a commentary or development of the primitive work. In perusing the latter part, beginning with chapter ccxliii., we recognize the work of another hand, which frequently repeats, in substance, and sometimes in the same identical terms, the provisions of preceding chapters.

If the Consolato ought not to be considered as a code of maritime laws, promulgated by legislative authority in the kingdom of Aragon, or even as a collection of customs and usages reduced to a written text, and published by order of the magistrates of Barcelona, it may perhaps be conjectured to form such a collection, drawn up for the use of some maritime tribunal, and augmented from time to time by the more recent judicial decisions of the same court of justice. The name of *Consolato* seems to point to this origin, that being the appellation by which the commercial and maritime tribunals in the south of Europe were designated at this period. Whoever was the author of the Consolato del Mare, whether it is to be attributed to private or public authority, its compilation must doubtless be referred to the same causes which produced the famous *Jugemens* or *Rôles d'Oléron*, which were also a collection of maritime customs or usages; and it may be said that circumstances were even more favorable to the compilers of the Consolato, since Barcelona, Marseilles, Valencia, and other commercial cities of the *Langue d'Oc* already possessed, in the fourteenth century, a great body of maritime legislation under the name of statutes or customs. These written codes, besides a certain number of local ordinances embracing positive regulations, contained many general rules and principles which time had gradually consecrated in the practice of Mediterranean commerce. These statutes were generally written in Latin, a language which, though still familiar to jurists, had already become a dead language to the great mass of society, and consequently to the class of merchants and navigators. This class was therefore deeply interested in possessing a concise manual of maritime jurisprudence like the Consolato, written in the vulgar tongue, and in a style of the most perfect simplicity, though its author or authors were evidently men of extensive learn-

ing, deeply versed in the principles of the Roman law, the Basilics, and the legislation of those cities of France and Spain which carried on trade and navigation with the Levant. These qualities soon acquired for this collection a wide-spread reputation, whilst the general wisdom and equity of its decisions caused it to be adopted by all the maritime states on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, as supplementary to their own local usages, customs, and ordinances. Its value in these respects is still acknowledged, after the lapse of four centuries, by all the maritime nations of Europe and America. With some of these nations, its principles have been incorporated into their written statutes and ordinances; with others, they are adopted as authoritative rules of judicial decision; and with all, they possess great weight as embodying the collected wisdom and experience of the most renowned commercial states of the middle age. This remarkable monument of maritime jurisprudence is constructed of materials coeval with the earliest dawn of European commerce. It embraces not only the elementary rules for the decision of controversies growing out of civil contracts relating to trade and navigation in time of peace, but expounds the leading principles then recognized as to the rights of maritime war and neutrality. Among others, it explicitly recognizes the right of visitation and search of neutral vessels on the high seas in time of war by the belligerent cruisers; of carrying these vessels into port for adjudication in a tribunal of the belligerent state; and prescribes the rules to be observed for the payment of freight to the neutral master on goods condemned as prize of war. It furnishes, therefore, a most conclusive authority as to the so-much contested question, whether *free ships make free goods*, a rule which, however just, equitable, and convenient in itself, and whatever efforts may have been made at different periods to incorporate it into the international code by means of special compacts, certainly formed no part of the primitive law of nations, as evidenced in the constant usage of maritime states, except so far as that usage has been affected by these compacts.

All the editions of the *Consulato del Mare* now extant commence with a series of forty-two chapters relative to the election of the judge-consul of Valencia, and the proceedings before that jurisdiction. This series of chapters may be properly considered as a code of procedure or practice in maritime causes, drawn up for the use of the city of Valencia, to which King Pedro III. had granted a special maritime judicature in 1283. This code was certainly compiled subsequently to that

date, as the grant is frequently referred to in the course of its provisions. After these forty-two chapters follows No. xliii., being a statute made for the island of Majorca by King Jayme I. (who died in 1275), relative to the oath to be taken by the advocates entitled to plead causes in the tribunals of that island. This chapter is followed by another, numbered xlv., relative to the measurement of the tonnage of vessels trading to Alexandria in Egypt. Then comes the true *Consulato*, the first chapter of which is numbered xlv. The printed editions contain no chapter xlv.; but the MS. in the royal library at Paris contains two chapters on the measurement of vessels, which exactly supply this chasm. The printed editions indicate the termination of the proper *Consulato* with chapter cxcvii. in these terms: *Fins aci avem parlat de les leys é ordinacions de octes maritims mercantivols, &c.*; and the MS. already referred to, in the following equally expressive terms,—*Finit es lo libre è acabat, gloria laor sia dada à Jesu Christ. Amen.* But the work is further continued in a regular series of chapters upon maritime captures, commencing with No. cxcviii. and ending with No. cccxxiv. This is again followed by a document of the pretended confirmation of the *Consulato* by various sovereigns and commercial republics, and various local ordinances having no proper connection with the principal work.

The *Consulato* was translated from the Catalan into the Castilian language, and published at Valencia in 1529, by Francisco Dias Romano. A second Spanish translation was made by Cayetano de Paleja, and printed at Barcelona in 1732, in one folio volume. A third was published by the learned Capmany at Madrid in 1791, accompanied with the original text, forming the first volume of his collection, entitled *Codigo de las Costumbres Maritimas*. The earliest Italian translation was that published at Venice in 1544 by Pedrozano, and which he dedicated to Thomas Zamona, then consul of the Emperor Charles V. in that city. The original edition of this translation has become very rare, but it has been frequently reprinted. It is full of errors and obscurities, arising either from the defects of the text from which the translation was made, or from the translator's imperfect knowledge of the original language. Casaregis has endeavored to correct these errors in his edition, published with a commentary or gloss, in the third volume of the works of this author, printed at Venice, in four volumes folio. Three translations exist in the French language, the first made from the Italian version by Mayssoni, an advocate at Marseilles, and

published in that city in 1576. The second was published by Boucher at Paris in 1808. Both these translations are full of errors, and the notes appended to the latter work have contributed to diffuse the most absurd notions respecting the origin and history of the Consolato. The best translation of this famous work which exists in any language is that of M. Pardessus, published in his great collection of the maritime and commercial ordinances of Europe. It contains the original text of the edition published in 1494 in folio, at Barcelona, placed opposite to the French version drawn up by M. Pardessus, from a literal translation made by M. Llobet, a Barcelona merchant established at Marseilles. The editor has cited under each chapter the works of Clairac, Targa, Casaregis, Valin, Encérigon, and other authors, who have commented upon the Consolato. The chapters of the Consolato relating to prize law have been translated into English by Dr. Robinson, and published in a little work entitled *Collectanea Maritima*. The Italian version is the only one cited by the English civilians, who appear to be wholly unacquainted with the original Catalan editions or Spanish translations.

The collection of maritime customs called the 'Rôles d'Oléron,' or 'Jugemens d'Oléron,' appears to have been known to the compilers of the Consolato, by whom its decisions are frequently copied, sometimes in the same identical terms, and in other instances with the modifications and explanations which experience had suggested. The supposed English origin of the 'Rôles d'Oléron,' attributed by Selden and other writers to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, has been sufficiently refuted by Mr. Pardessus. There is no longer any doubt respecting their French origin, but by whom, or when, or where this very ancient compilation was made, still remains a matter of the greatest uncertainty. Vague tradition indicates the isle of Oleron as the place where it was first promulgated, all the MSS., both in France and England, bearing the title of 'Rôles d'Oléron,' and several of these manuscripts, with all the French printed editions, conclude with this *finale*, "témoin le scel de l'isle d'Oléron." But there is nowhere else in the different articles of this collection any mention of Oléron; the ports of Bordeaux and La Rochelle, and the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, being alone specified. It seems, therefore, certain, that they are not the records of local customs peculiar to that island, but only received there as a dependency of the duchy of Aquitaine. They formed the common maritime law of that duchy, as well as of Normandy and Brittany, and even of England

under our kings of the Norman line. Clairac, whose work was published in 1647, attributes their compilation to Elénore of Guienne, but without citing a single historical authority to support his assertion respecting a fact which occurred five centuries before his time. Nor is there anything in the matter or style of the 'Rôles' or 'Jugemens' to induce us to attribute their publication to any sovereign legislative authority. The formula by which each article is terminated, "tel est le Jugement," sufficiently attests that they do not constitute a code of laws promulgated by the supreme power of any state, but a mere collection of precedents and decisions in maritime cases. The text of this compilation, most generally known and most frequently cited, both in France and in other countries, is that published by Clairac in his 'Us et Coutumes de la Mer,' printed for the first time in 1647. He copied this text from a book less known in the present day than his own, composed by Garcie Ferrande, printed for the first time in 1541 under the title of *Grand Routier de la Mer*. The most ancient English translation is also entitled *Routier of the Sea*, and was first published by W. Copland, without date and republished by Godolphin in his *View of the Admiralty Jurisdiction*. M. Pardessus, who has bestowed great pains upon the critical examination of the 'Rôles d'Oléron,' concludes, as the result of his laborious inquiries, that they were not compiled at one and the same time, but that the whole collection may be divided into four several parts of distinct origin. The *first* consists of twenty-five articles, which the learned editor calls *primitive*, because they are the only articles found in the MSS. of the Bodleian and Cottonian libraries, and in the Castilian and Flemish versions. The *second* part consists of two articles (the 23d of the edition of Garcie, and the 23d and 24th of Clairac), which are not contained in any of the English MSS., nor in the Castilian and Flemish translations. The *third* part consists of eight articles added to the first in the collection so often cited by the English civilians, called the *Black Book of the Admiralty*; which articles are evidently of English origin, and may be referred to the time of Richard I. or Henry III. It is perhaps owing to this circumstance that the English jurists have claimed for the whole collection an English origin, and attributed it to the reign of the first of these kings of the Norman line. Finally the *fourth* part, consisting of twenty-one articles, which had never been published until they were printed by Garcie, in his *Routier de la Mer*. From the style of language of this part, it is evident that it must have been composed in the sixteenth century.

The *primitive* parts of the 'Rôles d'Oléron' were probably reduced to writing in the eleventh century, after having been long preserved in oral tradition. Their language, as published by Clairac, is the old French of the time of Francis I., the period when Garcie published his *Routier de la Mer*, from which Clairac copied his text. The habit of copyists modernizing the language of MSS. would naturally be employed in the editions which were intended for practical use in France. But the English MSS. preserve the old Norman-French, without any admixture of Gascon expressions, or more modern French; from which we may conclude that they contain the oldest text now extant, if not the true text of the original compilation of the 'Rôles d'Oléron.'

The next most remarkable collection of maritime customs noticed by M. de Miltitz is that known by the name of the Supreme Maritime Laws of Wisby—*Hogeste Water-Recht tho Wisby*, and which has been represented by the northern jurists and historians as the most ancient monument of commercial jurisprudence of the middle age. The early fame of the emporium whose name it bears—the capital of the isle of Gothland, and which had become in the twelfth century the great mart of the Baltic, and the resort of merchants and navigators from western Europe, and even from Asia—naturally gave rise to this supposition, and swelled into exaggerated importance a collection which is certainly not older than the fourteenth century, and which has evidently been compiled from the 'Rôles d'Oléron,' and the maritime customs of the Low Countries. The most probable conjecture respecting the formation of this collection refers it to the work of some private compiler, who brought together the various customs and laws by which the different factories of foreign merchants established at Wisby, with special immunities, were governed as a matter of privilege. The most ancient known copy is the edition published at Copenhagen in 1505, very soon after the first introduction of printing into Denmark; it is entitled in the commencement,—*Her beghynt dat hogeste Water-Recht*,—Here begins the supreme maritime law: it terminates with these words,—*Hyr endet dat Gothlandsche Water-Recht dat de gemeyne Koppman und Schippers geordineret wun gemakt hebben to Wisby*,—Here endeth the Gothland maritime law which all the merchants and ship-masters have made and ordained at Wisby. This collection must not be confounded with the code called the *Wisby Stadt-Tag*, the third book of which comprises several provisions respecting commerce and navigation, which M. Pardessus has published in his work. This code

was compiled and promulgated under the auspices of Magnus II., King of Sweden and Norway, who reigned from 1320 to 1365. The *Wisby Hogeste Water-Recht* has been translated into English, and published in the work entitled *A Treatise of the Dominion of the Sea*, in that called *The Law and Institutions of the Admiralty*, and in *Postlethwayt's Dictionary of Commerce*, vol. ii.

The commercial legislation of the renowned Hanseatic league has hitherto attracted much less attention than the history of its political constitution. Even the latter was very imperfectly known out of Germany until the recent publication of the continuation of Sartorius's history by Dr. Lappenberg, and the work of the latter, entitled *Urkundliche Geschichte der deutschen Hanse*. The history of the Confederation, published in French by Mallet, is nothing but an abridgement of the two first volumes of Sartorius, inaccurately translated, with a continuation compiled from the elementary books used in the common schools of Germany. The history of its maritime jurisprudence has been succinctly but clearly developed by M. Pardessus, in a preliminary dissertation to his edition of the Hanseatic commercial ordinances, published in the second volume of his great work. M. de Miltitz has embodied in his own work a rapid view of the vicissitudes of the rise, decline, and fall of the Confederation, with an account of its commercial legislation as exhibited in the different ordinances framed in the general congress, or by the particular members of the league, such as Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, &c. The Hanseatic league rapidly declined and fell, as soon as the original circumstances which had given rise to its formation had ceased to exist. The interests of so many different cities, widely separated from each other, in various lands, and surrounded by the dominions of powerful neighbors, soon ceased to be the same, when the discovery of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and of the New World, gave a new direction to the commerce of Europe, and broke up the monopoly which the Hanseatic towns had so long enjoyed from their enterprise, skill, and political dexterity in availing themselves of the inferior civilization and improvement of other countries. Besides, the league was ever deficient in a supreme federal head of sufficient vigor to give effect to its common resolutions against refractory members. The thirty years' war, which desolated Germany, and dissolved all the political ties which bound the empire together, undermined the Hanseatic Confederation, which was reduced from seventy-two cities, of which it consisted in the fifteenth century, to fourteen in 1612.

During the troubles of the thirty years' war, the cities of Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen, were exclusively entrusted with the care of the common concerns of the league. These three cities formed with each other a closer union in 1630 and 1641, to which Dantzic subsequently acceded, and they vainly endeavored, after the peace of Westphalia, to revive the federal congress. The last meeting of this assembly was held in 1669, and composed only of deputies from Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Dantzic, Cologne, and Brunswick. From this time the original league was superseded by the more imperfect union which still subsists for certain purposes between Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen.—These three original Hanseatic towns have preserved their independence from total shipwreck, through the jealousy of the great powers, and their common utility to all nations as free ports, where the commerce of all enjoys equal privileges.

The work known by the name of *Guidon de la Mer*, compiled in France by some unknown author in the latter part of the sixteenth century, contains a rich collection of principles and decisions respecting the law of insurance, which was then beginning to receive that development which has since converted it into a science. The substance of this and other old French law works was incorporated into the famous ordinances of Louis XIV. promulgated in 1673 and 1681, the first under the title of *Ordonnance du Commerce*, and the second under that of *Ordonnance de la Marine*. The *Ordonnance* on Commerce is supposed to have been principally compiled by Jacques Savary, an intelligent merchant, author of the *Parfait Négotiant*, a valuable work containing a commentary upon the *Ordonnance*. The *Ordonnance de la Marine* is a code of still greater merit, which embraces the general principles of maritime jurisprudence applicable to civil contracts, as well as captures and prizes in time of war. It was soon received as authority throughout Europe, together with the admirable commentary of Valin, the study of which prepared the mind of Lord Mansfield to lay the foundations of that vast fabric of commercial law reared by him and his successors on the English bench. These two codes, with the works of Valin and Pothier, furnished the principal materials from which was constructed the *Code de Commerce*, promulgated in 1807 by the Emperor Napoleon, of whom it may be said, as of Justinian, that "the vain titles of his victories are crumbled into dust; but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument." This code, established throughout the vast extent of the

French empire and its vassal kingdoms, is still preserved as law in France, Belgium, the Prussian Rhine province, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom (except Venice), and in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It is certainly a proof of the great intrinsic merit of this and the other codes promulgated under the auspices of Napoleon, that they should still be retained in countries where they were originally established as badges of conquest.

It would be obviously impossible to follow the learned author of the work before us through the immense detail of his analysis of the existing laws and judicial institutions of the various maritime countries of Europe. This laborious and difficult task has been executed with the greatest skill and success; and whoever has occasion to consult his book, will find in it an inexhaustible source of information on these subjects, equally useful to the merchant, the jurist, and the consular agent. We look forward with great interest to the appearance of the second part of the work, which more immediately concerns the practical duties of the consular office, and which cannot fail to be of still more general utility.

ART. VII.—*Kritische Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst durch Johann Gutenberg zu Mainz, begleitet mit einer, vorhin noch nie angestellten, genauen Prüfung und ganzlichen Beseitigung der von Shöpflin und seinen Anhängern verfochtenen Ansprüche der Stadt Strassburg, und einer neuen Untersuchung der Ansprüche der Stadt Harlem und vollständigen Widerlegung ihrer Verfechter Junius Meerman, Koning, Dibdin, Otley, und Ebert. Von J. Wetter. Mit dreizehn grossen Tafeln voll sehr genauer Facsimiles.* (Critical History of the Invention of Printing by John Gutenberg at Mayence, accompanied by (what has not hitherto been attempted) a thorough testing and perfect disproof of the Claim of the City of Strasburg, as advanced by Schöpflin and his followers, together with a new Examination of the Claim of the City of Haerlem, and a full Refutation of its defenders, Junius Meerman, Koning, Dibdin, Otley, and Ebert. By J. Wetter. With thirteen large plates of very perfect Facsimiles.) Mainz, 1836. 8vo. pp. 806.

WHEN we consider the important changes which the Invention of Printing has already

brought about in every quarter of the political and moral world,—when we remember the power which that invention must exercise over those great questions which now interest all classes of society, questions, the answers to which are pregnant with the most decided influence over the unveiled destiny of thousands yet unborn,—we cannot but look upon the inquiry as to when this happy combination of human experience with human foresight was first effected, as one of considerable interest. That man whose inventive powers unlocked those treasures of learning which had been before sealed up from all but the rich and the mighty,—that man whose genius snatched from misery and barbarism, the vassal and the bondsman, and made them partakers with the lords of the earth of the choicest gifts of wisdom and of knowledge,—that man deserves indeed to be revered and held in remembrance by his fellow men. That man was John Gutenberg of Mayence, whom all Germany now delights to honor, and whose claim to the proud title of Inventor of Printing has been, we think, most clearly and successfully established by Dr. Wetter, in the volume to which we now call the attention of our readers.

The course of inquiry which Dr. Wetter marked out for himself, on undertaking the volume in question, was to ascertain the origin of Printing, not the origin or invention of printing from solid blocks, but to discover from whom, at what period, and at what place, arose the felicitous idea of employing moveable types, of whatever material, and of combining them so as to form whole pages, and thereby perfect books. In this single idea, indeed, lies the whole merit of the invention, for it is clear that all that has since followed has been but a working out of that idea; it being manifest that the attempt once made, and that successfully, to print a single page with moveable types, it would very soon lead to the second thought—that the labor of cutting an indefinite number of the same letter might easily be avoided, by making the first letter a form from which a fitting mould might be contrived, wherein to cast as many letters as circumstances might render desirable. And he in whose active mind this primary idea was first conceived was John Gutenberg; and Mayence was at once the birth-place of the artist and of his invaluable art.

John Gutenberg was the younger son of Frielo Gensfleisch,* by Else zum Guten-

berg, heiress and sole child of Claus von Gutenberg of Mayence, the last of his family. His birth must have taken place between the years 1393 and 1400; and the name which he assumed as the representative of the family of his maternal grandfather was Johann Gutenberg genannt Gensfleisch.

The intestine feuds between the patricians and the burghers, which at the commencement of the fifteenth century disturbed Mayence, and obliged many of the patrician families to quit that city, and take up their residence in the neighboring states, appear to have occasioned Gutenberg's first departure from the place of his nativity.

In 1430 he is at all events found to be an alien from his native city; and, four years afterwards, we see him resident at Strasburg. From the old proceedings before the judicial tribunals of this latter city, which Schöpflin discovered among the municipal archives in 1745, we learn that, between the years 1436 and 1438, Gutenberg had communicated to a citizen of Strasburg, Andreas Dritzehn by name, the art of polishing stones; that he afterwards became a partner with the above-named Dritzehn in a speculation by which they hoped to realize great profits; and further, that, after the death of the said Dritzehn, which took place at the termination of the year 1438, he, Gutenberg, was summoned before the municipal authorities of Strasburg by the brother of the deceased in consequence of his having refused to admit him into the partnership. This proceeding gave rise to a long examination of witnesses; and in their evidence, which, as we have already noticed, Schöpflin discovered in 1745, mention is made, though in very ambiguous terms, and in very obscure passages, of a "*Press*," "*Forms*," and "*Printing*."

In spite of the obscurity in which the whole of the matters treated in this document are involved, it has hitherto been looked upon as clearly referring to the art of printing with moveable letters, and of establishing the claim of Strasburg to be considered as the birth-place of that art. Dr. Wetter, on the contrary, is of opinion, and it seems to us very properly so, that the printing in question was nothing more than printing from solid blocks; and that his readers may be enabled to judge how far his views are well founded, he reprints the document verbatim, from the copy printed by Schöpflin in his well-known work, "*Vindiciæ typographicae*," accompanying such reprint by notes in support of his opinion; and which, as we have already said,

* It would certainly have afforded matter of delight to old Aubrey to have added to his chapter on "Name Fatalities," the fact that he who invented the art by which, in the commercial production of

books, the *goose-quill* was entirely superseded, was himself called *Goose-Flesh*, (*Gensfleisch*.) or, as it was latinized by one of his admirers, *Ansicarus*.

appears to be founded on reasoning which it is impossible to resist. This document is followed in Dr. Wetter's book by a chronological abstract of the facts produced in evidence, which our limits compel us to omit, with the exception of one or two passages which have the strongest reference to the points under consideration. It appears, then, from the testimony of some of the witnesses, that shortly before Christmas-day, 1438, Gutenberg sent his servant to Andreas Dritzehn and Andreas Heilmann, two of his partners, to fetch away the "*forms*." And here we may remark at once, that Dr. Wetter shows very clearly that the term *form*, when used in this process, does not bear the meaning attached to it in the printing offices of the present day, where it is used to express the body of type set up ready for the press, but means either engraved blocks, the engravers of which were at that time called *formschneider*, form-cutters; or else, which seems most clearly established, forms for casting metal mirrors, the production of such articles, for sale at the great religious jubilee held at Aix-la-Chapelle, being one of the objects for which the partnership between Gutenberg and his associates had been formed. We next learn that on the 27th of December Andreas Dritzehn lay sick in the chamber of Mydehart Stocker; and that, immediately after his death, which took place in the course of Christmas, Gutenberg said the "*press*" must be sent for: he was afraid lest any body should see it, for that people wanted to do so; and that he sent his servant Beildeck to take it to pieces (*do sante er sinen kneht harjn su zur legen*), and to invite Claus Dritzehn to a conference with him at St. Arbagast, where he resided.

The servant went, according to his own statement, to Claus Dritzehn, with Gutenberg's request, that he would not show the *press* which he had in his possession to any one, but go to the *press* and open the two screws whereby the pieces would fall from one another, and that he should lay the pieces either in the *press* or upon it, so that no one might remark what it was. At the same time Anton Heilmann, it appears, sent to Conrad Sahspach, who had made the press and knew all about the matter, to take the pieces from the press, and to separate them from one another, so that no one might know what it was.

This chronological statement is immediately followed by a series of extracts from the writings of all those bibliographers who have made the Strasburg process the subject of their consideration, Dr. Wetter detailing their views in their own language, while he keeps up a running fire of commentary upon their statements and opinions, in the shrewd

notes by which the extracts are accompanied. Schöpflin, as the first who printed the trial in question, leads the way; and some estimate may be formed as to the manner in which the expressions used in the document in question have been strained, by the supporters of the claims of Strasburg, to imply what they by no means express, when Schöpflin in his comments upon it, speaks of Gutenberg sending his servant Beildeck to Claus Dritzehn, with a request that he would take the four *pages* (?) (*paginæ*) out of the press,—the word *page* never once occurring, the term used by all the parties who speak upon the point being invariably "*stücke*," pieces. Again, Schöpflin says that Dritzehn was not to show the press to any one, but without delay to open the little screws, by which the columns were held together, whereby the letters would fall from one another, and the matter thereby remain concealed. Who would believe after this that the original says nothing about columns or letters, but merely that Dritzehn was to open the screws (*wirbelin*) of the press, whereby the pieces (*stücke*) would fall from one another,—that he should then lay those pieces in or upon the press, so that nobody might see or make out their use.*

Having resolved in his own mind to gratify his long cherished prejudices, and award to Strasburg the honor of being the birth-place of printing, Schöpflin readily saw in the obscure and doubtful terms used in this judicial document a clear and satisfactory detail of the origin, nay more, of the whole process of printing by means of moveable types; and, as he jumped thus readily to his conclusions, it is not to be wondered at, that a careful and minute investigation of the evidence adduced upon this trial satisfied Schöpflin that Gutenberg practised this art at Strasburg, not indeed with his own hands, but that he was the inventor and director of the work. Why Gutenberg should not have practised it with his own hands at Strasburg, seeing how actively he busied himself in that way, some few years afterwards at Mayence, Schöpflin never thought to inquire. Had he entered into a further investigation of this part of the case, he might have been staggered by the difficulty of finding a satisfactory explanation why Gutenberg, who at Mayence had all his attendants sworn to secrecy, should at Strasburg, instead of having the whole process of his wondrous invention carried on under his own eye, and having the requisite

* "Claus Dritzehn solte gon uber die pressen und die mit den zweijen wirbelin uff dun, so fielen die stücke von einander. Dieselben stücke sollte er dann in die presse oder uff die presse legen, so kunte darnach nieman gesehen, noch ut gemerken."—Lorrenz Beldeck's Evidence, *Wetter*, p. 61.

machinery and materials for it in his own possession, have entrusted, all these to the charge of the neediest of his associates. One passage, however, of Schöpflin's book will serve to show how imperfect was his knowledge, or how confused were his ideas, relative to the subject upon which he was treating. Instead of seeing that the first step to Gutenberg's invention was his actually applying the art of printing from wooden blocks to the production of books, he says in his "*Vindiciae*," page 11, "Gutenberg discovered and practised the art of printing with carved letters at Strasburg before Schöffer invented matrices, or Coster block books,—*antequam matrices invenerat Schoefferus et tabellas Costerus.*"

Our limits will not, of course, admit of our entering into an examination of the various opinions which this process against Gutenberg has drawn from those who have made it the subject of their remarks. We must, therefore, content ourselves with contending for that interpretation of the evidence, which common sense points out as the most obvious, looking at the ordinary acceptation of the words, and which is also that most satisfactorily borne out by subsequent events. In fact, the whole claim of the city of Strasburg to be considered the birth-place of typography, like that of Haerlem (of which we shall speak hereafter) is founded upon the error of confounding the production of books by means of solid blocks with the invention of printing properly so called.

Gutenberg undoubtedly made this first step towards his great discovery at Strasburg. At Strasburg, too, the first printing press ever constructed was made under his directions, for the purpose of taking off impressions from the blocks, which process had previously been effected by means of a *rubber*, a mode of operation which not only rendered it impossible to print upon both sides of the paper, but gave a polish to the side to which the rubber was applied. Gutenberg's application of the press, a modification probably of the wine press, or some other press in general domestic use, not only prevented the waste of paper, which the rubber occasioned by rendering one side of each leaf of no avail for the purposes of printing; but furthermore, as it appears from the evidence itself, it enabled Gutenberg to produce a greater number of impressions in a given time, by printing from four blocks at once.

Such, it is evident, was the full extent of Gutenberg's discovery at Strasburg. Had he succeeded in bringing to any degree of perfection the art of printing from moveable types at Strasburg in 1438, we should hardly find him at Mayence, in 1450, retrograde to

the printing them from solid blocks. Had he withdrawn from a partnership formed for the purpose of turning to account an invention of such importance, and which promised to realize such extensive profits, is it probable that all his co-partners, who were inhabitants of Strasburg, would have agreed, with one consent, to drop all further proceedings in the business? Had he succeeded so far as the advocates of the Strasburg claims would have us believe him to have done, the silence upon this point observed by the earliest printers of that city would indeed be remarkable. When Gutenberg himself, at the end of the Catholicon of 1460, proclaimed Mayence to be the seat of the invention, what was there to prevent Mentel and Eggestein, the earliest Strasburg printers, from contradicting that assertion if it were not founded in fact; and, while they at once acknowledged Gutenberg to be the inventor of the art, from claiming for their native city the honor of being its birth-place? But no; in 1467 Peter Schöffer published the "*Constitutiones*" of Pope Clement the Fifth; and at the end he also specified Mayence as the place at which the art, by which that book had been produced, was invented. Eggestein actually reprinted this book at Strasburg in 1471, and, though he spoke of himself as being well acquainted with all that related to printing, he never contradicted this statement made by Schöffer. In the year 1468 again Schöffer published the Institutes of Justinian, and again mentioned Mayence as the seat of the invention, and expressly declared that the two Johns (Gutenberg and Fust) were the inventors of the art. Eggestein, who reprinted this book in 1472, observed absolute silence on the subject of the invention; and does not contradict Schöffer's statement, but is content to describe himself again as "*artis impressoriæ peritissimum.*" One word more, and we will quit this portion of our subject. As the children say,—If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper, where is the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked? So say we,—If John Gutenberg printed books at Strasburg, where are the books printed at Strasburg which John Gutenberg did so print?

Turn we now to an examination of the claims which have been put forth from time to time by the learned in behalf of the city of Mayence, to be regarded not only as the birth-place of Gutenberg, but also as the scene of his great and important invention; and we shall be struck, at the first glance, with the extraordinary dissimilitude which exists between the evidence adduced in behalf of the rival cities. In the case of Strasburg, all is obscure, all is ambiguous, and only to be arrived at by the deduction of inferences, which

the premises by no means warrant; in behalf of Mayence, on the other hand, we have evidence, clear, unmystified, undeniable, and conclusive. We have the evidence of the inventor Gutenberg himself; we have the evidence of his contemporaries; and what, in matters of this nature, must always exercise considerable influence upon the decision of such claims, we find the opinion of the world in general favorable to those put forward in behalf of Gutenberg's native city.

After the termination of the process which the brother of Andreas Dritzehn had instituted against Gutenberg, we have no evidence as to the pursuits of the latter for a few following years; but it is most probable that he remained at Strasburg, awaiting the expiration of the period to which the partnership was limited, which was the year 1443, since he is found in that city for the last time in 1444, previously to which he had been obliged to obtain certain loans, a tolerably conclusive proof that the speculation, in which he and his partners were engaged, had not fulfilled their expectations. It is most probable that, in the course of the year 1444, he returned to Mayence, where his uncle, Henne Gensfleisch the elder, had, on the 28th of October in the preceding year, already rented from Ort zum Jungen the court called zum Jungen at Mayence, near the ancient church of the Franciscans, the same house in which Gutenberg exercised his profession as a printer, and which has consequently ever since retained the name of the Printing House. We hear nothing further of him now until the 6th of October, 1448, on which day he borrowed 150 florins, through the intercession of his relative, Arnold Gelthuss, from Rynhard Bromser and Henchin Rodenstein, and for which he mortgaged the rents of several houses belonging to him at Mayence.

It is obvious from this that Gutenberg continued to contract debts with the view of bringing his invention to perfection, without however succeeding in doing so. The attempt to apply the printing from blocks to the production of books, which he had commenced at Strasburg, he continued at Mayence; and it is evident from a passage of Bergellanus*—

"Cumque illi starent *cœlata toreumata* magno Et labor angustas attenuabat opes,"—

that about the year 1450 he had already prepared a number of engraved blocks, when, finding himself prevented by want of means from bringing his invention to perfection, he was about to renounce all further thought upon the subject, when he was enabled by the advice and pecuniary assistance of John Fust, a citizen of Mayence, to carry his long-cherished idea into effect. Of this we have the evidence not only of Bergellanus, but also of Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim, a witness whose testimony few, we should think, would venture to impugn, when they consider that the account of the origin of printing, which he relates in his Annals of the Monastery of Hirschau, was, as he himself tells us, taken from the mouth of Peter Schöffer, the son-in-law of Fust, some thirty years before,—"sicuti ante xxx ferme annos, ex ore Petri Oplionis de Gernsheim, civis Moguntini, qui gener erat primi artis inventoris, audivi."*

Gutenberg's partnership with Fust was concluded on the 22d of August, 1450, when an agreement was entered into between them, by which it was stipulated that Fust should advance to Gutenberg 800 florins, and receive six per cent. interest for the same. With this sum Gutenberg was to make and prepare the necessary tools, machinery, &c., which tools, &c. were to be made over to Fust as a collateral security for the money so advanced. Fust was further bound to give Gutenberg yearly the sum of 300 florins for expenses, and was also to pay for wages, house rent, parchment, paper, ink, &c. Moreover, if they disagreed, Gutenberg was to return to Fust the 800 florins which had been advanced by him, and to receive the tools, &c., free from the mortgage. And it was further agreed, that all moneys, not expended on the necessary tools and machinery, (for the preparation of which the 800 florins before named were especially intended,) but on the direct production of books, (such as workmen's wages, parchment, paper, ink, &c.) should be considered as applied at the mutual risk and for the mutual advantage of the two contracting parties.

* Arnold Bergellanus, who published at Mayence, in 1541, a Latin poem in praise of printing, *Encomion Chalcographiæ*, and who, according to his account, had been for fifteen years a corrector of the press in a printing establishment at Mayence, declares, in the dedication of his work to the archbishop Albert of Brandenburg, that, in some historical work of Trithemius's, (certainly not the Annals, which were only printed in 1690,) he had found an eulogium upon printing and upon its invention, which invention Trithemius attributed to Gutenberg, as the first inventor, and to his assistants, Fust and Schöffer. This account he

adds, had been confirmed by certain old citizens of Mayence, with whom he had conversed; and he had also seen some of the materials, and these were very old indeed, which had been used by the first practisers of the art.

* Since Trithemius completed his Annals of the Monastery of Hirschau, about the year 1514, Schöffer must have communicated this information to him about the 1494, a fact which renders Trithemius's account of the greatest possible historical value. The MS. of these Annals was first recovered from the dust of a library towards the end of the seventeenth century, and printed at St. Gallen, in the year 1690.

Such was the agreement entered into by Gutenberg and Fust, as recorded in the instrument drawn up on the 4th of November, 1455, by the notary Helmasperger; and we learn from the account of the origin of printing, drawn up from the papers of the Fust family, by John Frederick Faust,* that the earliest works produced under this partnership were several books printed from blocks; the first being merely tables of the alphabet, which were printed off by means of small presses, after many attempts had been made to produce an ink adapted to the work. These tables were followed by the *Donatus*, and, according to Trithemius, by the *Vocabulary*, which he calls "*Catholicon*." As we have before observed, previously to his being joined by Fust, Gutenberg had already prepared a great number of such engraved blocks. Nor does the account given by J. F. Faust render it altogether impossible that, at the time of his admitting Fust into the partnership, he had already practised for some time with success his block printing, and was then engaged in plans for bringing into operation his grand scheme of printing with moveable types; and that Fust, aware of the honor and profit which must result from the discovery, to all who might be partakers in it, readily consented to furnish the necessary funds for the bringing out of that great work,—the Bible undoubtedly,—which Gutenberg was anxious to produce by his newly discovered art. Whether this be so or not, it is evident that he was prepared to apply the art of printing from wooden blocks to so important a purpose as the printing of a vocabulary. The objection which has been urged by some writers, that block printing could never have been rendered available to the production of any work of considerable extent, is contradicted by the testimony of Doctor Paul, of Prague, who, in a Latin MS. preserved in the university of Cracow, and which bears the date of 1449, describes a bookmaker as an artist who engraves lines, figures, &c. upon blocks, which he then transfers to paper; and adds, that in his time copies of the Bible had been so produced at Bamberg in the space of four weeks. "*Et tempore mei Bambergæ quidam sculpsit Bibliam super lamellas, et in quatuor septimanis totam Bibliam in pergamento subtili præsignavit sculpturam.*"

But, though practicable, the printing of a work of considerable extent from wooden

blocks must obviously be one entailing extraordinary labor upon the projectors, in the engraving of the infinite number of blocks, which the work required; and none of which were of course available for any other purpose than that for which they were originally designed. Gutenberg, having well considered this difficulty, and having seen how much more advantageous it would be to employ single and separable letters instead of engraved columns or pages, had the blocks, which he had engraved for the *Donatus*, sawn asunder, separated the different letters of which they consisted, and began to compose works with these letters, supplying any of which he ran short by new ones expressly cut for the purpose. Such is the account given by J. F. Faust, and it certainly presents us with the most natural origin which can be ascribed to the invention of moveable types. Of the practicability of printing with letters so constructed we are furnished with ample proof. Gassau, in his "*Annales Augsburgenses*," speaks of the first letters being made of wood; and in the Colophon to the "*Expositio Georgii super summulis Magistri Hispani*," printed at Lyons in 1448, they are again mentioned.

"*Sic prima in buxo concisa elementa premendi.*"

These authors, it may be said, only confirm Faust, and do not attest the practicability. Dr. Wetter himself, however, has done this in the most satisfactory manner, by having a sufficient number of letters of the size of the type of the forty-two line Bible engraved on pear-tree wood, from which he has had a column printed and inserted in the appendix to his work. The types used for this purpose he has deposited in the public library at Mayence.

That Gutenberg conceived the idea of separating his engraved blocks into single letters in the course of the year 1450, is rendered exceedingly probable, as the two leaves of the "*Donatus*," which Bodman found forming the cover of an old account book, belonged to an edition of that work printed, in all probability, in the course of that year, or in the beginning of 1451; and the type of this "*Donatus*" has been pronounced by those learned bibliographers, Fischer and Van Praet, to be of wood; and is proved moreover to be a moveable type, in the first place by the inequality in the size of the several letters of which they are composed, and in the next, by some of them being reversed; as for instance, in the word *discerni*. There are other grounds, too, for supposing that this great and important discovery took place at the time we have alrea-

* Johann Friedrich Faust, of Aschaffenburg, a son of the judge of the Imperial Court and Council of Frankfort, who died in 1619, drew up a History of Printing from the family papers of the Faustus of Aschaffenburg, the descendants of the Fusts of Mayence, which are preserved in the Uffenbach collection of MSS., now in the public library at Frankfort.

dy stated; but we must refer such of our readers as desire to be made acquainted with them to Dr. Wetter's volume, while we proceed to detail the further progress of the art; and we find this recorded in a very consistent statement made by Trithemius, who, be it remembered, received his account of the discovery and its progress from the mouth of Peter Schöffer. "These inventions," says Trithemius, "were followed by another still more ingenious; they (Gutenberg and Fust) found out a way and manner of casting the forms of all the letters of the Latin alphabet, which forms they called matrices, and from which they cast letters of tin or brass, sufficient for every printing, which they had formerly engraved by hand." Nothing, we think, can be clearer than this statement; yet some writers, not content that the first idea of casting letters should have been carried into effect in this simple and obvious manner, have sought to prove, that the earliest process was the engraving the letters in steel, which letters then formed stamps from which copper matrices were struck. This opinion, is, however, by no means tenable; when a simple process would bring about the desired result—a process, too, with which Gutenberg must have been acquainted, from its resemblance to that employed in casting metal mirrors—the production of such mirrors being one of the principal objects of the speculation in which he had engaged at Strasburg in conjunction with Dritzehn, Heilmann, &c.)—it is not to be supposed that he would reject it at the outset of his invention, for the sake of effecting the same object by a very laborious and expensive mode of proceeding. And nothing can prove more clearly that Gutenberg did discover a method of casting types, certainly imperfect, but still answering the end in view, than the fact that Trithemius, when he reverts to the subject of type-founding, expressly declares that Schöffer *discovered a much easier method of casting the letters.*

The date of Schöffer's improvement cannot be determined. But that he had not made it known in the year 1452 or 1453, when Gutenberg commenced the printing of the Bible, is rendered certain, not only by the fact of that work being printed from type cast in the manner which Gutenberg had originally practised, but by an inspection of the letters used by Albrecht Pfister at Bamberg. Those employed by him in "Boner's Fabelbuch," printed in 1461, in "Die Vier Historien," printed in 1462, and in the thirty-six line Bible, which he produced some few years earlier, were evidently cast in the faulty and imperfect leaden matrices, which is proved by the irregularity of their edges and corners. Pfister, who had commenced printing at

Bamberg several years before the taking of Mayence, an event which occurred in 1462, and was the means of spreading abroad the newly-discovered art, and had obviously left the latter city, and the workshop of Gutenberg and Fust in consequence of their separation, which took place in 1455,—Pfister, it is very evident, knew nothing of Schöffer's method of casting letters by means of copper matrices,—a fact which he could not have been ignorant of, had Schöffer in 1453 already brought his plan into operation.

In the year 1455, a difference between the partners, the possibility of which had been provided against in their deed of agreement, arose out of certain claims advanced by Fust in consideration of two advances, each amounting to eight hundred florins, made by him to Gutenberg, which claims, being resisted by the latter, became the subject of legal proceedings, and eventually led to the separation of the parties. It is not easy to decide what motives induced Fust to institute these proceedings against his associate; proceedings, however, which ended in Fust and Schöffer becoming possessed of all the tools, machinery, and materials, employed by Gutenberg and Fust in their printing establishment,—in Gutenberg's endeavoring to establish himself once more at Strasburg, and upon this failing, in his returning to Mayence, and erecting another printing-office with the funds provided by Dr. Humery.

Though Gutenberg failed in his endeavors to form fresh connections at Strasburg, which evidently was the case, as we find him, with the assistance of Dr. Humery, recommencing printing at Mayence, where in 1460, he completed the Catholicon of John de Janua, an extensive work, which probably occupied him for three years; the fact of his having made such an attempt may, in some degree, have given rise to the idea of his having invented printing in that city. It is also probable that, after the separation, some of the workmen who had assisted Gutenberg retired to Strasburg; for Trithemius, upon the authority of Schöffer, expressly asserts that the art was first promulgated in Strasburg, and that moreover by some of those who had assisted the inventors. Albert Pfister too, as we have already seen, migrated to Bamberg at this period. Fust and Schöffer, on the other hand, remained at Mayence, where they established a printing-office of their own, from which they shortly afterwards produced those works which have been looked upon until the present day as master-pieces of typography.*

*One of the most splendid specimens of modern typography which we have ever seen, is an edition of the "New Testament," printed in letters of gold,

It is not necessary for us to proceed further with this sketch of the origin and early progress of the Art of Printing. Dr. Wetter has, in our opinion, clearly established its origin at Mayence, and annihilated forever the claims of Strasburg and Haerlem to be considered as the scene of its invention. The assertion that the claims of Haerlem must be silenced for ever, after Dr. Wetter's examination of them, may astonish many of our readers who have seen how strenuously they have been supported in the writings of English bibliographers. Nevertheless, the fact is as we have stated. These claims, indeed, were never put forth until they were advanced by Van Zuyren in his "Latin Dialogue upon the first invention of Printing," written by him between the years 1550 and 1560, and which, with the exception of some few of the introductory leaves, has been lost. Van Zuyren was followed by Theodor Volckhard Coornhert, a printer at Haerlem, who, in 1561, published a Dutch translation of Cicero De Officiis; and, in the dedication of his work to the town council of Haerlem, claimed the honor of the invention for that city, asserting that the art had been communicated to Mayence by the treachery of a servant. Coornhert again was followed by Guicciardini, and he again by the physician Hadrian Junius, who in his "*Batavia*," written before 1575, and printed at Leyden in 1588, relates the account given by Cornelis, the old bookbinder at Haerlem, of the pretended invention of the art of printing by his master, Lawrens Janssoon. Junius may be styled the Defender of the Faith of the men of Haerlem, and his history would be very satisfactory if it were only true. It wants, however, as our author shows very clearly, this desirable quality, which is the greater pity, seeing, as Lambinet says, how nicely the whole story is arranged: "Junius montre quelques principes dans son roman. On y remarque la règle des trois unités, comme dans les drames; unité d'action, de temps, et de lieu. L'art typographique s'exécute à Haerlem dans les 24 heures."

Dr. Wetter shows, however, that the Lawrens Janssoon who is the individual for whom the advocates of Haerlem claim the honor of invention, could not have been in existence before 1440, but must indeed have been contemporary with Andriessohn, who was in fact, the first Haerlem printer, and who erected his printing establishment in that city, in the year 1482. Then showing that this Lawrens Janssoon, the man who, ac-

cording to the confused traditions of old people, erected at Haerlem the first printing press ever erected in the world, had for his wife a Catherine, the *daughter of Andries*, while the man who is proved by historical evidence to have been the first printer in that city was the son of Andries,—he contends that it is only reasonable to suppose that this said Catherine, the *daughter of Andries*, was a sister of the printer *Andries' son*, and that the printing establishment, which had heretofore been known as that of Andriessohn, must either have been founded by his brother-in-law, Lawrenz Janssoon Coster, or have been the common property of the two. This existed until 1486; and Meerman has satisfactorily proved that nothing of a later date is known to have proceeded from it. From this period until 1561, there did not exist any other printing establishment in Haerlem, and thus the confusion which existed in the traditionary accounts of the earliest printing establishments in that city may be readily explained.

Another curious fact, and which in some measure demonstrates that Cornelis is referring to the press of Andriessohn, when speaking of that of Lawrens Janssoon, and thereby establishes their identity as one and the same, is that, though he must necessarily have known the existence of Andriessohn's establishment, he never once mentioned it. But he knew their identity, and, knowing too that Andriessohn's press was the oldest in Haerlem, he supposed it to be the oldest and first in the world. That Cornelis, the old bookbinder, must have known of the existence of Andriessohn's establishment is put beyond a doubt, by the existence of a copy of the edition of "*Bartholomeus, Van de Proprieteiten der Dingen*," printed by Andriessohn at Haerlem, in 1485, and in which a former possessor has recorded that he "bought it at Haerlem, in Cross-street, of Cornelis the bookbinder, in the year 1492, in the month of May," &c. It is unnecessary for us to enter into any further examination of the fable, for such it is, which Junius has put upon record on this subject. The few facts we have already stated sufficiently prove how perfectly untenable are the claims which have been put forth from time to time by those who would award to Holland the honor of being the birth-place of the typographic art, and who would set up the statue of Coster upon the glorious column which Gutenberg has erected to his own memory.

The claims of Gutenberg to the proud title of Inventor of Printing are at length established, as it seems to us, beyond all question. Germany has recognised them, and is preparing to do due honor to his memory.

and enamelled, by De la Rue & Co., which we believe is on the eve of publication by Messrs. Richter & Co.

Gernsheim, the birth-place of Schöffer, saw, on the 9th of June last, a monument from the design of Scholl of Darmstadt, erected in honor of him who brought to such perfection the art which Gutenberg had invented. In March will Mayence have seen similar honors paid to the memory of its illustrious townsman.

In the year 1832, a committee was formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and adopting such measures as might be necessary for the production of a memorial to Gutenberg, worthy alike of his genius and of his grateful country.

The design for this monument, which has been selected, is by the celebrated Thorwaldsen, and the casting of it has been entrusted to Crozatier of Paris. It was to have been erected in the course of the last year (1836), but has been delayed from various causes; among others from some difficulty in procuring the stone necessary for the pedestal, until the month of March, 1837. The committee have not decided upon the inscription to be affixed to it; there being no fewer than seven different ones submitted to them for their decision.

The expenses of this tribute to Gutenberg's memory are estimated at from twenty-five to twenty-six thousand florins, for which the city of Mayence has made itself responsible, in the full confidence of being indemnified by the subscriptions of the learned and the wealthy, not only of Germany but of all Europe.

We know not how far this confidence has been justified by the result, but we have much reason to fear that England, which boasts of being second to no other country in the world, either in civilization, or in love of the press and its liberty, has contributed but a very small quota to the subscription in honor of him, whose discovery is the strongest security which it possesses, that rational liberty shall be maintained for ever in the land. The sum stated to have been contributed to Gutenberg's monument by this country is so small, that we can only suppose the contemplated erection of such a monument has never been known to the intellectual classes of society in England. Where are those ardent patriots who once toasted at every public dinner, "The Liberty of the Press—it is like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die!" Where are they, we say, that their guineas do not flow in, towards erecting a monument to the memory of him who invented that press? Where is the Society of Antiquaries at such a moment? surely they have funds sufficiently ample to allow of their offering a tribute to the memory of the founder of Typography. Where

is the Royal Society of Literature on this occasion? Where are those noble and gentle booksellers, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that they do not contribute their mite to his memory, without whose invention their Penny Magazine would have been nought? Where the Roxburghe Club? But no; one of the most learned men of Germany has declared that they, the printers of thirty copies of a book, are but as men *who multiply manuscripts*; the memory of Gutenberg, therefore, can look for but little honor at their hands.

Since the above was written, we have received Raumer's Historical Pocket-book for the present year, which, among other papers, contains one by J. D. F. Sotzman, entitled "*The earliest History of Wood Engraving and of Printing generally; especially in its application to the Printing of Engravings—a contribution to the History of Art and Inventions.*" This essay was unquestionably written before the publication of Dr. Wetter's admirable volume, as the writer, who displays great industry in his researches, makes not the slightest allusion to that work. We regret this the more, because the candid spirit which directs his inquiries would, we are sure, had he been acquainted with Dr. Wetter's views, have led him to modify, very considerably, many of those opinions, as to the origin of typography, which he now so confidently advances.

When, where, and in what manner the typographic art arose, is of course one of the most important and stubbornly-contested points, on which he is called upon to pronounce an opinion; and he differs from the views which we have advanced in the present article, only in so far as relates to what constitutes the germ of this grand discovery; or, to use his own term, as to what is in this instance "the egg of Columbus." In his opinion, the idea of multiplying copies of given works, by means of impressions taken in ink from engraved wooden blocks—an idea which he supposes to have had its origin among the inferior scribes who were employed in the production of books of devotion, popular poetry, &c., for the less wealthy classes, with the view of meeting the constant demand for such subjects—formed that first grand step which, in this as well as in all other matters, is proverbially the only difficulty. And this he further believes to have taken place in Holland—probably at Haerlem. Let not, however, the supporters of the Haerlem claims rejoice too speedily that a fresh champion has risen up among them—one who sets at nought the vain pretensions of Mayence. Sotzman is none of

these. If he awards to Holland the merit of being the birth-place of printing, it is because he looks upon it as the place where the art of producing block books was first conceived; not because he believes in the well-worked-up romance, with which Junius varied the pages of his "Batavia," to the great satisfaction, if not edification, of the worshipful burgomasters and town-council of Haerlem. Sotzman is indeed not only a disbeliever in this highly-wrought piece of fiction, but he actually laughs at the credulity of the worthy managers of the commemoration of Koster, or festival of Printing; who, because the supposed Lawrens Janssoon, whom Junius referred to, became a grandfather in 1420, and the wood before Haerlem, in which he made his supposed discovery, was cut down in 1425, chose the medium point, 1423, as the date of his invention; and accordingly fixed upon the year 1823 as the fourth centenary of that event.

As we have already observed, his own only reason for looking upon Holland as the country where printing took its rise is founded on the fact of his considering block-printing as the grand discovery from which all the others have necessarily resulted.

That the invention of block-printing formed a very important preliminary step to that far more valuable discovery, the employment of moveable type, we are of course ready to admit; it might, moreover, have been a necessary step, but this we doubt; but that block-printing should necessarily, and as a natural consequence, lead to Gutenberg's inestimable discovery, is directly disproved by one well-established fact. The Chinese printed books from solid blocks as early as the tenth century, and continue to do so even up to the present moment. No Chinese Gutenberg has yet appeared in the celestial empire.

Gutenberg is recognized by Sotzman as the inventor of moveable type—according to our views, therefore, as the inventor of printing—and Mayence as the seat of his discovery. This *quæstio vexata*, which has so long agitated the world of letters, may now therefore be looked upon as set at rest for ever.

ART. VIII.—*Historische Werke* von Arnold Herrmann Ludwig Heeren. 1ster Theil. *Versuch einer historischen Entwicklung der Entstehung und des Wachstums des Britischen Continental-Interesse.* (Essay on an Historical Development of the Rise and Progress of the British Continental In-

terest.—Heeren's Historical Works, vol. 1.) Göttingen.

STATESMEN make little use of history. Good practical ministers have been bad historians, and even those who are more accomplished in this branch of study are seldom guided in their measures by the knowledge which they derive from the annals of times past. Without inquiring now, whether the world would have been better governed if history had been more carefully consulted, we affirm, without hesitation, that, in the particular branch of administration to which Heeren's treatise introduces us, great benefit might have been, and great benefit may now be, derived from a consideration of the conduct of our ancestors and of its results. The "continental interest of Great Britain" have undergone repeated changes, but her geographical position is the same; and it is from this that her political system ought truly to be deduced. In fact, although we have rung the changes of alliance, hostility, and neutrality with every power in Europe, the same general notions of policy have guided our ministers for two centuries or more. It has been the opinion of all politicians, that England must connect herself particularly with some one or other of the great continental powers; and that treaties of alliance and guaranty, sometimes with one state, sometimes with another, are desirable for the maintenance of her connection with the continent, and of her influence there.

In following Professor Heeren through the history of this connection, we commence with a doubt, whether this our system has been conducive to the safety and happiness of Great Britain. We speak of *the system*; of those principles which have been avowed as the rules of our foreign policy, by statesmen who have widely differed in regard to their application. We shall chiefly consider their operation *during peace*: the justice and necessity of particular wars, and the wisdom displayed in the treaties by which they were concluded, are topics occasionally pregnant with instruction; but we would now desire the attention of political thinkers to engagements made in the time of peace, when there is no wounded honor, or injured interest, or aught but a cool calculation of future advantages. Let us ask, how many of these estimates have been verified by the result? which of our engagements have in the end produced more of safety than of peril, more of peace than of war?

Those who are acquainted with our former lucubrations on foreign policy,* know

* See vol. viii. 50, 55, and xv. 7, 13.

that we are somewhat heretical as to *the balance of power*, and that we have no good opinion of guaranties; a perusal of the Professor's book has confirmed us in our heresy.

According to M. Heeren, an insular power may be connected with the continent by four separate interests;—1. Security; 2. Commerce; 3. The hope of continental aggrandizement, (this, he says, may be excluded in treating of England;) 4. Family connection between the rulers.

"An insular state is, by its navy, rendered more secure, but by no means perfectly so." We admit it; and that we must therefore maintain also an efficient army, or take care to have the means of raising one speedily. But we hesitate at the further proposition, that we ought for the same reason "take a part in the political transactions of other states." We believe that we shall show, that the part which we have hitherto taken has not augmented the security of our island.

If the opinion of Heeren, that "commercial interests will not allow continental connections to be neglected," includes political connections, we dissent from it. If we maintain peace, and a liberal system of trade, and do not grasp at a monopoly, we shall have a profitable commerce, let the politics of the continent be what they may. For the further development of this principle of political economy, we have no space here.

"There is yet another ground," says our professor, "which renders it impossible for an insular power, which occupies a permanent place in a political system, to be indifferent to the concerns of other states." This is, "the maintenance of its station and dignity as a member of the system." The United Provinces of the Netherlands, it is added by way of illustration, declined from the moment in which they took up a system, opposite to that of active interference in the affairs of Europe.

This illustration is surely most inapt; the United Provinces are *not* an insular power. It may be true, that a small continental power, liable to be invaded and conquered in a campaign, must make a friend of some power able to protect her; but *our* concern is with insular Britain. Assuredly, if she chooses to make herself a part of a continental system of alliance and intervention, the necessity of maintaining the character she has assumed will constantly involve her in new engagements. Thus stated, indeed, the argument is circular. Our question is, whether she acts *wisely* in putting herself in this position; whether her dignity will not be effectually maintained by keeping up a respectable force, and showing that she can

and will resent insult and resist aggression, without involving herself in alliances and guaranties.

With these remarks on his introduction, we follow M. Heeren through the six periods into which he divides his work.

I.* *The Tudors prior to Elizabeth, 1484—1558.*

In this period the rivalry between the French and Austro-Spanish Houses first laid the foundation of a balance of power. The result was "four bloody wars between Francis I. and Charles V." Each party was anxious to gain our Henry VIII. to his side. During the lives of Louis XII. and Ferdinand the Catholic, Henry had been drawn into the league against the French King, and had made an unimportant expedition into France.† During the long contest between Charles and Francis, our fitful monarch took various parts. He was with Charles in the first war,‡ with Francis in the second,§ neuter in the third,|| in the fourth¶ again with Charles, who nevertheless "concluded a separate treaty, and left his ally to get out of his difficulties as he best could." The junction with Francis after the battle of Pavia, Heeren ascribes to an apprehension on Henry's part that Charles might become too powerful, but he admits that Henry's assistance of either party was insignificant, that "the pretended maintenance of the balance of power existed only in name," and that the part taken by England depended entirely upon the caprice of the king, the most capricious that ever wore a crown. We know not how far the vanity of Englishmen is flattered by the importance attributed to their alliance by the two great monarchs, or by the presumptuous treaty which Henry made with Charles V. for dividing France between them.** Of the foreign affairs of Henry's reign little is now remembered, except that magnificent meeting in the field of the cloth of gold, at which the two monarchs—

—clung

In their embracement, as they grew together.

This close conjunction, soon followed by open war between the two heroes of the splendid scene, together with the desertion of Henry by Charles V. in 1544, furnishes no inappropriate beginning of our narrative of

* P. 210. In our extracts we have, for the sake of convenience, adopted the accurate translation of Heeren's work, recently published by Talboys, Oxford, and made our reference to its pages.

† 1513. ‡ 1521. § 1528. || 1535. ¶ 1543.

** See Bolingbroke's Works, vol. iv. p. 54.

friendships vowed and dissolved, of alliances made and disregarded.

The brief war with France, to which Mary was instigated by her husband, and in which she lost Calais,—no loss according to Heeren and to us,—proves nothing but the evil of a matrimonial alliance with a sovereign prince.

II.* *Elizabeth*, 1558—1603.

"England under Elizabeth," says Heeren, "raised herself to the first rank among nations. During this reign she first learnt her power and the proper sphere of her action; the old visions of continental conquest vanished away. All the family connections by which England had been united with the continent had been dissolved, and in their place arose relations of a very different character, produced by neither private interest, nor vain projects of aggrandizement. Elizabeth has the merit of having made her private interest subservient to that of her nation, or at least, of having united the two, whilst her predecessors were guided solely by the former; and this, notwithstanding the *cunning* and deceitfulness sometimes displayed in it, forms the principal feature of her glorious reign."

In some of these positions the German Professor is carried away by enthusiasm, borrowed from the English writers who have sung the glories of Elizabeth, which sentiment, perhaps, none but a female sovereign could inspire; for it cannot fairly be denied, that England stood as high before the wars of the Roses, under Edward III. and Henry V., as under this celebrated queen. But it is true that those princes had objects of personal aggrandisement, while Elizabeth had no private end, except the gratification of her vanity. Fortunately, her vanity did not seek delight in extensive wars; and her unwillingness to lose either her popularity or her independence, by asking too much of her parliaments, occasioned a parsimony which greatly cramped her foreign politics. It is thus, we believe, in moderating the interference of England in continental affairs, that her interests were identified with those of her people. If England now took a higher rank among nations, it is rather owing to the chivalrous and poetical character of particular heroes, to the bravery and enterprize of her seamen and traders, to internal peace under a skilful, though arbitrary, domestic administration. These, rather than the arts of diplomacy, were the causes of England's greatness.

Professor Heeren regards, as the most splendid proof of the superior practical ability of Elizabeth, the maintenance of peace, or rather the avoiding of open war for nearly

thirty years with Philip II. of Spain, with whom (from her refusal of his hand) she had a personal ground of quarrel, as well as that which was afforded by her support of the protestant interest. Protestantism was, as he truly observes, the foundation of her foreign as well as of her domestic policy, and her protection of this religion throughout Europe gave, as Mr. Canning said, in 1823,* a distinctive character to the politics of her reign, which renders them unfit for comparison with our times. The question, therefore, whether the half-avowed and scanty succor which Elizabeth gave to the Hollanders, accompanied always by assurances to Philip of her desire to preserve their allegiance to Spain, was really the part of a magnanimous sovereign, is not immediately relevant to our inquiry. Much of the apparent management, which Heeren, in a well-chosen term, ascribes to the practical ability of Elizabeth, certainly arose out of divisions in her council, where some, evidently not the least discreet of her councillors, gave her this advice;—we wish that they could now repeat it in Downing Street.

"The queen to intermeddle no further in the Netherlandish affairs, but to strengthen and fortify her own kingdom; to engage all her good subjects daily more strictly to her by her bounty and clemency; to restrain the bad; gather money; furnish her navy with all sorts of provision; provide the border towards Scotland with stronger garrisons, and maintain the ancient military discipline in England, (as if the same were of late adulterated and corrupted by the Low-Country war.) So would England become impregnable; and she on every side be secure at home, and a terror to her enemies. That this was the best way for those who had two powerful neighbors, to prevent war; for no man would willingly provoke those whom he saw to be provided of money and strength, backed with the love of their subjects, and ready and prepared to take revenge. Great indiscretion therefore it were, to spend money and soldiers, which are, as it were, the vital spirits of war, in a foreign quarrel, in behalf of other princes, or indigent states, (and these subject to another,) who will always be expecting fresh relief, or else out of necessity and ingratitude will at length provide for their own state and security, and neglect their first helpers. Whereof the English had heretofore had experience in France, to their cost, in the quarrel of the Burgundian, and not long since also in the defence of the Protestants there."†

Heeren's notion that Elizabeth gave scanty supplies to the Dutch, because such were

* P. 221.

* See our vol. viii. 405.

† Camden, in Kennet, ii. 508, year 1585.

best calculated to developè their resources, is a gratuitous refinement. Her conduct, if not sufficiently accounted for by ministerial differences, by constitutional irresolution, and an inherent love of mystification, is also to be ascribed, in part, to an indisposition (of which we shall presently meet with an avowal) to encourage a *revolt*.

It did not occur, observes Heeren, to Elizabeth, while she fancied that "she was raising up a state which would never be able to act in opposition to British influence," that the infant republic would become a rival to her own kingdom in commercial greatness. She did not foresee, he might have added, that the fleets of that infant state would in less than seventy years be engaged with those of her own country; and be more than once, in after times, combined with those of Spain as well as France, in hostility to England. It does not necessarily follow that, if Elizabeth could have looked into futurity, her conduct ought to have been different; but the facts furnish one among many proofs of the hopelessness of all attempts to establish, any where, a permanent, uniform, and beneficial interest.

After a long course of hesitation, Elizabeth took a decided part, and war with Spain followed. Unquestionably the defeat of the Armada, though brought about by adverse elements as much as by the skill and bravery of our English seamen, was a great event, the consequence of which did not soon pass away. The spirit which Elizabeth displayed upon the threat of invasion was calculated to excite and encourage her people, and to raise the English character in Europe.

But this glorious result is not to be ascribed to the previous policy of Elizabeth; it would have been produced at any period of her reign by an attack from Spain; and, perhaps, if her previous conduct had been more clear and straightforward, the aggression might have been more entirely without justification.

Professor Heeren traces to this war with Spain the rise of our commercial greatness. "We sought and encountered," he says, "our enemies on distant seas, and thus were sown the seeds of many new branches of commerce, since England now sought to appropriate to herself her own carrying trade." We are not aware of any measure taken with this particular view; but unquestionably our mercantile and our military marine were in those days more closely connected, and voyages made for booty or conquest may have ultimately opened channels of peaceful traffic. Nevertheless, much as we have been accustomed to honor the memory of Sir Francis Drake, we cannot approve of the predatory,

if not piratical, warfare, which he carried on against the Spaniards, long before the war broke out, and for which he was rewarded with knighthood by Elizabeth, to whose policy this half-avowed warfare was too exactly conformable.

The political game which Elizabeth played in France surpassed in subtlety, as Heeren tells us, even that which she carried on in the Netherlands. It was a case of coquetry, personal and political, which has never been equalled; and we really know of no one advantage, in profit or honor, which these mystifications produced. However, this is not a case of alliance or guaranty; the interest created by this matrimonial diplomacy was in its nature transient, and has entirely passed away. Of the policy of assisting the Hugonots, as Elizabeth assisted them against Henry III. without breaking with France, we have much doubt. Elizabeth too, "being a prince herself, was *doubtful to give comfort to subjects*."* But she possessed, at least at one time, the legitimate notion of keeping the *neighboring* parts of France out of the hands of the Guises, enemies to her and to the protestant religion.† The case is not likely to to occur again; no respectable sovereign of France would now permit England to give succor to his revolted subjects, whether religion or any other cause occasioned the revolt. The agreements for combined opposition to Spain, which Elizabeth concluded with Henry IV. after this prince became entitled to the French throne, were attended by the usual consequences. Each party complained of insufficient co-operation; and it is true that the co-operation was neither cordial nor effective. The defensive and offensive alliance concluded in 1596 was followed, so soon as 1598, by the separate peace of Vervins, against which Elizabeth in vain protested.

We have taken no notice of Elizabeth's doings in Scotland, because, happily, that is no longer a foreign country. And this is an important fact, in the consideration of the reign of Elizabeth and of all that preceded it. Until the union of the two crowns, the English government did not administer the affairs of *an island*. There was at all times a dangerous relation between Scottish politics and those of our continental neighbors; and in the time of Elizabeth this connection had acquired a peculiar interest, affecting not only her religion, but her throne. All remarks, therefore, on *insular* policy, are inapplicable to a period prior to the acces-

* Cabala, p. 143.

† Turner, iv. 141.

sion of James I., the first of our monarchs who governed the entire island.

* III. *The Stuarts, 1603—1689.*

Professor Heeren, like other writers, contrasts James with his predecessor. The reaction which took place, as he says, on the accession of this prince, he ascribes to the hatred which the king bore to the Puritans, and his almost avowed partiality for Catholicism. To this partiality he traces, with more of protestant zeal than of accuracy,† the peace with Spain, and the transactions with the Netherlands. "No single advantage was gained by the peace of 1604." Hume takes a more favorable view of this treaty: between Spain and England, he observes very justly, there was really nothing to settle.

But, "the Netherlands were left to their fate." Now, in considering the treaty of 1603 as involving a departure from the policy of Elizabeth, historians forget that the last treaty which Elizabeth made with the States (1598,) not only tended to reduce within narrower limits and less favorable terms her succor to the Dutch, but provided for the case of a separate peace with Spain. It is possible, and not improbable, that she would not, five years afterwards, have taken so long a step towards the utter abandonment of the cause of the Dutch, as her successor took when he promised to give no further assistance. But there is really no difference which amounts to a contrast. The plan of James's ministers, avowed to their own agents, was to continue to give assistance, in evasion of the treaty; and it is even said that there was a secret understanding with Spain to this effect;‡ there is surely nothing here to offend an admirer of the mystifying policy of the queen.

* Page 231.

† Heeren says (p. 232,) that James in his very first speech to parliament declared in such plain words that Catholicism, (excepting the doctrine of the papal supremacy, which was detestable to him from its limiting the regal power,) was the religion of his heart, that it could not but destroy once and for ever the confidence of the nation in their king." We have no space for domestic matters; but we must just observe, that we differ widely from Heeren in his estimate of this speech. With the exception of certain passages in which he dwells perhaps a little too much upon his natural and inherent supremacy, the speech is a good speech. What the king says of the Catholics is no more than has been paraphrased in some of the most effective speeches upon the Catholic question. Indeed, if this communication to parliament be compared with those of Elizabeth, who on one occasion commanded the Commons "that no bills touching matters of state, or reformation of causes ecclesiastical be exhibited," (Parl. Hist. i. 889,) it will not justify a charge of special arrogance against James.

‡ See as to this, Parl. Deb. 1819, xl. 1096.

Judged by events which followed, James's policy was good; in three years a peace was concluded with Spain and the United Provinces. It may be true that, as we are told by Heeren, in the mediation of this truce Henry IV. of France had a greater share than James; and it even *may* be true—at least it is easily said—that "Elizabeth would have taken to herself the credit of the negotiation." We grant freely that the well-founded opinion prevalent in Europe of James's aversion to war made his negotiations inefficient. Our question is, To what good purpose would negotiation have been effectual, under the more vigorous administration of Elizabeth?

Heeren passes over, with one well-merited remark on the weakness of James, and so shall we, because it can have no bearing upon any question of principle, the affair of the Spanish match. But he accuses James of "betraying the continental interests of England," in withholding aid from his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine. Now, in so far as James was influenced, upon the question of interfering in Bohemia, by the fear of offending Spain and losing the Infanta, or by his own notion of royalty, and sacrificed his public duty to his personal feelings, he was weak and even culpable; but it does not follow that his policy was hurtful. It is not shown how the interests of England were concerned in the establishment of the Elector Palatine on the throne of Bohemia. The truth is, Heeren is affected with much of the feeling which actuated James's parliament, and would approve of a war for the general advancement of the protestant interest.

It should be added, that King James did, at one time, send out a force to the support of the protestant princes of Germany. Is the contrast with Elizabeth found in the scantiness of this auxiliary force? It is true that the power of England, as wielded by James, "sank into so much insignificance as almost to become the ridicule of Europe." But Heeren has not shown, that this power, under his predecessor, had turned the scales in the political balance of Europe. This is really a style too loose for a grave professor, instructing persons less learned than himself. Whose fates, we ask, were balanced? To what side was the balance inclining? What weight, and with what effect, did Elizabeth throw in?

We dispute Heeren's conclusion, that the History of England under James shows "that a neglect of her continental interests is with her the signal of decline." Decline of *what*? Commerce flourished; the navy (as Heeren admits) was not neglected. And

when did Englishmen exhibit more of a hardy vigor than in the period which immediately succeeded James ! No—James made *himself* ridiculous ; but he left England great and bold. The real contrast is, not between the measures of the two monarchs, but between their personal qualities.

The reign of Charles I. affords to Heeren little matter for observation. The king found himself involved in a war with Spain, which, though it “arose from the failure of the scheme of marriage,” was the immediate result of advice given to his father by parliament, and accompanied by a promise of ample supplies.*

The treaties of 1624 and 1625 with the United Provinces may be traced to the same origin ; and the whole transaction illustrates the danger of founding political engagements upon a vote of parliament. But this and the inducements of the new parliament, to withhold supplies from Charles I. are domestic considerations to which we shall no further advert.

The war with France began for no sufficient or intelligent reason, though the support of the Protestants was made a pretext. Even Heeren disapproves of this new instance of connections with the continent. Nor does he even mention the permission given by Charles to the Marquis of Hamilton to join Gustavus Adolphus with 6000 men.

Cromwell's war with the Dutch arose out of commercial and colonial rivalry, and the pretensions of England, which Cromwell knew well how to assert, to maritime pre-eminence. The war with Spain had a similar origin, and perhaps not a perfect justification : both these wars are in great part to be ascribed (we here agree with the professor) to Cromwell's personal ambition and policy, and the energy of his warlike character. Under him the British navy, which had not been neglected under the Stuart kings, acquired fresh laurels. On the whole, however, M. Heeren says much less than is usual in celebration of the energetic foreign policy of the Protector ; he ascribes to him great and unaccomplished projects, not only for the extension of commerce and acquisition of colonies, but for the renewal of “conquests on the continent.” Without going further into details, we may observe that Cromwell unquestionably restored the English character in Europe ; and this because it was well known that he could and would fight, and fight hard, for the honor or interests of England ; and that no Englishman would, under his government, sustain an unredressed injury from a foreign state.

We look in vain, it is truly said, for fixed principles under the remaining Stuarts ; whose foreign policy was made subservient to their personal interest and plans of domestic ambition. The case of English kings bribed by France is one which we no longer consider of possible occurrence ; on this account we do not examine the transactions of Charles II. with France and with the States General, although they furnish pregnant instances of unstable diplomacy and broken faith.

To one treaty, unnoticed by Heeren, we advert for an illustration of the great change of relations which even twenty years produce. England made, in 1669, during a lucid interval of the French mania, a treaty of alliance and general guaranty with *Spain*, for the particular purpose of securing Holland from attack.

IV.* *William III. and Anne*, 1689—1714.

“The merit of having laid the foundations of those continental interests, which have lasted to our time, belongs undoubtedly to William.” Rivalry with France, a principle which, according to our professor, was then established for ever, now succeeded Protestantism as “the soul of British policy.” This rivalry has occasioned and prolonged wars in all parts of the world, yet “it is undoubtedly a false estimate which would assert that the evils thence resulting, undeniable as they are, outweigh the advantages which have sprung from the same source.” This position the professor supports by examples from ancient and modern history, in the tone which he probably uses in addressing the young men on the advantages of emulation. This line of argument is pursued at some length and greatly overcharged. Military strength, no doubt, is augmented by use ; mercantile enterprize, and even social improvement, excited by competition ; but surely what we are now to quote is fanciful :—

“It was this which drew out the noblest qualities of both nations,—it was this which preserved that love of freedom and independence which is founded on patriotism,—it was this which kept alive the most lofty feelings of the human race,—it was this which not only brought to perfection the civilization of these nations, but also planted the seeds of European refinement in the most distant parts of the globe ; and thus, what in the eyes of short-sighted mortals was frequently considered the source of misery and calamity became in the hands of Providence the means of producing and diffusing the perfection of our race.”

* 1621, Parl. Hist. I 1398.

* P. 243.

The love of freedom in England did not arise from her rivalry with France, nor did it flourish most abundantly while we were engaged in war. No one of the lofty feelings which characterize either nation has been kept alive by their rivalry, unless it be the passion for military glory. Rivalry among nations always will exist, as amongst individuals; it is useless, therefore, to controvert an opinion which Heeren appears to entertain, that a nation ought to seek a rival for the sake of the benefit to be derived from the rivalry. This opinion, especially if applied to rivalry in war, we condemn upon the clearest principles of right and wrong.

At the accession of William, the rivalry between France and England was at a height sufficient for the theory of Professor Heeren. Even during the reign of Charles II., while the government was in the French interest, and indeed for that very reason, the people were opposed to France. To the ancient causes of jealousy had been added the connection between the French alliance and the Stuart projects for establishing the Roman Catholic religion and an arbitrary government. William's feelings, as a Protestant, a Dutchman, and a Prince of the German empire, interested in resisting the encroachments of Louis XIV., especially on the side of Flanders, were, in regard to France, quite in unison with those of the English who opposed the Stuarts before the Revolution, and now of nearly the whole English nation; for few, even among the Jacobites, had any kindly disposition towards France.

Heeren observes in this place, that the colonial system of this country was now much extended, and hence resulted that unfortunate confusion of the colonies (that is, in geographical position), from which differences and wars have arisen. The remark is just, but misplaced; no such cause operated at this time to produce rivalry between France and England. The declaration of war set forth some commercial grievances, but none arising from the contiguity of colonies. On the contrary, colonial matters were rather more likely to occasion jealousies between the two countries now momentarily united under William.

It is, however, on the whole, justly observed by Heeren, that "the interests of religion, of independence, and of commerce, were now involved in an extraordinary manner with the interests of the sovereigns themselves." Independence, religion, and William's own interests together, constituted the cause of England at this period. But it is remarkable that Heeren does not mention the maintenance of the Revolution, and the new settlement of the crown of England, among the

causes and objects of the war of 1689. The support which Louis gave to the deposed James was quite sufficient to cause and justify war, independently of the reasons arising from the encroachments of the French king on the continent. William would unquestionably have been glad enough to bring England into the league of Augsburg, and perhaps Louis's warning against Holland would have been a sufficient inducement to the English parliament to concur with him; but the more immediate, unquestionable, and English cause of that war was, the assistance given by the King of France to the late King James.

In this view it was strictly a defensive war; but the accession of England to the first Grand Alliance, while it included a league with Austria, Spain, and Holland, for the maintenance of Westphalia and the Pyrenees, and an engagement *to use all their forces to obtain the Spanish monarchy for the Emperor*, characterize a war for the maintenance of the balance of power. The Grand Alliance, as Heeren says, "gave to the politics of Western Europe the character by which they were afterwards peculiarly distinguished. From this time, too, the maintenance of the Belgian provinces was one of the leading maxims of the continental policy of England." "In her subsequent policy, England merely continued to build upon the foundations which were here laid."

The extensive engagements into which England now entered gave her unquestionably a great advantage in her own battle with France; a battle which her internal divisions respecting the crown and government rendered her certainly less capable of fighting single-handed. It is not impossible that, if England had refused to enter into this anti-gallican league, and to become a party to the arrangements for the security of the German empire and the maintenance of the house of Austria, she would have derived no assistance from the allies in those points which more peculiarly affected her. Holland, a state which she was bound to defend, and which was now the country of her sovereign, might have been sacrificed, and her own powers of resisting invasion, at this time peculiarly dangerous, much diminished.

Moreover, it might have been difficult to qualify the co-operation. If England had said, "We are with you upon the question of the Netherlands, and we will oppose the aggrandizement of France upon the Rhine or in Germany; but we are not prepared to fight for the whole Spanish monarchy;" not only would the Emperor, a most important person in the alliance, have been discontented and affronted, but all Europe would have believed that William had some continental

scheme of his own, or his English ministers some project of colonial aggrandizement.

These were forcible reasons for the accession of England to this great confederacy. What we are anxious to mark is, that they were *peculiar* reasons. It is therefore that we do not examine them more critically; they have no reference to a period in which the whole strength of England could be united against a foreign invader.

Yet of these extensive objects for which England engaged herself in 1689, the peace of Ryswick accomplished few. It made no provision for the Spanish succession, nor did it secure (with a single exception) any one of the more English objects. It provided no additional security for Holland or the Netherlands, and settled not one of the commercial questions which were enumerated among its original causes. It provided assuredly for the acknowledgment of King William's title to the throne of England, an acknowledgment forgotten almost as soon as made.

Soon after the incomplete arrangement of Ryswick, King William began to supply so much of the deficiency as regarded the Spanish inheritance. Of these negotiations M. Heeren says truly, that

"England became deeply involved in continental politics, and even if Louis XIV. had not forced her to war by recognizing the Pretender, contrary to the provisions of the treaty of Ryswick, she would scarcely have been able to preserve her neutrality. A contest was pending, upon the result of which, according to the principles of the policy of that time, *whether just or not*, depended the maintenance of the political balance of Europe."

From these expressions we collect that Heeren himself is not quite satisfied of the wisdom of these partition treaties, the substance of which (omitting subordinate provisions) may be thus shortly stated: *—By the first, concluded between England, France, and Holland, the two Sicilies, with the ports of Tuscany, and the province of Guipuscoa, were allotted to the Dauphin; Milan to the Archduke Charles; and the rest of the Spanish monarchy to the Electoral Prince of Bavaria. This favored prince died, and the same parties again took upon themselves the disposal of the vast inheritance of Charles II., and now added the duchy of Lorraine to the allotment of the Dauphin, compensating the duke by the cession of Milan. Spain, with all the rest, was now given to the Archduke Charles. These arrangements were made without the consent or knowledge of the King of Spain, or of the Emperor, to whom

the Grand Alliance had assured the whole Spanish monarchy. It appears to have been doubted, whether that stipulation was or was not still in force.* We do not remember to have seen it mentioned,—probably, indeed, it was not known at the time to the Tory opposition, who might fairly have used it,—that in the negotiation for the Partition Treaties there was a suggestion that England should have Mahon or some other ports in the Mediterranean. William appears not to have insisted upon this; his great point was the Netherlands, and he preferred a French prince at Madrid to a French garrison in Luxemburg.†

Modern writers generally condemn these treaties, whereby a whole monarchy was parcelled out, without the justification or provocation of war, by strangers having no legal claim to any part of it.‡ Whether, upon the principles of the balancing system, they are utterly indefensible, it is rather for the advocates of that theory to determine. It is enough for us that these stipulations were utterly useless. Well, indeed, might the plain-dealing William be surprised at the liberality displayed by the French in this negotiation. It was easy for these unscrupulous diplomatists to consent to an unequal division of the spoil, prepared as they were to defeat the whole scheme by their intrigues; a result which we may always expect when we go beyond that which we have a right to require and are able to maintain. In the present instance the king did not even attempt to stand by his bargain. Unwillingly, no doubt, but from dire necessity, and because England would not go readily to war against speculative dangers, William acknowledged the King of France's grandson as King of Spain, again putting by the house of Austria.

* King William to Pensionary Heinsius, 16th April, 1698. Hardwicke Papers, ii. 343. The breach of the engagement with the Emperor constituted one of the articles of impeachment against Lord Somers for the Partition Treaty. See the first four articles, and the answers of Lord Somers, in which he takes no notice of this particular. Parl. Hist. v. 1266.

† Hardwicke Papers, ii. 346, 350.

‡ Mr. Macaulay has lately defended the Partition Treaties in his review of Lord Mahon's History of the Succession War, against the charge of making the partition "without the slightest reference to the states so readily parcelled and allotted." He justifies William by mentioning various treaties from the Pyrenees to Vienna, in which nations have disposed of territory for the supposed general good. Upon this we observe, 1, that one wrong will not justify another; but 2, that most of these treaties were made at the end of a war, in reference to countries conquered by one or other party. But it is further argued, that the object of the treaties was the same with that of the subsequent war, and that the danger which was sufficient to justify the war was sufficient to justify the treaty: and certainly, if England and the other powers were justified in fighting to prevent the addition of the Spanish monarchy to the possessions of the house of Bourbon, they were justified in negotiating with the

Lord Mahon* has celebrated the wise policy of King William in acknowledging Philip V. and "biding his time" for a successful opposition.

It is probable that he would have declared war without loss of time, if he had found his Parliament willing to support him;† but he made a wise use of the experience which the failure of the first Grand Alliance and of the Partition Treaties had furnished, in moderating the views of his continental allies, or in limiting, at least, his own participation in them. In the new treaty which William and the States General made with the Emperor, there was no longer mention of the whole Spanish monarchy; they stipulated only to unite their efforts for procuring for the Emperor a full satisfaction for his rights, and with this view to attempt the conquest of the Spanish Netherlands, Milan, the Sicilies, and the Tuscan ports. The security of Great Britain and of Holland was the other main object of the alliance,‡ and it was agreed that neither party should make peace without common consent, after having secured satisfaction for the Emperor and the safety of the Dutch, and provided that the crowns of France and Spain should not be united.

These terms did not go beyond the necessity of the case, if we admit two things (which at least we shall not dispute here), namely; first, that we were bound by interest, or by treaty, or by both, to take care of the safety of the United Provinces; and secondly, that their safety could not be ensured while the Spanish Netherlands were in the hands of France. The satisfaction of the Emperor was a necessary stipulation, and moreover little burthensome, inasmuch as to assign to him the Low Countries was precisely the arrangement best suited to the purposes of the alliance.

same view. But this remark does not justify the conclusion of the treaty, otherwise than upon a full communication with all parties concerned, still less does it justify the desertion of our ally. In fact, moreover, England did not go to war for the balance of power; she had a sufficient cause of war in her own wrongs. Mr. Macaulay condemns the *provisions* of the Partition Treaties, because there was no chance of their being executed.—*Edin. Rev.* lvi. 499.

**War of Succession*, p. 41.

† The king made no direct application to Parliament which was refused; both houses gave general promises of support, and the Commons addressed the king specifically to negotiate with the States General and other potentates for the mutual safety of their kingdom, and of the States General, and the general security of Europe; and they partially requested him to preserve the treaty of the 3d of March, 1677-8, which was a defensive alliance with the States. But they condemned the Partition Treaties, and impeached their supposed authors, and they did not vote the means of a war.

‡ Koch, ii. 28.

We do not know how king William contrived, after having in September, 1701, concluded this treaty with the Emperor, who was at war with France, to keep it in abeyance until he should find an opportunity of rousing the spirit of his people.

Though not immediately put into execution, this treaty is not liable to the objections which we make to speculative or prospective engagements. The circumstances to which it was applicable existed, the necessity of applying it was felt by all the parties, and an early application of it was desired and intended.

The haughtiness and treachery of Louis XIV. soon furnished the opportunity desired, in various petty injuries, and in the great wrong of acknowledging the Pretender. King William appealed to his people in a speech, the last which he delivered, which was printed with decorations in English, Dutch, and French; and hung up in almost every house in England and Holland, as his majesty's last legacy to his own and all Protestant people. This appeal was followed by the most glorious and successful of our wars.

If this second Grand Alliance be tried by the result, it will be fully justified. In the fifth year of the war (1706) the allies had in their hands a treaty, whereby all the objects of the alliance were accomplished. Spain and the Indies, the Netherlands and the Milanese, would have been ceded by the house of Bourbon. The allies then, and again at a later period, refused to make peace upon these terms, and they finally obtained none so good. The conduct of the English ministers in rejecting the terms of the Hague and Gertruydenberg, and of their successors in making the peace of Utrecht,* is not precisely within the scope of our present investigation, nor can it be discussed without a consideration of domestic politics, for which we have no place here.†

The success of the allied armies in the

*Mr. Macaulay, in the article already referred to, gives an opinion in favor of the peace of Utrecht.

† The principal stipulations of Utrecht were these:—The recognition of the Hanover succession; the recantation of Philip V. of his eventual claim to the throne of France, and the eternal separation of the two crowns; the fortifications of Dunkirk to be demolished; Hudson's Bay, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, ceded by France to England. The Spanish Netherlands given to Austria, *with a barrier for the Dutch*. England to retain Gibraltar, and to have Minorca from Spain, and the *Assiento* or contract for negroes for thirty years. The Duke of Savoy to have the kingdom of Sicily. The Emperor to have Naples and Milan.

earlier years of the war, unquestionably induced the English people, as well as the ministers, to take a higher ground than that which the prudence of William had selected. In 1707, both houses of Parliament laid before the Queen their unanimous opinion, "*That no peace can be beneficial for your majesty or your allies, if Spain, the West Indies, or any part of the Spanish monarchy, be suffered to remain under the power of the house of Bourbon.*"* It is difficult, even for a strenuous upholder of the balancing theory, to refuse assent to Bolingbroke's opinion, "That the war was wise and just before the change," effected by this vote and the corresponding conduct of ministers, "because necessary to maintain that equality among the powers of Europe on which the public peace and common prosperity depend; and that it was unwise and unjust after this change, because unnecessary to this end, and directed to other and contrary ends."†

The modifications occasioned by the Succession war in the British continental policy, "increased," according to Heeren, "its strength and its sphere of action. 1st. The old connections, especially that with *Austria*, were greatly strengthened. . . . It is true that the alliance fell to pieces towards the end of the war, but still it is an example without parallel that it should have lasted so long; and even that the dissolution was but temporary, and the tie was renewed as soon as circumstances demanded it."

Surely, the history of our relations with *Austria* illustrates the instability more than the continuousness of the connection. The tie was renewed! and how soon was it again broken? In the course of the next half century we shall find alliances innumerable, some with and some against *Austria*, a fierce war to support, and another to restrain her!

2d. Our connection with *Portugal* was cemented by the *Methuen* treaty. This is true, and it has undoubtedly been the most continuous of our foreign relations. Whether the *Methuen* treaty (now dissolved) was as advantageous as Heeren deems it, we greatly doubt. Nor are we of opinion that much good has resulted from the political connection. From the position of *Portugal* it is desirable that she should not be our enemy. Her shores may make an inconvenient addition to the line of possibly hostile coast which *France*, *Holland*, and *Spain* may present to us. True; but these questions nevertheless arise:—Whether her connection

with *England* does not attract the enmity of our enemies? Whether the necessity of defending *Portugal* has been at any time burthensome to us? Whether she has been our friend in any war with *Spain* or *France*, in which she would not have been so equally without the ancient alliance?

3d. Subsidies were first granted by *England*. Of these hereafter.

4th. "The Spanish Netherlands now became the property of *Austria*, which thus became the *natural ally* of *England*; and when the Italian possessions of *Spain* were given up, partly to *Austria*, partly to *Sardinia*, new points of connection arose between these states and *England*, who had already, by the possession of *Gibraltar* and *Minorca*, gained a firm footing in the *Mediterranean*." *Austria* became our natural ally, as interposed between *France* and *Holland*, and interested in preventing the encroachments of *France* on the north-eastern frontier. We shall see her the ally of *France*! Our affairs in the *Mediterranean* have been little affected by the transfer of *Italy*. Some of our eminent statesmen have thought *Gibraltar* of little value; we cannot so consider a defensible naval station in any part of the world.

It is truly added that the *Assiento* treaty and the acquisition of *Nova Scotia*, scattered the seeds of future wars.

The professor invites us to conclude from the foregoing history, that when the house of *Hanover* ascended the throne "the continental interests of *England* were in their leading features already fixed. . . . The rivalry with *France* was the foundation on which those relations were built." Unquestionably the wars and treaties which produced these new relations grew out of our jealousy of the *French* power; but neither was that jealousy (a term more appropriate than rivalry), specially apparent in the new arrangements, nor was the new state of *Europe* particularly calculated to excite it.

It is true that the friendly connection with *France*, which immediately followed the peace of *Utrecht*, was only the consequence of a family dispute of the *Bourbons*, and with the dispute itself it ceased. What occurred during the temporary suspension of this jealousy may, perhaps, enable us to judge, whether our foreign affairs might not have been managed, at other periods also, without that continued reference to this rivalry with *France*, which others, besides Heeren, regard not so much as an historical fact as a political principle.

To say that our continental relations were now fixed, is indeed a bold flight of theory above the regions of fact!

* Parliamentary History, vi, p. 609.

† Bolingbroke's Works, vol. iv. p. 87.

V.* *George I. II. III. to the French Revolution, 1714—1789.*

Notwithstanding the remark with which he concludes the preceding section, on the *fixedness* of our foreign relations, Heeren tells us very truly, that "the continental interests of England became closer and more complicated under the House of Hanover." The Peace of Utrecht had left us without intimate connections, though our alliance with the United Provinces and with Portugal was still in force. But England now commenced an extensive course of alliances, upon the origin and tendency of which we cannot entirely agree with our author.

Professor Heeren is a subject of the King of Hanover, and a knight of the Guelphic Order. We believe that this order, according to its statutes, is to be conferred upon those persons only who have rendered signal services to the kingdom of Hanover. Heeren earns his star and riband by a confident rejection of the opinion entertained by English politicians,—that, during the reigns of George I. and George II., the interests of Hanover constituted the main foundation of the policy of England. It is, perhaps, from being hampered by this partial feeling, that Heeren is less clear than usual in his history of the transactions of 1714—1720.

He ascribes "the long chain of political connection" which that period introduced, altogether to the existence of a Pretender. Great vigilance, certainly, and the cultivation of powerful friendships, were required by a circumstance which gave the only possible chance of success to a hostile invasion of England; and thus may some of the alliances of this period be justified. But we must look elsewhere to account for the creation of new points of contract and the provocation of new enmities, which characterized the policy of our first German king.

It was obviously probable that an enemy of England would make common cause with the Pretender; but it will soon appear, that powers which had no thought of quarrelling with England espoused the cause of the Pretender to the English throne, because they had a quarrel with the Elector of Hanover, who happened to be also King of England. This truth, indeed, Heeren appears in the sequel† to suspect.

We ascribe, in some measure, to electoral politics, even the first alliance‡ which George

I. made; it might have been from a desire to have powerful allies in case of an attack from France and the Pretender, that he entered into a defensive league with the Emperor;* but the imperial confirmation of the purchase of Bremen and Verden, and with that view, the conciliation of the court of Vienna, were probably motives equally powerful with the Elector-King. At all events, no good resulted from this commencement of the voluminous diplomacy of George I., for, within one year, he made another treaty of alliance, which gave great umbrage to his imperial friend.

This was the *Triple Alliance* between England, the States, and France.† France was now, in the revolution of affairs, allied with England, for the purpose of enforcing against Spain the stipulations of the treaty of Utrecht brought about by our contest with France and Spain jointly!

It is easy to account for this unwonted connection, by the particular circumstances in which the two branches of the House of Bourbon were placed; and to regard these circumstances as fortuitous accidents which happened to counteract the dangerous tendency of the Peace of Utrecht. The grand projects of Alberoni,—the more immediate occasion of the union with France,—his schemes for displacing the Regent, and securing to Philip V. the preferable succession to the crown of France; for dethroning George I.; and for recovering the lost possessions of Spain,—had assuredly not been foreseen. But the opposing interests of the houses of Anjou and Orleans were not entirely unforeseen;‡ and it was in the nature of things that the new King of Spain should become more and more of a Spaniard, and that all the ordinary causes of jealousy should operate, under the Bourbon, as under

should be attacked, a *main armée*, but when a neighbor should make preparations for war against either of them, or should threaten them, either by extraordinary levies, or in any other manner, so that the ally should be obliged, by just apprehensions, also to arm. To this article, says Koch, England appealed in 1779. (Ann. Reg. p. 422, 429.)

* 25 May, 1716.

† Horace Walpole says, that France proposed this alliance; and offered to stipulate for the neutrality of the Low Countries, in the event of a war with the Emperor; whereupon Townshend said, "None but France, who is used to contrive such amusing schemes, could pretend to propose to stipulate with a third power a neutrality for dominions belonging to another, who may not consent to it. For what could such a convention between the French and the Dutch signify, if the Emperor, who is master of the country, should not think it for his interests to second it!"—(Coxe's Sir R. Walpole, i. 89.)

‡ Although we cannot immediately find it in the un-indexed correspondence of Bolingbroke, we are confident that he laid stress upon this expected rivalry.

* P. 258.

† P. 289.

‡ The treaty of 6 Feb. 1716, with the Dutch, was a renewal of the former alliance. To this treaty of renewal an article was added (Kotch and Schoell, ii. 177), stipulating that the *casus federis* should be deemed to exist, not only when one of the two allies

the Austrian, dynasty. Granted, however, that the community of interests with the government of France was an event upon which we could not reckon,—the more improbable such an occurrence was, the more strongly does it illustrate the uncertainty of political speculations, and the consequent impolicy of contracting engagements adapted to only one state of affairs.

Assuredly, the Triple Alliance arose out of English interests. Heeren takes great pains to prove that certain transactions with the northern powers, which shortly preceded it, were equally English in their origin. Carrying us back to the latter years of the seventeenth century, he tells us, that England had usually sided with Denmark in her wars with Sweden, which did not prevent the Danes from joining with Holland against her—(how many more such instances will satisfy us?)—in the war which was terminated at Breda. In 1700, England had mediated and *guaranteed* a peace between the two northern powers, at Travendahl.* During the wars of Queen Anne, England attended little to the North, only watching lest Sweden should join her enemies. When she resumed her attention to northern affairs, after the peace of Utrecht, a new power had acquired importance, namely, *Russia*. And a question, as Heeren says, arose, or as, perhaps, would be said more correctly, might have arisen, in what point of view was England to regard the growth of Russia, in reference to her own interests? We know not how or when this question was discussed in an English cabinet; but this country was soon involved in the affairs of the North, by a transaction which Heeren labors hard to connect rather with English than with German politics. In a war between Sweden and Denmark, in which, notwithstanding our treaties, we had taken no part, the Danes had obtained possession of Bremen and Verden, part of the German possessions of Sweden. These duchies Sweden sold to Hanover in 1715, by a treaty which also stipulated that George, as Elector of Hanover, should declare war against Sweden. And to support this war, George, now also King of England, sent a British squadron to join the Danes in the Baltic. England, it is true, had, or made, some complaints against Sweden for unexplained impediments put in the way of her Baltic trade; but the expedition had no reference to these. The quarrel with Sweden was German, and German only. The

Czar now attacked Mecklenburg and threatened Denmark, and we thus became embroiled with Russia also. Charles XII. imitated Alberoni in uniting with the Jacobites; the war against him thus became defensive of English interests, but it was not the less German in its origin. The Elector of Hanover made the enemy, and the King of England fought him. The projects of the king of Sweden were soon defeated by the seizure of his treacherous minister, Gyllenberg; and the death of Charles himself followed.* The new government of Sweden made peace with George, confirmed the sale of Bremen and Verden, and made an alliance with him as king of England, especially directed against Russia.† After an attempt to show that Bremen and Verden, from their favorable position in respect of the English intercourse with Germany, were valuable acquisitions to England,—(which position, to be true, must suppose the politics of England and Hanover to be always identified,)—Heeren admits that, in this alliance against Russia, England undertook what she was not able to perform. Nor, indeed, does he conceive that the repression of Russia was desirable, inasmuch as her growing prosperity afforded a fresh market for the manufacturers of England, while she furnished the English navy with ship-building materials in abundance.—England, he adds, became passive in the north, until Russia began to take part in the west and south of Europe.

The Triple Alliance was justified by the peculiar circumstances of the time. So far, indeed, as it provided for the execution of the late treaties of peace, it would have been right at any time. England ought not only to preserve her own faith inviolate, but to see that no stipulation, to which she is a party, is broken or evaded. This scrupulous estimate of the inviolability of compacts affords a powerful reason against making them. It might be added, that the stipulations which were now in danger were just of that sort which England, as a maritime power, could most easily enforce.

Nothing but the disputed title to the throne justifies, as we conceive, the other stipulation of the treaty,—the engagement for reciprocal support in case of attack; and this justification rests, not so much upon the value of the expectation of succor from France, as upon the importance of securing the friendship, or rather, averting the enmity of the Regent.

The arms and diplomacy of England were, on this occasion, equally successful. In pur-

* There was also a defensive alliance between England and Sweden, not only for mutual defence, but for the preservation of the tranquillity of Europe.—(Koch, xiii. p. 172.)

* Dec. 11, 1718.

† Koch, vol. xiii. p. 298.

suance of his project, for counteracting the stipulations of Utrecht, Alberoni sent a Spanish force to seize Sardinia, and in the next year Sicily, the respective allotments of the Houses of Austria and Savoy. England, France, the Emperor, and (after some unwillingness) Holland, united in a *quadruple* alliance, for enforcing terms of peace. Sicily was now assigned to Austria, and Sardinia to Savoy; Spain and Savoy were to have three months to accede, and on failure, to be forced into compliance.

A particular stipulation in these terms of peace, exhibits the minuteness of the interference into which England was led by her interposition in the affairs of Spain. A settlement in Italy, namely, Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia, in reversion, were assigned to Don Carlos, the son of the second wife of Philip V., and from this time, as it has been truly observed, it would appear that Europe had no more important interest than that of procuring a sovereignty for the son of an ambitious and intriguing queen.*

As Spain would not agree to these terms, a war ensued, short and decisive. Our naval victories in the Mediterranean† had the greatest share in obliging the King of Spain to accede to the terms; and, on the whole, although forced transfers of territory are never commendable, the transaction set forth in a favorable light the power of England and her navy. It has been said, that the instructions to Admiral Byng were exchanged against the investiture of Bremen and Verden; but they certainly might have emanated from a council in which King William or Lord Godolphin presided.‡

But now came the rage for alliances, which distinguishes the period. France and Spain, Spain and England, these two powers and France, all bound themselves in 1720 and 1721 by mutual guarantees, from which, as usual, England derived no advantage. Even to Heeren, the policy of England during the latter year of George I. exhibits "no fixed plan of proceeding;" and he notices the ignorance of the real designs of foreign courts, which has often been ascribed to English governments. But he admits

that, while the policy of the continental states was complicated, and dictated by personal motives, the guiding principle of British policy was the maintenance of peace.

Although the treaties between France, Spain, and England, had accomplished the principal objects of the Quadruple Alliance, many points still remained to be adjusted, especially between Spain and the Emperor; and for this purpose a congress was appointed to meet at Cambray. The history of this meeting furnishes an instructive lesson to diplomatists. Two years elapsed before preliminaries were so far adjusted as to allow the congress to assemble; Charles and Philip, the late rivals for the Spanish throne, seemed as widely opposed as ever, and neither could be brought to renounce the titular sovereignty of the countries which he had agreed to abandon. Then the maritime powers had a quarrel with the Emperor about his Ostend Company; and fresh difficulties arose, even on the part of the Pope, in the way of the provision for Don Carlos, by which peace had been purchased. These were so far removed as to allow the congress to meet in 1724, but not without a fresh *guaranty* on the part of France and England.* Then more disputes about titles, and a contest between the two successors of Charles V. for the sovereignty of the ancient order of the Golden Fleece.

These were formidable difficulties, but the allies must interfere still further, and recommend a wife to the young king, Louis XV. A Spanish infanta was selected, and actually sent to Paris, whence she was sent back by the French minister, who chose rather to marry his master to the daughter of King Stanislaus of Poland. And then it appeared how a small and personal matter might overturn the speculations of wise politicians. The Queen of Spain became indignant, and commenced a clandestine negotiation with her enemy the Emperor, broke off the congress, and became the close ally of the house of Austria. The queen and her upstart minister, Ripperda, discovered that Charles VI. had an object to which he was not less devoted than was Elizabeth Farnese herself to the aggrandizement of her son. The King of Spain became the first power in Europe who guaranteed the *pragmatic sanction*, whereby the Austrian dominions were to pass to the Emperor's daughter, and thus, each gratified in its favorite object, the courts of Vienna and Madrid became intimate friends, and turned upon the allies, who had vainly attempted to reconcile them before. The Emperor agreed to support

* Koch, vol. ii. p. 171.

† Especially that off Cape Passaro, Aug. 11, 1718.

‡ Although we have been led perhaps further into the question of Hanoverian influence than our plan required, we have abstained from the consideration of ministerial and party politics as affected by that influence. For the most authentic and pleasing, as well as the most recent narrative of occurrences in the time of George I., we would refer to the first volume of Lord Mahon's History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to that of Aix-la-Chapelle.

* Jan. 24, 1724.

Spain, at least by good offices, in her endeavors to recover Gibraltar from England; and Spain gave to Austria commercial privileges, at which English and Dutch were equally offended.

Such were the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna;* it was suspected at the time that there were others, hostile to the interests of England and of the house of Hanover. It was suspected that a match was in contemplation between Don Carlos and Maria Theresa; that the Emperor was to assist Spain in recovering Gibraltar by force, and that the Pretender was to be aided in his attempts upon the British throne. Heeren, differing from Archdeacon Coxe,† deems these suspicions erroneous. But England and France were alarmed, and induced Prussia to join in a treaty at Hanover,‡ for counteracting the alliance of Vienna. That alliance was strengthened by the accession of Russia, while the Hanover allies obtained Denmark. Prussia seceded,§ having a separate intrigue with the Emperor, for some personal object in the empire, and Sweden joined first the one and then the other alliance. Thus Europe was divided into two great confederacies; England, now entirely separated from Austria, belonged to that in which France also was found.||

There were indications of war, but none actually ensued. England sent squadrons to the West Indies, the Mediterranean, and the Baltic, but without orders to commence hostilities: and, although Spain laid siege to Gibraltar, the pacific dispositions of Walpole and Fleury averted war altogether. Charles VI. suspended his Ostend Company, and an armistice was concluded for seven years.¶ Other matters were to be settled at Soissons, where another congress met, to

afford fresh proofs of the instability of political affairs. France and England contrived to estrange Spain from Austria, and the union now was England, France, and Spain! These powers made at Seville* a treaty of defensive alliance and guaranty. The all-important provision for Don Carlos was not forgotten. It was stipulated that Spanish troops should occupy his intended duchies.

Now, the Emperor was enraged, and perhaps not without reason, at the defection of his new ally; and, on the death of the Duke of Parma, whose succession had been guaranteed to the Spanish prince, he seized that duchy. France now attached herself more closely to Spain; Elizabeth Farnese, instead of relying upon the allies of Seville, declared that she was no longer bound by that treaty. The friendship between England and France grew cool; the ministers of the courts of London and the Hague negotiated in the Austrian capital for the concerns of Spain, without the participation of the court of Versailles. From this negotiation arose the second treaty of Vienna,† by which Austria and England were once more united. The Emperor, the Queen of Spain, and the maritime powers, severally obtained their pet objects. Charles procured the reversion of his hereditary dominions for his daughter; Elizabeth Farnese, the Italian duchies for her son; England and Holland, the abolition of the Ostend Company.

"The interference of England," says Heeren in reviewing the reign of George I.,‡ "was manifestly attended with beneficial results to the whole political system of Europe. The preservation of peace was its object, and peace was either maintained or restored,"§ 1, by the Quadruple Alliance, and the defeat of the schemes of Alberoni; 2, by terminating, through the intervention of England, the war in the North, and especially by maintaining Sweden as an independent state. We have already expressed our qualified concurrence in Heeren's approbation of the interference of England in the Mediterranean. As to the North, it is remarkable that Heeren does not mention, in his narrative, the occurrence to which he apparently refers in this summary, namely, the resistance offered in 1719 by the British fleet in the Baltic to the Czar Peter, when, in

* April 30, 1725. † Austria, ch. 87.

‡ Sept. 3, 1725. There was a guaranty of all possessions, a defensive alliance for fifteen years, a guaranty of the treaties of Westphalia and Oliwa. Heeren calls it the treaty of *Herrenhausen*.

§ August, 1726, she joined the Vienna allies, and guaranteed the pragmatic sanction.

|| When these treaties were laid before Parliament, it was objected by the Tories, that they bound England to go to war for the king's German dominions, contrary to the Act of Settlement; whereupon it was resolved, on the motion of Henry Pelham, to assure the king that the house would "support his majesty against all insults and attacks that any prince or power, in resentment of the just measures which his majesty had so wisely taken, shall make against any of his majesty's territories or dominions, though not belonging to the crown of Great Britain." This would have been very right, if the king's "just measures" had reference only to the interests of Great Britain. Feb. 16, 1726.—*Parl. Hist.* viii. 506. The Lords voted a similar address.

¶ Prelim. of Paris, 31 May, 1727.

* Nov. 9, 1729; Holland acceded on 21st. George I. had been succeeded by George II. on 22d June, 1727.

† 16 March, 1731.

‡ He probably means to include the earlier years of George II.

§ P. 238.

alliance with Denmark, he was ravaging the coasts of Sweden. Sir John Norris* joined the Swedes, and the Russians retired without meeting the combined fleet. Denmark was persuaded to make peace, but the treaty of Nystadt between Russia and Sweden, which was not accomplished until after an interval of two years, deprived Sweden of several of her provinces. It is not easy to reconcile Heeren's own remark† on the attempts which England now made to resist Russia,—her unwarranted reliance upon her navy,—and the advantage which she derived from the progress of Russia,—with his present view of her effectual interference on behalf of Sweden.

The beneficial effects of George's policy Heeren sums up thus:—1. The security of the Hanover succession: 2. High consideration in the political system of Europe: 3. Peace. Yet under each head he has some misgivings. He sees it possible that the interference of George I. on the continent may be said to have produced the attacks upon his throne. And he admits that "particularly in the last six years of his reign, his interference assumed the character of over-activity, without, at the same time, maintaining that stability which is the indispensable condition of all alliances; and moreover that measures were adopted, which nothing but a concurrence of fortunate circumstances prevented from causing disastrous consequences. He ascribes too to this period the *illusion*, that England could accomplish more than was really possible by her fleets and by her subsidies. In short, he almost gives up this diplomatic reign as an illustration of his theory. For, although he does not qualify his boast of the "high consideration" which England maintained, we may safely pronounce our own judgment, that *that* policy could not raise the character of England to any beneficial purpose, which provoked the hostilities which it resisted; formed alliances which were in their nature unstable; set an exaggerated value upon its means; and only by accident preserved peace and averted disaster.

Among the precipitate measures which in Heeren's opinion would have led to great evils, if it had not been followed by a train of fortunate circumstances, the principal is the Hanover treaty, which separated England from Austria, "the only continental power in the south of Europe with which it could be connected by any permanent interests."‡ The consequence was the union of Prussia with Austria, for various private ob-

jects; and war was prevented only by the appointment of the pacific Fleury to the administration in France, while Walpole was still minister of England.

It appears to us that the probability of war arose from the treaty of Vienna and not from that of Hanover. Nor does the justification of the Hanover treaty rest altogether upon the existence of the secret articles. There was enough in what was immediately published, to show that Spain and Austria had united their interest with no friendly feeling towards England. And we are surprised that our professor, an advocate of the balancing theory, should find fault with England for drawing closer the ties of her alliance with France, and also forming one with Prussia—those being the two powers most likely and most competent to assist her in a war with Spain and Austria. True it is that Prussia soon deserted this new alliance, although other powers joined it. Upon the principles which we are endeavoring to establish, the Hanover treaty may be condemned, but it was surely quite *en règle*; and, though we admit that it did no good, we cannot perceive that it did any harm; or that it added to the probability of war. If England is chargeable with deserting Austria, the desertion is to be dated from the last four years of Queen Anne. From that time, although they had acted together in the Quadruple Alliance, there had been no cordiality between the two powers. Austria was now induced, as it is supposed, by corruption, to make other friends. She quitted England, not England her.

The Austrian alliance is chiefly valuable to England when she is at war with France.

At this time, England had no quarrel with her ancient rival; and it is the opinion, strongly expressed, of Heeren himself, that "it was peculiarly our good understanding with that power which was of infinite service to the Hanover succession in this emergency."—p. 290.

The following remarks are too striking to be omitted.

"England was now in friendship with all the world, without possessing a single true friend in the political sense of the term. . . . She had engaged herself in a tissue of treaties, out of which it seemed scarcely possible she should extricate herself. Had she been prepared to fulfil all her engagements, scarcely a war could have arisen in any quarter of Europe in which she would not have been implicated; nay, in which she would not have been obliged to furnish auxiliaries in several quarters at once."—p. 296.

The elective crown of Poland now produced a war from which England with diffi-

* Mahon, vol. i. p. 529. † See *ante*, p. 156.

‡ P. 286, 292.

culty kept herself clear. The emperor, united with Russia and Prussia, espoused the cause of the Elector of Saxony, because he wished to obtain his guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction. France, Spain, and Savoy took the part of the abdicated King Stanislaus Leczinski. All writers condemn Charles VI. for thus provoking the hostility of the house of Bourbon. His Italian dominions were soon overrun: and now England began to feel the inconvenience of her alliances and guarantees. Heeren says truly, that our treaty with the emperor was defensive only; but the line between defence and offence is not precisely drawn; the belligerent and the neutral put different constructions upon the treaty; and so it happened now. Charles VI. invoked the treaty of Vienna, but Walpole temporized. It does not appear that he distinctly admitted or denied the occurrence of the *casus fœderis*; but he offered mediation instead of co-operation. The United Provinces were also parties to the alliance; he was, perhaps, justified in refusing to act without them, for this is another practice incident to alliances, comprehending more than two parties. Is one party bound to assist another, whilst the third party to the treaty refuses? If guarantees were to be respected, there was another which required our interposition. England had guaranteed the treaty of Oliva, which forbade foreign interference in the election of a king of Poland; the spirit of this guaranty, perhaps, condemned equally both parties; but not so thought the emperor, who called upon England to make good this engagement also. Although George II. refused, he procured one stipulation peculiar to this war, whereby he accomplished an object always deemed of importance to England and to her ancient ally, though he by no means satisfied the emperor. He obtained the consent of France to the neutrality of the Netherlands, and thus averted the evils and dangers of the war from Holland.

The events of the Polish war were unfavorable to the emperor; who concluded, under the mediation of the maritime powers, a treaty of peace, whereby he at length obtained from France the guaranty of the Pragmatic Sanction. Stanislaus was persuaded to renounce the crown of Poland, retaining the empty title of king, with the duchies of Bar and Lorraine for his life, with reversion to France. To make way for this arrangement, the reversion of Tuscany, after the death of the then Grand Duke, was given to the house of Lorraine; and Don Carlos, so important a personage in all these arrangements, was promoted to the throne of the Two Sicilies, resigning Parma and Pla-

centia to the emperor. The interests of England were little affected by these arrangements. If her refusal to take part in the war, and especially to give succor to Austria, did tend to lower her character in the political system, it cannot be said that she suffered anywhere through her forbearance. Prince Eugene, on the part of the emperor, made a forcible appeal to the English minister; setting forth the dangers of England from the expected aggrandizement of the house of Bourbon, and her inability to resist an invasion in favor of the Pretender, if her fleets should meet with a disaster. We are clearly of opinion that England would not have been justified in siding with the emperor, whereby she would have provoked the immediate hostility of France, for the sake of preventing the contingent aggrandizement of that power, and increased danger from future hostilities. But she would have taken this resolution of neutrality with more of credit, if not of effect, if she had not been hampered by previous and complicated engagements, which certainly exposed her to the charge of broken faith, and desertion of her friends.

England was at last engaged in a war, which, though, in one sense, it did arise out of a treaty, was not the result of continental connections or engagements. It is rather to be set down to the account of commerce. The treaty of Utrecht had allowed to the English a limited trade to the Spanish ports in America; our merchants were in the habit of evading the limitation, and the Spaniards claimed a right of searching them at sea, to ascertain whether their trade was lawful or not. It appears now to be a fair case of doubt, but was hotly taken up in England; and, though Walpole at first put an end to the hostile discussions which occurred, by a condition which left the main question open, to be considered by commissioners, he was urged by the House of Commons to declare war, under circumstances which put his country in the wrong. This war with Spain soon merged in another, which extended over all Europe, and at last drew England out of the pacific system which she had so long pursued.

In 1740, Oct. 10, Charles VI. died, and it was to be seen whether the guaranty of the Pragmatic Sanction which he had with so much trouble obtained from almost all the powers of Europe, was now to be respected. Is it too much to say that, with the exception of England, *not one* power in Europe was influenced by the guaranty?

The King of Prussia began the attack upon the young Queen of Hungary, and, in utter disregard of their engagements with her

father, France,* Spain, and Sardinia, as well as Bavaria, joined in the confederacy!

The honor and interest of England, according to Heeren, rendered it imperative upon her to make a vigorous effort to save Austria. Her honor was unquestionably pledged, and her ministers did therefore right in assisting the Queen. Whether our interest required this exertion, is a more doubtful question.

It would seem that, in those days, the people of England took an interest in foreign affairs. All writers tell us, that the nation called loudly for support to Maria Theresa. Is this interest to be ascribed to a jealous regard for public faith, to compassion or admiration excited by the young queen, or to an opinion in favor of Austrian connection, and the balance of power? We have observed elsewhere,† upon the promptitude with which our government, stimulated perhaps by the opinion of the people, announced the intention of adhering to its engagements. There appears to have been at no time an intention of departing from those engagements, but we were very unwilling to embark largely in the war, as the single ally of Austria; and the King of Prussia was the potentate to whom Walpole looked for co-operation: that monarch—although for his own purposes, he had made the first attack upon Maria Theresa—was ready to join her against other enemies, provided that his own object was secured by the cession of Silesia; but the high-spirited Princess would not listen to these terms. Frederic, during this war, acted for himself alone. He made peace at Breslau in 1742; broke out again in 1744, upon a well-grounded apprehension of intended injuries; was again reconciled to Austria at Dresden, in 1745, while the war still raged in Europe. England at first joined in the war on the side of Austria, as an auxiliary only; and France standing in the same relation towards Bavaria, the battle of Dettingen, to which, until more recent and extensive glories drove it out of memory, Englishmen referred as one of their great battles with France, was fought while England and France were at peace together! This state of things did not last beyond 1744, when France declared war.

It were in vain to attempt here to describe the various alliances and counter-alliances which this war occasioned; England subsi-

dized Denmark, Sardinia,* and Hanover; and, after Prussia had for the second time retired from the contest,† the war, as Heeren says, “was continued three years longer by the other leading powers, with what view it is difficult to say, unless we take into account the passions which are excited by events which occurred in the interval.” The balance of power in Europe was but little altered, when the war was at last concluded by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. That treaty renounced all the principal treaties of a century preceding, commencing with that of Westphalia in 1648. England restored Cape Breton to France, and it was stipulated that all things should remain in America on the same footing as before the war. The *assiento* was continued for four years; an arrangement certainly not calculated to prevent hostilities. Two years afterwards an end was put to this disgraceful compact, and a commercial treaty, upon fair terms, was substituted. France restored the Netherlands to Austria, and her conquests to the United Provinces and the King of Sardinia. Elizabeth Farnese got an establishment for another son! The infant Don Philip obtained Parma and Placentia from the Emperor!

It is quite right in an historian to imagine for himself, from time to time, an existence at each period of which he tells the story, and to suppress his knowledge of subsequent events. Still it is almost amusing to read the observations of Heeren, repeated from time to time, to the effect that, “*now*, at last, the continental relations of England were *FIXED*,” or, as the phrase in the present instance is, “*determinately settled*.” “Her newly-revived rivalry with France had given rise to the connection with Austria, and the duration of the latter seemed likely to be commensurate with the former.”

Really, the political system had even, in 1748, existed long enough to shake confidence of a statesman in the durability of his connections; and, without foreseeing events exactly as they occurred, he might have guessed that something would happen to alter this now determinately fixed arrangement. Indeed, the guaranty given to Prussia of the province reluctantly ceded to her by Austria was of itself enough to put the peace in jeopardy.

Notwithstanding this guaranty, which appeared to connect England with Prussia, and though it was the opinion of some of our adepts in foreign policy that Prussia was our

* Heeren appears scarcely aware that France, as well as England, hesitated about entering into this war. Fleury would willingly have avoided it, but was at last driven, not only to attack Austria, but to justify the breach of the guaranty upon the most flimsy pretexts.

† Vol. xiii. p. 9.

* Sardinia was detached from the confederacy against Austria, by the treaty of Worms, 1743.

† Treaty of Dresden, December 14, 1745.

natural ally, the English government warmly espoused the cause of Austria in the empire; and actually subsidized many of the German princes, in order to secure to the son of Maria Theresa the reversion of the imperial dignity. With the Bavarian, the Palatine, the Saxon, and the Cologne Electors, either treaties were actually concluded, or subsidies promised, for the purpose of gaining their votes. "Whether England had any reason at all for embroiling herself so deeply in the affairs of Germany, is a question which," Heeren says, "we need not here determine;" but which we decide, without hesitation, in the negative. These things would not have been thought of under an English king. The subsidies, as might have been expected, failed in their object, and had only the effect of aggravating the discontent of the Prussian monarch, with whom England, or rather the King of England, had already some differences.

But there were also differences with Austria, especially concerning the execution of the Barrier Treaty;* and all the subsidies which we had paid in support of her family interests failed to retain the friendship of the haughty, and perhaps wayward, Maria Theresa.

Colonial disputes placed England in a state of war with France. This war began, like the last, in America; but it was now a territorial, not a commercial question. The breach arising out of the disputed limits of Nova Scotia, and other questions raised in the western hemisphere, fully supports Heeren's remarks on the inconvenience attending the propinquity of continental territories. George II., apprehending that France would attack his paternal dominions, sought the alliance of Elizabeth of Russia, with whom he concluded a subsidiary treaty; and called upon the Empress Queen for succors stipulated in the treaty of alliance and guaranty. As is usual in such cases, Maria Theresa declined, and was moreover much offended at the demand, made at a time when she herself, as she pretended, was threatened by Prussia. In fact, France had by this time made great progress in her endeavors to separate Austria from England, which were aided by the present approximation towards a union between England and Prussia. The King of Prussia now undertook to defend Hanover, receiving from George II. a reciprocal promise of support, if Germany should be attacked. Then, and as some think, *therefore*, was published the famous alliance

between Austria and France; with both which powers, consequently, England was soon at war. The approaches of France to Austria, and of England to Prussia, were mutual cause and effect: at least, we cannot here determine the question of precedence between them. It is enough for us, that all the speculations of English ministers, on the result of their German arrangements, were scattered to the winds. "The union of the two powers," says Heeren, "mocked all calculation:" and yet what could be more natural—what indeed was more certain to happen, than that the union of any two of four great powers should bring the other two nearer together?

Austria did not at once join France in her war with England, but her neutrality did not last long. Prussia anticipated the expected attack from Austria, and England brought native as well as subsidized forces to the support of her ally.

In this war, as in that which preceded it, the separate and naval war of England (now with France, then with Spain), was merged in the continental war; and the energetic minister, who raised the spirit of England, and conducted the war while its operations were glorious, avowed it as his plan to compel France to acquiesce in the separate demands of England, by pressing her on the continent,—"*America shall be conquered in Germany.*"

Our author does not miss the opportunity which this German war gives him, of boasting of the identity of interests between Hanover and England. But for Hanover, we should not have obtained the co-operation of the king of Prussia. Yet Pitt, in a speech quoted by Heeren, declared that he would not have entered into the German war, if the faith of England had not been pledged by treaty to support the King of Prussia.

It thus appears doubtful whether, in the opinion of this great war minister, our English objects in the war were furthered by our connection with the continent; but Prussia, no doubt, would have been ready and willing to accept our co-operation, if we chose to offer it, and even if the Elector of Hanover had not joined that alliance, (which he probably would,) it is at least a question, whether we should not have gained more by the absence of concern for Hanover, than we should have lost by the want of Hanoverian troops. If his master had been only King of England, the Duke of Cumberland might have been a more efficient auxiliary to Frederick II. in the days of his distress, and would not have been driven to the convention of Closter-Seven.

At all events, be it remembered, that the

* Austria was never reconciled to the provisions which placed Dutch garrisons in some of her towns.

Prussian alliance was not the result of systematic diplomacy; it was rather a departure from the political system which had been supposed to be determinate and lasting!

Heeren's remarks upon Pitt, and the conduct of the seven years' war, would lead us too far into domestic history. But a remark upon subsidies deserves notice. "He afforded them to those who, under the existing relations, were the most natural allies of Great Britain, and with whom she had in general a community of interests, not to every one who asked for them." Heeren is right. In our time, we have heard ministers censured for "*paying our allies for fighting their own battles.*" Now, if the battle is not his own, an ally will not fight it well. Subsidies ought to be given to those only, who, of all the motives and means of war, want none but money.

The alliance between France and Austria, in delivering the Low Countries from the fear of French invasion, had an important influence upon the condition of England's old ally, the United Provinces. They kept out of the war and of danger. To our other western ally, Portugal, we had an opportunity of rendering useful assistance. When threatened by the combined force of France and Spain, now united by the family compact, the King of Portugal replied, that "he would rather see the last tile of his palace fall,"* than depart from his neutrality. England rewarded his fidelity with effectual support.

After Pitt resigned, on not being permitted to anticipate the hostility of Spain, the ministry discontinued the Prussian subsidy, and took less interest in the continental war. Before the subsidy was withdrawn, the peace with Russia and Sweden had rendered it less necessary to Frederick, and there were charges of unfriendly reserve and clandestine negotiation, which palliated, if they did not justify, the desertion of our ally. The occurrence affords a striking instance of the inconvenience produced by these alliances, even though made, as this with Prussia was, at the time when it was wanted, and not in contemplation of future dangers. Though it is true that England and Prussia had a common enemy, their respective objects in the war were totally different. And the insular power was in a condition to obtain reasonable and even advantageous terms of peace, at a time when it was the interest, or at least the desire, of continental Prussia to carry on the war. The two kings were bound to each other, to make war upon

France, in order to compel her to take such terms of peace as they might dictate; to do nothing without mutual consultation; and not to make any private and separate accommodation with France.* But was each power bound by this stipulation to continue at war for an indefinite period, putting the question of peace or war altogether into the hands of his ally? Had one party the unqualified right of obliging the other to continue at war? These engagements, construed with entire strictness, would lead to manifest impossibilities. One question in the present case is, in what degree the advantages obtained by England were owing to the co-operation of Prussia?—a question more easily stated than resolved. There is on such occasions a real difficulty in reconciling good faith and policy; and even if your own conscience is clear, you will seldom satisfy your ally. Frederick II. never forgave England what he deemed a base desertion.

The seven years' war was on the part of England glorious and successful; but, like the glorious war of Queen Anne, it was terminated by a treaty which disappointed the hopes of those whose counsels had contributed most to its success. Yet the terms, by which Minorca was recovered, and Canada and Grenada acquired, were really quite sufficient for the honor and interest of England.

This war left England without powerful allies, and Heeren observes that, after what he calls, in language somewhat exaggerated, the prostration of France, she had no immediate cause for seeking new connections. In truth, the decline of the Hanoverian influence upon British counsels was the principal cause of the cessation of that propensity to treaty-making, which had distinguished the reigns of George I. and II. The United Provinces and Portugal remained the only allies of England; they were rather to be deemed (especially Portugal) protected states.

The American war is a topic foreign to our inquiry. The participation of France and Spain in it was an instance of wanton aggression for the gratification of rivalry and revenge.

It is to be observed of this American war, that we had at the time no continental ally, nor was there any war in Europe. Will it be said that any different state of our continental relations would have turned the fate of the war between England and her colonies? Certainly he must be a more sanguine admirer of alliances than we are, who imagines that the most stringent treaty that we could have previously made, would have induced

* Ann. Reg. 1762, p. 212.

* Koch, vol. iii. p. 32.

any one power in Europe to come to our assistance, either in suppressing the revolt, or in attacking France when she took part with the rebels. It is even very doubtful, whether, if we could by diplomatic management have excited a war in Europe by way of diversion, so as to prevent France from sending troops to America (in which it might have failed), we should have been altogether better off. We might possibly have prolonged the struggle, but we must ultimately have given way, and should have come out of the war with finances even in a worse condition.

Heeren himself takes no notice of the American war, as connected with continental politics, but we may observe, that we did not on this occasion owe much to that rivalry with France which he deems necessary for the greatness of England. In the American war, the United Provinces, instead of coming to our assistance in virtue of former treaties,* when a most unquestionable *casus fœderis* occurred in the French aggression, gave such assistance to our enemies as led to a rupture and to their junction with France and the American States against us. This conduct, on the part of Holland, may perhaps serve as a justification of Great Britain against the remark of Heeren's upon our retention of Negapatnam at the peace of 1783, when England, he says, instead of attaching the Republic to her by forbearance, "showed a disposition to a colonial aggrandizement at the expense of her ancient ally, and lost his confidence for ever." Certainly, the policy which compensates one great belligerent for cessions made to another, or for the want of acquisition from another, by territory exacted from one of the weaker parties to the war, is not magnanimous or creditable. But it may be questioned, whether the want of generosity is not rather in the powerful ally, who suffers the indemnification to be thus made. England might fairly treat those who were allied against her as one party; and leave them to settle their cessions among themselves. Probably, if France had not required Tobago from England, England would not have demanded Negapatnam from the Dutch. But it is not probable that Negapatnam would have altered the state of parties in Holland, nor could any state of parties make Holland an efficient ally. Whatever treaties may exist, it is really in vain to expect that a small commercial state, like Holland, will provoke, for the sake of England, the hostility of such a neighbor as France.

It is strange that Heeren, who dwells so much upon the rivalry between England and France, takes no notice of a step which the

younger Pitt now took towards placing the two countries upon a more friendly footing. This was the commercial treaty of 1786, intended to produce an interchange of commodities upon fair and equal terms. On this occasion Pitt adverted[†] to "the too frequently advanced doctrine, that France was, and must be, the unalterable enemy of Great Britain; his mind revolted from this position, as monstrous and impossible." And he set forth, by just and statesmanlike arguments, the tendency of the treaty to preserve peace, without rendering us less prepared for war. Fox, on the other hand, argued[‡] that "France was the *natural political enemy* of Great Britain." This enmity he traced to "her invariable and ardent desire to hold the sway of Europe," and contended, that "she wished by entering into a commercial treaty with us to tie our hands, and prevent us from engaging in alliances with other powers." We can scarcely imagine a Foxite now so bigoted, as to deny to Mr. Pitt the superiority in this debate; which we earnestly recommend to perusal. No term is more mistaken than that of *natural enemy*, and the mistake as to the origin of the expression produces an erroneous deduction from the fact which it expresses. France, from her locality, perhaps also from her disposition, is among the continental powers the *most likely* to become the enemy of England. It is not that she *ought* to be our enemy, or that it is *desirable* that she should be so, but that she *probably will* be so. There are clashing interests and habitual jealousies, from which hostilities *naturally*, that is, according to the ordinary course of events, will arise. Now these are undeniable reasons for not augmenting, by any measure of our own, the power of France to annoy us; but they are none for encouraging the tendency to a quarrel. Quite the contrary. They should induce us to seek all means of counteracting it, and if possible to convert France into a friend. Reason and experience concur in proving, that no political friendship tends more to the peace of England, and of Europe generally, than the friendship between England and France.

Mr. Fox's apprehension, that our commercial treaty would stand in the way of our political allowances was speedily dissipated. Circumstances soon occurred (to which Heeren only adverts as the well-known events of 1787) which revived the connection of England with the House of Orange and the Dutch Republic. This is the first case which we have had to notice of interference in the internal affairs of another state. The object was to exclude the influence of

* See p. 82, ante.

† Parl. Hist. vol. xxvi. p. 352. ‡ Ib. p. 397.

France, by throwing our weight, together with that of Russia, into the scale of that party which was opposed to France. On the part of the King of Prussia, whose sister, the Princess of Orange, had been arrested by the Republicans of Holland, there was the actual intervention of an armed force: England interposed only by mediation and advice; except that when France declared her intention of taking part in the internal dissensions, and made some addition to her forces by sea and land, England also armed, and declared that she would not be an indifferent spectator of the interference of France. After the Stadtholder was restored to power, by the aid of Prussia, France and England disarmed by mutual agreement.

Heeren thinks that England took the wrong side; she ought to have supported the republican party, representing, as he conceives, "the nation." He is aware of her motive, the counteraction of French influence, but says that the peace would have been a more favorable period for this attempt. Surely, it would have been difficult to establish any English interest in Holland, under the exasperation of the recent war. But the neglect of a former opportunity does not alter the wisdom of the present interference; and, if we interfered at all, with the view of counteracting France, we must doubtless have sided with the party which she did not favor. England did not interfere, until France had prepared, or threatened, a direct and apparently armed intervention. The conduct of England, independently of the connection with the Orange family, may rest upon the principle more than once avowed by Queen Elizabeth, of not permitting the forces of a third power to occupy, without opposition, the territory of a *neighbor*. Apparently, the English government of 1787, and certainly its opponent, Fox, carried much further the right of interference. Pitt maintained that we were justified in restoring the government of the Prince of Orange, with the view of securing a valuable ally, instead of seeing Holland irrevocably attached to a rival; and Fox justified our interference, as consonant to the principles of "the balance of power" which he professed, although he doubted whether France had in fact threatened to interfere *by force*.

Out of this joint interference with Prussia in Holland arose that triple alliance between those states and England, which was the basis of Mr. Pitt's continental policy prior to the French Revolution. Nootka Sound was an isolated case of injury redressed.

Heeren condemns, upon grounds ill explained, the alliance with Prussia. We are really at a loss to understand why he, the ad-

vocate of continental alliances, and of eternal opposition to the French power, objects to this alliance with one of the great military powers of Germany, at a time when the other was closely connected with France. "Chatham," he says, "with his principles, would never have concluded the alliance which his son concluded, still less would he have approved the consequences which followed it." It is really not possible to deduce from the speeches or counsels of Lord Chatham, in regard to foreign politics, any principle upon which this proposition of M. Heeren's can be maintained or controverted.

The objection appears to consist in the narrowness of the base upon which the alliance rested. "It was not founded on so extended a community of interests as under Frederick II. The maintenance of the stadtholdership in the Netherlands could not possibly become of sufficient importance to both these powers, to form a permanent bond of union between them."

In our opinion, a union for a specific and attainable purpose is the only union likely to last. But it was clearly Mr. Pitt's intention to take advantage of the accidental coincidence of views between England and Prussia, for forming and preserving an alliance with one of the great military powers, at a time when two others, Austria (with whom France was still closely allied,) and Russia, now growing into great importance, had combined with views threatening the balance of power and the maritime interests of England. The ambition of the empress Catherine extended not only to Sweden and Poland, but to Turkey and the Mediterranean.* Maria Theresa, and still more Joseph II. entered more and more warmly into these views. The friendship between Russia and Prussia was rapidly declining. This surely was a fit opportunity for an alliance with Prussia, if such alliances can be at any time defended. The influence of France, it may moreover be added, in the United Provinces, though counteracted, was not destroyed; in the opposition which we offered to it, Prussia was now our "natural ally."

The first fruits of the alliance, the congress of Reichenbach, where the allies mediated the terms of peace between Austria and the Porte, were confessedly beneficial to Europe. The allies also prevented Denmark from assisting Russia against Sweden; but failed, according to Heeren, when they attempted to

* See in ch. 3 of the Annual Register for 1788, some account of the projects of Russia in the Mediterranean, and her attempts, defeated by the English government, to obtain assistance of English pilots and seamen.

dictate to Catherine the terms of peace with the Porte. This is true, but it is true also that the threatened opposition of the British parliament made it impossible for Mr. Pitt to proceed. It is well known that the question of peace between Russia and Turkey turned at last upon the apparently trifling point of Oczakow; and that England and Prussia were prepared to go to war with Russia upon that single point. By this mode of statement, almost every dispute may be made to appear trifling. We insisted upon the restoration of things to the state in which they were before the war; Russia says, "I must have a slice of Turkish territory." The allies say No;—and the question is really one of principle. If the interposition of other powers for the protection of the weaker states is justifiable at all, these powers may reasonably say, The aggression shall be *in no degree* successful.

In winding up his remarks upon this eventful period, which he terminates at the French Revolution, Heeren says very truly, that England never claimed to be a dominant power in the federative system of Europe,—that she had to determine her conduct by the internal relations of this system, which she did not govern, and that, therefore, her continental policy seldom proceeded upon solid principles. He makes it a question, which, however, he does not discuss, whether this want of solidity is a matter of reproach. "To settle permanently the reciprocal relations of the continental powers is throughout beyond the capacity of England. It would have been a foolish and vain presumption to attempt it. For this very reason then, she could discern no durable and solid basis for her federative system, in respect of the choice of her allies." All this is true, and our deduction from it is, that England ought not to attempt to regulate the continental system, or in any way to mix herself up in it.

Heeren concludes this section with a specific censure of England for the non-performance of engagements. In the three great continental wars in which England took part, the Spanish,* the Austrian war of succession,† and the seven years' war,‡ she concluded every time a peace for herself, or only in connection with Holland, and deserted her principal confederates. We cannot altogether deny the truth of this charge. It is strikingly true of the Peace of Utrecht. But we do not plead guilty to it, in respect of Aix-la-Chapelle; and have already urged something in defence of the treaty of Paris.

* Meaning what we call the war of the Spanish succession, see p. 80, *ante*.

† The Silesian war, or war of the pragmatic sanction, see p. 88.

‡ See p. 90.

VI. French Revolution, 1788—1815.

Although this period is the most eventful, and the most interesting of all, to modern readers, it furnishes less of matter for the peculiar doctrines which we now inculcate. There is, however, one great exception, suggested by the very first remark of Heeren's.

"Never," he says, "has the truth of the observation with which we commenced this inquiry—that it is a highly advantageous circumstance for the maintenance of the liberty and independence of a states-system, that one of its principal members should be an insular state, and in possession of a naval force,—been more strikingly demonstrated than in this period. If a bridge had been thrown across the Channel, how different might have been the fate of England and of Europe! We certainly do not entertain the slightest doubt that England, even in this case, would have remained unconquered, or that the invasion of a French army would have eventually ended in its destruction; and simply because the warlike energies of the nation would in that case have been more generally roused and concentrated, and more resolutely displayed."

He adds, that there might have been a momentary conquest, and that assuredly a very great inconvenience would have resulted even from the occupation of the metropolis. This is beyond a doubt; but there is, happily, no necessity for considering what would happen if there were a bridge from Calais to Dover. Our great consolation is, that the events of this period have demonstrated, we will not say the impossibility, but the extreme improbability, of a successful or even attempted invasion of England, even while France has a leader of the highest military genius, an army almost innumerable and eminently successful, powerful allies, and no avowed enemy on the continent.

An insular power, says Heeren, is a useful member of a states-system; useful, no doubt, to those continental powers to whom it lends its fleets or its money: but *we* say, an insular power may be *independent* of the states-system.

But we now proceed with the Revolutionary war. Heeren's narrative is introduced by a character of Mr. Pitt.

"Several of his contemporaries, his opponents and rivals, might possess more brilliant talents, but none could vie with him in clearness of intellect, in decision of purpose, and in devotion to his country. . . . The account of his foreign policy must be prefaced by one general observation: His conduct throughout was uniformly in accordance with his own conviction, and this is expressed in every one of his speeches, in a manner not to be mistaken."

Comparisons are odious, and we will not say that none could vie with Pitt in clearness of intellect; but we are certain that no man can read attentively Mr. Pitt's speeches, or state-papers, whether in reference to the war, or any other public matters, without being struck with the remarkable precision of his ideas, the plainness and singleness of his purpose.

This precision is a much rarer quality than might be supposed. Certainly, the apparent defect is sometimes the result of artifice; but a hostile critic will find it difficult to detect in any speech of Mr. Pitt's a deficiency of clearness, either natural or assumed. Errors he might commit;—blunders never.

Heeren takes a correct view of the origin of the Revolutionary war, which he shows to have been not only first declared by France, but to have arisen out of her perpetrated and threatened aggressions. We should be led too far away, if we were to examine the professor's doctrine of interference: he upholds that right, in respect of a neighboring government, which avows even *principles* manifestly dangerous to established constitutions. As England did *not* interfere with the government of France, she seeks no justification in this doctrine.*

The war of 1793 gave rise to many treaties of alliance and subsidy, but these were all for the purpose of co-operation in the war, and their stipulations were not intended to be permanent. Some of them were improvident in guaranteeing to the subsidized powers, Sardinia, for instance, the integrity of their territory at the termination of the war; an anticipation of success upon which no power is justified in acting.

It is remarkable that, when we entered into the war, we had, in union with Holland, a defensive alliance with Prussia; and yet, though Holland was attacked, we did not (so far as is known†) call upon Prussia for aid in virtue of this treaty. Whatever might be the reason of this omission,‡ it seems to set forth the inefficiency of such alliances. Nor is it less worthy of remark, that Prussia, our particular friend, whom we had taken so much pains to cultivate, was the first of the powers coalesced against France that withdrew from the coalition.

It is observed by Heeren, that England had not the supreme direction of this war, and that the great want was, a statesman and general combined, as William III. or Marlborough. Unquestionably, a commander like one of these would have very materially affected the operations of the confederacy, and would perhaps have enabled it to withstand the effects of the new system of internal government, and the unsparing and reckless system of warfare which the French revolution introduced. Success, no doubt, might have tended to keep the confederacy together; but it must be recollected, that it broke to pieces because the other members of it had not, like England, the one plain purpose of resisting France; they had jealousies of each other, and the most powerful of them had objects of aggrandizement in other parts of Europe. We shall not discuss the wisdom of the attempts which, with signal perseverance, Pitt made to excite and maintain the league against France. It is enough to note the magnitude of the exertion.

The native troops of England had a less important share in this war than in others of the century. Not only the revolutionary principle by which the immense armies of France were raised, but the numbers of the armies, and the rapidity of their movements, have rendered almost inoperative the comparatively small force which England can employ upon the continent. There are circumstances under which this force can effect great things; when, either from the intervention of the sea, the difficulty of provisioning an army, or of transporting the *materiel* of war, an overwhelming force cannot be brought to bear upon one point, and the co-operation of the navy can be made effectual. In the war of 1793, Egypt only, in the Eastern hemisphere afforded this occasion.

The glories of our naval and colonial campaigns were more memorable in this than in any former war; and yet, perhaps, they had less of effect upon the fortune of the war. The battle of the Nile, Heeren truly says, did produce a great moral effect; but the result, upon the continent, was a new but successful coalition. France made up her mind to disregard her colonies; and not to purchase them back by the sacrifice of her European objects; the capture of the enemies' colonies had therefore no good effect, except—(but in the sequel this became an exception of immense importance)—as it tended to the supremacy of our navy. So far as the independence of Europe was an object of the war, we were unsuccessful. At the peace of Amiens, we were virtually excluded from the continent.

It would be difficult, without deviating into

* For some remarks on Mr. Pitt's view of the war, and a reference to the opinions of Lord Brougham, see our vol. viii. p. 34—36. 42. 55.

† See Fox's *taunts* on this in *Parliamentary History*, 1793.

‡ Possibly the reason was, that Prussia was already at war with France. And we did not hamper her with a specific obligation, while there was a common cause.

recent and party politics, to observe upon Heeren's opinion, that we ought to have made "some definitive arrangements in the treaty, respecting the relations of the continent;" and especially to have insisted upon the evacuation of the Batavian republic by the French. Surely, this is equivalent to a declaration, that we ought to have continued the war until its fortune should be entirely changed. Adroitness and firmness in negotiation might possibly have made a difference of an island more or less, but when the powers of the continent could not, or would not, exert themselves, it was not in our power to protect their interests or govern their relations.

Heeren is decidedly wrong in supposing that the peace of Amiens, was not, on our part, intended to last: there is no doubt of the sincerity of the administration by which the peace was made. There is, perhaps, somewhat more of justice in the professor's remarks on the renewal of the war. A great fault had been committed in signing the definitive treaty before the arrangement respecting Malta had been completed; and the dispute to which the error gave rise is one of those in which neither party was absolutely in the right, or completely in the wrong; but probably the difficulty might have been surmounted if the hostile language of Bonaparte had not convinced the English ministers that there could be no cordiality between the two states. For our parts, we own that we considered the peace of Amiens as an acknowledgement that we must give up, for a time, all concern in the continent; it was left, by our own avowal, in a most unsatisfactory state, and an instance of aggrandizement more or less, here and there, ought not to have induced us to renew the war. But these are by-gone matters.

"England commenced this new contest in 1803, without an ally." True, and she concluded it by the most extensive combination of powers that Europe has witnessed! A striking proof that, not the words of treaties, but the force of circumstances, unites states in a common cause, and produces a successful issue. In this war, our colonial as well as maritime successes had an important effect upon the issue. If they tempted Napoleon to "his continental system," they also made it intolerable. They largely contributed, with the disasters of the Russian campaign, and the glories of the Peninsular, to the final triumph of England and her allies.

"Napoleon's continental system," says Heeren, "which was to exclude the English from every port, had eventually the effect of re-opening them all to her. As in the physical," continues Heeren, expressing a sentiment on which we lay great stress, "so in

the political world, no unnatural condition can last for ever; and if Napoleon had not hastened the catastrophe by new deeds of violence, it must, in some way or other, however tardily, have come to pass at last. . . . England prides herself, with justice, on being the only power that never bowed her neck during the whole course of that tempestuous period. But *England should not forget that she is mainly indebted for this to her insular position.* During that political storm which periodically, as it were, desolated the countries of the continent, she alone could insure to herself the internal tranquillity, without which those peaceful arts, from which alone she derives resources for her great exertions could not have been continued with such unexampled vigor and prosperity."

After the restoration of the Bourbon, the influence of England on the continent revived, and she "became ranked as one of the five leading powers, who determined the relation of the European states-system." Not only because our author stops here, but because we are desirous of avoiding party politics, we shall not refer (more than may be necessary in our summing up) to the way in which England has performed the new part thus assigned to her. A considerable portion, indeed, of this period we have elsewhere reviewed.*

Having now traced the history of our principal † alliances with continental princes, we come to the conclusion that such engagements have, in very few instances, we might perhaps say in no instance, been productive of advantage to England. The guaranties which we have obtained; have not availed us in the time of need; those which we have given have produced embarrassment; neither have procured for us a true friend. A connection with one power, while it has obtained for us no useful assistance from him, has generally indisposed to us some other formidable prince. When at war, we have found those on our side whose interest has at the moment induced them to join us, with little or no reference to previous treaties, or even to the friendly relations which previously subsisted.

We lay it down as a rule, to which we can scarcely imagine an exception, that no alliance, even defensive, ought to be made, still less any guaranty given, in time of peace, with the view of securing the friendship, or

* Vol. viii.

† We use this word because we have passed over various engagements of this nature, especially with the northern and some of the smaller German princes, which did not materially affect our history.

even averting the hostility, of the ally, in any unforeseen contingency.

Should it be objected that, if we connect ourselves with no one power, all will combine against us, we answer, that such combination is under any circumstances highly improbable; that it is more likely to be provoked by the interposition in the affairs of others which the supposed alliance would in all probability occasion; that no such combination would hold together for a long time, and, if it were really to occur, we should have better opportunities of detaching its members by engagements made on the occasion; and lastly, that our *friend* is not the less likely to join such a confederacy, because he has previously allowed us to address him by that name.

Between the system of speculative alliances, which we condemn, and that of an entire unconcern in the affairs of other states, there is a wide interval; to fill this, many questions must be decided:—1st. Whether we are to interfere by good offices, mediation, and, in the last resort, by force, to prevent a disturbance of the *balance of power*, by the excessive augmentation of the power of any one state? 2d. Whether we ought to interfere in defence of a weaker power against a stronger? 3d. Whether we may not, nevertheless, take special charge of those states whose locality, from their coasts being opposite to ours, or any other cause, renders their occupation by an enemy peculiarly dangerous or injurious to us? 4th. Whether we should interfere, by negotiation or force, to prevent the occurrence of war between two or more countries? 5th. Whether we should interfere in like manner to preserve or restore internal tranquillity in any foreign country;—to assist an oppressed people against tyranny, or a prince against rebels?

In discussing these questions, we premise, though it can scarcely be necessary, that we admit the right and the necessity, not only of resisting aggression and avenging insult, but of preventing an enemy who is preparing to attack us, or who places himself in a threatening posture. All this we now take for granted: nor shall we discuss the questions on the point of right. We confine ourselves to policy, and to the policy of Insular Britain.

1. It is not easy to apply a summary rule to this case. But the experience of the uncalculated and strange changes and chances of the last two centuries may reasonably create a doubt, whether policy requires us to interfere by force to prevent any union of kingdoms, which may be brought about by the law of succession, or in any peaceful mode. Extension of empire, by the acquisition of new countries, in which the language,

and manners, and laws, are different, does not always produce an increase of power. And there are many chances of internal disunion, of new jealousies and collisions amongst the continental states, which diminish our danger. For that danger consists, not in the existence of the enemy's power, but in the probability of its injuring us. And be it remembered, that scarcely any combination of power that can be imagined has not already occurred. Take, for instance, France and Spain; it is doubtful whether a "united kingdom of France and Spain" would be stronger than France and Spain united by the Bourbon compact. Would the unity of the government operate more largely in one way, than the division of the people in the other?

2. The case is somewhat different when the acquisition is made by *conquest*, especially if it be the result of a wanton aggression; because then the love of right intervenes, and the maintenance of a character for justice. But in order to maintain this character, we must interfere in *all* cases of oppression; when we have a near interest in the oppressed state, we may boast of our wisdom, but not of our goodness. Are we prepared to make no difference between Holland and Wallachia? And can we proclaim an intention to succor the oppressed, without regard to the power of the aggressor? Certainly not. And what comes of our chivalry, if we permit the strongest powers to bully as much as they please? Recent cases are not wanting, in which we forbore to interfere, because either we felt unequal to the struggle, or deemed it more onerous than profitable. We judged rightly; but it is best to avow at once that it is by a calculation of our interests, and of our ability to defend them, that each question of interference will be decided.

We have treated this question, and the first also, as a question of interposition *by force*; because nothing tends more to lower a state in public estimation, than a demand which it is not prepared to enforce by arms. We would not exclude mediation and good offices; but mediation should not be attempted, unless at the request of both parties. Good offices and friendly suggestions may be usefully employed by a judicious and conciliating diplomatist, but the character of such communications should be avowed at once; the intention to use force ought not to be insinuated, unless it be really entertained.

3. Do we then carry our maxim of trusting to the chapter of accidents so far, as that (to go at once to obvious instances) we would not guarantee the integrity or independence of Holland or Portugal? would we not stipu-

late for the independence or neutrality of the countries through which they might respectively be overrun, (as Holland through the Netherlands?) would we suffer those countries to be occupied by one of the greater powers? As one of the objections to guaranties is that they are *useless*, we make no exception in favor of Holland; and on the same ground we would reject any stipulation professing to secure the neutrality of the Netherlands in any future war. A stipulation of this sort may be useful when a war actually happens, and it may sometimes be wise to make it (as in 1733*) the condition of our own neutrality. The expediency of resisting by force an attack upon Holland by a power with whom we are at peace, must depend upon the circumstances of the time. Assuming that we have a perfect right, for our own security, to oppose the occupation of that neighboring country by a third power, and that our right against that third power

is quite independent of any previous treaty with Holland, the policy of the interference must be decided by the imminence of the danger, and the probability of a successful resistance, by our own strength and that of the enemy, by the disposition and strength of Holland, and of other powers engaged in the war. If we confine our protection to a very few points, and on those evince a determination to make it as effectual as possible, we may very likely avert the attack. But if this be our view, we must confine ourselves to those objects of real importance, and be rigidly neutral in every other part of the globe. It will also be questionable, whether our own security will not be as well provided for by abstaining from interference altogether; and whether there is not too much probability that we shall involve ourselves in a general war, without accomplishing our particular object. Yet, seeing that, with all our care, we can hardly hope to avoid war for ever, admitting that an overweening love of peace may provoke insults and injuries, we are inclined to the opinion, that there are some points, (Holland probably would be one, but we now use it only as an example,) to which it may be politic to apply our protection, though required neither by sovereignty nor alliance.

A second branch of this question is involved in the term, *interests*. There are those who would resist by force the extension of the territory, or even of the influence, of another power, in a quarter at which it may possibly endanger or diminish our *trade*. From such we differ altogether. Nothing but actual, we may call it *bodily*, danger justifies even

that sort of interference which we contemplate. Nor can we quit this matter of a neighbor's aggrandizement, without asking those who are for a manful resistance to every measure of power in another, whether they are prepared to admit the right of France or Russia to make objections to our naval force, to our colonial territory, to our Indian empire? We know that sudden armaments, unaccounted for by any obvious danger, have often been the subject of remonstrance. We know of no case in which they have been simply the cause of war: but we are sure that it is not our interest to provoke or to justify by our example such remonstrance. And, although we make a distinction between Asia and Europe, we cannot well expect others to observe it.

4. Ought we to interfere to prevent war between strangers? The affirmative may be maintained, and not without reason, on the ground of humanity; or on the probability that a war, wherever begun, may finally involve us in hostilities. Assuredly, mediation or good offices may in such a case be employed, under the limitations which we have prescribed. We doubt whether in any case compulsion ought to be used; assuredly not in any case in which we are not certain of success. We can imagine a case in which a great power, or two combined, may be able to prevent hostilities between two smaller states, as the big boys sometimes forbid a fight between two little ones at school. But, if the result of this compulsory mediation is likely to be, as it often will be, the transfer of the quarrel from the lesser to the greater powers, we shall not even have humanity to boast of.

5. The same remarks will apply to the case of internal divisions, with this important addition, that in that case the probability of an extension of hostilities is generally very much less. We say generally, because we have witnessed an exception of enormous importance. In such a case, interference is in self-defence, and perfectly justifiable and politic. In none other can we reconcile it either with right or policy.*

We are aware that, in recommending this rigid system of non-interference, we depart from the principles and practice of statesmen,

* As some of the observations which we have made in considering these five questions, may be said to bear upon questions now pending, as the Belgian, Turkish, and Spanish questions, we desire to remark that, as those questions are affected by *treaties*, some of them of old date, and as the Turkish question especially is one of many bearings, requiring a lengthened consideration, we do not now state the operation which our principles have upon those questions; still less, upon our relations with Russia.

* See p. 87, ante.

ancient and modern, and from the practice, though not from the principles, avowed in the present day. But not the authority of Pitt or Fox can destroy the conclusions to which a perusal of history brings us. The great duty of the government in respect of foreign affairs is to secure the country against hostile aggression; this, we say, is not effected by treaties. They neither deter one power from attacking us, nor induce another to assist us. An insular position delivers us from the danger of a sudden attack upon the mother country. We are more vulnerable in our distant possessions, and in our military and commercial marine. A sudden attack upon these would be equally treacherous, whether we have a mere treaty of peace, or the closest alliance with the attacking state. The danger is in any case remote, but in our minds it is nearer in proportion to the multiplicity and complication of our connections with other powers, whereby points and chances of collision are augmented. The chance of an attack, either in the shape of mere aggression, or (which is much more probable) on a sudden rupture of peace in Europe, is *always* such as to require us to keep our colonies in a state of defence; and, for their protection, as well as that of our ships, we are bound to keep at sea a navy, proportioned to those of all other nations. No alliance makes it safe for us to do less than this.

"England," says Heeren in conclusion, "is now marked as one of the five leading powers who determine the relation of the European state-system. She has connected herself with them without any surrender on her own part, and has, therefore, reserved to herself the power of stepping forward as a mediator whenever it may be necessary. . . . Are we not justified in hoping, that she will become still more, in future, the mediating power?" She has lately mediated between two great powers, with an excellent result; let her reserve her mediatorial capacity for such occasions; let her avoid guaranties and alliances; let her maintain a respectable army and a powerful fleet; let her leave her neighbors alone, and resist promptly the slightest aggression; let her leave trade free: and, though friends may lament her loss of influence on the continent, and enemies boast of her exclusion, her character will stand higher in the world, her voice will be more respectfully heard, and her flag more honored, than when she exchanged guarantees with every state, had a

scheme for the succession to every throne, and intrigued in every court in Europe.

ART. IX.—*Sanchuniathon's Urgeschichte der Phönizier in einem Auszuge aus der wieder aufgefundenen Handschrift von Philo's vollständiger Uebersetzung. Nebst Bemerkungen von Fr. Wagenfeld. Mit einem Vorworte vom Dr. G. F. Grotefend, Director des Lyceums zu Hannover. Mit einem Facsimile.* (Sanchoniatho's early History of the Phœnicians, condensed from the lately found manuscript of Philo's complete translation of that work. With Annotations by Fr. Wagenfeld, and a Preface by Dr. G. F. Grotefend, with a Facsimile.) Hanover, 1836.

FROM the mode of inquiry into the earliest existing histories of the human race to which this Journal has lately endeavored to direct attention, we were naturally anxious to avail ourselves of every opportunity for enlarging the actual bounds of our knowledge in that sphere; and the allusion in a previous number to the promised publication of the work before us renders us the more careful to lay it before our readers. So much indeed has been written and conjectured respecting Phœnician history, and the more material points of it seem so deeply veiled in oblivion that, few and simple as, in our private judgment, and those points must necessarily be, far fewer more simple indeed than is generally believed or even imagined; we were eagerly desirous of anything approaching to certainty or plausibility on this head.

We are bound to say that the publication in question has not in any shape answered our expectation, and that it contains nothing—so far as we can see—of sufficient importance to throw a light on the existence of contemporary nations. On the contrary, while supporting some, it agrees so little with other and more weighty of our impressions from the ancient writers, that it follows, if the work now put forth is genuine, the historians on whom the learned world has been hitherto accustomed to rely must have been more inexact than we could have a right to suppose.

With these feelings we should be disposed to scrutinize severely the history itself, and the mode of its publication—and on this branch of the subject there is certainly some matter for suspicion. The work, as the reader will perceive, is not the Phœnician History itself of Philo-Byblius, but professes to be a summary of it only—a morsel to stay the eager appetite of learning till the full re-

* There is an appendix on the neutral questions, or which we have no space now, but we shall probably have some opportunity of noticing it.

past can be set before her. It is singular that sixteen months at least have elapsed since the alleged discovery of the manuscript; and that manuscript, judging from the facsimile presented, clear and legible, and yet that, not a translation, which would scarcely require one half of the period, but a mere summary, should be all that the public obtains now; that no details should accompany this, to explain the mode of discovery, or give the smallest insight into that tissue of circumstances which attends every real transaction, and is absent only from imaginary ones; that, through a preface of thirty pages, and an introduction of eighteen more, not a single syllable should escape enabling the public to decide for themselves on the authenticity of a volume brought forward under circumstances, and asserting claims, that must of necessity be scrupulously weighed, and slowly, if ever, admitted. All these are questionable shapes of the disinclined historian; but it must be confessed, on the other hand, that the name of the learned Editor is a guarantee against scepticism; and from the whole tone and tenor of his preface, it is clear that he gives full credence to the volume. He must, therefore, we presume, have satisfied himself of its authenticity before lending his name and labors to sanction its appearance; and, since the proofs do not appear, it is to the judgment of Professor Grotefend that we must yield our confidence.

To determine on internal evidence alone is always dangerous. So much takes its coloring from the previous impressions of the reader, that belief in general is much more a matter of taste than of conviction. Some will reject, others accept, from mere prepossession; while, as strictly internal evidence has little or no obvious connection with externals, the facts that might sustain or contradict any part being disconnected from it, every portion of the evidence is capable of a double and arbitrary solution. The work before us, where consonant with received accounts, may thus be held either to be supported by these, or borrowed from them.

We have no access to the original, and therefore cannot determine by the style of narration, or compare it with the fragments from Eusebius; but the Hanoverian Professor undoubtedly must have had this opportunity, and, since his character as a critic and man of learning is committed on the question, we shall throw out a few remarks to justify our sceptical reception of his literary *protégé*, and then proceed with the contents, as a matter of curiosity.

The learned Professor remarks, in his preface, that the discovery of the manuscript must be a source of satisfaction, as supply-

ing a contemporaneous light or narrative with that of the Jews, and affording material information of a period, the very source of history. We question both points. The source of history is to be found much higher, and flows in a tolerably free, though unnoticed, channel; and this Phœnician tale, if really contemporaneous, supplies no light whatever on general history, except what it might itself receive by mere reflection; in other words, borrowed. For it is clear to the most careless observer that, whilst giving details of unknown and unimportant matters and tribes, where no collation or comparison can be resorted to, wherever the subject brings the narrative into contact with known history, and consequently renders it tangible, it shrinks like the *mimosa* from our grasp. For instance, of Egypt and Judæa, with which the Phœnicians were in constant contact, we learn nothing—but much of the Caspian tribes, which were much less known, mentioned by Strabo, &c. Further, under the head of section 5—“*Many Egyptian tribes leave their native land, and settle in Arabia and Phœnicia.*”—c. 15—17—not a syllable is said but what we knew before; and yet a real Sanchoniatho could scarcely have been ignorant of some further particulars respecting this portion of their Exodus. Some light, however slight and accidental, must, we should say, have been thrown on these Shepherds, from their own traditions, by an inquiring mind compiling history on the spot, and so near the time, of their advent—to so highly cultivated a land as is there pretended. Nor is this delicacy atoned for by any incidental light, any information, that in all accreditable narratives breaks somewhere or other upon the inquirer. On the contrary, all that we have of novelty on this head is, that the known names and usages of some one nation are altered, and attributed to another, and the antiquity increased; we should *hope*, not gratuitously. Thus Sanchoniatho (for the first time a native of *Byblos*) compiled, it seems, his work from royal archives, like the Persian of Ctesias, and from poetical inspirations, like those of the Jewish prophets, and the songs of Tatary and China. Now the prophetic poems were preserved in writing by a theocratical people, from their sacred character and theological impress on the proper history of the Hebrews; but the Byblian muse had no such influence nor character; as is clear from the specimens. The songs of Tatary and Arabia approach nearer the parallel, but they existed only orally, and were, in all probability, poetically framed expressly to attract and impress the memory in the confessed absence, whether through ignorance

or desuetude, of writing; and accordingly we find in both these countries that when, at a very late period, it was attempted to reduce them to writing, the greater part of these historical records have been lost. If we further examine those assorted poems, we shall find them in the same predicament as the usages referred to, i. e. bearing the marks of a different nation and a later date. To pass over the scanty additions that profess to complete the extant fragments of the first book of Sanchoniatho, we would fain inquire, whether the Greek translators were ever careful to retain the original names and in the original characters, as a guard on their own renderings; whether the Phœnicians and Sidonians used the Hebrew character—in which these are given;—and whether this character, comparatively modern as it is supposed to be—was invented before the asserted period of Sanchoniatho?

As to the place of discovery, we are informed by natives of Lisbon and Oporto that the name of *Merinhao* is not Portuguese at all, and that they know of no convent so called. It *may* be a similar name, and an obscure place; and this obscurity *may* have concealed the manuscript. We are aware that ancient Portuguese history has never been properly examined, even by the natives, and that many points of similitude or difference connect them with, or sever them from, the various tribes of the Peninsula of Spain. Some such cause might operate for the possession of the manuscript in question; but in any case the production of this manuscript will triumphantly answer all doubts, and vindicate the critical acumen of the learned Professor.

With this intimation of our opinion, we shall give some extracts from the volume itself; and begin with the *Song of Sidon*, which Professor Grotefend challenges for comparison with the lament of Ezekiel over Tyre; to make the parallel closer, we adopt the Scripture phraseology in our English version, and place, like the author, the two passages in juxtaposition:—

“*The Song of Sidon, by Sanchoniatho.*”

“1. Hath the sea rolled thee as a pearl to the shore? or hast thou descended from Heaven as a shooting star?

“2. The earth shines in thy lustre, and thy beauty is reflected from the waves of the sea. When thou, O Queen of the waters! lookest round upon thy ships, thou rejoicest as a fortunate mother at the sight of her children.

“3. But lift up thine eyes afar! Tears shall roll down thy cheeks to water the land; and the sea shall resound with the voice of thy wailing.

“4. For thy ships are broken to pieces in Tartessus, and the best of thy sons are laid on a foreign shore, a prey to the vulture and the fishes!”

The passages quoted from Ezekiel (chap. xxvii.) by Dr. Grotefend, are as follows:—

“3, 4. O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty.

“9, 10. The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy calkers: all the ships of the sea with their mariners were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. They of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut, were in thine army, thy men of war: they hanged the shield and helmet in thee; they set forth thy comeliness.

“26. Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters: the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas.

“27. Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin.”

We can understand the Prophet of Israel denouncing the fall of Tyre, but we strongly doubt the expediency or the judgment of a *Royal Scribe* of Zidon predicting the ruin of his own country in the ear of her King, unless he meant also to include his own. The passage, however, is obviously that kind of imitation which follows, but shuns contact with, an admired original; and endeavors to supply the stern simplicity of detail so natural in the mouth of an exulting enemy, and the deep-collected force of taunt, triumph, and denunciation, that mark the utterance of prophetic retribution, by a studied antithesis, a collection of lighter and more delicate imagery from the same sources, varied with Persian and other prettyisms of thought and language, some absolutely erroneous and impossible;—as that of the *pearl*, not the *oyster*, rolled to the shore.

Again, we have the following passage:—

“Sanchoniatho quotes (c. 10.) a passage from the Book of Songs, where he (Balma-chanes) expresses his feelings during his banishment:—‘Ammisus drove me forth; my servants mocked me. But my servants would I scourge, and slay even Ammisus. Once I sat on Tyrian purple, and my garment was of the silk of Babylon; now is the rock my house, and my garment is the desert. But think ye that I shudder when darkness sinks afar, and the storm rushes through the trees (*περιέρχεται τὰ δένδρα*) as a roaring beast? or that I shrink from the light of moonshine on the mountains, or from the yellow gleams (*λεο τῶν*

πελιδίων προσώπων) that dart forth from every clod? Is the lion heartless in the darkness of his lair, or have ye seen the boar in dismay? The wild-boar wanders fearless through the mountain-cliffs, and the roaring of the lion makes every foe to quake.”—(page 48.)

These two short flights, during which at least a stronger spirit might have kept the wing, are evidently failures; and, we think, as evidently imitations. There is but another, which will appear in its place, as we proceed to give the legend of the Tyrian Hercules—“taken from the Sacred Songs which Sanchoniatho had heard in his youth.”

Melikertes (more probably, we should say, מלכרת, the orientalism, King of the World) and Isroas, the sons of Demaroon, differed about a maiden whom the latter had taken prisoner, and who, being allowed the liberty of choice, preferred the beautiful person of the former to his hideous rival. The rejected suitor made war upon his brother; and he, who to his other accomplishments added that of poetry also, vainly endeavored to soften his antagonist with the following song:—

“Hawk may slay hawk, and the falling cedar of the mountains smite her sister to the ground. Wherefore art thou desirous of strife? wherefore encampest thou against thy brother? Thou knowest me as a warrior, yet will I not engage against thee in battle. Are we not two streams, oh brother, poured out from the same source? Wherefore then, seekest thou, oh Isroas! war and battle against me?”

This remonstrance, however, did not soften the rejected: finding his efforts fruitless to capture the place, Isroas destroyed the fair cause of quarrel with an arrow from a distance (!). Her husband mourned three days for the dead, after which, quitting with his followers the country of the Kabiri, he assisted the natives of Kittium in war, and then left them, in order to avoid the gratitude which would have made him their king; sailing to the opposite coast, where reigned his uncle Jurus. “*The assembly of the blind sages is most strikingly described:*” (in the songs alluded to, we suppose).

Jurus dying, left his kingdom to the hero, with a prophecy that he, first of mortals, should behold the ends of the earth, and be received by Kronos and the immortals as their equal. He set forth accordingly, but was shipwrecked on a coast that supplied no wood fit for building a fresh vessel. This shipwreck must have been (we are told) on the western coast of Italy, for Ersiphonia, Ἐρσιφονία (so written,) which they next reached by tracking the sea coast, lay at the foot of a

mountain called Libanus, לְבָנוֹן, on the Ligurian shores. As Melikertes was aware that this was a holy mountain and the seat of the gods, he made his companions remain below, while he, after the fashion of Moses, ascended the mountain and offered sacrifice. The parallel is increased by his remaining there forty days. At the end of this time, returning to his companions, he found that they had in the interval built a new vessel on the banks of a large river, which could be no other than the Rhone, for he had journeyed five days after leaving the mountain before he could rejoin his companions.

Melikertes alone had ascended this formidable height, for serpents of fearful size infested the clefts and hollows at its base, and dreadful forms were seen amongst the trees of the forests. Clouds and darkness veiled the midst of the ascent; the tops were covered with eternal snow: and high above was the seat of the gods. The hero now put to sea, and landed on an island covered with black cattle, of which he stood in great need; but their owner, Obyakros, אֲבִיבָקְרוֹס, refusing to part with any, he was compelled to employ force: and this adventure recalls the oxen of Geryon. The Greeks then (we learn) must have taken the legend from the Phœnicians, as they agree on the locality also, which was the Balearic Islands.

Departing hence, the hero suffered shipwreck once more, and on an island so covered with impenetrable forests, that, he himself falling sick, none of his companions had spirit enough to go to the chase in spite of their hunger,—for the air was filled with noises like the roaring of wild beasts. They lived, therefore, on fish and muscles, which were fortunately plentiful on the coast.

The faint-heartedness of his followers roused the spirit of their leader, and in spite of his illness he sought the danger. He found a sleeping beauty in the forest, who, waking at his approach, invited him nearer. The hero accepted the courtesy, but, oh wonder! her legs were two fearful serpents. She stated herself to be an attendant of the snake-queen, Leiathana, to whose cave the hero followed her, and found this princess surrounded by similar shapes. The queen informed him that she was confined there by the magic songs or spells (*ἐπωδαίς*) of Masisabas; but, recognizing in Melikertes her deliverer, she directed him to proceed to Tartessus, at the ends of the earth, and, after slaying her oppressor, to seize his treasures. She gave him also at his departure an unerring bow.

Melikertes steered for the appointed land, and finally reached it; Masisabas came

forth to battle; he was a skilful and formidable warrior, and taller than his adversary by the head,—the latter also broke his bow while aiming an arrow at the tyrant: he succeeded, however, in pinning him to a tree with his lance. The treasure was duly seized, and found to be enormous; the neighboring people also came forward and rewarded the victors with honors and gold.

From these people the daring voyagers learned that they were in the vicinity of the wide ocean, beyond the limits of the earth. They lost no time in completing the object of their labors, and were everywhere gratefully received by the ignorant natives, who, freed from the tyranny of Masisabas, and admiring the superior knowledge, skill, and cultivation of the leader and crew, and arts to which themselves were total strangers, erected temples and altars to the hero himself as a god, and deemed his companions deities also, though of inferior class.

Melikertes erected pillars on the mountains on either side of the strait “as the first who had reached the limits of the land. Before all the Sydonians and Tyrians he had touched the shore of the boundless ocean.” In subsequent times, when these pillars, bearing the name of Melikertes, had fallen to decay, the Grecian Hercules set up those columns as land-marks on the heights of Ceuta and Gibraltar, that still record his later achievement.

Melikertes finally applied himself to teaching the arts of his native country to his new subjects, and built them a town and a fort. The grateful inhabitants raised in the former a temple to their benefactor, and placed therein his image, formed of pure silver. He went out, however, once to the chase, and never was heard of again; nor was his grave ever discovered, any more than that of Moses amongst the Jews.

We ask pardon, like the Vicar of Wakefield, for interrupting so much learning, but we think we have heard all this before,—though we have greatly condensed this long and wearisome tale, made up, it seems to us, of borrowed incidents from every quarter, and puerile imaginings that could mislead no rational mind. The frequent references to Moses, &c. appear designed to prevent or anticipate the reader's detection of atrocious and threadbare plagiarisms: and the whole contains no incident not to be met with elsewhere. The writer's invention, in truth, seems of the meanest calibre; and the weakness extreme, that could stoop to believe the tale of two Hercules and two first expeditions to the bounds of the Atlantic. But, setting all these follies aside, what shadow of probability is there that the Sidonians

and Tyrians, or Phœnicians, could lay claim to magical spells at the pretended period? And still more the Spaniards of the western coast? Certainly none whatever; and every trace we have historically on the subject most satisfactorily contradicts it, and leads to an opposite inference. Were such errors English, might not Germany scorn us?

We have room for but one extract more, and this the most tangible as the writer has treated it.

The arrival of the Tyrians at the Island of Rachius.

“Their landing-place was a low shore covered with high trees. After a night of storm and danger, they found a good anchorage. The interior of the country contained many populous villages, whose inhabitants came to visit them, and led them to the chief or governor; he entertained them sumptuously for seven days, while a messenger was sent to the king to apprise him of their arrival. On the messenger's return, the governor conducted his guests to the king, who lived in the populous city of Rochapatta, in the interior of the island.

“They set out with a large force of spearmen in front, to do them honor and keep off the numerous elephants, that greatly alarmed the travellers. The Tyrians marched next, then the villagers bearing presents; and the governor brought up the rear, mounted on an elephant and surrounded by his body-guard. On their journey they came to a river where were many crocodiles, that devoured some of the party.

“In three days they saw Rochapatta, surrounded by high mountains. As they approached it, they were met by a multitude of people, some on elephants, some on asses; many in litters and palankeens (!), but the majority on foot. They were presented in due form to King Rachius and offered their gifts; horses, purple cloths, and seats (Sitzen) of cedar. The king's presents in return consisted of pearls, gold, two thousand elephants' teeth, and much cinnamon. He entertained them thirty days—ten in the chase.

“This island is surrounded by the sea, but on the north-west faces other land. It is six days' journey in breadth, and twelve in length; fruitful, and well inhabited. The sea supplies stores of fish; the woods are full of animals; the cinnamon-tree plentiful; the elephants larger than elsewhere. Gold and precious stones are found in the rivers, pearls on the coast. It is governed by four kings, all tributaries however to one—the *Great King*—who receives cinnamon, elephants, pearls, and gold from them in tribute. The southern rules the land of elephants; the second king rules the west, or cinnamon country, where the Tyrians landed; the third, the north or pearl district; the fourth, the east, or jewel tract. They are all brothers of the great king.

“The latter possesses one thousand black

elephants, and five of a lighter color, which are rare here, and found nowhere else. When one of these last is found, he is taken to the king at Rochapatta, and the discoverer is considered fortunate.

"The crocodiles are caught in pits or traps, or slain by arrows; but they are not the only pests of the island, for the winged insects (Fliegen) are so numerous and bloodthirsty that the royal messengers, in their journeys through the woods, are often killed by them.

"These particulars were on their return engraved by Joram on a pillar in the court of the temple of Melikertes. This was overthrown by an earthquake (*εν τῷ πέρυσσι σεισμῳ τῆς γῆς*) but remains, and the inscription is still legible."

It is clear that the island and its king bear but the disguised name of the *Rakshas*. It unfortunately happens that the ancient inhabitants of the interior of Ceylon knew nothing of the sea-coast; a fact proved by their own traditions: that the bears, leopards, and ant-eaters formed as striking a feature as the elephants even then: and that centipedes, scorpions, spiders, and more especially the enormous serpents, must have escaped their notice altogether: for we presume that Mr. Wagenfeld himself, though with so many marvels at command, would not class all these amongst the *flies* (Fliegen). Farther, the natives, having proper names of places in their own tongue, need not have borrowed such from languages wholly unknown to them, or at best but in hostility, at the time. To pass over other trifling matters, such as the traces of Buddha, the sacrificial ceremonies, and the white elephant story, all traceable elsewhere, it is strange the inscribing Tyrians left no inscriptions on the coast or interior; for, if they did, it must have been in a language and character unknown to them and the natives, such as we find the said monuments, which resemble those Mr. Wathen has shown to be of continental India—and are certainly not Phœnician.

It is singular that the voyagers who had beheld so many palm trees, near Eilotha, which was the place selected for building their fleet, and which, rather oddly, afforded no wood fit for that purpose, so that they adopted the simple expedient of transporting thither enough to load eight thousand camels; it is singular, we must observe, that these voyagers did not recognise the cocoa-palm of the Ceylonese sea-coast, or remark its absence from the interior in those days, or slurred over its affinity to those of Phœnicia. Possibly the mountain-heaps of elephants' teeth and jewels concealed the tall trees from their closer view, or blinded them to every other consideration; or else the pearls that *rolled to the shore* prevented them from look-

ing up. The cinnamon fared better; we presume, because their olfactories were not so agreeably occupied otherwise; and the trace of Buddha's foot on the mountain-top proves that they were not indifferent inquirers, since they brought home a legend 1000 years before its existence. Whatever be the era of that mystic personage, and we ourselves incline to as old a date as even the Germans assign him, and consequently a far older than is allowed by the modern English orientalists;—that he should have been known to the Phœnicians so long before he was born increases not a little our respect for veracious history. We had fancied the oldest legend referred to Adam, but are content to accept a miracle instead of it, and deem ourselves great gainers by the exchange. The connection with the interior, and the thickly populated villages of Ceylon, while the Arabian coast was desolate, though nearer to the primitive abodes of man, was of course contemporary with this pre-adventual advent: and other particulars, found in other books, most probably have been taken from this source. The princess Abbassa doubtless borrowed her desolated comparison from hence: and the liberty of choice, and destruction of Melikertes' wife by an arrow from afar; the holy mountain and forty days' sojourn there; the chimæra—the serpents in the caves (*in Holen wohnt des Drachens alte Brut*)—the name of Abu Bekr—the fish and muscles; the serpent-legged damsels; the unerring bow; the securing (or *skewering*) an antagonist to a tree with a lance: the disappearance during a chase; the white elephants; the Ethiopian jugglers and snake-bearers; the loads of elephant's teeth; and many more wonders and facts: all form a body of evidence deduced from all parts of the world, known and unknown, then or now, to prove the authenticity of this work. Ava and Siam, Al Rasheed's sister, Moses, the Greek poets, the Arabian Nights, Strabo, der Freischutz, Hanno's Periplus, Walter Scott, Josephus, Sindbad the Sailor, Bahram Giubin, Romulus, the Persian Tales, the Book of Genesis, Göthe, Mahommed's uncle, and Plutarch; all are evidently but faint and partial reflexes of this authentic and interesting volume. But we would suggest that more than one copy must have existed for so many readers; or, if but the one that fell into the hands of Mr. Frederick Wagenfeld, we cannot wonder that a Portuguese cloister and a patron saint into the bargain should have been expressly created to preserve the treasure for this fortunate youth.

Fortunate, we may truly say, since, for him, the present age has become antiquity, and fable has turned into history for his sake.

The Phœnician army and navy list are set before us ; and the contemporary kings of Sidon and Byblos, with many that never belonged to Phœnicia, extend from the year 1820, before (or perhaps after) Christ, down to about 1200. Here Sidon presents the remarkable feature of a century of peace (*Hundertjährige Stille*) sufficing for nearly two centuries of time (from 1205 to 1055) ; a striking moral lesson of the value of peace, we presume. The kings of Byblos adopt an equally novel course ; for though the length of each reign and the periods of accession are nicely fixed in the chronological table, backward to the remotest antiquity, and they so regularly preserve their names, as at the distance of seventeen centuries fairly to present us with three for one sovereign ; yet as they come forward towards the time of contemporary historians, i. e. at 1228 B. C. they become, which is perfectly natural, utterly nameless — *Unberühmte Könige* : unmarked down to Simaron and Adonilbnas, who are without a date altogether. Nothing can be so satisfactory.

The days of chivalry are past, alas ! according to Burke, and in spite of the Manchegan knight, — so we can but copy the courtesy of the latter's question to the princess — "Pray why did your highness land at Ossuna, seeing that it is not a sea-port town, but sixteen leagues inland ?" — we are as willing as he to credit an impossibility. That a native of Berytus, after writing one book, should alter even his birth-place, in order to include Ceylon in a Phœnician History of Armenian or Syrian names and Persian usages, written in Chaldaic characters, which a Greek translator preserves for a Christian friar to copy and hide in a Portuguese convent, till a German student travels there for his health, we are perfectly ready to believe ; but that a learned professor of the nineteenth century should overlook his national learning and his own critical fame, by giving currency to the questionable coin and stamping it with his own superscription by a preface, seems too much for credibility, if not for credulity. The falsehood is almost more probable than the fact. As yet a portion only is public, where is the rest ? We would ask —

"Where is the chariot-wheel with Pharaoh's name,
And marked with Pharaoh's arms, to stamp his fame ?
Where of that stone, a slice, and some account,
Given by the Lord to Moses on the Mount ?
And where a slice of that stone's elder brother
That, broken, forced the All-Wise to find another ?"

Till such are produced, how can we wonder that some other relics of antiquity have escaped this collection ? — that the great names of past ages have overlooked Mr. Frederick Wagenfeld ? — that Sesöstris, marching through Palestine, should not have left the date of his journey, with his card, for Mr. Frederick Wagenfeld ? — that Homer did not for his sake answer the doubts of Bryant, on the locality of Troy and the existence of Agamemnon ; or those of Wolfe on his own ? — that the Samaritans did not settle for him the date of their alphabet ? — that the Anakim did not, for him, explain how they got to Judea ? — that the Shepherds did not leave him a narrative of their exploits and expulsion ? — and that the Arabian historians did not write in German to save him from the blunders which his ignorance of their writings occasions ? And this too, when Phœnicia altered her vocalic and liquid terminals to sibilants for his private satisfaction, and Baaut or Buddha came down to the Ceylonese mountains to greet him, in fittest compliment to his merits, with the mark of his foot !

For the Hanoverian doctor and midwife of this marvellous laborer, we partly acquit him of the suspicious parentage and this posthumous birth of Sanchoniatho the historian : immersed in oriental studies of the gravest kind, that require and engross all the powers of judgment and learning, we can easily conceive the advantage taken of that absorption of his faculties and of the honest simplicity of his character.

But what is he who could avail himself of this ? What is he who, received, though a stranger, into the bosom of unsuspecting confidence, has used that confidence only to abuse it ? Who has degraded the faith of friendship and borrowed a high reputation, to stain it with the dirt of deception, or trample it as the stepping-stone of forgery to fame ! Who, in the frankness of youth and innocence, with a pulse steeled to honor and a heart indifferent to shame, has sought instruction for years, to turn it into deliberate crime ! Without strength to range, or learning to gather, or taste to select, or judgment to weigh : — with neither genius to combine, nor talent to use the facts, open, we had hitherto thought, to the meanest inquirer, he is absolutely ignorant of the very *desideratum* he is attempting, and steals the wretched materials his poverty cannot invent. The equal blindness of his moral sense sees nothing amiss in the parasitic creeping round his patron's name, and twining it with the ivy tendrils of his own proper infamy. For previous literary frauds some extenuation might exist ; Chatterton had genius — Ireland, at least ingenuity ; and both understood the

task they undertook. Even Lauder might plead this, and the intensity of hate that darkens sometimes into the sublime. Had those succeeded, they might have boasted their success; and genius or vengeance been pardoned the first foul oblation: but, the Phœnician forgery once proclaimed, the work must fall into scorn; or did the writer mean finally to brave the presence of his Maker with the consciousness of a lie on his soul?

To poison the sources of knowledge is no trifling crime, though falsehoods spring up every hour besides. The annals of the Stock Exchange within our memories recall how chastisement followed one, because most atrocious, deception: and surely some ignominy equally public and damning should brand the forehead of this labored and treacherous forger.

Since the above article was put in type, we have received a pamphlet entitled "*Die Sanchoniathonische Streitfrage, nach ungedruckten Briefen gewürdigt vom Dr. C. L. Grotefend*," the son, we presume, of the learned Director of the Lyceum, whom we have seen ushering this notable discovery before the public, containing the original correspondence relative to the pretended discovery. We find hence that the impostor first wrote under the name of *Pereiro*—(the final *o* should have been an *a*, as it is meant for Portuguese)—then as *F. Wilde*: then, pretending this last to have been his mother's family name, changing it to *Wagenfeld*; till some other *alias* should offer, we presume. The earliest letters contain the word *Merinhao*, on which we have already remarked; and the name of the river *Douro*, spelt *Duero*, as is observed by the Editor: and we would further point out the extreme ignorance of the impostor, who shows by his mode of latinizing it that he was not aware of the true pronunciation of this Portuguese name. It appears that the letter pretendedly sent by one Christopher Meyer in reality came by the post, and bears the Bremen post-mark; while the first letter, assuming to be Portuguese, has, like all the rest, a German water-mark. The miserable shifts and excuses apparent in every page of the correspondence, and the wretched inconsistencies respecting the fac-simile, which are not worth recording, might, we should have thought, have put the learned editor on his guard at the very commencement of the affair, and saved the world and himself from this silly mystification. Dr. C. L. Grotefend notices, though somewhat late, the change of birth-places in the historian; the Buddha footstep and white elephants of Ceylon; the derivation of Tarsus from Tartessus, and the consequent confounding תרשש with תרשיש; va-

rious errors in the Greek of the fac-simile, which would disgrace a school-boy; and alterations in the Phœnician names, which, it turns out, are stolen and mutilated from a recent work of Professor Gesenius: but we would observe, in reply to an objection of one or both of the learned writers, that the change of *y* into the short *o*, is perfectly correct, in transferring Phœnician into Greek; as it so stands in the earliest alphabets of the latter.

We give these facts as supplementary to our own doubts and exposures of the fraud; and must repeat our regrets that so clumsy and obviously elaborated a fabrication should have imposed a single moment on the erudition of a scholar of whom Germany is otherwise so justly proud. As a memorial of this, our critique must remain; for the literary Casper Häuser he should, for obvious reasons, change his own nativity and its aspect as soon as he can.

ART. X.—*Oriental Historical Manuscripts in the Tamil Language, translated with Annotations.* By William Taylor, Missionary. In Two Volumes, 4to. Madras, 1835.

WE hail the appearance of these volumes; for, meagre and unsatisfactory as some portion of their contents may be found by those who are anxious for complete elucidation on the mystical subject of Indian History, Geography, and Religion; and vague, as much of what actually appears obviously is, to even the most ardent of believers; and inconclusive, consequently, as the deductions must be in the hands of the most profound thinkers and most elaborate scholars; still, so much of *indication* as regards the unknown points is thrown up amongst the mass of matter here presented to us, we regret to add in a most confused and undigested form, that, with all the objections which the most careless or the most sceptical reader may be disposed to raise, there is unquestionably a vast deal of information to be gathered from these volumes. Yet our critical duty obliges us to confess that the faults we have pointed out, and some others also, render the work far less important and interesting than we had a right to expect from the skill of the author in the language he translates, and from his sacred character, with its supposed consequent biblical knowledge.

In truth the utter confusion of ideas, incident probably to the very nature of his sub-

ject, and the absence of any index or table of contents in a work so complicated, and so often referring in one portion to another for comparative passages, render the task of the reader difficult, that of the reviewer almost hopeless. In coming forward to supply the intimated omissions of Professor H. H. Wilson's Historical Summary and Descriptive Catalogue of the MSS. collected by the late Colonel Mackenzie, Mr. Taylor seems to consider that his readers must necessarily be acquainted with this work; and, with unpardonable remissness, he has so treated, or rather maltreated, his subject, as to render the professor's volumes indispensable for even a tolerable apprehension of his own. In the incessantly insinuated blame, therefore, of which he is lavish towards his learned and able predecessor, we discover nothing of the candor that ought to distinguish a gentleman, a disputant, a Christian, and a missionary. Nor does the Sanscrit professor stand alone in this category of Mr. Taylor's wrath; he is accompanied in that disastrous predicament by other names; but they are less likely to throw off the dew-drops of our missionary's tender mercies; not only from their inferior ability, and the absence, in some at least, of that high reputation which so justly distinguishes the Sanscrit professor, but also because, while he is living and can disdain it, others have descended to that tomb which is generally considered to cover the errors and disarm the malice of mankind. In the name of humanity we lift our voice against this system; in the name of Christian charity we protest against the man who flings the corpse of his brethren as a feast to the dog and the crow, and makes his religion the pretext for raking up the dead, and scattering their ashes as a sacrifice to the breath of heaven.

To the volumes of Professor Wilson then we must turn for something of order and arrangement; and, though the view therein taken of the MSS. themselves is not so complete as we could have wished it, nor the elucidations derivable from them so ample as we could have expected from the mind that has recently illustrated the calumniated *Ctesias*; yet the learned author has certainly assisted his readers to comprehend their historical tendency, and conceive their historical value. He has not, that we can perceive, in any case decried their importance; and though, from other avocations and various causes, the notices he has given are, to a degree, imperfect; still we ourselves can find nothing of that superficial scorn which some professed Oriental scholars exhibit upon matters seen for the first time; and for which, we confess, we were in the present case fully but wrongfully prepared by Mr. Taylor's al-

lusions. The Professor's is an *honest* as well as an *able* summary, such as might be expected from the man.

To an inquiring mind, the subject of India will suggest a series of doubts and uncertainties. The mystery in which all that is known is veiled, and the still greater mystery that shrouds the unknown;—the fact, not merely of a vacuum in her history, but of a positive cloud supplying its place; refracting the scanty rays of light that scattered records afford, through an atmosphere that is fatal to the breath of history, and that enlarges the few forms appearing through its medium into gigantic proportions, evidently false and impossible: the anomaly of a literature without records; and of a language utterly unintelligible to the mass of natives of those countries in every age; all these are sources not merely of doubt but distrust. Suspicion will ever awake at mystery; for what in such cases is mystery but concealment? and what is that concealment but silent falsehood? If no historical records existed, whence came the fables? If they did exist, why came the fables? The Brahmins could not believe what they disbelieved; namely, the falsehoods they themselves avowedly framed for the vulgar. As little could they have disbelieved what they believed and knew, *i. e.* the events of their own times. How is it then that the truths have vanished and the errors remain?—that, while science and literature were cultivated and preserved, record was neglected and left to perish? the very records, too, the sole support of their claims to antiquity! Did they then contradict the claim? In every other country where the ignorance of new occupants, or the arrogant vanity of despots, destroyed confessedly the ancient monuments, it was in order that the actual dynasty might be deemed the original, or the actual usurpation be held alone worth recording. Are not these the two horns of the Brahmin dilemma?

But, we are told, their language, the Sanscrit, is a proof of their antiquity. It is certainly a proof of its own, so far as it exists, or existed, in antiquity; but no further, that we can see: nor even is this a proof in favor of its professors, unless it can be shown that the present Brahmins are an uninterrupted descent, and their legends a *carmen perpetuum* *primumque ab origine mundi ad tempora nostra*—a presumption which they themselves, as we shall find, contradict in the former part at least. Even without any contradiction of theirs, the fact that they hold to, and cannot explain, their own mythoi, is to us a sufficient refutation of their asserted descent in integrity. But even their boasted language confessedly brings no proof of its own existence

much beyond 3000 years. How then can it evidence for others what it cannot for itself? Paul may answer for Peter, but who shall answer for Paul?

Some writers, it is true, have noticed in ancient remains a few, a very few words, which they refer to this language of the Brahmins; but, since those words all exist in the Zend, Hebrew, and other confessedly oldest tongues, in a nearer and ruder form, they can be no evidence of a Sanscrit origin, and, consequently, no proof that the Sanscrit was formed at that early period. We may grant the Brahmins their pretended origin at Mount Meru; yet this only shows that they migrated from the West, as Langlès, Klaproth, Rask, Kennedy, &c. &c. conceived: but we cannot grant the pretended date of that origin, for it is monstrous beyond all possibility, and the lowest calculation even has been generally held incredible. Let us observe, too, that the Phrygian and Greek languages were formed long before the Sanscrit was known to exist, so far as we have proofs; till then the Brahmins can establish their westward migration, we have no right, it appears to us, to give their grammatical system the priority over the Greek; but, on the contrary, have every reason to assign or suspect, with Gibbon, the former (in part at least) attributable to the Bactrian successors of Alexander. But we assert distinctly that, while no evidence appears to prove the westward migration of these sages, we have no ground to embrace the conjecture of that unknown and unimaginable migration, and by men who, if settled and civilized to such a degree, would scarcely have wandered so far as Greece. On the other hand, there are historical proofs of Zend and other migrations to that country and vicinity.

We must add a few words on the other anomaly we have alluded to;—the existence of a dialect unknown to the vulgar. We may be answered with Hieratic and Demotic Egypt, Chaldean Assyria, Zendic Persia, Bali India, &c. &c. &c. Of the first we know nothing yet; or, if any thing, it supports and proves our argument: of the rest, will any one assert that they have never formed a dialect of a spoken or vulgar tongue? These languages, too, have been motive, the Sanscrit, as is affirmed, stationary; their religious systems have altered, her's is unchanged in the land of her nativity; yet who use the latter tongue? Those only who are interested in maintaining the delusion, which gives them power, riches, influence, sanctity, adoration from man, and beatitude in divine essence.

We are far from undervaluing what we possess of Sanscrit literature. In truth, it is

its very variety and perfection that makes us ask for more, and that renders us sceptical as to its confined historical range. A single and indifferent history of a single distant province has alone been brought to light; and it seems to us impossible that the most civilized sages of the East should have been able to carry their intellectual labours to so high a pitch of excellence in other departments, and yet have been so ignorant as to overlook the very basis on which their pretensions must be founded. This, too, must have been any thing but accidental or ignorantly done, since the bordering civilized nations adopted the opposite course: an obvious example and reproach. China and Persia, and even Tattary, had their records, while the Brahmin was satisfied to rest his illumination on ignorance. With ruder nations, war and accident might destroy whatever relics, if any, they possessed of antiquity. We have in a previous number (Number XXXV.) hinted at some points of resemblance between the Arabic and Sanscrit formations. In the similar, and, we suspect at least equally groundless, claim to remote antiquity, the analogy is sustained; and it is strengthened by the fact, that the oldest Arabic falls even short of the Sanscrit in its proofs, which do not extend to near three thousand years. The vacuum in Arabian history, therefore, is even greater than in the Sanscrit; but the causes we must defer investigating here.

Yet, while the literature of the Brahmins has thus apparently shunned all historical detail, their ancient epic poems have not been equally cautious. Through the extravagance and inflation of these accounts some points are distinctly visible, which obviously refer to actual events, and which correspond in the main with portions of other national records or traditions. But where, as in the Mahabharata, men are exalted to spirits and gods, or degraded to beasts and monkeys, the most timorous fugitive from truth might rest safe and contented in the darkness; since even the few gleams of light that could penetrate thither are separated by the prisms of genius, and distorted and resolved into mere rainbow imaginings. The historian might be discouraged or silenced; the poet could not be controlled. The ignorance and restless fears of the human mind had already woven from the dry and unpromising thread of numbers the wild-floating veil of magical incantations and phantasies; converting calculation itself into a vague, superstitious dream, and finding in the coldest reality the fittest source for unsubstantial forms and phantasmaic terrors. The science of the Nabathæan, early perverted, and sunk to mere dexterity in Egypt, had blended with

Persian mysticism, and perhaps also with Western speculation; the poet seized the realm which philosophy was slowly discovering, peopled it at once with his own creations, till nature and magic, forms and spirits, substance or essence, instruments, birds, fish, animals, man, genii, deities, and even the Godhead, moved, at the sound of his voice alone, to bewilder and enchant the bosom of his auditory. With such a power even despotism, that strongest despotism, of religion, could nothing avail. The Metternich of Brahminism, therefore, bowed down before circumstance, and, like his modern and living type, what he could not control he converted to his own purpose.

From the hopelessness of such historical monuments it is a relief to turn, and seek at whatever cost, and with whatever labor and patience, for more detailed and more authentic sources of information in other quarters. The task must be long, and may perhaps, be fruitless; but we are not of those who deem the broken threads of antiquity irrecoverable, or remain content with despair in preference to examination. We cannot, amidst unexplored libraries and unsought MSS., consent to believe that all traces are lost and perished, because they are not obtruded on the eye; or that the connected succession of events, that stamped the East with their living traces, are now vanished and must be for ever a mystery, whilst so many documents are unknown, and whilst even the historical treasures we possess remain uncomparred, or at best collated imperfectly. When, as in the case before us, fresh materials are offered, to embrace them without examination is neither more nor less unreasonable than to reject them in the same summary mode. If they supply statements merely, such may be considered, and confronted with others from other channels; the collation may elicit agreement or uniformity, thus forming the *probable*: a hint, a reference, a passing remark, will often connect events in one place with dates in another; and thus induce *certainty*: or, on the other hand, discrepancies and contradictions will in general, condense objections and doubts into certainties also. But, if we proceed on the principle of throwing aside every document that bears exaggeration on its face, or that is defective in the date, or that is wholly devoid of these, we blindly abandon and seal up the very springs of our future path, and increase the chances of failure in the boundless and shifting sands of historical and antiquarian investigation. The very want most complained of, that of *dates*, (as if palm-trees ought to rise at our wish in the deserts,) is the surest evidence we can obtain that the records wanting them are old-

er than the civilization we seek in their respective countries.

We have been careful to write thus much at length in order to meet on more than one ground the objections of many able and patient scholars to all the novelties of the past which the present age is bringing to light. Men, too, who have laboriously investigated one particular branch of study, cannot generally be supposed to possess any inclination to undervalue it, or turn to researches tending towards this end; but, since all the learning that has been expended in the research has failed to penetrate into the real sources of antiquity, may we not reasonably entertain a doubt that the process hitherto employed has been somewhere defective?—that the authorities we have taken for our guides, though often, undoubtedly, a light in utter darkness, are also too often a pillar of cloud when we are able to see a wider horizon! The ancients may have told us all they knew, but were the ancients acquainted with antiquity? There is a fallacy in the terms; but we might often, with justice, answer the fact in the negative. If the Greek, or the Brahmin, drew existence from a stone, or creation from a power, are we to contract our inquiries accordingly; and this, too, when their aboriginal nationality is more than questionable, and the Hebrew scriptures, if no other authenticated record, supply evidence of older races in other and more probable countries?

Professor Wilson adverts to the light which the Mackenzie MSS. reflect upon the languages and literature of the south of India. These appear to be

“1. The discovery of the Jain religion and philosophy, and its distinction from that of the Boudh.

“2. The ancient different sects of religion in this country and their subdivisions.

“3. The nature and use of the Sassanum and inscriptions on stone and copper.

“4. The design and nature of the monumental stones and trophies found in various parts of the country from Cape Comorin to Delhi, called Veeracul and Maastiecul, which illustrate the ancient customs of the early inhabitants and perhaps of the early Western nations.

“5. The sepulchral tumuli, mounds, and barrows of the early tribes, similar to those found throughout the continent of Asia and of Europe; illustrated by drawings and various other notices of antiquities and institutions.”—*Introduction*, pp. xi. xii.

It is further observed,

“The collection as here detailed consists chiefly of manuscripts in the original languages, constituting what may be regarded as the literature of the south of India. The sub-

ject is hitherto almost unknown to the literature of Europe, and from its novelty, if not from its importance, is likely to be thought intitled to special attention."—*Introduction*, p. xx.

And our less learned readers may not disdain to be told that,

"In general they are in very bad order, being more or less imperfect, and being rather engraved than written with an iron style upon palm-leaves; a mode of writing which even when the letters are blackened by a composition of lamp-black and oil is very unfavorable to prompt and easy perusal. A new manuscript of this kind, presented for the first time to the most learned pundit, is deciphered by him slowly and with pain."—*Introduction*, p. xxiv.

The leading languages of India have been considered three, if not four; the *Sanscrit*, the *Pracrit*, and the *Maghadee* or *Pairachi*. As the first was the language of the Gods, and the second of Good Spirits, this classification of the third with the fourth, respectively of Men and of Demons, is little complimentary to either of the last. We are tempted, however, to object to the arrangement that includes the Tamul and its derivatives, or cognates, with the *Pracrit* class. The five Gaures, or northern divisions of Hindostan, speak the former, whilst the latter prevails in the five Druvidas, or southern portion of the country, comprising, as Mr. Wilson observes,

"The ancient kingdoms of Chola, Chera, and Pandya, and now comprehending the districts of South Arcot, Salem, Coimbotur, Kumbhakonum, Tanjore, Trichinapali, Madura, Dindigal, Tinnivelli, and great part of Mysur.

"It (Tamul) is not derived from any language at present in existence, and is either itself the parent of the Telugu, Malayalam, and Canarese languages, or what is more probable has its origin in common with these in some ancient tongue which is lost or only partially preserved in its offspring.

"Neither the Tamul, the Telugu, nor any of their cognate dialects, are derivations from the Sanscrit. The latter, however it may contribute to their polish, is not necessary to their existence; and they form a distinct family of languages, with which the Sanscrit has, in later times especially intermixed, but with which it has no radical connection."—*Introduction*, pp. xxviii. xxix.

We must observe, by the way, that Professor Wilson is not himself the author of the above remarks, but we can appreciate the value of such quotations by such a scholar. We may add a distinction drawn by the professor himself between two languages com-

monly confounded in Europe, the *Hindi* and *Hindoostani*—

"The Hindi retaining its own or Sanscrit words, the Hindustani in every possible case substituting for them words of Persian and Arabic origin."—*Introduction*, p. li.

The following short extract illustrates some of our remarks:—

"All the traditions and records of the peninsula recognize in every part of it a period when the natives were not Hindus. What creed they followed does not appear; but it may be reasonably inferred that, if any, it was very rude, and such as might be expected from a barbarous people: for the same authorities assert that, prior to the introduction of the colonies from the North, the inhabitants of the Peninsula were foresters and mountaineers, or goblins and demons."—*Introduction*, p. liv.

We would adduce the remark of Rask in illustration of the foregoing, namely, that the North or original Hindustan, only reaches to the Nerbudda; the Deccan southwards to the river Krishna; and thence the Karnatic extends to the sea; and that the oldest race of Indians are to be found in but a narrow strip of this latter portion.

We believe the following remarks to be new to the generality of readers, respecting the sculptures at Elephanta:

"The caverns in general are Saiva and Bauddha. There are a few Jain excavations at Ellora, but none at Elephanta or Keneri. There is no satisfactory clue to the date of any of these excavations; but there is no reason to think that any of them bear a high antiquity. It may be questionable whether the Saivas or Bauddhas took the lead in these structures; but there is some reason to suppose the former; in which case, the Saiva appropriation being consequent on the downfall of the Bauddha faith, Mr. Erskine observes the Elephanta caverns cannot be much more than eight centuries remote. The Bauddhas, according to a tradition previously alluded to, came into the peninsula only in the third century after Christianity; and their excavations could not, therefore, have been made earlier than the fifth or sixth. The Saivas, who formed similar caverns, were a particular sect or that of the Jogis; as is proved by the sculptures, the large earrings, the emaciated penitents, and the repetition of the details of Daksha's sacrifice, a favorite story in the Saiva Puranas; none of which are probably older than the eighth or ninth century. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, therefore, we may infer the comparatively recent formation of these monuments. There is nothing in their construction, that Hindu architects of the present day would not be as well qualified as ever to accomplish.

"Sculptured rocks are analogous to cavern temples; and the history of the one may throw some light upon that of the other. The most remarkable monuments of this class are the sculptured rocks of Mavelipurani, or Mahabalipur, the city of the great Bali, who has proved so mischievous a jack-a-lantern to European scholars; leading them astray from India into Palestine and Mesopotamia, and filling them with a variety of preposterous fancies. Now local tradition asserts that these rocks were sculptured not more than five or six centuries ago by artists from the North; and the subjects of the carving, the recumbent Vishnu, and particularly the presence of Krishna, and the cowherds of Vrindavan, leave no doubt of the accuracy of the chronology; for the worship of the boy Krishna is a very modern innovation."—*Introduction*, p. lxix.

The brevity of his materials is noticed by Mr. Taylor, to whom it is time to return, as similar to the records of every early nation. From these he infers that the kingdom of Madura, in the south of the Peninsula, was founded 1500 years B.C.: the alleged (oldest) date of the Vedas, according to Sir W. Jones and Mr. Ritter: the three principalities of *Pandya*, *Chola* or *Sora*, and *Chera* or *Sera*, having been early formed; and the first having, it is affirmed, sent ambassadors to Augustus Cæsar. Tradition makes the founder a native of *Oude*.

The mixture of incessant monstrosities with some few facts, offers certainly no small inducement to throw aside Mr. Taylor's volumes as too extravagant altogether. But this is the very hastiness of judgment we have condemned, and we meet with some matters that, in the shape of tales, are frequently amusing, and singularly illustrative, even after all we have heard of the state of supineness and superstition in those unfortunate countries where the Brahmins have so long held sway. These we may compare with the similar cases in European lands; but amidst the darkest of these last some light of reason has found its way, to save ourselves from the long and hopeless degradation that has paralyzed Hindostan.

Amongst narratives which, though extravagant, evidently involve historical facts, we meet with some of the most trifling and ludicrous character. The sources of those fables, which, in the hands of the Greeks, gave rise to fictions so elegant and graceful, and at the same time so accordant with the spirit of the human mind, that they formed, in the first instance, a willing belief, and even now are indulged in as waking dreams, are here, in what we are taught to receive as their original state, matter for mirth, if not for pain, for those who could credit, and of scorn and

disgust for the inventors of such distorted phantasies. They had often probably no end whatever; not even the mystic sense of an unimportant rite: but appear to have sprung from the wantonness of an imagination secure from detection in the hearers, though in the utterance of the most palpable falsehoods. The exhaustless purse and transmutation of metals are familiar to infancy in every cultivated tongue; but only a Hindoo could listen to tales of a god dancing on one leg for years, teaching wisdom to a little bird, giving milk to pigs, and making them ministers of a kingdom!

We can therefore well believe that this policy of ignorance was the work of an intrusive race. The Brahmins,—whose foreign origin is more than suspicious, though we cannot consent, with Rask, to imagine them a conquering race,—did in all likelihood supplant the native castes, and raise their supremacy upon the ruin or depression of the *Shatrya* tribe. If so, their policy is not altogether dissimilar to that of their successors and patrons, the English, in India, and of the Tatar dynasties of China to this day. Mr. Taylor takes some pains to show that they were originally Chaldeans; but we can see no ground for this assumption, nor any similarities beyond merely casual ones. In fact, we cordially embrace the Arabian account of their descent, from every consideration connected with their doctrines; and the derivation of their mode of measuring lands, with all its errors, till corrected from the Arabians, corroborates the supposition. Nor need we bind ourselves to the confusion, naturally arising, we conceive, from the fact of substitution; that confusion of persons and things that identifies the Brahmin of Hindostan with the original Deev, or sage, of Scythia or Tattary. The derivation of the name is decidedly inimical to this identity, no less than the other grounds of dissent or denial,—viz. the difference of faith or ritual, so far as any information remains on this head. It will suffice to notice, in illustration, that the suicide so universally established in Hindostan is directly opposite to the principle of the Brahmins described by *Megasthenes*; and that *Benares*, the ancient seat of the learned and pious priesthood, little resembles at the present day, as our readers have seen, those groves of meditation, and has wholly departed from the *royal solitudes* of the old *Vanarasi*. The castes are different also; and where are the former *Feasts of the Dead*? In truth, even while admitting the Zend to be partially the source of the Sanscrit, there is not the slightest necessity for identifying the ministers of the two systems, but rather the contrary; for the formation of an improved

language was not merely calculated to throw an elder into disuse, but may not unreasonably be imagined to have partly sprung from this object; and the more so, since those who spoke it (the Zend) were now deemed idolatrous and false, if not absolutely persecuted for their creed.

The concealment then of their own knowledge by the later or real Brahmins—we know not how the former could claim the appellation—appears not very dissimilar to the mysteries of the old western nations; the closing terms of that of Eleusis bearing absolutely the Sanscrit form of words contracted from the Zend; and since no historical proof whatever appears to carry the Sanscrit to the banks of the Nile, or the shores of Italy and Greece,—for the three pretended pyramids of Sanscrit construction is a tale, proving, if any thing, the very reverse of what its narrators pretend:—then the only alternative left for belief is the statement referred to, of the more modern intrusion of the Brahmins. How ruthlessly, tempted by avarice and impunity, they have abused their position in Indian society, we need not pause to remark; but were evidence wanting, it is found in the two extracts we make from Mr. Taylor's work.

“When *Parasu-Rama* had obtained his domain, as before mentioned, he parcelled it out into seven *Konkans*, or divisions, named respectively, *Kirata*, *Virata*, *Maratha*, *Konkana*, *Hayga*, *Tuluva*, and *Kerala*. Some of these names, as *Kirata* and *Virata*, are taken from those of northern and more ancient countries. These seven provinces, it seems, had a population of fishermen; from which circumstance we may gather the general inference, that the retiring of the sea was gradual, though fable has incorrectly made it miraculous and instantaneous. If it did take place on the principles indicated, it must have been gradual. *Parasu-Rama*, it may be supposed, on coming to this newly recovered tract of country, easily gained an ascendancy over its piscatory inhabitants. The better to secure it, and to retaliate on the northern Bramins who had expelled him, he made these fishermen become Bramins. Either at this time, or, as more probable, subsequently, the aforesaid seven provinces were subdivided into sixty-four districts; and the Bramins of these states formed a deliberative council of government for the whole. They reserved to themselves the property of the soil; let out the lands to inferior castes; intrusted war and defence to ten and a half divisions out of the sixty-four subdivisions; and placed the executive government in the hands of one individual, assisted by a council of four other Bramins, elected every three years. It is not certain whether this very singular arrangement, considering its being in India, took place among the fishermen Bramins, or at a later period. The reader may judge; for the legend says,

that *Parasu-Rama*, on quitting the country, told his Bramins that, should they at any time have urgent occasion for his assistance, their wishing for his presence would be sufficient to bring him among them; a device quite common to the heroical period of Hindu history. The fishermen, unworthy of their elevation, felt doubtful of his veracity; and, in order to put it to the proof, summoned him without cause: indignant at which, he reduced them to the rank of *Sudras*, in which light the Bramins of the *Konkan* are said to be still regarded.”—*Taylor*, vol. ii. pp. 56, 57.

It needs little attention to discover that this Brahmin tale is the Lion's account of the fact. The poor fishermen are not charged by their adversaries with serious misconduct, and the re-appearance of *Parasu-Rama* therefore is only the *Deus dignus vindice nodus* to revenge the real offence, that of attempting to supersede Brahmins. In what a condition must be the moral sense of a country that can thus visit their ancestors' fault on the present Brahmins of *Konkan*!

The second extract on this subject needs no comment of ours.

“A pilgrimage to Benares, with the view of obtaining offspring, has been, and probably still is, a frequent custom. It is a pilgrimage from which many never return: and if wealthy persons setting out thither were not infatuated by superstition, they might reflect on the possibility of collusion between collateral relatives and Bramins, and between Bramins of one temple with those of a distant one, by means of the sacred language, unknown to the vulgar: so that Pausanian letters, sealing the pilgrim's fate, might be carried by himself. The writer of these remarks was told by Dr. Young, who accompanied Bishop Turner to Madras, that from personal observations he had no manner of doubt of Benares being a great slaughter-house, or that numerous lives of pilgrims were every year sacrificed by the Bramins in order to get at their property. A slow reception may possibly be given to such an opinion, but how fatal pilgrimages often are to pilgrims needs not at this time of day any fuller exposure than has been given. At all events, reverting to our theme, it is not astonishing that the real Tanapathi* never returned.”—*Taylor*, vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

We have noticed in a former number (xxv.), the various forms under which the creative power appears in the East. It is well worth considering, if only for condensing the view to the first departure of the Eastern world from the Hebrew text. When O'Brien, in his work on the Round Towers: a volume

* A merchant who went to Benares to obtain offspring by prayer. This legend indicates the notoriety of the fact referred to above.

containing a singular combination of ingenuity and research; where, with the natural fault of youth, assertion is too often substituted for argument, and reading for learning, but where, to do but justice to the volume, a vast variety of facts, previously considered only in detail, but there for the first time put together in a manner that compels the most serious attention from scholars, always to their combination, if not always to the conclusions, render the work indispensable for all future inquirers:—when he favored the world with the Irish reading of the opening passage in St. John, regarding the *Λογος*, he totally overlooked the necessity of accounting for either of the two interpretations of the Hebrew Genesis, whether the *spirit* or the *word*; a *breath* of Deity, or a mighty *wind*, that moved upon the surface of the waters. Mr. Taylor is for this last reading; but we must regret to observe that we can place little reliance on his biblical learning; of which, however, he is willing to make parade. He appears even to have overlooked or confused the arguments adduced by the late Colonel Wilford, for fixing the site of Paradise in the Himalayah, with the argument on the resting of the ark. This, from his careless style, he would seem to fancy was “*poetically transformed into a divinity*” in the second verse of Genesis! but he in reality refers to the Indian Hymn, and not to the Bible.

Of the garden of Iran or Eden, we cheerfully accept O'Brien's opinion, as it has always been our own: though he, after Malcolm, was ignorant of the derivation from *ur*, or *اور*, Ur, Fire, as the pure or holy: *an* being the Median adjectival affix, and not originally a substantive. Into the Irish question we shall not enter; as O'Brien's volume, especially with the assistance to be derived from the labors of Pelloutier, Betham, Prichard, and Moore, shows more ground for considering the question than had been previously imagined; but it is clear that the *ר* in Hebrew might be easily confounded with *ר*, in speech as in writing, even in the Samaritan character: while the spoken *ר*, gives the sound of *t* or *d*, in more than one derivative language of the ancient East, and certainly the old Persian.

The most material defects in O'Brien's volume are, his talking for granted that his readers are as well acquainted as himself with the Celtic; and the omission of any comparison or proof of this being identical with the Persian, a language evidently strange to him; and a degree of confusion is consequently apparent in some parts. Will no friendly hand supply this deficiency?

We cannot pass the subject of the ark

without noticing a slight but singular coincidence between the Sanscrit tale of the deluge, and an equally futile English superstition. That *Vishnou*, the preserver, by miracle or *maya* formed the ark, is only the debasement of the scriptural narrative. The confusion of opinions on this subject seems to have arisen from overlooking the fact that the old Indian writers intended by the word *maya* the *action* of existence upon consciousness (in the Divinity): the *act* of representing, not the representation itself. The simple *operation* is therefore the Real and Unreal of the ancient doctrine: not merely, we conceive, “*real*, because it is the cause of every thing,” nor “*unreal*, because there is nothing but BRAHM;” but also Real and Unreal in the sense of *action*; which is Actual, for it takes place; yet only consequent, for it depends upon, or is the relation between, other existences: and in this sense only, we submit, can we take the declaration of the Veda, “that God as *Maia* creates the world.” It is in fact not the Hindu philosophers alone who have puzzled themselves and their readers with this very attempt to define the connection of matter and spirit where they approach the nearest. But if perception, or rather pictorial impression on the sense, an apparent image and not a mere illusion, be intended by the Sanscrit authority, it tallies strangely with the meteorological phenomenon, known, though rare, by the name of the ark, which is supposed to prognosticate the change from long-continued rain to fair weather. This we once heard described by a respectable eye-witness, still living, as pointed out to him in the north of England under that name by his brother, a clergyman, and presenting the perfect image in the skies of an ark surrounded by rainy vapors. Other accounts tend to corroborate our informant's statement. While relating stories of illusion, we may give one from Mr. Wilson of probably equal authority.

“On the mountain of Kailas, when Siva was sitting in his Court, Chandeswara stood up in his presence, and saluted him with a single hand. Párvati Devi, observing it, said to Siva, ‘Oh Parameswara, every one salutes us with both hands—what is the reason that this person salutes us with but one?’ Parameswara then became twofold, or half Siva and half Párvati. Chandeswara beholding it, remarked: Although foul or reflected odors may be wafted by the wind, or the shadow of the sun reflected from a jar of water, yet are they not one existence? So saying, he turned to the right half, and saluted it alone. Párvati then, being highly enraged, spoke thus: Chandeswara, I am the material mask of the spirit; how can you refuse to acknowledge me? You are under

my command as long as you are enveloped with a body? Chandeswara then became Bhringiswara with three legs, at which the Ganas were surprised, and called him Ganeswar, (the exempted from matter). Párvati, beholding Siva, said, that she had conferred half of her body on him, and Bramha and Vishnu and the rest were concentrated in her; which then was greater, Bhringiswara, or Siva himself? Siva replied to her, that she might send a part of her essence to the mortal world, and he would send Bhringisi there, and she might then examine its spiritual truth. Párvati accordingly sent a spark of her essence to be borne as *Máyá* on *Mohini-devi*, the queen of the king of *Banavasi*, named *Mamakara raya*. This *Máyá* became a hârlot, and associated with the musician of the temple of *Madhukeswar* at *Banavasi*. The spirit of Bhringiswar or Nemaya Ganeswar was born by Nirahankára on Sujnánadevi at Karure, and his parents gave him the name of Allama Prabhu, and nourished him. When he was grown up, he said to his parents that he was born to them for their faith to Siva; and wished to teach the prayers of Siva to the disciples in the different regions, and he showed them the mode of attaining liberation. He went to *Bánavasi*, and subdued the musicians and *Máyá* there, and obtained the title of *Niranjani*; and wandered throughout different parts of the world, and wrought many miracles for the disciples of Siva."—*Wilson*, vol. ii. pp. 21, 22.

To return to Mr. Taylor. It is singular to find how strongly he is given to the adoption of novel opinions; novel, we mean, in comparison with those they contradict; and how eagerly he travels out of his proper path to introduce the question of the ark in a description of Tamil MSS. But though we acquit him of any suspicion that the two questions are more nearly connected, as they unquestionably are, we instance it as one proof of that desire for investigation which turns up so generally, wherever it appears, long hidden or disregarded treasures. Whether such be the case now before us, we cannot pretend to judge; but we strongly protest against his building an argument upon Portius Cato, without examining how far he is worthy of support, and in a passage where his testimony is obviously an error: the *Sagæ Scythians* he speaks of being evidently but the descendants of the *Saca*, or *Sacuseni*, in eastward migration; the original Scythia being thus, according to both *Strabo* and *Herodotus*, near the Araxes, or Kur, i. e. West of the Caspian sea.

We give to the "Chaldæan traditions and Assyrian vestiges," that Mr. Taylor speaks of to support his opinion of the ark's resting elsewhere than in Armenia, the weight required by testimony that does not affect the

point in dispute. The Armenian traditions against him are clear; the grape soil of that neighborhood, too, attests the traditions; and the story of the King Giamshid, who discovered it for Persia, and who, as a dynasty, claims all the improvements of the Noachidæ, confirms it. When China can show that her civilization and existence did not originate from the West, it will be ample time to imagine the patriarch Noah travelling to *Shensi* for his amusement. Of the Brahmin claim for the *Shaca-dwipa*, as the ark's resting-place, till its locality is settled we cannot, and need not, say much, in addition to what we have remarked on their history; but we doubt the wisdom of taking for 4000 years the asseveration of a race that cannot account for 3000. The word קִי, as the East, or original land, we have discussed before, and may refer to hereafter.

Mr. Taylor attempts to assail the arguments of Faber on this locality, but the latter has nothing to fear from his antagonist. He can also gain nothing from our support, though we still hold the opinion which our missionary conceives himself to have demolished so effectually. We must examine this as an historical question.

In the first place it is not necessary to blend *Ararat* and *Minni* together to form the name of Armenia, unless we take also the third or final syllable of this letter from the first of *Ash Kenaz*; a novel mode certainly, and more anagrammatic than probable. But it is clear by the 27th verse of 51 Jeremiah, quoted, read in connection with the 28th, not quoted by Mr. Taylor, that the three kingdoms, viz. *Ararat*, *Minni*, and *Ashkenaz*, in question, were those of the Median kings; for they are mentioned; and there is no allusion to any other in the whole chapter as assailants. Now though Chamick, a modern Armenian writer, believes Armenia to have been so named from *Arah*, an ancient king, the derivation of it from *Ar* is correct also; not certainly as the *mountainous*; which, according to our author, is the sense given by Mr. Faber: we have not the latter's volume at hand: but because the word is both Hebrew and Zend; being simply the contracted title, not name, of *Ahoeroehe* in the Median tongue and the אר, *Ur*, of the Hebrew.

Ar-arat, then, is simply אר, and ארה, or אראר, the land of fire.

Minni is probably the מנח, referring to number, of the Hebrew, as evinced in the tremendous brevity of the denunciation to Belshazzar: the root of the Greek *Mene*, the moon, so called, according to some, from her being the source of calculation for the *monaths* or months; the *Al-manach* of the Arabic, so familiarized to us; or else the

moon might be so called as ruling over the planets and powers of the Zoroastrian system: and it is clear from the old and modern names, Teutonic and other, *mangha*, *mane*, or *mone*, and *mond*, that, while she is connected on the one hand with the months, she derives, on the other, the claim of influencing the mind, or animal spirit, of the Greeks.

We are disposed (in corroboration of this last) to consider the Zend word *main*, mind or spirit, the root of the Median name, as of the derivatives in Sanscrit, *mana*; Indian *manyu*; Tamil *manya*; Ceylonese *manaya*; Greek *μενος*; Latin, Portuguese, &c. *manes*. The corresponding Egyptian term is *munai*, spirits or demons; and it is remarkable that, like its correspondent, it is limited to five characters, as is the Hebrew *אלהים*, *Elohim*; the five Buddhas or authors of creation; the Indian charm, or *mantra*; and the five elements, (including ether); while also the Chinese number five expresses the *principle of nature*: possibly the five senses furnish the key of this number. The *t*, prefixed in Egyptian, as the definite article, furnishes the Greek *δαίμονας*, and Cingalese *Damanaya*.

Ash-kenaz is but the *שן*, fire, and *כנז*, to collect; that is, the people gathered near, or cherishing fire: it finds a place, though corrupted, by the Greek *Αξενος* (Euxine), inhospitable; and probably too "the distant Ascania," *Τελ' ἐξ Ασκανίης*, of the *Iliad*. They were in all likelihood so termed by Homer from their relative geographical position, which agrees, as well as the name, with that of the Sacaseni we have noticed, from which it differs only by a slight and common transposition, and a usual prefix. Bochart, it is true, considers the *Ararat* and *Minni* to designate the greater and less Armenia, and *Ash Kenaz*, Phrygia; but we find these last gradually moved northwards, to the land between the Euxine and Caspian; and the epithet of Homer already describes them as remote from the other tribes of his enumeration. We have strong grounds of suspicion, in spite of the "*nugantur*" of *Cluverius*, that these last Sacaseni were the original Saxons, branching eastward and west.

We, to a certain extent, cordially agree with our author respecting the wars of the *Surs* and *Aseurs* in Indian epics. They are indeed, as he observes, represented as good and evil genii; but this is simple Hindu invention. If Hindoostan was peopled from the west, whether early or not, for this makes no difference, *after* the hostile incursions, the descendants of the *Surs* (*Surya*, *Hoor*, the sun) would hand them down through tradition, till they were embodied, as we have seen, in poetical composition. The *Surs*

then, as narrators, are virtuous, peaceable, and aided by Divine Power; while the *Aseurs* are malignant and hostile, magicians and fire-worshippers. Indeed, throughout the whole of the great epic poem of the *Mahabharata*, it is clear that facts are disguised by exaggeration and partiality, and that the worshippers of Fire drove before them the Sabæan adorers of the Sun and the Moon: the *Vedas* bear evidence of this as the earliest adoration. We find the *Surs* as Cappadocians of Halys; and their Greek appellation of Syrians, (noticed by Newton,) is simply the common Median affix *an* or *een*, as exemplified in the proper names *Suræna*, &c. &c. Though of course in a popular journal we can only refer slightly to the subject, in hopes that light may be elicited from deeper research, we feel confident that the day will come when the East shall give forth its treasures of antiquity to repay the culture and the curiosity of Europe.

It may not be here amiss to remark, that the confessed embarrassment of Mr. Taylor in the question of three or four stems for the Southern Peninsular Kingdom had been already anticipated by Professor Wilson. But, in truth, the division into three seems a favorite system in Indian history; and we have little doubt that the oriental Trinity derives its existence, like their Divine Triad, from the three traditional sons of Noah. If the *Sora* kings are of the solar line, and the *Pandians*, or *Pa. dayans*, lunar, these dispose of the posterity of Shem and Ham: the sons of Japhet are clearly referred to as the *agni-vamasi*, or fire-race; the classification of a fourth would not have been in accordance with that triform principle which pervades the Indian system, and to which, correctly or not, all that belongs to *origination* is referred.

It is surely not necessary to suppose, with Faber, that the coincidence of three sons in the cases of Adam and Noah was necessary for this triformity; nor need we adopt the more refined speculation of Cory, that it arose from the attributes of light, spirit and heat. Yet the opinion of two such able scholars is deserving attention on any point, and is probably founded to a certain degree on truth, as that of men not easily deceived. We shall therefore give the reason that led ourselves to the above conclusion many years since, in utter ignorance that any thing beyond a metaphysical solution existed for it. We have formerly referred to the Duad principle as the most ancient after unity; viz. that of light, or a *good*, and that of darkness, or an *evil*, power, in the Deev or Tatar system of Zerdusht. Through that system, however, may be noticed the presence of a third principle, subordinate, as if subsequent, to the

two former ; these last evidently represented the main and perceptible changes of day and night, summer and winter ; while the third seems to have participated in the powers of both the others ; being generally the adjunct, auxiliary, or even substitute, of the sun, which represented the first ; and of the destroying power at other times, *when not darkness*. Now this third is referable, we conceive, to the introduction of FIRE, discussed at some length in our former Number (XXXV. already quoted), and which answers to both the categories of *light* and *destructiveness*. We know that in the West the race of *Shem* represented the Sun, and *Ham* the Moon ; there we find little trace of the third ; possibly because these retained the use of fire : but in the East as the Scythians, banished, it is pretended, from the original land, required and received, as we have formerly shown, the introduction of fire, we can distinctly understand the first imperfect and timid indications of raising this to the third place of Deity ;—marking its recency pictorially by the New-born Child, in making it the representative of the Japetic race : and the glory that surrounds the head, being merely rays of light and heat, assimilate it, as *Horus*, to the Sun. Hence, too, the oriental and god-making Homer describes his Asiatic Chryses addressing the Greeks as—

‘ Ἀζόμενοι ΔΙΟΣ ΥΙΟΝ, ἐκὴβῆλον Ἀπολλωνα.

The material and historical, or *human*, triad of races, was thus combined with the ethereal and visible, but *divine*, triad of worship ; both equally physical. It will hence appear that no reference was necessary to Adam, of whom the accounts were far more confused than of Noah, and scarcely tangible : while, on the other hand, the metaphysical speculations, to whose source we pointed in our previous article on the subject as prevailing in original Tatary, might well, though long subsequently, develope into that beautiful theory, which Mr. Cory embraces, of Pythagoras and Plato.

We find our opinions strengthened by the three Brahmin sects—of *Brama*, *Siva*, and *Vishnu*. Not the one godhead or essence, of Buddha : nor the two principles, of Zerdusht : but the *creative*, *destroying*, and *preserving* powers of *light*, *darkness*, *fire* : and as this last acted beneficially or otherwise, we see the three Indian gods at times confused, or rather, positively exchanging their attributes. Thus too in the separation of sects the *Siva* was the widest spread, as the agency of fire is the most obviously effective ; and prevailing where the Japetic, or Ionian, descendants established themselves ; in the northern, the centre, and the western coast

of Hindoostan. *Vishnu* is love or warmth, at times generating, at other times destroying, by fire : and *Siva* is this consumer, whose wrath reduced to ashes. In this division the power of darkness from the older magician creed is nearly lost, like the descendants of Ham to India. The triad form was still preserved, for it had been the original, and was historical and material : and the triple character *a u m*. as it does not include the proper names of the Hindu Trinity, though it corresponds to their number, was therefore evidently derived from a foreign source, and is but the rapid pronunciation of *anhouma*, or essence, from Persia, and of the *alohim*, or powers, of Chaldea.

In illustration of our remarks on the *Siva* interposition, we give the following story from Mr. Wilson's work.

“ *Siriala Jangama*, who resided at *Kanchi*, distributed food daily to one thousand *Jangamas*. *Siva*, in order to try his faith, went to his house disguised as an ascetic ; as soon as *Siriala* saw him he fell at his feet and invited him to take some repast. *Siva* replied to him that he must have human flesh, from some one of *Siriala's* family, to which the latter agreed, and carried him into his house. Having communicated the wish of the *Jangam* to his wife *Ganguli*, they determined to sacrifice their son. In the mean time *Siva* proceeded to the son of *Siriala*, named *Chillata*, who was at school, and told him that he would be killed by his parents for the food of a goblin, and therefore he had better run away : but the lad replied to him, “ You are an ascetic, why do you seek to alarm me ? my life is not dear to me, and I shall lose the benefits of this and the next world by disobeying the commands of my parents. Do not you know, that it is better, that my flesh should be digested in the belly of a devotee, than that I should be separated from *Siva* by worldly cares ? Do not dissuade me in this manner, but return to your abode.” The ascetic accordingly returned.

“ The mother of the lad then brought him home and bathed and adorned him, and prepared to kill him, and told him that through their virtues, the ascetic had asked them to offer their child, and that they had agreed to it. The lad replied that he was fortunate, and should thus obtain salvation. His mother counselled him then not to be afraid, but to repeat the prayer *Nama Sivaya*. The parents then cut off his head, and dressed his flesh as nine sorts of curry, reserving only the head. On presenting the dishes to the ascetic, he flew into a passion, because the head was not given, and being afraid of his curses, they produced it, when the ascetic desired them to dress that also. This being effected, he commanded them to partake of the meal along with him—*Siriala* hesitated to eat of his child, but the wife enforced his compliance, and they sat down on either

hand of the *Jangam*. The pretended devotee then commanded them to send for their son to dinner, and being afraid to avow that they had killed him, they stated that he would presently come from school. The ascetic refused to eat without him, and desired them to call the boy; with which they were forced to comply. On doing so, the boy, to their great astonishment, came out from an adjoining room with three golden cars. Then *Siva* appeared in his own shape, and carried the parents and son and the ancestors of *Siriala* to *Kailas*."—*Wilson*, vol. ii. p. 6.

We must now offer a few suggestions on the disputed point of the *Buddha* heresy, if such it be. We should rather incline to consider it an original creed, closely allied to, and possibly modified by, the Zoroastrian. It is remarkable that the word bears in its derivation and analogies every where the sense of *existence*. Thus the *Bodh* is the principle as well as the instrument of life, the deity, the sage, the teacher, old age, &c. &c., and in the latitude of Eastern languages could scarcely fail to express the primitive or original, whether of doctrine or personification. It thus bears a striking coincidence to the double epithet of *Somonna* (*odom*), the former synonymous with wisdom: the latter appearing through a wide range of languages to preserve the very signification for which we have contended, of *Kodom*, ancient, original, primitive,—precisely the Latin *quondam*, a root derived with others, as shown in a former number (No. xxxv), from the old Persian source. The affinity of the *Bali* with the Chaldaic needs no illustration, and slight as it is, this coincidence adds weight to the supposition of identity in *Buddha* and *Kodom*, or *Gautemah*, as *Somonna* is frequently called. This identity conceded, much of difficulty that now embarrasses our judgment disappears; for the adepts of this faith, scattered in different countries, would easily by the vulgar, and in the course of time, be taken for the actual incarnations of the system they taught, even if they refused the temptation of claiming adoration for their own persons. The actual *Baudh* of Ceylon might thus very well differ from his brother of Hindoostan, and the disclaimer of the latter personally by the priests of the former be perfectly correct. It is hard to follow a contrary course and insist that these two last were one and the same, in defiance of the natives of the country, in spite, too, of their traditional knowledge, and merely because we, as strangers, know nothing of both or either.

It does not, however, by any means follow that the objected difference of orthography, in this or any other instance, or even a different process in derivation, constitutes a

radical difference in words. We know not why they should in these cases be so continually rejected, as some, and really sound, philologists are wont to do. While it is certain that many words of nearly similar sound have in the fluctuations of early and imperfectly cultivated languages come to be considered as one, it is on the other hand beyond question that two distinct or separated races will draw different derivations from the same root. Irregularities too may interpose from causes with which we are imperfectly acquainted: yet it would surely be too much to reject all, any more than to admit all, upon this sole ground. We are the more earnest on this point, because we conceive that analogies are sometimes rejected where affinities might be discovered; and an approximation to truth is consequently lost, because the passage is *à priori* supposed to be blocked up. Yet we have often observed that the most fastidious are apt to sin against their own rule; so strong is the inducement, and so consonant to natural feelings; which seldom, after all, wander widely from reason.

We have given in the Number so often referred to, a variety of instances of the changes of letters. Philology may then only hope to obtain a certain and effective guide, when, the variations being all ascertained, the words of one language shall be recognized, in spite of their transformation, in another. The ridicule that has so idly and ignorantly followed philological derivations may still continue its career, without deterring, as it has too often, the best qualified judges from proceeding in the course of discovery thus opened to them. When it is acknowledged that, not only among distant and distinct nations, but even amongst neighboring and kindred races, the same word presents itself under two entirely different forms, that which appears a bar must prove an assistance if the principle of the changes is only attended to; and the progress of nations may thus be traced as satisfactorily by their language hereafter, as hitherto by their history.

If then this multiple process of derivation be admitted, and it is surely not unreasonable to require it, the labors of philology will in reality be materially assisted and diminished, though at first sight the contrary may appear more probable. Were this last the case, however, the increase of difficulty could be no argument against the adoption of the principle, though it might raise one serious objection to our embracing it. The philologist himself must guard with even more strictness than at present against the host of errors to which the first admission would lead, inas-

much as the soundest truths are always the most liable to misapplication; and the principle of all legislation is, not the recognition of truth as a basis of its code,—for this belongs to religion,—but to lower the standard down to practical right, in order to defend it against practicable wrong. So it must be in philology; and the only course that to us seems feasible is, to avoid conjectural processes of our own in the shape of derivation in ancient tongues; but, where points of contact and resemblances are found to exist, to admit the possible identity of their origin, and examine to the best of our power, whether the differences do not arise from the different *media* through which they have passed in different deductions from one origin.

An instance of this kind lies before us in the writings of one of the soundest critics and philologists of the age; and it may serve as an illustration. Various derivations are given of a word (of affinity), each formed by a different people or tribe: in all, the derivative corresponds both in sound and signification. But, had the word been found only in the language of two, and had the signification in one of these two been partially perverted,—for the derivation of ideas often differs from that of the words that originate them,—had a letter or syllable been added or taken away, as suited the enunciation of the speakers,—and our former number gives ample evidence of this fact (No. xxxv): would it be right to conclude that the words were ab initio essentially different? The learned writer we allude to, would certainly not commit this error, but there are many who might, and would, and have done it constantly. Our vigilance should be equally active against *assonant* primitives and for *dissonant* derivatives.

We take the word *Bodh* as *existence* in its simplest state, such as the Hermetic and Magian loved to consider it of old, and such as their most distant disciples in Hither and Farther India to this day devote themselves to become, by perfect abstraction: the doctrine is little changed. Here then we have the connecting link between *Bodh*, *Buddh*, *Bhuva*, and יהוה, or *Jehovah*, as Deity, existing, aged or permanent; *Bodhi*, wisdom, is his attribute: and *darkness*, *void* and *waste*, the *Baaur*, or *Baav*, of Phœnicia and Greece, is the Hebrew בָּא, *Bodhu* or original state. The Sanscrit *Bada*, or death, the abstraction of life, the return of the soul to its original deified existence as a part of the one divinity or power,—is hereby rendered an intelligible derivative; and now we understand why obscurity and nonentity become to living thought disagreeable, *bad*. Hence this last word, the reputed anomaly of the Persian

and Saxon language, and opprobrium of philologists, bears the legitimate stamp of its derivation; and may probably also, in the former tongue, be connected with *bad*, the *wind*, derived equally, but differently, from *breath* or *existence*. It is thus that, in every language, we find contrarieties in excess unite. The *budding*, or coming into acknowledged existence, is but another process of the same root through the mind.

Of the tribes who are described as settled on the banks of the Indus, and whose influence was felt through the peninsula, there can be no question that some were, as De-guignes supplies the fact, *Tatars*. Indeed the languages of this lower portion of India all partake strongly of the Scythian or Perso-Scythian, which appears the principal basis of the *Tamul* and its offspring, though with a large admixture of Scytho-Tatar words, that so strongly imbue the *Bali*, and are also found in the *Sanscrit*. The legends of the *Tamul*, and of India in general, all point to the west and north-west. The traces of customs, superstitions, and creeds, seem all attributable to that source. We notice, casually, as instances, the same elision or substitution of letters; the same name *Maghadya*, the Magician tongue of Oude; the *Sindbad* story of the *Deval Payan*, the Men with leathern feet, the buskined Scythian tribe, the ancient *Drangæ* or *Zarangæ*: *Sar-Yan-ghi*, the chiefs of the White Race, or the *Old Men of the Sea*, (*Yanga*, lake, or large body of water): the Zend word agrees with the Hebrew בָּ, *yam*, the *m* being nasal, as in Arabic and Sanscrit: take also the *Lammer-Geyer*, or *Garuda*, Welsh *arwr*; &c. &c.

In the same vein we would remark the *Kalystrii* of Ctesias, the dogheaded, κυροκεφαλοι, that have called for Professor Wilson's illustration as the *Darada*, or *tearers—destructives*, we suppose. They inhabited the mountains to the Indus, were fairer than the natives, and wore black garments, (for such is the signification that learned writer accepts for *Kalystrii*), *kāla-vastri*. The Scythians of Herodotus are mentioned in one tribe as *Melanchlani*, a fact that appears to have escaped Mr. Wilson's observation: and, if the assertion of their human food is an interpolation or misplacement, (as Larcher reasonably considered it, from the tribes in his notice; the fair complexion is incompatible with the *Anthropophagi*), at least their vicinity to that nation or tribe, renders their present barbarity a point of resemblance to their former state. The dogs'-heads, teeth, and claws, recall the people represented by the Egyptian sphinxes; for which reason we should, with due deference to the learned Professor, prefer to the Sanscrit *darada*, to tear, the Zend

daryaiti, supporter or defender. It will be recollected that the *Calasiri*, or black-vested military tribe of Egypt, the closest possible affinity to the name in Ctesias, to the *Mæ-lanchlæni* of Herodotus, and to the *Siah Posh* of these Indians, were led by Sesostris to Colchis as a colony, and probably migrated east. It is probable that Heeren confounds two tribes in his notice; for the fair complexion is incompatible with the black race and woolly hair (*schwarzes Volk mit Wollhaar*).

On this subject we must hope Professor Wilson will also pardon us for another suggestion to his valuable notes on Ctesias. We refer to the people with tails, which the learned professor illustrates from the dress of the Nicobar islanders. Singularly enough, Egyptian relics furnish us also with specimens of these, worn in imitation of animals—and the like may be seen also on an antique Etruscan vase amongst Signior Campanari's Etrurian curiosities and tombs, now exhibiting in Pall Mall.

We can further turn to the *Shatrya* tribe, in whose name we think the *Shah* of the west, and the *tirea* of India (women) meet. It is not easy to refuse our assent to the existence of a race of Amazons, attested by ancient and modern history also; but a laudable scepticism might doubt whether antiquity did not merely exaggerate or misrepresent as a nation of female warriors, a nation that had women for kings. Such, we find, was the rule in many a Scythian country, from Tomyris to the Queen of Sheba and Thales-tris; and the Salic law possibly derived its origin from an opposite custom, and a hostile feeling to the Scythians. If we examine too the vicinity of the Thermoodon and Euxine, we shall find tribes remarkable for their personal appearance: and hence, as in Circassia, and from the love of ornament evinced by so many of the Scythian cultivated natives, a feminine appearance led to the natural conclusion: and this the rather, as in her reputed visit to Alexander, the Queen of the Amazons would naturally be attended by women round her immediate person in preference to men, though from their necessarily active habits the dress of the two sexes might almost correspond. On the subject of female heroism, we give Mr. Wilson's tale of an Amazon.

"When the broken remains of the army returned to Delhi, the sultan was highly incensed at the cowardice of the commanders, and raising a larger force, placed it under the orders of Mátangi, a female warrior of a low tribe. On learning this new danger, Kampila retired with his family and treasure to Hosakota, leaving to Rama the defence of

Gumati. As soon as the enemy appeared at this place, Rama marched to their encounter, and drove them back four *kos*. But subsequently Mátangi seduced the Telugu soldiers in Rama's army, and they treacherously introduced the enemy into the fort during the night. When Rama was apprised of what had occurred, he sprang from bed, and hastened to the battle, desiring his wives to prepare for their fate in case they should hear of his death. Proceeding to the scene of conflict, he speedily plunged into the thickest of the affray, where, encountering Mátangi, he seized her nose-ring, and shaking it, told her, he disdained to take the life of a woman. His bravest soldiers, surprised and overpowered by numbers, fell fast around him, and he was left alone. After maintaining the conflict for a long time, and killing vast numbers of his assailants, he was at last slain, and Mátangi cut off his head, and carried it to Delhi. The sultan placed the head on the palace gate, where, in the night, it made so hideous an outcry, that he was glad to get rid of it, and it was thrown into a ditch four *kos* remote. There the cry was repeated, so that numbers died of the fright it occasioned. The sultan ordered it to be carried to a still greater distance, but every attempt made by men, and elephants to move it from the spot proved ineffectual. In this dilemma it was suggested that the bards of Rama should be employed to recite his praises; and messengers were sent to Kampila to solicit their assistance. Devaya, their chief, was accordingly sent; but his panegyrics at first were in vain. At last, being so instructed in a vision, he saluted Rama as the subduer of the sultan of Delhi, the supreme sovereign of the world: on which he was able to lift the head with ease. Being permitted to take it away, he carried it to Kampila, who, after weeping over it, sent it to Kási, to be plunged into the holy waters of Ganges."—Wilson, vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

We must notice that the name *Magadhya*, the first syllable of which is the Persian *mage*, the Hebrew *מגד*, the Chaldee *מגד*, the Greek *μαγοι*, and the Indian *maya*, magic or delusion, is the Arabic epithet *magh* for the west and for magicians also: and the double sense is explained by the fact of geographical position. *Maghrab* is simply the contraction of *Western Arabians* or *Arabian Sages*, the enchanters of the dread African Dom-Daniel, as we recall the name of *Maugrabi*, the *magician*, in the Arabian tales. Various other points of resemblance, such as *Itur*, the son of *Vaivaswata*, with the *Alorus* of Assyria, make us pause with anxiety for further details of the Madura kingdom and history, which is evidently of singular antiquity, and as a point of connection may throw strong light hereafter upon the establishments of Balkh, Benares, and the sea coast.

Intimately connected too with its history is

the language, of which Mr. Taylor gives even less account than Professor Wilson, though he notices its absence of the aspirate; changing *h* into *k* in its adoption from the Sanscrit, and in some places *sh* into *l*. Professor Wilson remarks its narrow alphabet, of sixteen letters; a proof that it could not have been formed from a late and more enlarged system. We think it not Pelasgic, but correlative with these; and its use of the Dorian digammic forms, and the pronoun apparent in the third person of the verb, a coincidence which most languages have lost, argue strongly its retentive antiquity; the sound of *r* is often changed to *l* and *t*, while its syllables are marked by the grammarians as *soul* and *body* united; i. e. the vowel and the consonant; and the last by itself is considered *dead*. Its resemblance to the Bali too, we would observe, is greater than that of its cognates, which we consider a proof of its superior antiquity to them. Any slight exceptions in this, as in other cases, would prove when examined, to be based upon this rule, or rather principle; in the operation of an unnoticed cause obstructing the uniformity. Such we presume to be the meaning of the phrase that exceptions prove the rule, which otherwise is but a questionable assertion.

We must now refer to passages of the works before us in support of our general remarks. It seems that the Brahmins are sometimes met by common weapons:

"The mother of a Rayer who ruled in former years, at the time of her death, expressed a strong wish for a mango-fruit; but before the Rayer could cause it to be brought and given to her she died. After waiting a few days, he ordered the Bramins to be summoned, and inquired of them what was to be done in the case of any one who died while longing for a mango-fruit. They replied, that if he caused a thousand mangos of gold, each one weighing a hundred *palams* (a *palam* is one ounce and a half) to be made, and if he gave these to a thousand Bramins, then that longing appetite would be removed from the departed soul. The Rayer caused the same to be done, and bathed on the day of her death. Thereupon the Rayer's jester, named Rama-Kistna, said to all the Bramins, 'I am waiting to do you some small service, you must condescend to me;' and with this request he called them to his house. When some among them went, he carefully closed the door, and immediately on causing them to be seated in order, he took a branding-iron, that had been heating in the fire on the hearth, and bringing it, said, 'My respected mother, before she died, said, that if she were branded with a hot iron she would live; but before this could be done she attained the heavenly world. In consequence, in order to give her satisfaction, you must be pleased, with a cool mind, to receive

it in her stead;' and saying so he cauterized some of them. Being greatly frightened, they all made their escape, and carried their complaint to the Rayer. He called for Rama-Kistna, and said to him angrily, 'Knave! what hast thou done?' He replied, 'When my lord's mother died, what she wished for was given to them—in like manner, what my mother desired, in order to satisfy her I gave to them.' The Rayer, ashamed, remained silent."—*Tamil MSS.* vol. ii. p. 125.

The advantages of despotism, and its consequences, are thus shown:—

"In those days the Padshah (customarily) sent to all the countries, this *Pandiya-desam* only forming an exception, one of his slippers, as a *Farmana* (or imperial mandate,) which was placed in a howdah (on an elephant,) and was sent in charge of two nabobs; at the head of twelve thousand cavalry, and from forty to fifty thousand infantry: the slipper was moreover fanned by two *chouries* (fans of Thibet cows' tails,) and attended by *alavat-tankal* (kind of banners,) by umbrellas, kettle-drums, and flutes, with other insignia. In this manner (the nabobs) placing this *Farmana* on the howdah, conducted it to the respective boundaries of the various kingdoms; and, there halting, thence sent word to the king of each country. These kings came forth at the head of large bodies of troops; paid homage to the imperial mandate; and, calling for it to their public councils, had their own ensigns abased before it: they also carried it, together with the accompanying sirdars and troops, to their capital towns, where the mandate-slipper was placed on their thrones; where also, with polite speeches, costly presents were made to the sirdars, with promises to attend to the imperial orders delivered, and at the same time presenting tribute-money, tied up in bags."—*Tamil MSS.* vol. ii. p. 205.

"The nabobs thence sent an *Inayithu-nameh* (or authoritative message,) by peons with silver sticks and silver breast-plates, to Trichinopoly, to inform *Raja-Ranga-Kistna-Mutthu-Virapa-Naicker* that the imperial mandate was arrived. Accordingly the silver breast-plated *Chob-dars* delivered the said message in the presence of the king, with the connected intelligence. As the king was young, he inquired of the sirdars about him what this meant. They replied, 'It is the *Padshah's Farmana*; that is, a slipper placed in a howdah, attended with various banners and troops, which is sent to the rulers of kingdoms; and these kings go forth to meet it; treat it with respect; take it, with those that accompany it, to their capital; give presents to these, and paying to them tribute-money, send them away. As this is the established rule, and the mandate is now sent to this capital, we also must treat it in the same respectful manner.' On hearing this statement and advice the king was angry; but took the *Inayithu-nameh*, and giving presents, and as much money as they desired, to the silver

breast-plated *Chob-dars* that brought it, he directed them to go and tell the nabobs that his bodily health was not good."—vol. ii. p. 206.

"Accordingly, accompanied by the mandate, they crossed the Coleroon and the Cauvery; and came close to Trichinopoly. As the king did not come thither, the nabobs and sirdars became excessively angry; when the *Dalakarten*, and the others, labored much to appease them, and said, 'As our king is exceedingly ill, he will come in a palanquin just within the fort gate.' Previously to this time *Raja-Kistna-Mutthu-Virapa-Naicker* had given orders to the keepers of the gate to allow the elephant bearing the *Farmana*, with its attendant sirdars and principal men, to come withinside the fort; but not to allow the passage of the rest of the troops. Afterwards they came inside the fort with the *Farmana*, when with anger they said, 'Is your king not come? have you such obstinate pride?' But the others said, 'Our king, from the effects of sickness, is not able to enter a palanquin; come with us to the gates of the palace.' They accordingly came with the mandate to the gates of *Sri-Raja-Ranga-Kistnapa-Mutthu-Virapa-Naicker's* palace. The king, being very angry, bid them place it on the floor. But paying no attention to his command, and not putting (the slipper) down, they again offered to give it into his hands. Thereupon the king called for people with whips; and adding, 'Will the *Padshah's* people put the *Farmana* down or not? let us see,' further summoned people with ratan canes."—vol. ii. p. 207.

"The king, seeing this, placed one of his feet within the slipper; then addressing the people, said, 'How comes it that your *Padshah* has lost even common sense? When sending foot-furniture for such kind of persons as ourselves, why does he not send two slippers instead of one? Therefore do you speedily go back, and bring hither another slipper.' While he thus spoke they answered with all the vivacity of anger. On which the king became excessively incensed, and had them all beaten and driven away. In consequence, on going outside of the fort, they assembled all their troops and began to make war."—ii. 208.

A specimen of modern martyrdom follows:

"When again among them, a relative of the ruling *Sethupathi*, was cured, as alleged, of a dangerous disorder, by the simple reading of the New Testament at his bed-side. This person, named *Tiria-deven*, who was not without right to the chieftainship itself, desired to become a Christian, and besought P. De Brito to give him baptism, which the missionary declined to do, so long as he lived in polygamy. *Tiria-deven*, to show his sincerity, informed his five wives of his resolution to provide amply for their maintenance; but to retain only one. The youngest received this announcement with the most lively remonstrances, which not being effectual, she car-

ried her complaints to her uncle *Ragunathen*, the *Sethupathi*. The lady also engaged the head Bramin, with others of his tribe, in the same cause. As no instances could move *Tiria-deven*, the *Sethupathi* arrested De Brito, and had him brought in chains to Ramnad; numerous indignities being heaped on him by the way. In accordance with the notions of the period, the *Sethupathi* told his refractory relative that he would have his teacher killed by the power of *mantras*. And it seems that one of a powerful kind was tried; but the failure being attributed to some unnoticed error in the process, it was tried again without success: whereupon a still more malignant incantation was had recourse to; and, this also failing, the *Sethupathi* told the father that he would see if he was *mantra*-proof to bullets, actually giving orders to a band of soldiers for the purpose; but here, *Tiria-deven* interposed, and, from a strong attachment to him in the minds of the soldiers, the *Sethupathi* perceived the symptom of insurrection, which he thought proper to avoid, by sending the Father to *Udiya-deven*, the *Sethupathi's* brother, at *Uriyar*, on the confines of the Tanjore country. This brute, who was lame, at first received the prisoner kindly, and bidding him employ his supposed miraculous powers to heal the lameness, promised, on that condition, to spare his prisoner's life. But the missionary told the patient, that he possessed no power of the sort, and that such a cure could only come from the Supreme. Enraged at the reply, as not perceiving or understanding its propriety, but attributing it to want of will, the *Udiyan* ordered the death of the prisoner. He was carried out at noon to a scaffold, erected for the purpose, in a plain, which was filled with spectators. He was tied to a post, and, with some previous indignities, his head was severed with a common hatchet; after which his hands and feet were cut off: and thus this land was watered with Christian blood: for a Christian he was, of no common order."—*Tamil MSS.* vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.

The following history contains a variety of singular illustrations:—

"As *Mangamal* was of a good and charitable disposition, she constructed many village choultries throughout the country; and causing many Bramin children to be taught to read in them, she supplied them with food, clothing, and the like necessaries. It however happened one day that on a nurse preparing and giving to her *betel leaf*, she inadvertently took one portion with her left-hand; when immediately recollecting herself, she said, 'We have taken *betel* with our left-hand; by so doing a great sin is committed;' and, after reflecting for a moment, she caused several well-read Bramins to be called, and inquired of them what was the appropriate penance to be performed. They replied, that if she made roads throughout the country, built choultries, and had reservoirs for water excavated, this crime would be expiated. Accordingly *Mangamal* had all the roads

throughout the kingdom formed into avenues; and at the distance of every *kadam* (10 English miles) she had a choultry built; at the distance of every five *nazhikais* (6-2-3 English miles) she had a water-reservoir and water-booth formed; and at the distance of every *nazhikai* (1-1-3 English miles) she had a well formed with steps leading down to the water. This work being completed, she had a handsome choultry built at *Casi* (Benares.) While she was thus conducting the affairs of the kingdom, the people at Malayala ceased to send the usual revenue or tribute-money."

"As already narrated, *Mangamal* had many choultries, water-reservoirs, and *agrarahas* constructed while she managed the affairs of the kingdom. The Mysore king now died; and, as having been the opposite of liberal or bountiful, he fell into *Yama-puram* in *Narakam*. About the same time a *Vanniyan* (bannian, or merchant) died, and was carried by *Yama's* angels to *Yamapuram*; but *Yama-Dherma-rajā*, looking at him, said, 'Why have you brought him? go take the person that dwells in the house next door to his, and carrying this person back, release him.' While *Yama's* messengers were about to carry him back to the earth, the Mysore king, who was lying where he had fallen into *Narakam*, seeing that *Vanniyan*, thought, 'That is one of our townsmen: is it not?' and calling him near, said, '*Appa!* (father!) while I was ruling over Mysore, I acquired a great deal of money, which I buried; and without doing any acts of charity I quitted and came away. Now *Mangamal*, who rules the *Pandiya-desam*, has done a great many acts of beneficence. And on the statement that she is coming hither, they have been preparing a great many triumphal arches of flowers, to do honor to her passage. Therefore on your return to earth, as you go to our town, proceed to my son, who rules the kingdom, and tell him that my money is in such a place: charge on him the urgent necessity of taking the whole of that money, and, by performing with it a great many acts of charity, bid him procure to me its fruit, in purchasing my release from this place.' The *Vanniyan* replied, 'Very well.' And all along that road they said, 'Mangamal is coming;' and he saw the whole road adorned for the purpose. On returning to his town, and again entering into his body, every one near was astonished, saying, 'The deceased *Vanniyan* is come to life again!' He forthwith proceeded to the palace, and said to the watchers at the gates, 'I have important occasion to speak my communication to the king.' They in consequence went and reported the request; and the king, giving orders for him to be brought in, asked of him, 'What is the communication?' He replied, 'Having proceeded to *Yama's* town, and returned, your father, who is fallen into *Narakam*, and lying there, recognizing me, called me and said, 'As I was not charitable, I have received this doom. It is reported that *Mangamal*, who rules the *Pandiya-desam*, is coming, and all the people of *Yama-puram* are preparing to render her honor; and since that

lady has done many charities, they have even adorned the road by which she is to come. Therefore, in order to release me from this torment of hell, bid my son take the money which he will find in such a room, and perform with it many acts of charity.' Such a communication your father sent me to make to you. Therefore see that it be done.' He besides related the whole of the before-mentioned circumstances. But the king, considering the tale to be a fabrication, treated it lightly: and to confirm his doubts, remarked, 'Mangamal is still alive;' at which time, however, *Mangamal* died, and went to *Swergam*. The Mysore ambassador transmitted this intelligence; writing to the king, 'On such a day, at such an hour, *Mangamal* departed this life.' On receiving and reading this letter, he thought within himself, 'The communication brought by the *Vanniyan* must be true;' and digging in the place pointed out, he took thence the treasure which was hidden, and performed with it a great many acts of charity."—ii. pp. 224—226.

"There exists an oral tradition in the town of Madura, that *Mangamal* was imprisoned and starved to death: the reference being limited to this person by her being stated to be the same that planted the avenues near at hand. The building within the fort, now, or recently at least, used as the convicts' jail, is said to have been the prison wherein she was confined by her relatives, for some fault derogatory to the family honor; but particulars we have never learnt. It is only added, that her imprisonment and death were rendered of more than an ordinarily painful character by persons being employed to bring rice, mingled with salt, close to the barred windows of her prison; and when she voraciously flew at the iron bars, attempting to get at the food, then it was withdrawn. Whether such a fiend-like refinement in cruelty were ever practised, or the whole tale be true or otherwise, we have no means of knowing, beyond the mere tradition itself."—vol. ii. p. 226.

The adjuration of Cassius to his freedman meets a counterpart in this anecdote, though the actors in the narrative are nobler than the Roman.

"The Sultan is described as beheading the Raja with his own hand, at the request of the latter to save him from the personal degradation of confinement. The Hindu memoirs assert that Ali Adil Shah was forced into war by the other Mohammedan princes, but *Ferishta* makes him the author of the confederacy."—*Wilson's Int.* vol. i. p. cli.

"In the *Ramaraja Chavitra* the Hindu Prince terms the Sultan his son, and reminds him how often in infancy he had sat upon his knees. In complying with his request and striking off his head, Ali Adil Shah is represented as performing no more than filial duty."—*Wilson*, p. clii.

The well-known illustrations of *Zadig's* sagacity, so popularly referred to in Arabian

proverbs—"If asked, hast thou seen the camel pass? say no:"—has an Indian and more probable origin.

"In the reign of Alakendra Raja, king of Ataka Puri, it happened that four persons of respectability were travelling on the high road, when they met with a merchant who had lost one of his camels. Entering into conversation with him, one of the travellers inquired if the camel was not lame in one of its legs; another asked if it was not blind of the right eye; the third asked if the tail was not unusually short; and the fourth demanded if it was not subject to the choleric. They were answered in the affirmative by the merchant, who was satisfied they must have seen the animal, and eagerly demanded where they had met it. They replied they had seen traces of the camel, but not the camel itself: which, being inconsistent with the minute acquaintance they seemed to possess, the merchant accused them of being thieves and having stolen his beast, and immediately applied to the Raja for redress. The Raja on hearing the merchant's story was equally impressed with the belief that the travellers must know what had become of the camel, and sending for them, he threatened them with his extreme displeasure if they did not confess the truth. How could they know, he demanded, the camel was lame or blind, that the tail was long or short, or that it was subject to any malady, unless they had it in their possession. On which they severally explained the reasons that had induced them to express their belief of these particulars.

"The first observed, I noticed in the foot-marks of the animal that one was deficient, and I concluded accordingly that he was lame in one of his legs. The second said, I noticed the leaves of the trees on the left-hand side of the road had been snapped or torn off, whilst those on the right were untouched; whence I concluded the animal was blind in his right eye. The third remarked, I saw a number of drops of blood on the road, which I conjectured had flowed from the bites of gnats and flies; and thence supposed the camel's tail was shorter than usual, in consequence of which he could not brush the insects away. The fourth said, I observed that whilst the fore-feet of the camel were planted firmly in the ground, the hind-ones appeared to have scarcely touched it. I guessed they were contracted by pain in the belly of the animal. The king, when he heard their explanations, was much struck by the sagacity of the parties, and giving the merchant a sum of money to console him for the loss of the camel, he made these four persons his principal ministers."—*Wilson*, p. 220.

Mr. Taylor has committed the fault of inserting much that was familiar to us: but we do not remember to have met with the following tale of *Siva*, given by Mr. Wilson, before.

"Surasani, the widow of a man of the hunter tribe who was a devout worshipper of Siva, made, after her husband's decease, the Jangam priests the chief objects of her devotion, entertaining them in her house to the great scandal of her neighbors. The Bramins of the Agraharam complained to the Rajah that the widow was accustomed to eat intoxicating drugs, smear her body with ashes, wash the feet of the Jangamas, and treat them, the Bramins, with contumely and abuse. The Raja, being much incensed, proceeded with the Bramins to the house of Surasani, but sought for her and her usual guests in vain, not a soul was to be found. After his departure a Chandala fowler, of black complexion, robust make, and dwarfish stature, having a flat nose and curly hair, smeared with holy ashes, carrying a rosary of Rudraksha beads, and wearing a linga round his neck, passed by the residences of the Bramins making a great noise and pretending to sell fruit, abusing the Bramins, and reverencing the Jangamas. On arriving at the door of Surasani, she welcomed him to her abode, washed his feet, gave him food and an apartment to repose in. As the neighbors now thought they had caught her in the fact, having watched the man into the house, they beset the dwelling and brought stakes and ropes to secure him. Surasani, hearing the clamor, said:—'What would you: the disciples of Siva come to the houses of his followers: in the dwelling of the worshippers of Maheswara, Maheswara abides: where the Lingam is revered, there is the Lingam:—why do you reproach the worshippers of the destroyer of the sacrifice? why do you insult, and not follow the example? I tell you that he that is (in) my house you cannot discover: the lord of the world is in my house, you cannot see him: the Supreme God is in my apartment—how should sinners such as you behold him? how can you gaze upon the three-eyed god?'

"Saying so she opened the door. The Bramins rushed in, and sought in every place for the Jangama, but could not find him; and they were much astonished and ashamed, being satisfied that the supposed Chandala must have been Siva himself."—*Wilson*, vol. i. p. 286.

Of the sage Agastya, who first enlightened the southern Kingdoms, we must give some slight particulars.

"In a collection of a hundred verses attributed to the Muni Agastya, upon the means of obtaining divine wisdom, he is made to give a curious account of himself, as appears from the following translations of the passages by a Tamul Bramin in Col. M'Kenzie's employ.

"In verses 10 to 15, Agastya asserts that the Ramayana and Mahabarat are not true records, but were invented by Vyasa, to enable the votaries of Siva to gain a subsistence.

"In the 74th and following verses we have

a modification of the Pausanic story of his birth; Agastya is made to say:

“Hearken—I declare that I obtained the eminent name of Agastya, because I was formerly a Sudra; my preceptor was a Bramin who resided to the south of Mahameru.

“Before receiving his instructions, I purified my animal frame of all imperfections by abstract devotion. I forsook the world, and lived in caves and rocks, when my holy preceptor appeared and said: “Come, I admit you as my disciple.” I assented, and followed him. He lighted a sacrificial fire, and placed it in a jar, into which he commanded me to leap. I did so, and was consumed, and was born again, and issued from the jar, which was then changed into the form of a woman.

“Verily that jar was a form of Maheswara; and the Bramin of Mahadeva, who were my parents. They brought me up and trained me in all learning, and finally Siva conferred upon me immortality.”—*Wilson*, vol. i. pp. 228, 229.

We give also a short anecdote from Mr. Taylor.

“In A. D. 1371, circumstances singularly illustrative of the times occurred. A horse-dealer brought some poor animals to Mahomed for sale, and on being asked how he dared to affront a Sultan with the offer of such horses, he replied, that he had prepared very superior ones, which had been intercepted by *Nag-deo*, at Vellumputtam, accompanied with expressions of contempt for the Sultan. This was quite enough as an incitement to Mahomed, and war against the contemptuous *Nag-deo* was forthwith resolved on; but the sultan-geographer did not precisely know where Vellumputtam was situated. He set out with an army to find it; but made some halts and delays, from ceremonial and other causes, and seems to have needed the spur of a witticism. Inquiring of

a Mahomedan religious, what was the distance to Vellumputtam, he was answered that it was so far off, and that he might reach it within a certain very disproportionate length of time, if he only made as much speed as he had been lately doing. This repartee was quite to the point with the petulant *Shah*: he instantly determined on leaving the heavy body of his army behind, and selecting a light, but slender, body of cavalry, advanced by forced marches through the very heart of the Telingana country, in which Vellumputtam was situated. Some Afghans, in disguise, were sent forward to hold the guards of Vellumputtam in parley: and, while thus engaged, the cavalry of Mahomed, with himself at their head, galloped up to the gates; the guards were sabred by the Afghans before they could give the alarm; and the place was taken by a *coup-de-main*. *Nag-deo* paid the forfeit of his life for his haughtiness and security; and the town became a scene of plunder and devastation.”—*Taylor*, vol. ii. pp. 128, 129.

We suspect, that not even our missionary's zeal will induce him to imitate the following process of conversion, which he has passed over, in the hopelessness of rivalling, we presume; and we are therefore indebted for it to Mr. Wilson in some notices of the *Jains*.

“In order to convert them, Ekanata Ramaya, one of Bassava's disciples, cut off his own head in their presence, and then marched five days in solemn procession through and round the city; and, on the fifth day, replaced his head upon his shoulders. The Jain Pagadas were thereupon, it is said, destroyed by the Jangamas. It does not appear, however, that the king was made a convert, or that he approved of the principles and conduct of his minister.”—*Wilson*, vol. ii. p. 9.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANCE.

A COMMISSION has been appointed by the French government to consider the subject of the systematic piracy of French works in foreign countries, consisting of Villemain as president, Arago, Victor Hugo, Latronne, Rossi, Lenormand, Thenard, Dubois Dumont, A. Didot, Gosselin, Hachette, Royer Collard, and Cavé. This commission has presented its report to the minister of the interior; to the following effect :—

“The commission formed agreeably to your order of October last to examine the question relative to the foreign *contrefaçon*, or the production of spurious editions, of French works, has collected facts and documents, and, after long discussion, has adopted several resolutions which it submits to the attention of the government. Even before its labors were closed, the commission was enabled to judge of the salutary effect produced by the mere knowledge that it was so engaged. A numerous committee of English writers has met with a similar intention, and drawn up a petition to the American Congress for the purpose of obtaining a reciprocal guarantee of literary property in the two countries. The abuse of spurious editions, which is injurious to the interests of English authors in America, is still more actively employed in Europe to the prejudice of French writers. Circumstances have concurred to render this system of plunder as easy as it is lucrative. Establishments for producing spurious editions have been formed beyond the frontier. The low price at which they can afford to sell these editions, in consequence of their having to pay merely the expense of paper and print, has enabled them to supply all the markets of Europe; and the laws of transit allow these Belgian editions to traverse the French territory on their way to those markets. The books of the Customs

prove the increase of this trade. Though spurious or foreign editions are prohibited, still they cannot be prevented from entering the country, owing to the law which allows the return of books printed in France and formerly exported.”

After enumerating the injurious results of this successful contraband traffic to authors, booksellers, and literature in general, the report thus proceeds :—“Some of the members of this commission were of opinion, that the pirating of scientific and literary works being, even as between nation and nation, an immoral act and a fraudulent traffic, it should no longer be tolerated among us, and that we ought immediately to take upon ourselves, by an absolute prohibition, the defence of foreign interests and the honor of a noble example, even at the risk of not meeting with a like return. France would thus do for foreign copyright what she did in regard to the *droit d'aubaine*—abolish the injustice in her own territory without securing equal advantages to her own people in foreign countries: in fact, such a measure in France could only apply to English literature. [We shall presently see that German literature also has reason to complain of the piracies of the French.] The majority of the commission was therefore adverse to this useless generosity, choosing rather to offer reciprocity, and to make it a condition of our protection that the same protection should be afforded to us. The commission is consequently of opinion that it should be enacted, either in addition to the projected law on literary property, or by a special disposition, that all works, foreign or French, originally published abroad, should not be allowed to be reprinted during the life of the author, or for a term fixed by law, without his consent or that of the person to whom he has ceded his rights.

“In proposing this measure, the commission is aware that it would be disadvantageous to

France if the reciprocity were confined to that alone: for it is not in printing spurious editions of French works, but in buying them, that the English bookselling trade injures the French. To prohibit the re-publication of modern English books in France would be doing injury to many persons settled in France, and giving a great advantage to English literary property, for which the French would derive no compensation from a similar law enacted in England. The very unequal price of printing and its materials in the two countries explains the difference. The English cannot gain by issuing spurious editions, but they gain by purchasing them of the Belgians. It is therefore from the English Customs that compensation must be sought. It would be advisable to stipulate for a law or an order that none but the genuine French editions of modern French works shall be admitted into England. This would of itself deprive the Belgian plunderers of their principal market; and the English publishers would find compensation not only in the prohibition to reprint English works in France without the consent of the author, but in the closing of the French ports against American editions of English works. By a like negotiation and administrative measures, a useful protection to French literary interests is to be procured in the states of North Germany, where French books are so much in request. These states might grant reciprocity in this respect, especially as many German authors have suffered from reprints of their works in our great frontier towns."

The remainder of the report relates to internal regulations and the law of transit: we shall therefore proceed to submit to our readers a few facts connected with this subject derived from other sources.

Dr. K. O. Spazier, who resides in Paris, has communicated to a German journal a very interesting paper on the causes of the decline of the book-trade at Paris, in which is the following passage relative to the injurious effects of the system of literary piracy practised at Brussels. "Never," says he, "was this system of literary plunder carried on so systematically, with such address and such impudence, as at Brussels for about the last fifteen years. Where were ever periodical works pirated and offered for subscription, though the pirates cannot be sure that the next following number of the work will appear! Thus they reprint at Brussels the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue Britannique*, and to such a length do these people carry their idleness, even the *Paris Voleur* itself, which is merely a selection of the best articles from the French journals, in order to spare themselves the trouble of selecting and the expense of procuring the original journals. All the houses of Brussels keep a number of agents in Paris, who are incessantly watching the booksellers' shops and the printing offices to get hold of any important work, and who often bribe pressmen, compositors, correctors of the press, and the very authors, in order to enable their employers at Brussels to

make instant arrangements for reprinting it. Nay, it is frequently the case, that the Paris booksellers themselves promote the views of these men; and the scandalous procedure relative to Lamartine's *Voyage de l'Orient*, which, as the proof-sheets were purloined from the printers, appeared at Brussels before the original was published in Paris, is well known from the lawsuit which followed.

"All the attempts to counteract this system have failed. According to the Belgian laws, every work printed abroad is public property. On the other hand, if a Paris bookseller were to print at Brussels, he would be amenable to the French laws, which lay the enormous duty of 100 per cent. on the importation of every French work printed beyond the frontiers—a tax imposed by Napoleon, in favor of the French trade at a time when Belgium was a province of France, and the system of piracy subsequently established, could not have been thought of."

A pamphlet on the necessity for affording protection to literary property, from the pen of A. F. Didot, has just appeared, in which he tells us that in 1827, ten of the principal bookselling firms in Paris joined in forming an establishment at Brussels to counteract the Belgian piracies. This establishment would probably have succeeded in checking the system, which was not then carried on to such an extent as it is at present, had not the king of the Netherlands, who applied considerable sums to the promotion of industry, powerfully assisted the principal plunderers. The French booksellers could not oppose the budget of France to that of the Netherlands, and deemed it prudent to withdraw from the unequal contest. The present sovereign of Belgium does not afford the like support, but the Belgian booksellers find in their fellow citizens a sympathy which produces the same results, and which manifests itself in the eagerness to take shares in the bookselling companies that have arisen in Brussels with immense capitals. Thus, for instance, when M. Haumann was forming his company, whose capital amounts to a million and a half, offers to the enormous sum of eighty millions were made by persons desirous of having shares in the last three hundred, deposited in the national bank. To stop this system of piracy the author proposes that France should declare her determination to protect the literary property of all those nations whose government should in like manner determine to protect French literary copyright in their dominions.

That important work, "*Dictionnaire de la Conversation*," is steadily advancing towards completion. Out of the fifty-two volumes which it is calculated to form, thirty-three are already published. From a statement circulated by the publisher, it comprises contributions from all the principal literary men of France: but the article *France* itself has particularly attracted our notice, being divided into eleven different sections, each the work of an author of celebrity in his particu-

lar department. Among these are Walckenaer, Charles Nodier, Nisard, Bory de St. Vincent, Tissot, and Guizot. It is admitted to be the most complete performance on the subject that exists in the French language.

The 14th volume of the "*Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France, depuis Louis XI. jusqu'à Louis XVIII.*" by Messrs. Cimber and Danjou, has just appeared. The 15th and last volume of the first series of this collection is in the press, and concludes with the death of Henry IV.

The first edition of a history of England, by the Baron de Roujoux, which was completed in December last, being already sold off, a second is announced. As a Frenchman the author could not but view events in which both the French and English nations were concerned, in a very different light from what English writers have done; and it is said that without deviating from the strictest impartiality he has adduced a great number of facts, hitherto carefully concealed through the national vanity of Hume and Lingard, that give a new physiognomy and a new interest to his work; which is moreover embellished with 500 engravings.

Levrault has commenced the publication of a work by Ch. Nodier, A. Regnier and Champin, entitled "*Paris historique, Promenades dans les Rues de Paris.*" It is to consist of 100 weekly numbers with lithographic illustrations; ten of which had appeared in the middle of March.

Another History of England down to the reform of 1832, by M. Hercule Gallard, is announced as being in the press. It is to form fifteen octavo volumes, one to be published every three weeks, and to be embellished with portraits, maps and plans. In a note appended to the advertisement, we are told that a company has been formed for bringing out this work, with a capital of 80,000 francs, produced by 800 shares at 100 francs each; and that each share confers a right to interest at 6 per cent. payable in advance, one copy of the work, and one eight-hundredth of the copyright.

M. Parent-Desbarres has commenced one of those undertakings which prove the decided taste for historical works at present prevailing among the reading public of France. This is a "*Collection d'Histoires complètes de tous les Etats Européens,*" published under the auspices of Baron de Barante, Villemain, Augustin, Thierry, Mignet, Fauriel, Salvandy, St. Marc Girardin, Michelet, Lacroix (bibliophile Jacob), Baron de Roujoux, and Baron Taylor; and with the co-operation of Dr. Lingard, and Messrs. Botta, Luden, Leo, and most of the celebrated foreign historians, who will themselves revise the translation of their works. The collection is intended to form from twenty to twenty-five octavo volumes, printed in double columns: and will

appear either in half volumes or numbers; three of the latter to be published weekly.

As a matter of curiosity, it may be mentioned that, at Bailly's office, in Paris, there have lately been produced two little works in the Ottawa language, both of a religious nature. They have been printed in Roman characters, under the superintendence of the Abbé Baraga, an Illyrian priest, resident at Michigan, in the United States.

The house of Tetot, brothers, in Paris, is busily engaged in reprints of the German classic writers. These consist of Schiller in two volumes; Göthe, with all his correspondence, in five volumes; Tieck in two volumes; and Jean Paul in four volumes. These are nearly completed. Lessing, in two volumes, is commenced, and Shakspeare, by Schlegel and Tieck, in one volume, is announced.

With the commencement of the present year a new paper was begun, with the title of "*L'Europe,*" which, like several established last year, is sold at half the price charged for the old journals. It announced itself as the "*Journal des intérêts monarchiques et populaires,*" and, as the Marquis de Jouffroy is the chief editor, its tendency cannot be doubtful. The undertaking is based upon a capital of 750,000 francs, raised by 1500 shares; and a calculation in the prospectus represents that a sale of 10,000 copies will produce an annual profit of 24 per cent. in interests and dividends, besides other advantages.

Another new paper is announced at Paris, to commence on the 1st of April, with the title of "*L'Eclair,*" and to be published every other day. A weekly paper, having the same title, will be connected with this undertaking.

"*L'Italie,*" published by Audot, has just been completed with the 140th livraison, forming eight volumes, of which the Papal and the Neapolitan States occupy two volumes each. Each portion of the work may be had separately.

Paulin of Paris has announced a *Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution Française*, by P.J. Buchoz and P. C. Roux, in 40 volumes, one to be published every week till completed.

Hume and Smollett's History of England, with the continuation by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, is reprinting in Paris, in two 4to volumes.

The late M. Abel Remusat left behind at his death a translation of and comments on a very ancient Chinese work entitled "*Foë Kouèki*, or account of the Boudhic Kingdoms; Travels in Tatary, Afghanistan, and India, performed about the end of the fourth century, by Chy Fa Hian." This work, revised, completed, and augmented, with new explanations, by the late M. Klaproth and M. Landresse, has just appeared, in a 4to volume, with five plates and maps.

The French translation of Baron von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire, by M. Hellert, has advanced to the fourth livraison, containing the seventh and eight volumes. The work will extend to twenty volumes, with an atlas of thirty-six maps and plans.

M. A. Mazuy is engaged upon a new translation of the Jerusalem Delivered, with a life of Tasso, and historical notes, from the French and Arabian chronicles of the eleventh century, in one 8vo. volume, embellished with a portrait and twenty vignettes on wood.

Mr. Valery, librarian to the king at Versailles, and author of Travels in Italy, reviewed in one of our late numbers, has just ready for publication "Voyages en Corse, à l'île d'Elbe, et en Sardaigne," in two 8vo. volumes.

M. Hachette has published the first three numbers of "Châteaux pittoresques de la France, ancienne et moderne," to be completed in 100 livraisons in 4to., each containing six plates and two and a half sheets of text.

M. du Sommerard, the proprietor of the Hôtel de Clugny and the rich collection it contains, is about to publish a work on the Arts of the Middle Ages, chiefly as they are illustrated by the remains of the Roman Palace at Paris, the Hôtel de Clugny built on its ruins, and the works of art contained in M. du Sommerard's collection.

M. Monmerqué, so well known by his edition of the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and many other important works, has advertised for sale by auction his large and interesting collection of Autographs; they will be sold by Sylvestre on the 2d of May.

The new French Journal, *Le Monde*, which we mentioned in our last number, has been joined by M. de Lamennais, Georges Sand, and several other distinguished writers, and seems in a fair way to success.

M. M. Monmerqué and Francisque Michel are editing a complete collection of the French dramatic pieces written during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences, held on the 13th of March, a report was read from a committee of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, proposing that those two bodies should unite in recommending to the attention of the government a suggestion for attaching to any expeditions that may be undertaken in the territory of Algiers, persons specially appointed to make inquiries into subjects connected with geography, natural history, and the historical sciences.

On the 12th of March, M. de Pradt, formerly archbishop of Malines, celebrated for his

various political works, expired at Paris, after a violent attack of apoplexy. He had attained his seventy-fifth year, and always enjoyed excellent health.

Ludwig Borne, the well-known German writer, has also recently died in Paris, where he has long resided.

GERMANY.

The house of Hallberger, at Stuttgart, is publishing in parts containing eight sheets each, "Der Kaiserstaat Oesterreich, unter der Regierung Kaisers Franz I. und der Staatsverwaltung des Fürsten Metternich."

Dr. Lorinser, of Berlin, has in the press, an 8vo. volume entitled "Die Entstehung und Verhütung der Pest des Orients."

Notwithstanding the exposure of the suspicious circumstances attending the pretended discovery of the history of Sanchoniatho, which appeared to stamp the transaction with the character of imposture, we perceive from an announcement by Schünemann, of Bremen, that the work will speedily be published by him with the title of "Sanchuniathonis Historiarum Phœniciae libros novem, Græce versos a Philone Byblio, edidit, latinaque versione donavit, Friederich Wagenfeld."

Berger, of Leipzig, will speedily publish a Life of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, founder of the Homœopathic system of medicine, written by himself, with plates.

The house of Behr, in Berlin, has announced for speedy publication, "Histoire ancienne et moderne de la Moldavie, de la Valachie, et des états indépendants des Transylvains et des Valaques transdanubiens," by Michael de Kogalnitchan, formerly a Moldavian officer.

The number of the journals published in Austria amounts to 72, 21 of which are furnished by Vienna. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom issues 34; Milan alone 25, Venice 6, and Verona 4.

It has been remarked as a singular phenomenon, that in Germany, which is so fertile in almost every department of literature, there are very few new dramatic productions. In regard to comedy in particular, the lovers of the theatre must put up almost exclusively with the most barbarous translations from the French. The result of the offer by the firm of Cotta of a prize of 300 florins for a good comedy in one act, furnishes an additional proof of the neglect of the drama. Out of several hundred pieces that were received, only eight were deemed worthy of being submitted for examination to the critical tribunal, composed of Lewald, Menzel, and Seydel-

mann; and of these eight one only was deemed worthy of any of consideration. It is apprehended that, unless some provision be made by the Diet for securing to German dramatic authors a property in their works as in France, the German stage must long continue to a mere echo of the French.

Opitz and Frege, of Güstrow, will shortly publish a critical history of the Roman emperor Trajan, by Dr. Heinrich Franke, of Wismar, with the title "*Zur Geschichte Trajans und seiner Zeit.*"

We observe in the German journals the announcement of a pamphlet with the title of "*Schlagende Beweisführung dass Napoleon Bonaparte niemals existirt hat*" (Striking Proof that Napoleon Bonaparte never existed), which professes to be translated from the second Paris edition. Another singular announcement has also attracted our notice: it is the translation of a French work by M. B. Chalbot, the tendency of which may easily be guessed from the title—"The Death Struggle of the British Leopard; reflections on the present time and that which is immediately to follow," and from the motto, "England has not a guinea which is not steeped in the blood of all nations!" How easy would it be to prove that there is not a nation in Europe whose wounds England has not expended her gold in healing!

The historico-critical work by Dr. Steiner, "*Codex Inscriptionum Romanarum Rheni,*" will appear at the Easter Leipzig fair, in two 4to volumes, containing about a thousand inscriptions.

The first part of the first volume of a History of Bohemia, by a native writer Franz Patacky, has made its appearance. This work, chiefly from documents and manuscripts, promises to supply, in a satisfactory manner, a want that was much felt.

The reviewer of Eckerman's *Conversations with Göthe* (see F. Q. R. No. 35, page 10,) has assumed that some remarks of Göthe's on a German poet, whose name is concealed by three stars, applied to Heine. A writer in the "*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung,*" assures us that this is a mistake. "We know," says he, "from the author's own lips, that these observations of Göthe's refer not to Heine but to Count Platen, and that he suppressed the name out of tenderness for this then living and often very unhappy poet."

At Vienna, M. Ferdinand Wolf is preparing a work on the stage representations of the middle ages, and of the dramatic art in Europe, up to the age of Shakspeare and Lopez de Vega.

DENMARK.

A periodical work in German, with the title of "*Skandinavische Bibliothek*" (Scandina-

vian Library), has been recently commenced at Copenhagen, edited by J. L. von Schepeler and A. von Gähler. It is intended to comprise translations of the latest and most attractive productions of Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish literature.

SWEDEN.

An interesting work, in French, by C. Forssell, has just appeared at Stockholm, with the title of "*Une année en Suède; ou Tableaux des Costumes, Mœurs, et Usages des Paysans de la Suède, suivis des Sites et Monumens historiques les plus remarquables,*" in forty-eight plates, with explanatory text, 4to.

RUSSIA.

We are assured that the Russian "*Conversations-Lexikon,*" which has advanced to the sixth volume, is rich in contributions on the history, geography, statistics, and industry of Russia, on the social relations of its various tribes, and in biographical accounts of its distinguished statesmen. The work employs at this moment all the eminent Russian literati, who have become contributors to it, so that there is a momentary stagnation in all branches of Russian literature, in which considerable activity till lately prevailed.

A Polish work of considerable importance is in the course of publication at St. Petersburg. It is a narrative of travels performed a few years since at the expense of the Russian government, by Joseph Kowalewski, to Mongolia and China. The work will consist of six parts; the first, second, and third, treat of the Buraits and Mongolia; the fourth and fifth of China; and the sixth contains the history of the Catholic missions to China, with more particular reference to the proceedings of the Jesuits. In a supplement the author will give a variety of legends, popular songs, and historical documents, that have never yet appeared in print.

The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg is publishing in the Mongol language an heroic legend, which is in great favor among the Mongols. This is a History of the heroic Achievements and Adventures of Gesser Khan, full of Mongol romance, which is expected to excite much interest even in Europe.

Abu Fosla's "*Travels in Arabia,*" are also printing in the same city, under the superintendence and with a Russian translation by Professor Heitling.

Russia possesses two works on the plan of the Penny Magazines, both published in Moscow. The first of these was commenced about the middle of 1835, with the title of "*Picturesque Survey of all remarkable Objects in the Sciences, Arts, Manufactures, and Social*"

Life," and contains nothing but translations from the English, German, and French Penny Magazines. The second, begun with the year 1836, is entitled "Panorama of the World," and promises to pay particular attention to native sources of information also.

ITALY.

Towards the end of last year a new monthly work on the fine arts was announced at Rome, with the title of "Iconografia e Scenografia delle belle Arti."

A series of outlines after the smaller basso-relievos of the celebrated Thorwaldsen, thirty-one in number, with poetical illustrations by Angelo Maria Ricci, has just appeared at Rome, with the title of "Anacreonte nuovissimo del Commendatore Alberto Thorwaldsen."

The congregation of the Index at Rome has lately, by a decree, which received the confirmation of the Pope, prohibited twelve works. No one would be surprised to find among these Heine's publications "Instructions secrètes de la Compagnie de Jesus," and some other French works of the kind very little known out of France; but it certainly does excite some astonishment to see the "Souvenirs en Orient" and the "Jocelyn" of the orthodox Lamartine included in the list.

The central commission appointed by the Neapolitan government to compile a Statistical Survey of Sicily, commenced with the year 1836 the publication of a Statistical

Journal ("Giornale di Statistica," which appears in quarterly numbers. The first number, which has been forwarded to us, contains not only papers relative to the statistics of Italy and Sicily, but also information relative to the population, commerce, &c. of Great Britain, France, and other countries.

GREECE.

The number of political journals is increasing in Greece. The *Σωτήρ* (Savior), lately proscribed, has for some time again appeared, as the sentence of the Tribunal of First Instance was annulled by the Court of Cassation. To this have been added a new opposition paper in the German and Greek language, entitled "*ἡ Ἐλπίς*," (Hope), and another neutral paper, "The Iris," which is in Greek only, and contains miscellaneous and literary articles. A fourth, "*ὁ Θεατὴς*," (The Spectator), is announced as speedily to appear, and a fifth is talked of.

By the title of "*Ἀπομνημονεύματα πολέμικὰ*" was lately published at Athens, the first volume of a new interesting work by Christophoros Perrhäbos, colonel in the army of Greece, who was already favorably known by his History of Suli and the Suliotes, and who was perhaps rather too flatteringly called by Niebuhr a second Thucydides. In these memoirs the author does not pretend to give a complete history of the Greek insurrection, but only the actions, enterprises, and events in which he was either himself engaged, or an eye-witness of. This first volume comes down only to the year 1822.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXVIII.

FOR JULY, 1837.

ART. I.—*Mémoires Historiques de S. A. R. Madame la Duchesse de Berri, depuis sa naissance jusqu'à ce jour.* Publiée par Alfred Nettement. 3 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1837.

THE Duchess de Berri, the daughter of sovereigns, the beloved wife and widow of a murdered prince, the mother of an exiled king, has claimed the pity of all parties. Her early misfortunes, her subsequent splendor, and her sad reverse, could create but one feeling towards her. Those very minds which foresaw the futility of her exertions, those very partisans of the younger branch, who despised or blamed her efforts to overthrow the government established by the revolution of 1830, admired her as a heroine; and, as the only surviving parent of a royal son, could not refuse their sympathy to her as a woman. As a woman she forfeited this public sympathy by an act of immorality. Placed by birth and position on a pre-eminence of rank and misfortune, she was particularly called upon by the correctness of her conduct to render herself worthy of that rank, and in a measure to triumph over her troubles by keeping her place in the esteem of all hearts: but she added another to the long, long list of human frailties, and the most charitable and the most merciful part was to forget her. Why then should M. Alfred Nettement draw her from the oblivion which had already begun to throw its deep shades around her? Is he one of those enthusiastic royalists who persevere in believing the whole affair at Blaye to be a trick got up by Louis Philippe, in order to destroy all good feeling towards his unhappy niece?

or has he other motives? He who wrote the memoirs now before us cannot be ignorant of the truth; the very distance at which the duchess is kept by the noble dauphiness must be convincing; we conclude that he has been actuated by some feeling which is not avowed in his volumes, thus to drag her from her happier obscurity; and we cannot help fancying, that not only does he desire to increase the dislike which many feel at the deceitful conduct of the present king, but that he is one of those who, from time to time, by some public action, tries to keep the Carlist cause alive in the minds of men. In both these instances we imagine that he may have succeeded; the inconsistency between Louis Philippe's former protestations and his present conduct are quietly and temperately, yet forcibly, laid before us, and it is impossible to review the career of the duchess without the strongest compassion for her and the exiled family of France.

The next question which suggests itself in this age of made-up memoirs is, whether the statements contained in M. Nettement's publication may be relied on. In most instances this would be a difficult question to solve. In the first place, access to kings and queens is very seldom accomplished, and the reports made of them so depend on the temper and opinions of their followers, that plain matters of fact are not easy to procure. In the next place, the spirit of party which must more or less be evinced in such biographies, makes them open to suspicion. But, sceptical as we may be in most matters of this sort, and little as the memoirs of the great people of France are in general to be relied on, we are inclined to place faith in M. Nettement,

not only because there is an air of truth which at once brings conviction with it, but because we were in France during the times of which he speaks, and, having some peculiar advantages with regard to the society of the capital, we can, from our *own* knowledge, affirm, that a great part of the book before us is the simple truth, without the slightest embellishment. The very words uttered in the ears of our friends, and in our own, are quoted, and, with such proofs for a part, we may surely lend confidence to the rest. More of this we shall mention as we proceed.

As the title states, the memoirs begin with the birth of the duchess, but although dated 1837, and professing to be up to the present moment, they finish with her arrest at La Vendée. They are spun out into three volumes, and, with their broad margins, large type, and title-pages, certainly exhibit a tolerable specimen of the art of book-making. Each volume is divided into books, which we would rather have called chapters, and the first gives us the genealogy of the duchess, showing how her son descends from the great Henri Quatre in fourteen different ways. In it the character of her grandfather, with all his ignorance, his honest avowal of it, his weakness, and his *bonhomme*, are well touched upon. It was in his reign that the "Chevalier Acton" and Lady Hamilton played that part in Italy, which left a great blot on the fame of our immortal hero Nelson, and for our conduct altogether in the affairs of Sicily we find ourselves bearing the following reputation: "Perfidious nation, equally dangerous as an ally and as an enemy, for her promises are threats, her friendship a snare, and her protection a yoke." We do not think that the Bourbons have much right to complain of us, but we will not stop to refute this opinion, and proceed to the duchess, who was born on the 5th of November, 1798, and in two years commenced her wandering life, by passing and repassing the sea, backwards and forwards to Sicily, in consequence of the foreign warfare and civil discord which then shook Italy from north to south. The fate of her family made the most lively impression on Marie Caroline; who, although but seven years old when her grandmother was obliged to abandon Italy, evinced a most remarkable degree of grief and indignation. Her first sensations, says M. Nettement, were sad and serious; her ears were early accustomed to the noise of war, to the furious ringing of the church bells, to the firing of cannon, to the clamors of the populace, like the furious lashing of waves. In the midst of all this, however, her education was not neglected;

she had an excellent governess, her country was sufficient to inspire her with a taste for the arts, and she never ceased to feel the beauties with which this country teems.

In the third book we have the appearance of the Duke d'Orleans among her family. Here, if we may be so allowed to express ourselves, the writer of these memoirs begins to play his game, and to show the part acted by this crafty prince. Marie Caroline was ten years old when he first came to Sicily, and the king entered the room where she and the queen were together, holding an open letter in his hand, his countenance betraying marks of strong emotion. He announced the arrival of an emigrant belonging to a royal and a fallen house, the only surviving heir of his immediate branch, and asked if the queen would be much displeased if he were to call him to court. "What is his name?" asked the queen. "The Duke d'Orleans," hesitatingly replied the king. "The Duke d'Orleans!" repeated the queen in a deep and marked tone: the name of Philippe-Egalité recalled to them the sufferings of Marie Antoinette, the angelic Elizabeth, and Louis XVI., for whose deaths he had voted; and his son was not to be received without the most painful feeling. However, the royal family of Naples recollected that the venerable chief of their house had received him, that there was a wide difference between the father and the son, and that the latter had signed the declaration of the princes of the blood which contained this remarkable phrase:—

"Si l'injuste emploi d'une force majeure parvenait, ce qu'à Dieu ne plaise, à placer sur le trône de France tout autre qu'un roi légitime, nous suivrions avec autant de confiance que de fidélité la voix de l'honneur, qui nous prescrit d'en appeler jusqu'à notre dernier soupir à Dieu, aux Français, et à notre épée.*"

The King of Naples, therefore, wrote to the prince that they would receive him at Palermo, and he took advantage of this permission with the more pleasure, inasmuch as Charles IV. had not allowed him to land at Barcelona, even to see his mother, the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, pleading the reports which had reached him, that the duke wished to place himself on the French throne. This accusation had deeply grieved the object of it, and he justified himself in the following terms to Ferdinand IV.: "Sire! the greater the faults of my father, the more am I bound to prove that I do not share his errors: they have done too much evil in my

* Adhesion à la note de Louis XVIII., du 22 Février, 1803.

family." The Duke d'Orleans soon ingratiated himself into all hearts, and more especially into that of the excellent Louise Amélie, the aunt of Marie Caroline, and the present partner of his throne. The marriage was for some time deferred by a visit which the duke paid to Spain and a subsequent voyage to England. At length he returned to Sicily, and became the uncle of the future Duchess de Berri. His fruitless attempts to gain a footing in Spain made him turn his thoughts wholly to the pleasures of private life, and, let his conduct as a public character have been what it may, we believe that, as a husband and a father, there will not be found a single stain upon his history.

On the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of his forefathers, the Duke d'Orleans presented himself at court and was well received, obtaining not only permission to reside in France, but restitution of his rich appanage to himself and his sons. His gratitude was extreme, and according to M. Nettement,—

"he expressed himself with a profusion of words which showed how entirely ingratitude was a stranger to the heart of his serene highness. At the same time, he was most active in furthering the negociation by which the Bourbons of Italy were to be restored to the kingdom of Naples; he, more than any one, appeared to be sensible to the sacred rights of legitimacy, and he quitted Palermo, leaving his relations convinced of the fervor of his attachment to those tutelar doctrines which guarantee the repose of nations, and place the crowns of monarchs securely upon their brows."

Peace being re-established throughout Europe, and the Bourbons for a second time holding the reigns of government, Louis XVIII. began to seek for a wife for his nephew, the Duke de Berri, and, after much consideration, the Princess Marie Caroline, eldest daughter of the hereditary Prince of Naples, was chosen, as an alliance least likely to give umbrage to any of the great powers who had aided in the restoration of the royal family of France. We will not enter into the minutiae of the negotiations, with which M. Nettement favors us, even to tiresomeness; suffice it, that the duke was accepted, the banns were published, and the household selected. The Prince of Palermo was the proxy chosen for the duke; the marriage was celebrated in the royal chapel at Naples, by the cardinal archbishop of Naples, and before all the great people of the kingdom. The same minute detail accompanies the princess to Marseilles, where she performed quarantine; and we must give an idea of the wearying ceremonies

which attended a lively, open hearted, and impetuous princess, who probably found them more distressing to bear than her subsequent misfortunes. The Hôtel de Ville had been by a special act declared neutral ground, that is, belonging both to the country of the princess and to that of the duke; the rooms to the right were Neapolitan, and those on the left were considered as French. The princess entered the great hall, which was situated in the middle, and furnished with a long table covered with green velvet, fringed with gold, on which were the materials for writing. She was accompanied by a Neapolitan ambassador, and those who had formed her suite from Naples. Her French household was on the other side; the respective flags of each nation decorated each portion, and the Sicilian and French guards were in their stations. Official documents were read to infinity, and signatures written; the Sicilian representatives delivered several speeches, and the French returned them, all of which, we doubt not, mortally annoyed the poor young bride. After all this etiquette had been fulfilled, the Prince San Nicandro (the Neapolitan ambassador) presented her royal highness to the Duke d'Havré, who led her to the other side of the table, and in three steps she became a Frenchwoman. A general salute of cannon took place at that moment; the princess was then led into the French apartments; her ladies undressed her, and she was then entirely re-dressed in the manufacture of France, and in the clothes provided for her in the *corbeille* of the Duke de Berri.

In the next, or fifth book, we have the correspondence between the duke and duchess, which is so perfectly natural that we think it must be genuine. At length, the bride reached Fontainebleau; the cross of St. Herem was in sight, and ceremony again awaited her. All the arrangements for the marriage had been planned according to that of Louis XV., and among them was a carpet, spread on the grass, the half of which only was to be traversed by the princess, while the king and royal family came to meet her across the other half: but the patience of the lively duchess could not extend even over the half of the carpet, much less to the complete observance of all the ceremonies; she remembered the neutrality of the Hôtel de Ville at Marseilles, and could not help asking, in an under-tone, if the carpet were also neutral; then darting up to the king, she threw herself on her knees before him with infinite grace. The king raised and embraced her, welcomed her most affectionately, presented her to her future husband, and the royal *cor-tége* proceeded to Paris. The marriage was

again celebrated *la Nôtre-Dame*; fifteen orphan girls received marriage portions, a number of prisoners were released, fines were remitted, offences were pardoned, and the duke and duchess began their short career of happiness.

M. Nettement here reviews the situation of France at the period of this event, but, as his observations are not new, and the time recent, we shall not quote from them, but pass on to the private life of the newly married couple. The circumstances of their early lives bore a strong resemblance the one to the other, and gave rise to a great similarity of taste and feeling. Both had known misfortune and exile; both had seen a throne fall from their family; both had seen it again raised by, as it were, a sudden mandate from Heaven. They had at the same moment begun to enjoy a return of prosperity; they had naturally the same tastes, for Italy was the birth-place of the one, and the other had been long enough in that country to become inspired with Italian feelings.

"Monseigneur," says our author, "loved the arts both as a prince and as an artist; the sojourn which he had made in Italy had awakened this feeling in his heart. He had studied music and painting, especially the latter. More than once, in the middle of those ruins with which Rome is filled, a young man had been seen, seated on some fragment of a column, drawing the half-destroyed triumphal arch before him, or the remains of a palace which had formerly covered the soil with its vast proportions; this young man was the descendant of Louis XIV., who, adding another ruin to the many around him, consoled himself with the arts, and presented to the Eternal City one of the wrecks of the august house of France, which had raised so many triumphal arches and possessed so many palaces."

The duke and his wife began well; for, the Chambers having voted them a sum on their marriage, they gave 500,000 francs out of it to the departments which had suffered most from the invasion. They inhabited the palace called the *Elysée*, and there, free from the wearying etiquette of the *Tuileries*, they led a simple and domestic life. One hundred thousand crowns per annum did not cover the alms of the duchess, and, slipping out together at the door of the palace next to the *Champs Elysées*, on foot, and without guards or suite, they either visited those whom they relieved, or roamed about at will, sometimes loitering under the trees, and sometimes absolutely *shopping*. Many were the adventures which occurred in consequence of these private rambles—such as carrying the burden of a poor fainting boy to its destina-

tion, and then giving him money to purchase an ass, to carry it in future; borrowing an umbrella when caught in the rain, and the person lending it refusing the loan unless he accompanied them home, and, when arrived at that home, the poor fellow frightened out of his senses. But one of the drollest was the refusal of a lender-out of chairs, to give them credit for the use of those on which they had been sitting; in vain did they plead that they had forgotten their purses, they were abused for their thoughtlessness, and forced to leave a pledge, which, when redeemed, almost convulsed their terrible creditor with alarm. The character of the duke was cheerful and decided; he had a little of the roughness of a soldier about him, but he was wholly free from art, and full of kindness.—Like others of his family, he was extravagantly fond of the chase, in the pursuit of which, and from his unpretending habits, he met with many interesting adventures. The first duty, both of himself and his wife, seemed to be that of charity, and the next the protection and encouragement of the arts; the only drawback to their happiness was the want of an heir, for almost all their children died a few hours after they were born; the eldest daughter (*Mademoiselle*) and the posthumous boy alone have been preserved.—Their good fellowship with the other branches of the royal family was perfect, and when M. Nettement speaks of the Prince de Condé, we have the following passage:—

"The Prince de Condé lived in the most retired manner, as well as his son the Duke de Bourbon, and rarely appeared at court.—Since the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, a profound sadness seemed to overwhelm the chief of this glorious branch of the royal house, and the burden of years, added to long grief, had caused a dejection from which he could be seldom roused. It seemed as if this noble mind, without being utterly extinguished, had retired within itself. . . . It may be said, that, reading the future, and throwing a long look upon the past, the last of the Condés wept over a name which no one was to bear after him, and, placing himself between the dungeon of Vincennes and the fatal alcove of St. Leu, the illustrious old man was mourning over his whole race: once his solitude was disturbed by a person whose presence surprised him: the Prince de Talleyrand went to pay his respects to the Prince de Condé: and the current saying in consequence of this visit was, that the crooked line paid a visit to the straight line. Either from confusion in consequence of his great age, or from one of those moments of vivacity which now and then re-appeared in his highness, he mistook, or pretended to mistake, the Prince de Talleyrand for his uncle, the grand-almoner of France, at that moment archbishop of Rheims, and a venerable man, for whom the

prince felt much affection. 'Archbishop,' said he, 'come and see me as often as you can; I shall always be happy to receive you; but I entreat of you, as a favor, never bring your nephew, the bishop of Autun, with you.' 'Now that your serene highness has expressed your sentiments,' answered the bishop, with his unalterable *sang froid*, 'I can promise you that the Prince de Talleyrand will never present himself before you.'

Many of the actions and sayings of the Duke d'Orleans, which took place at this time, continued to belie his later conduct, but it seems that Louis XVIII., although he restored his lands to him, never would legally confirm the gift, stoutly resisting all those who strove to persuade him to do so: among these were both the Duke and Duchess de Berri, whose intimacy with and affection for the House of Orleans were very great.—Once, however, it was for a moment interrupted by the sudden entrance of Marie Caroline into the apartment of her aunt, whom she found conversing in the most friendly manner with Lord Bentinck, who, it will be recollected, was the active agent in the banishment of the Queen of Naples from Sicily. The Duchess de Berri immediately turned back, and left the Palais Royal, and, when an explanation was sought, she replied, "Because I could not bear with temper to see you give so friendly a reception to a man whom I look upon as the murderer of your mother." This anecdote shows the lively, impetuous, but artless duchess to great advantage; the conduct of the Duke of Orleans was more measured, and has succeeded better.

We now come to the saddest portion of the history of which we are presenting a sketch, but before we commence upon it, we must assure our readers that the statements in M. Nettement's book are perfectly true. Nothing is embellished or depreciated, and the very words which were uttered are given with the most entire fidelity. M. Nettement prefaces them with some long and sensible reflections on the ministry of M. Decazes, and we had marked them as an extract for our readers, but they would exceed our limits, and perhaps those whom they would interest are already in possession of the system pursued by that young and favorite minister, who unconsciously gave a strength to the revolutionary party, which in the end caused his own downfall, and became fatal to that branch of the royal family to which he owed his elevation.

For some time the Duke de Berri had received anonymous letters, which contained the most fearful threats, and, in spite of his usual firmness, they made an impression on

him. The assassination of Henry IV. had also been preceded by the same menaces and the same apprehensions, which seemed to be a sort of excuse to the Duke de Berri for the indulgence of his own forebodings; he, however, carefully concealed them all from the duchess, and entered with her into the gaieties of the carnival; among them was a brilliant opera, at which the Orleans family were also present. Between the acts the Duke and Duchess de Berri paid a visit to their relations in their box, and, on returning to their own, the duchess found herself so fatigued in consequence of a ball the preceding evening, that she proposed going home. Her husband led her to her carriage, intending to return and see the last act of the ballet; he and the Count de Mesnard handed her in, and then, turning round and waving his hand, he exclaimed, "Adieu, Caroline, we shall soon meet again." At that moment a man glided past the centinel, laid one hand on the left shoulder of the prince, and gave him a violent blow with the other under his right breast. The Duke de Choiseul thought he had accidentally brushed against the prince, and, pushing him away, said, "Take care what you are about;" the wretch fled, and the prince, feeling his side, exclaimed, "I am assassinated!" All gathered closely round him, asking questions with breathless anxiety: he then said, "I am a dead man—I feel the dagger." Pursuit was instantly made after the assassin, but the poor duchess, whose carriage had not left the door, heard the cry, and tried to throw herself out of it; Madame de Béthisy, who was with her, tried to stop her, and a servant endeavored to assist her, but, springing over the steps, she exclaimed, "Let me; I command you, let me." She then ran to the duke, and received him in her arms at the moment when he had taken the dagger from the wound, and had given it to M. Mesnard. He was then placed upon a bench, and his dress opened; the duchess was on her knees before him, trying to stanch the blood, and the prince again said, "I am killed—a priest—come, my wife, let me die in your arms." The duke was with difficulty led to the saloon behind his box, where the Duke de Choiseul came to announce that the murderer was taken. "Is he a foreigner?" asked the prince, and when he was answered in the negative, he sorrowfully said, "It is very hard to die by the hand of a Frenchman." The Duke and Duchess d'Orleans were present, and two surgeons began to exert their skill, his wife watching every turn of his countenance.

The crime had been so rapidly perpetrated, that the news of it had not yet reached the audience or performers; the second act

of the ballet was going on, and from the room where the prince lay, the music was heard and the dancers might be seen.

“Les sons joyeux de l'orchestre qui s'éteignent, et les râlements d'une agonie qui commence; une fête et un assassinat; les larmes, les cris, le deuil, le désespoir dans le séjour des plaisirs: les riantes images de ce lieu profane apparaissant comme une effroyable ironie à des yeux qui allaient se fermer pour jamais, et une simple cloison séparant les joies du monde de toutes les horreurs de la mort!”

Fresh succor and additional grief seemed to enter each time that the door was opened; two more surgeons came, the arms were punctured, and the orifice enlarged, in order to give passage to the blood; it was then that the duchess, in a whisper, asked Dr. Blancheton, who was a few paces distant from the prince, if the wound were mortal; adding, “I am very courageous, I can bear all—all I ask is the truth.” The duke repeatedly expressed a wish to see his daughter, and the Bishop of Amyclée; they were sent for, as well as Monsieur, Madame, and the Duke d'Angoulême. The prince's own surgeon came, and, applying his lips to the wound, in order to draw out the blood, the duke gently pushed him away, saying, “What are you doing?—perhaps the wound is poisoned.”

The news soon spread through Paris, and messengers arrived from all parts to inquire after the duke, filling the Opera House and its neighborhood; and all that was great and illustrious in France gathered round the little room in which lay the dying prince. The interview between the brothers was heart-rending; Monsieur was unable to utter a word. The daughter of Louis XVI., the woman of many griefs, and much courage, who had always been found superior to her misfortunes, remained silent and immovable, watching the opening of the fresh tomb over which she was destined to mourn. The prince was removed into a larger room, where a bed was prepared for him, and where he might have more air. At about one in the morning, M. Dupuytren arrived, and, finding that the duke did not answer his questions, requested the duchess to find out the seat of the pain. M. Dupuytren then again enlarged the wound, and during the operation entreated Monsieur to take the duchess out of the room; but she said, “Father, do not force me to disobey you!” and promising not to disturb the operator, she knelt by the side of the bed, holding the prince's hand. When he felt the instrument in the wound, the duke requested to be left in quiet, as he must die;

but when his wife said, “Let them do it for my sake,” he submitted without a murmur. The relief he experienced from this was great, but the extent of the wound was ascertained, and the blade of the dagger, eight inches long, had been buried up to the hilt in the body.

During the few moments of calm which succeeded this operation, the duke, passing his hand through the hair of the duchess, said, “My poor wife, you are very unhappy;” then seeing her despair increase, he added in a louder and firmer voice, “My dear friend, do not allow yourself to be overcome with grief, take care of yourself, for the sake of the child whom you bear within you.” A general murmur was heard throughout the saloon, and a ray of light seemed to break forth in this dark hour. The duke entreated that the king might be sent for, in order to obtain pardon from him for the assassin; he then requested permission of the duchess to embrace the two children born to him while in England. “Where are they?” said the duchess, “I will be their mother!” then leading the two little girls up to the bed, and presenting them to mademoiselle, she told them to embrace their sister, and leaning over her husband, added, “Charles, Charles, I have now three children.” It was then that a voice from behind the bed uttered these words, “Elle est sublime!” It was the Duchess d'Angoulême who had spoken. At three in the morning the duke confessed aloud, and asked pardon of God and his neighbor for his sins; he received extreme unction, and, these religious duties having also soothed the duchess, she cried, “I knew well that this noble soul was born for heaven, and would soon return to it.” The anxiety of the duke to see the king was excessive, and a last bulletin was conveyed to his majesty by the Duke Decazes. The thirst of the duke was dreadful; he prayed for death, and took separate leave of all around him. In a short interval of ease he exclaimed, “I hear the guard!” and being disappointed, he entreated his father to ask the life of the murderer. At length the king arrived, and the duke immediately exclaimed, “Pardon, sire, for the man who has struck me; at least grant him his life.” When he was about to die, the duchess was dragged out of the room; again she came in, and was again torn from it. He exclaimed, “Holy Virgin, have mercy on me!” then trying to rise, he cried, “Oh my country, unhappy France!” At this moment his wife again rushed in and seized his hand as he expired; then, exhausted, she fell senseless at the feet of the king; advantage was taken of this, and she was borne to her carriage. All present entreated

the king to leave this dreadful scene. "I have a last duty to perform," he answered; then leaning on the arm of M. Dupuytren, he approached the bed, closed the eyes of the duke, kissed his hand, and retired without another word.

When the final news was announced, a long deep groan resounded through the hall, which was echoed by the people without, and the king returned to his palace amid the most heart-rending tokens of universal grief. We shall never forget the consternation expressed in every countenance for days,—the predictions, the alarm which was manifested; no one could tell that it was a single stroke; the wisest men in France saw in it a general disaffection towards the Bourbons; those who had delighted in the few years of tranquillity which had succeeded their restoration, dreaded the anarchy and confusion which this disaffection might produce. There was scarcely a dissenting voice to the regrets expressed for the duke as a man; uncertainty, fear, and caution, mingled with the lamentations; the little soirées of the capital alone were attended, and people only seemed to meet there in order to give vent to their own apprehensions and collect those of others. As to the English, they saw the reign of terror fast approaching; many fled from Paris, and even from France, thinking that in the next week it might be too late to save their heads.

The anonymous letters previously received by the duke were the sole evidence that Louvel's crime arose from any general feeling of discontent; the confusion in the Cabinet, and the violence of the opposition in the Chamber, could never have caused such a proceeding. Louvel constantly denied that he had any accomplices, and seemed to think that there was a sort of grandeur in being the sole perpetrator of an act, which he declared to proceed from his individual hatred. To a friend of ours he said, that this hatred had been harbored for years, in consequence of an affront offered to him by the Duke de Berri, (which was doubtless imaginary); that he had followed this prince from place to place with the intention of murdering him, but that his design had been either frustrated by some trifling occurrence, or by finding himself unequal to the task. As to the knowledge of this event before it happened, if we may so express ourselves, we are sceptical; such reports have always been made, and very generally disproved on close investigation. "In the midst of such contradictory opinions," says M. Nettement, "history cannot lead us to any certain conclusion, but our own good sense will sufficiently point out to

us that this isolated crime was owing to the general aspect of affairs."

The despair of the Duchess de Berri was as energetic as the rest of her character; the *Elysée* became hateful to her, and she removed to the Tuileries, and took up her abode close to her father-in-law. However, there was a firmness and courage in the midst of her grief, for which no one would previously have given her credit; she said that her sacrifice was over, that she had promised to be courageous, and would keep her word. She rarely left her apartments during her pregnancy, but, from motives of policy, the gardens were occasionally closed, and she showed herself at the terrace next to the river; it was necessary that she should be seen in her situation, in order that no pretext might be given to the hints of imposture, which were even then thrown out in the capital. We are sorry, though not surprised, that the populace, or perhaps a class above them, could not refrain from insult on these occasions, and two attempts were made, by sudden explosions under her windows, so to alarm her as to destroy her hopes of an heir to the throne. On the other hand, the feelings of the country-people were those of affection; and, during these long months of anxiety, the women of the town of Bordeaux sent a deputation to the duchess, in consequence of a declaration made by the king, that, if the child were a son, he should be called the Duke de Bordeaux. This deputation thanked the king for the honor intended to their city; the lady president made a speech full of southern vivacity and energy, complimented the duchess, and presented her with a richly decorated cradle. The ladies of the Halle were admitted, and said, "Here is a place for our prince to sleep in; we women will wash his linen, and our men will watch over him that the Jacobins may not disturb him as he sleeps." They were anxious that the prince should be born in their city, for they were sure they should have a prince and not a princess, and, while they were offering their present, the song sung by Jeanne d'Albret at the moment of her delivery came from Bearne, accompanied by a clove of garlick derived from the same plant which had rubbed the lips of Henry IV. Nor was the bottle of Jurançon wine forgotten. These are perhaps trifling events, but they showed a feeling on which the duchess may be forgiven for relying too much in another part of her career.

At length the moment arrived, preceding the general expectation by a few days; and here we would fain extract largely from our author's pages, because it has been the fashion

in England as well as France, to deny the validity of this child's birth, but we fear that the details given by the author, which sufficiently establish this point, might in this country appear, even in their native language, as somewhat indelicate. The *Morning Chronicle* roundly asserted that the infant bearing the title of Duke de Bordeaux was a substitution, and the report was attributed to the Duke d'Orleans. The latter however defended himself with so much warmth when the king taxed him with it, that his majesty's suspicions were removed. The duke had satisfied himself by questioning the Duke d'Albfera, whose veracity was unimpeachable, and who was the chosen witness of the event. The royal family arrived, the cannons were fired, and great joy was evinced by the soldiery. The infant was shown at the windows to the populace; orders were given for every soldier who wished to do so, to enter the room and see the child; and, in the afternoon, the duchess had her bed moved to the windows, where she showed herself with her child in her arms to the people, who rent the air with their acclamations. Poems, drawings, and felicitations arrived from all parts, and were renewed at the baptism of Henri Dieudonné, and in a few days all the communes of the kingdom purchased the noble castle of Chambord (a monument of the time of Francis I.) and presented it to the royal infant.

The interval which elapsed between the birth and exile of the Duke de Bordeaux was occupied on the part of the Duchess de Berri in patronizing the arts, keeping up her extensive charities, superintending the education of her children, or visiting Dieppe, Chambord, the southern provinces, and La Vendée; in the latter she made acquaintances and imbibed notions which wholly guided her in her after-conduct. She gradually resumed her former habits, and became, as it were, the centre of gaiety and vivacity in the court. When Charles X. ascended the throne, and the Duchess de Berri became Madame, she mainly contributed to the gratification of the two great wishes of the Duke d'Orleans, viz. the title of Royal Highness, and the passing of a law which gave him a legal right to his appanage. Nor did she less actively espouse his interest in the succession to the Condé property, exclaiming when it was concluded, "Ah tant mieux! ces d'Orleans sont de si bonnes gens!" In short, she never suffered any opportunity to pass unheeded of serving this family, or giving them pleasure; the Duke de Chartres was the principal person at all her *fêtes*, and no sooner was any displeasure felt at the Tuileries when the Duke d'Orleans openly encouraged or coun-

tenanced the liberal party, than she instantly used every endeavor to remove it.

We consider the description of the *fête* given at the Palais Royal to the King of Naples as another proof of the veracity of our author, for he even mentions the saying of M. S——, who, knowing the times most intimately, and all that was passing round him in and out of the edifice in which he then was, observed, "This is really a Neapolitan *fête*, for we are dancing over a volcano."

The particulars of the revolution of 1830 are too recent, and too well known for us to repeat them here; we will therefore content ourselves with observing, that throughout those memorable days the Duchess de Berri evinced so much energy and courage, that she formed a strong contrast to her royal relations. It was she who discovered the tricolored flag waving over the Tuileries; it was she who urged the employment of those measures which, if vigorously followed up, would have saved the crown for her son, and which were not only suggested by the faithful counsellors of the king, but would have been immediately put in force by them, and which they tried to wring from his infatuated majesty with tears and on their knees. For hours were the horses harnessed to the duchess's carriage, that she might go and show herself and her son to the Parisians; but nothing could induce the king to give his consent or his aid towards such a proceeding, and he, as it were, suffered the younger branch of the royal house to step upon his throne, without a single effort to prevent it. At the same time it must be said, that Charles X. and the elder branches had the most perfect confidence in the fidelity of Louis Philippe, and, when he was made lieutenant-general of the kingdom, they believed in the protestations which he sent to them by M. Mortemart, "that he had been forced into that situation, and that he would suffer himself to be torn in pieces before the crown should be placed upon his head."

The royal exiles proceeded to England, receiving in most parts the warmest marks of interest and sympathy, and in their first place of refuge, Lulworth, the duchess laid the plans for her future attempts to place her son upon his inherited throne. These projects prevented her from accompanying the family to Holyrood, but she went to bid them farewell before she began her operations. It was from Bath that she started; there she had waited for a short time in order to fortify her constitution for all she was about to encounter, lodging in a small house consisting of six rooms. Madame de Bouillé was her sole companion, one female and one male

domestic formed her establishment; her table was more than frugal, and nothing could exceed the economy and simplicity of her mode of life. She had given up her luxuries that she might not give up her charities. Her pensioners were still paid, and the hospital at Ro-sny knew no deficiency. At all times her superfluity had been bestowed on indigence, and she now took her superfluity from her necessities.

Before we follow the duchess through her subsequent attempt, let us take a short review of him who had assumed the rights of her son. His early years saw him hurled from his inheritance by a ferocious mob, the fury of which had been excited and increased by his father, who with a view to his own aggrandizement blindly led them on to his own destruction. His son became a starving exile, and was obliged to earn his subsistence by his own exertions; we then see him taking advantage of a favorable moment, and applying for reception to those of his family who were yet mourning the consequences of his father's errors. They not only generously admitted him to their court, but gave him their daughter in marriage. This daughter has proved to be one of the best of women, and doubtless by her relationship and character has strengthened his interest. At the restoration he also was restored to his rich inheritance by the courtesy of the king, and, when the Neapolitan family returned to their rights, he enjoyed the handsome dowry of his wife. But this was not enough; he coveted his inheritance as a law, and, being only serene highness as the younger branch, he longed for the title of royalty. The sharp-sighted Louis XVIII. was inflexible on these points; in vain did the duke declare at every opportunity how much he felt aggrieved, and that every spark of ambition would be gratified were but these two matters of law and title settled to his satisfaction. Louis, on one occasion, made the following reply to the Duke de Berri, who had formed a little conspiracy in the family, in order to obtain the desired grant: "The Duke d'Orleans is near enough to the throne; for the sake of my nephews I ought not to bring him still nearer." It was Charles X. who unresistingly complied with all that was asked, and that too at the very moment when the duke was increasing his fortune and influence in every way which could be least agreeable to the king. It is now well remembered by the unfortunate party how well the ultra liberals were received at Neuilly—how close the friendship which subsisted between the duke and those men who afterwards aided him in the ultimate object of his life; it is well remembered that not long be-

fore the abdication of Charles X., his carriage was suffered to pass in silence, while the hedges of people on each side deafened the duke, and impeded his progress, by their marks of affection and approbation. In consequence of this popularity he was called upon to assume the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and Louis Philippe was not the man to refuse to step over the narrow division between that and royalty. This step taken, he has gradually shaken off those who helped him to this height, and who would have interfered with his projects of absolutism, in which he now out-herods Herod.

The inconceivable rapidity of the revolution of July left an impression that the royal party still remained in full strength; how was it possible to believe that a popular commotion, hatched by three days' sun, was firm and lasting? that a government of fifteen years had not struck sufficient root into the soil to bud forth again, even when cut off by the hand of faction? its indigenous rights, the interests it had created, the sympathies which it had excited, the devotion with which it had been encircled, would they not lead to a re-action, and the more especially when it was recollected that this government had fallen while yet in a condition to struggle, and had retired when full of resources? Civil war, therefore, appeared to be only deferred, and its head-quarters seemed to be La Vendée. To La Vendée then did the duchess determine to go, taking with her the wishes and approbation of all the royal family. From the king she received the following letter:—

"M —, chef de l'autorité civile dans la province de —, se concertera avec les principaux chefs pour rédiger et publier une proclamation en faveur de Henri V., dans laquelle on annoncera que Madame, Duchesse de Berri, sera regente du royaume pendant la minorité du roi son fils, et qu'elle en prendra le titre à son entrée en France, car telle est notre volonté. Edinbourg, 27 Janvier, 1831.
Signé CHARLES."

Thus Charles, by a new act, confirmed the abdication made at Rambouillet, and renewed at Lutworth; and, under the title of Countess of Sagana, the Duchess de Berri left England on the 17th June, 1831. She crossed over to Holland, went up the Rhine as far as Mayence, traversed a part of Germany, the Tyrol, Lombardy, and reached Sestri, without being recognised. The French consul at Genoa revealed to Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, that she was in his dominions, and the cabinet of the Palais Royal complaining thereof, he was obliged to request her to retire. This was the first shock which she received, but she rendered

full justice to the feelings of the king of Sardinia, who was mortified at being obliged to act such a part, and gave her word to the royalists who had come to concert measures with her in Italy, that she would enter France at their first summons: she coasted along till she came to Massa, a small city on the borders of the sea belonging to the Duke of Modena, who, as long as she remained there, treated her with the utmost kindness and consideration. She left this abode for a short time to go to Naples, which she had quitted fifteen years before with the prospect of every earthly felicity. As she returned through Rome, the pope particularly recommended a converted Jew, named Deutz, to her, as a zealous and faithful servant. This man joined the little knot of royalists at Massa on his way to Spain and Portugal, to which countries he had a secret diplomatic mission. His appearance excited a strong feeling against him, and our old acquaintance in Portugal, the Viscount Santarem, immediately formed a correct judgment of him; but the venerable priests in whose company he travelled, his great learning, and his exceeding *outward* piety, scarcely admitted of suspicion.

At Massa the duchess trained herself for her enterprise, took long walks, passed whole nights in writing, held councils, and entered into all the details of business. Her letters from France at length arrived, and in April, 1832, she left Massa, appointing the royalists of the south and west to hold themselves in readiness. She reckoned much on her reception in Marseilles, and there did she land, taking up her abode in a small house a league distant from the city. A want of unity and organization among her partisans caused the total failure of this first trial, and, in the midst of her agony and suspense, the duchess received a note saying, "The blow has been struck in vain, we must leave France." "Leave France!" exclaimed the duchess, "it is only necessary to leave this place, that our friends here may not be compromised, or ourselves arrested." She was aware of the consequences of this failure, and that it involved all the southern provinces; but, declaring that war, not flight, was her object, she gave orders for departure. No carriage, no horse, was to be had, and the princess started on foot, with her little suite and a guide. The guide lost his way, led them through the most rugged paths, till at last the princess, overcome with fatigue, wrapped herself up in a mantle, threw herself on the ground, and slept soundly. When she awoke she was benumbed with cold, and so ill that her companions became alarmed; they however discovered a hut, where they contrived to light a fire, and the princess again lay

down till further help could be sought, and some conveyance obtained. This was the first night of the duchess's campaign, and to those who recollect the extreme delicacy of her form it will be another proof of that power of mind which enabled her to survive this and many other worse nights. During the whole of her unfortunate expedition, her presence of mind never forsook her; when her companions were bewildered or alarmed, it was she who contrived the disguise or escape, and she played her part to perfection; sometimes in the habit of a peasant boy, when she was called Petit Pierre, sometimes carried in the arms of the guides, either to avoid slipping into the bogs or rivers, or being recognised by the remarkable smallness of her feet; sometimes in the clothes of a market girl, when she rubbed her legs with mud, to hide their delicate fairness; sometimes playing the part of a relative in a family to which she was personally a stranger—she was excellent in all, and appeared to be as much at home as in the midst of the royal court.

La Vendée had beheld the revolution of 1830 with astonishment, and the greater number of its inhabitants were hostile to it; the western provinces had kept up a standing army ever since 1793, and La Vendée, so long the field of battle, was always a camp. At the moment when the monarchy fell, the Vendéans expected the exiles to take refuge with them, and were ready to offer them an asylum. Marie Caroline knew that she should have the towns against her, but reckoned on the good-will of the country. Her designs were, to order a general assumption of arms in this part of France; to make all the small detachments, dispersed in various directions, rise in one day; then to present herself with an armed force before the government troops, which she hoped would promptly declare in her favor; afterwards to march suddenly to the capital, flattering herself that the regiments sent out against her would side with her, so confidently did she reckon on the affection of the soldiery. She was convinced that all this would be possible, if she acted skilfully and quickly; she calculated on a thousand unforeseen circumstances which would attend a first success, and, if once fortune seemed to lean towards her in the smallest degree, she felt sure that help would come from all quarters. With 1000 men she should have a regiment,—with a regiment, an army,—with an army, France. In the beginning she had but one province, but that province was firm and decided, energetic and devoted, while, in her adversaries' camp, political indifference had loosened all adherence. Doubtless, in all this, she took the journey of Napoleon from Elba to the

Tuileries as a precedent; but she was not aware of the feeling in the army which he alone could excite, and which to this day holds the image of the emperor sacred in its recollection. Unfortunately for the princess, the military chief on whom she most relied had not yet arrived, and no one could tell where he was; but she persevered, for she knew that he would come when he heard of her arrival; and it was the nature of her sanguine temper, as soon as she met with an obstacle, immediately to set to work to find a new route to her purpose.

The 24th of May was fixed upon for the commencement of operations, and a proclamation to that effect was issued in her name. Great were her sufferings; and her march, in order to assemble her troops, was more like that of a fugitive than of a princess, in a country which she expected would rally round her and lead her son to a throne. She was received with enthusiasm, and the most heroic acts of devotion were performed; but they were the enthusiasm and acts of individuals and peasantry, and there does not seem to have been one preponderating circumstance in her favor. M. Berryer, a well-known royalist, one of the acknowledged chiefs of her party, was then in La Vendée, about to plead a cause at the assizes held at Vannes; he profited by this in order to see the duchess, and to persuade her, from the conviction of himself and several of the most distinguished of her party in the capital, and elsewhere, to quit France. He was secretly led in the night to the farm-house where she was concealed, and there exerted all the eloquence for which he is so pre-eminent; but it was of no avail, her reply was, "I am come here because I wish my son to owe every thing to his own country, and nothing to foreign interference. Look, M. Berryer, if he must purchase the throne of France by the cession of a province, a town, a fortress, a house, or a cottage, like that in which I am, I give you my word, as a regent and a mother, that he never shall be a king." From this we may easily gather the nature of M. Berryer's expostulations, but he was obliged to leave her without having made the slightest impression; she however promised to reflect till the next day, when she wrote to him that her cause was not without resource, that retreat would be disgraceful, and that she would run the risk of taking up arms. But the time lost in effecting this interview produced incalculable mischief. Supposing that M. Berryer might prevail, a counter-order was given to her partisans, and the moment of action postponed. It had the usual effect, it diminished the ardor of those who were ready, prevented others from completing their

preparations, and gave time to the opposite party to become the offensive, instead of the defensive. All attempts were henceforth abortive, and the arrest of the Duke de Fitz-James, the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and the Count Hyde de Neuville, convinced the princess that nothing was to be done at that time in La Vendée, and she fled for refuge to the house of the ladies Duguigny at Nantes. Concealed in this asylum, and lodged in a room which communicated with a secret closet, she kept up a correspondence with all the royalists in and out of the kingdom, for she wrote in cipher with remarkable facility. Her health suffered much in consequence of this life of seclusion and disappointment, but she was supported by the idea that she had at least published to the world that her son had not given up his claims to the throne.

The ministry of which M. Thiers formed a part at length determined on arresting the princess, and entered into correspondence with the villain Deutz, who promised to betray her, in consideration of a sum of money. Warned against him, she long hesitated to receive him, but at last she consented to an interview, which was so well managed, that he could not be certain that she lived in the house where he met her: being a little off her guard, she saw him a second time, when, the dining-room door being left open, he counted the number of covers prepared for dinner. This convinced him that the princess was an inmate of the house, and in the evening the government troops assembled round it. M. Guibourg had just time to say to the duchess, "Save yourself!" when she rushed up stairs, followed by him, M. Mesnard, and Mademoiselle Stylite de Kersabiec; they hid themselves in the secret closet, and the house was searched, the owners of it behaving with the utmost composure. The masons sounded the walls and floors, and occasionally with such force, that the prisoners expected to be killed by the falling plaster. The greater part of the night was passed in fruitless searches, and the prefect of Nantes gave the signal for retreat, leaving however, a sufficient number of men to occupy all the apartments. The hiding-place was only three feet and a half long, and eighteen inches wide at one end, and from eight to ten at the other; the men with difficulty stood upright in it, and the cold and damp penetrated through the slates. The guards, in order to warm themselves, lighted a fire in the adjoining chimney, close to where the duchess stood, which at first appeared to be a comfort, but the heat soon became intolerable, and, as the workmen again began their search, they seemed to be threatened with destruc-

tion: nothing however disturbed the cheerfulness of the duchess, who could not help laughing at the conversation of the gendarmes. Once the fire was nearly out, and the closet became cooler; M. Mesnard too had pushed some of the slates off the roof, and the air, and the absence of the masons from that part of the house, gave them fresh courage. At length one of the gendarmes found some numbers of the *Quotidienne* newspapers, and burned them to renew the fire; this caused so strong a heat, that the closet became insupportable, and the tile near where the duchess stood, so hot, that her clothes caught fire twice, and she burned herself severely in extinguishing the flames, and death seemed to be the certain consequence of longer concealment. The movements of the prisoners attracted the attention of the gendarme who was awake, but for a few moments he thought they were occasioned by rats, and he disturbed his comrade in order to hunt them with sabres. At last he asked who was there; on which Mlle. Kersabiec said, "We surrender, we are going to open the closet—put out the fire. In an instant the fire was scattered and trampled under foot, and the captives walked out. For sixteen hours these four persons had been thus shut up, without food, without sufficient air to breathe in, and either benumbed with cold or half-roasted alive. The duchess asked for the commandant of the troops, General Dermoncourt. He came, and to him she gave herself up, requesting him not to leave her, for she justly feared insult from the civil authorities. She was taken to the Castle, and as she passed by the opening into the closet she said, "Ah, General, if you had not made war upon me in the fashion of Saint Lawrence, which, by the way, is unworthy of military generosity, you would not now have me under your arm." The first phase of the revolution was finished. "Madame la Duchesse de Berri avait été arrêtée, la citadelle d'Anvers fut prise. L'Europe s'étant retirée du champ de bataille, la campagne de Belgique ne fut point la guerre pour l'Europe, mais ce fut quelque chose de pis encore. Le roi de Hollande reçut la moins dangereuse blessure: il fut frappé du tranchant, les autres couronnes, du plat de l'épée."

Marie Caroline was led a prisoner to the Chateau de Blaye, and the history before us comes to a conclusion. We cannot do better than follow the example, from our hearts pitying the unfortunate princess, whose career we have followed up to this moment, and respecting the high and courageous qualities with which she was endowed: to express more than this would lead to a declaration of political opinions, which we are not called upon to set forth.

ART. II.—*Aufenthalt und Reisen in Mexico, in den Jahren 1825 bis 1834.* (Residence and Travels in Mexico.) By Joseph Burkart. 2 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1836.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate gain or loss resulting to the Spanish-American colonies by the revolution which has separated them from the mother-country, it is certain that, the restrictions on the intercourse with foreign nations being removed, it has become more than ever desirable to obtain an accurate knowledge of their internal situation, their resources, and the prospects which they afford to the spirit of commercial enterprise, always eager to embark in new channels. The classical work of Alexander von Humboldt on Mexico is not sufficient to exhibit the actual state of the country; and there are, besides, many portions of that extensive region which he did not visit. Hence various works which have been published since the revolution of Mexico (to which country we now confine ourselves) have been generally well received, though in many instances extremely superficial and defective. The various English and German mining companies, established there with the consent of the government, have very great interests at stake, and any authentic information on the geology and mineralogy of the country is of the highest importance. On this account, in particular, M. Burkart's work will be found to be of peculiar value, as it furnishes a far more complete view of the geology of the country than any of its predecessors. From a preface written by Dr. Nöggerath, Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Bonn, we learn some particulars respecting the writer which prove his qualification for the task he undertook.

Before M. Burkart went to America, he had published several able papers on geology in some scientific periodicals in Germany. Having acquired solid theoretical and practical knowledge in the universities, and by travels in his own country, he was appointed, in 1824, Secretary to the Royal Prussian Mining Office at Düren, and was soon afterwards invited by the English Talpajahua Mining Company to undertake the direction of their works in Mexico. He accepted this invitation, and directed those works for three years. He then made several scientific journeys in the Mexican states, particularly to Mexico, Real del Monte, Atotonilco el Chico, Zimapán, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, &c. In 1828 he entered, as director of the mining operations at Veta Grande, into the service of the English Bolanos Mining Company, and had the good fortune to obtain for it in six years

nearly six millions of Prussian dollars (about 900,000*l.* sterling). Having obtained leave of absence, he returned in July, 1834, to Germany, where he resolved to remain. Amidst numerous other occupations and many interruptions, he composed this work in 1835.

The special avocations of the author, and his long residence in Tlalpujahua and Zacatecas, sufficiently account for his being able to devote so much attention to this part of his work. It contains a great treasure of observations on mineralogy, geology and mining, and numerous data relative to metallic strata and the volcanoes of Mexico, besides a variety of information concerning the geography, history, antiquities, &c. of the country. We proceed to make some extracts chiefly from these last portions, as being more susceptible of being detached, and more generally interesting than the mere scientific details.

M. Burkart embarked at Portsmouth, on the 11th of March, 1825, on board the *Sophia* of Bristol, freighted by the Tlalpujahua Mining Company, and on the 9th of May arrived off the coast of Tampico.

"After the glorious and delightful prospect of the West India Islands, that of the Mexican coast was monotonous, unpromising and desolate. The first land we saw was a little to the south of the river Tampico. The coast is very low and flat; we looked in vain for high mountains in the horizon: a sandy beach and some hilly land were all that the eye could discover. On the following day we were off the mouth of the Tampico, on the banks of which, a few miles from the sea, the town of that name is situated. The Tampico, like the other Mexican rivers, has a bar at the mouth, with only from seven to nine feet water. Our ship could not pass the bar, and we were obliged to be conveyed on shore with our effects in smaller vessels. Small vessels pass the bar, and go up to Tampico; but on their return they often have to wait for days together for a favorable wind to pass the bar without danger. Frequent accidents, however, occur, which are very prejudicial to the trade of Mexico. I think with sorrow on the bar of Tampico, for if not upon it, yet in consequence of the obstacles it opposes to navigation, I lost a highly esteemed friend, M. W. Spangenburg of Cassel. He had spent several years in Mexico, where, by his activity and talents, he had acquired the regard of the Europeans and natives, had gained valuable knowledge in mining and geology, and interesting communications were to be expected from him. In the spring of 1832 he embarked at Tampico, to return to Europe by way of New Orleans, but was detained many days by unfavorable winds. A smaller ship, called the *Mexico*, passed this vessel, intending, as it drew little water, to pass the bar. M. Spangenburg, weary of long waiting, left his ship with an English merchant from Mex-

ico, and went on board the *Mexico*, which indeed crossed the bar in safety, but was never more heard of, and probably perished in one of the storms from the north, which are so dangerous and fatal in those seas.

"The place of our destination was Tlalpujahua, on the western slope of the Cordilleras, in the state of Michoacan, about 35 leagues from Mexico, and 120 leagues from Tampico, so that we had a pretty long journey by land. The road passes through the villages of Tauloyuca, Tlacolulo, Zagualtipan, Atotonilco el Grande, Real del Monte, Pachuca, eighteen or twenty leagues north of Mexico, Tula and Gilotepec; besides these places, there is in general only single houses, very rarely several together, *ranchos*, the dwellings of agricultural Indians and Creoles. This road is very mountainous, and not passable by carriages; our whole company was therefore obliged to obtain horses and beasts of burden before we left Tampico. It was not easy to procure horses and mules for thirty persons; as we wanted at least seventy or eighty mules for our baggage, the greater part of which we were forced to leave behind to be sent after us."

The company being so numerous, very great precautions were taken that they might not be distressed on the road by want of provisions and of water, as well for themselves as their cattle.

"The difficulty of finding water, accommodations, and provisions, makes it absolutely necessary, in travelling in Mexico, to ascertain, before you set out, the nature of the road you are to take, and the proper places to stop at, unless you will uselessly expose yourself to great privations and to the loss of your cattle. There are hardly any special maps which might afford the traveller some preliminary information. Besides the special maps of M. von Humboldt and P. Tardieu, I know of none like that of the state of Mexico by F. von Gerolt and C. de Berghes, and Mr. Ward's map of his route. This want induced me to collect all the materials I was able for composing such a map; and I have embodied them in the map, Plate I. The roads, streams, single houses, farms, villages, and towns are laid down as determined by a travelling compass, corrected by many observations of the latitude. I was seldom able to make any observations of the longitude, which is marked in the map to the east and west of Mexico, which city, according to Humboldt, is in longitude 101° 25' 30" west of Paris. It extends from the gulf of Mexico to the southern ocean, and from 17° 40' to 23° 50' north latitude. I have noted many single houses and farms (*haciendas*), which, properly speaking, are too small, and should not be inserted in it; but, as they are the only inhabited places which the traveller meets with in long tracts, and which mark his route, I have thought it better to note than to omit them, especially as they frequently indicate my own road."

M. Burkart's account of their mode of travelling is lively and picturesque, but does not present any thing so striking or novel as to induce us to copy it. We extract a few remarks.

"In Mexico they distinguish these regions according to the temperature, which depends on the elevation above the level of the sea; they are the hot region, *tierra caliente* the temperate, *tierra templada*; and the cold, *tierra fria*. In the first you find in general the temperature of the torrid zone, in which all the productions of the southern countries flourish,—sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton, &c.—and the elevation of which is but little (8 or 900 feet) above the level of the sea. In the second region the heat is not so great, but severe cold is unknown. It is undoubtedly the most agreeable and salubrious climate that you can find. Xalapa, Tasco, Chilpanzingo, &c. are in the *tierra templada*; their elevation above the level of the sea seems to be between 4000 and 5000 feet. Those mountain plateaux which are above this elevation are in the cold region; but between the tropics the temperature in these tracts, at an elevation of 7000 feet, is still very agreeable. The mean temperature by day is 13 or 14° of the centigrade thermometer; and it is but seldom that, a little before sunrise, the mercury falls below zero. Even in more elevated mountain tracts, Real de Monte, Zacatecas, &c. the climate is much milder than in the north of Germany; the weather, however, is variable and damp, and the thermometer in winter often below zero, but in general several degrees above it. With respect to the temperature, I will only add, that people travelling to the interior of Mexico must not be misled by the notion that the lightest clothing is too heavy and warm, in the torrid zone, to leave all woollen clothing behind; it will often be found very comfortable.

"Guautla, in the *tierra templada*, is a pretty large village, almost entirely inhabited by Indians. As in most Indian villages, there is a separate house of two rooms, called the *casa real*, destined for the reception of travellers, which was immediately given up to us on application to the Alcalde. We found nothing but the bare walls; however, as we intended to rest here the following day, which was Whitsunday, we thought it worth while to employ the Indians, who were ready to give their services for a trifling remuneration, to look for a table and a couple of benches, which, after a long search in the village, they at length found, so that we were able for once to eat our dinner in a convenient position.

"The country about Guautla is beautiful and picturesque; cultivated fields alternate with fine woods and some delightful pastures; excellent fruit is raised in the neighborhood, and we saw it in great abundance in the market on Sunday: I here tasted better pine apples than I ever met with before or afterwards, and paid half a real apiece for them.

"The market was crowded with Indians,

who were come from all the surrounding country to attend mass on the holiday. The complexion of the Indians in Mexico is reddish brown, more rarely blackish brown.—They are not tall, generally of the middle size, have projecting cheek-bones, the eyes set rather obliquely, the inner corner a little turned upwards, broad but not swollen lips, serious and rather gloomy countenances.—Their hair is always black, smooth and lank; they have but little beard. I often observed that in walking they keep the feet parallel, and sometimes even turn in the toes, which gives them a tendency to be knock-kneed."

Leaving Guautla on Whitsunday, the travellers took the road through the mountain defile of Tlacolula.

"This defile (*cañada*) extends seven leagues beyond the Indian village of that name.—Lemons and many beautiful kinds of cactus grow here. The inhabitants weave a great quantity of the coarse cottons which the Indians use for clothing. The pastor of the place, of the same dark color as his parishioners, received several of us very hospitably in his parsonage-house; the majority, however, were obliged to seek accommodation in the *casa real*.

"This *cañada* affords the geologist an admirable opportunity of observing elevations and depressions. Limestone in strata of from 6" to 5' thick, alternating with a few not very thick strata of flint slate, extends through the whole of the above tract of nearly seven leagues to the Indian village of Chapula.—This limestone is almost always compact, flat, conchoidal, seldom splintery in the fracture, passing from grey colors to black, which often beautifully mark it, in ribbon-like stripes an inch broad. It is often crossed by fragments of white calcareous spar.

"A full league above Chapula, we left the *cañada* of Tlacolula, and ascended the Cerro de Pinolco, which took us almost two hours, though the distance is not great. The mountain is very steep; the road, however, is well kept, and affords from many points a fine prospect of the *Tierra Caliente*, which became the more extensive in proportion as we ascended. The Cerro de Pinolco is the highest that we had yet ascended, and is overgrown with fine oaks and pines.

"From Pinolco to Zagualtipan the road rather descends; the distance is only three leagues, the country fertile, and better cultivated than we have yet seen. Zagualtipan is a considerable place; most of the buildings are spacious, and of stone. We met with a very hospitable reception in the house of a native merchant, with whom our principal had been formerly acquainted. He invited the whole party to his house and his table, and here I saw, for the first time, that the richer class in Mexico is not destitute of all the conveniences of life; as was the case with the lower class, the poor Indians, who subsist by agriculture, with whom alone we had been hitherto acquainted."

The road from Zaguatlipán, by way of San Bernardo, to the hacienda of the Rio Grande, was through a barren, desolate country, where there was scarcely a plant to be seen. After a day's journey through this barren tract, the valley of the Rio Grande appeared like a large garden, enclosed by picturesque eminences. The whole valley is only half a league broad, but entirely cultivated; the corn fields are divided by stone fences, generally intersecting each other at right angles, and well watered by ditches from the river. At Atotonilco el Grande, situated on the plateau which is divided to the south and west by the mountains of Real del Monte from the plateau of Mexico, our travellers put up at the inn (*meson*), where they learnt what conveniences a traveller may look for in the inns of that country. They are generally only one story high, consisting of a large space in the centre, with rooms for the guests round it. These rooms very seldom have any windows, receiving light through the door only. In many of them the traveller finds nothing but the bare walls; in the better ones are a table, a bench, and an elevation of brickwork for the bed, which the traveller must bring with him. As there are seldom any provisions in the house ready dressed, poultry, eggs, and black beans (*frijoles*), which are often very palatable, are generally called for, as they do not take much time in cooking.

At Atotonilco el Grande, the second division of their company joined them, and they proceeded together on the following day, by way of Omitlán and Real del Monte, to Pachuca: with the two latter places we are already acquainted, from the work of M. von Humboldt. From Pachuca, M. Burkart and part of the company went to the estate of San Xavier, belonging to the Count de Regla, where they were very hospitably received. The majority of the company took the shorter road, through Tula to Tlalpujahua. M. Burkart, on the way to Mexico, saw several of those estates, on which are large plantations of the American aloe. The juice of this plant, called *pulqua*, is the favorite beverage of the Mexicans, and the sale of it often produces to the owner of such an estate a revenue of five or six thousand piastres. The village of Santa Maria de Ozumbilla, seven leagues further, is remarkable for the fences of its gardens and the roads passing between them. They are formed by the cactus cylindricus, which, planted close together, and growing to the height of eight or nine feet, forms a hedge, the long thorns of which deter all animals from attempting to break through. The huts of the poor Indians are hid behind these fences, and only here and

there a more considerable house meets the eye.

M. Burkart remained only two days in the city of Mexico, and of course could have nothing new to communicate. On the 8th of June he and the rest of his fellow-travellers, whom he joined again on the road, reached Tlalpujahua, the place of their destination, where the whole were soon comfortably accommodated; and on the following day divine service was performed with great solemnity, to return thanks to Heaven for their safe arrival, and to implore its blessing on the enterprize which they were about to commence.

The author now gives a very detailed geological description of the mining district of Tlalpujahua, at the end of which he states the causes which led to the dissolution of the Company in the year 1828, the undertaking having proved a complete failure.

Speaking of El Chico, Real del Monte, and Pachuca, M. Burkart says that those three places were formerly very flourishing, when the mines in their vicinity were fully worked, but they have fallen into decay during the war for the independence of Mexico. Several foreign mining companies have since resumed the working of the mines, and these towns have in some degree recovered, but not fully attained their former prosperity. Real del Monte, in particular, has derived great advantage from the works carried on, since 1824, by the English Mining Company, which has executed many great and important works, and expended large sums, but hitherto without having been so fortunate as to obtain any important result. M. Burkart details at considerable length the proceedings and the disappointments of the Real del Monte Company. Up to the end of the year 1832, the sum paid by the Company amounted to £873,235, and the value of the silver and gold obtained to about £184,000. But he is of opinion that the Company need not despair, for, after many years' dear-bought experience, it seems now to be in a fair way of entering on a course of profitable operation, which it is to be hoped may repay the expenses already incurred, and reward the present shareholders for their perseverance.

In his description of Tlalpujahua and its inhabitants, M. Burkart gives various particulars of the present state of Mexico, and the increasing influence of European manners. Tlalpujahua, though inconveniently situated on the declivity of a steep eminence, is however pretty regularly built. It has tolerably broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, and three public squares. Among the private houses there are several very respec-

table buildings, but many of them in a dilapidated state, the town having suffered during the revolution. The neighborhood is very well peopled, there being a great number of villages, the inhabitants of which formerly derived a good livelihood from the mines, but are now obliged to gain a subsistence by agriculture. The climate on the whole is mild, though less so than that of the capital; it seems, however, to be very healthy, for, though a great number of Europeans live in that town, not a single death took place among them during the three years that M. Burkart passed there.

Having described the internal arrangement of the houses of the better class of Mexicans as they existed in 1825, except in the capital, M. Burkart observes that the many foreigners who have since visited the country have made the inhabitants acquainted with the conveniences and luxuries of Europe, which, now that trade is free, they can obtain on much lower terms than under the Spanish monopoly.

Some European mechanics went to Mexico and made ample profits by manufacturing household furniture and other articles at such reasonable prices, that the modern furniture was as cheap as that which was old-fashioned, and the Mexicans, who are fond of external show, were eager to exchange the old for the new. Hence a traveller must not be surprised if, even in the interior of the country, he does not find the old household arrangements in their originality. When M. Burkart visited Mexico for the first time in 1825, he found many things in manners, customs, and fashions, strikingly different from those of Europe. During his residence at Tlalpujahua he went every year to the capital, and at every visit found the influence of foreigners on the dress, the mode of living, and the state of society, to be progressively increasing, so that on his last visit, in 1828, he could scarcely persuade himself that he was in the same city. One of the most inveterate of their customs is that of smoking cigars, to which both sexes pertinaciously adhere. Yet foreigners have succeeded in first persuading the ladies in Mexico that smoking does not become them. Hence young ladies are more rarely seen smoking in places of public resort, in the theatre, and at balls in the capital, this practice is no longer seen, and the separate smoking room for the ladies at the latter has therefore become superfluous.

Religious intolerance is a feature of the Mexicans, which it will probably be more difficult to remove than to cure the habit of smoking.

"The Roman Catholic Church alone is to-

lerated in Mexico, and even the ambassadors of foreign powers of a different religion are not allowed the public celebration of divine worship. Though the authority of the clergy has considerably declined, it is still very great, and the Mexicans are firmly attached to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. But the revenues of the churches and convents are very much diminished since the Revolution, as the voluntary contributions have fallen off; so that it is hardly advisable to take the vows, which indeed is now seldom done. In 1827 there were in Mexico 25 Dominican, 68 Franciscan, 22 Augustine, and 16 Carmelite convents, and 19 of other orders, in all 150, in which there were 1918 monks, besides six *colegias de propaganda fide*, which contained 307 inmates. In 1802 there were still about 5000 monks in Mexico.

"Most of the parish priests are natives. Formerly the superior clergy were all Spaniards. The parochial clergy have no fixed salaries, but derive their incomes entirely from fees for masses, christenings, marriages, funerals, &c., which are proportionably high, and the income of a priest of a numerous congregation is therefore considerable; but those of poorer parishes have a very scanty income. The priest of Tlalpujahua is said to have had an income 4000 piastres a-year while the Mining Company was there; he however derived a large revenue from the custom of blessing all buildings, machines, adits, &c. before they were used; this benediction or consecration was usually accompanied with great festivities. Besides this, in many districts a priest is present at the hiring of the miners, from each of whom he receives half a real (the sixteenth part of a piastre) per week; for which, on the death of the miner, a mass must be read gratis for the deceased. He is besides obliged to pay for his baptism, marriage, and burial. These fees are high, but do not bear so hard on the miner as on the Indian employed in agriculture, who in the cheap districts earns only two reals, a quarter of a piastre, a-day, and pays from 20 to 25 piastres for his marriage, and from 8 to 12 piastres for the burial of a child."

These fees are certainly enormously high; for, reckoning the piastre at 4s. 8d., these Indians will earn 7s. a week. In some parts of Great Britain the agricultural laborers do not earn much more; but we can guess what would be the consequence, if they were called upon to pay a fee of four guineas and a half for marriage, and from £1 16s. to £2 14s. for the funeral of a child.

"Though many Mexicans are not very zealous in the exercise of their religious duties, often neglect for a long time together to attend divine worship, and speak with great freedom of their clergy, they are just as intolerant to persons of a different religion. At the beginning of my residence in Mexico, it was necessary for every foreigner to be very cautious in speaking of religion, and to take care not to say that he was of a different

church. In general all foreigners are supposed not to be Catholics. The word Jew, Heretic, Englishman, and Foreigner, were at that time employed by the common people as synonymous terms of abuse; and while we were at Tlalpujahua, the foreigners were several times attacked by monks in the pulpit, though most of them were Catholics and regularly attended church. The clergy felt already at that time that the visits of numerous foreigners weakened their power, which rested on the blind attachment of the people, and they endeavored to preserve it as long as possible, by cherishing the hatred of foreigners, with which the Spaniards had inspired the Mexicans."

In March, 1828, our author undertook a journey to the Nevado de Toluca, in company with Mr. Skin, and M. C. de Berghes, of the German-American mining company, and other friends. The distance from Tlalpujahua to Iztlahuaca, which was the place of their destination, being fifteen leagues, they sent horses the day before to Tepetitlan (about half-way), that they might be able to change there. For the distance of two leagues from this place, the road lay through a fine forest of Weymouth pines, rarely interrupted by oaks, of which M. Burkart observed five different kinds. The forest between Tlalpujahua and Tepetitlan was one of the finest he had ever seen, but he was most surprised at the wasteful manner in which the timber is cut, hundreds of stems of the finest trees lying on the ground to rot. The country is extremely fertile, and wants only population to rival the most productive parts of Europe. There are fine fields of maize and barley. The environs of Toluca and La Huerta are extremely attractive. The neighborhood of the high mountain, the great contrast between the natural productions of the torrid zone, and the summit of the Nevado, covered with eternal snow, the villages and haciendas with cultivated districts around, give it a luxuriance of natural beauty, and an appearance of industry, which are wanting in many of the finer parts of the Mexican isthmus.

"We left Toluca early in the morning of the 25th of March, intending to ascend the Nevado (or snowy mountain) the same day, and, after a short ride through a rich, well cultivated country, arrived at the Hacienda la Huerta. Here I was advised not to make the attempt that day, as only a short stay on the Nevado was possible, and the ascent and descent required a whole day; I therefore resolved to employ the rest of the day in examining the formations spread round the foot, and accurately to observe the height of the mercury in the barometer at La Huerta, and to repeat it on the two following days. By this I obtained a mean of 21,637 inches English, the temperature of the atmosphere being 13.8°, and that of the mercury 14° of the cen-

tigrade thermometer, by which the elevation of the Hacienda above the level of the sea appears to be 8993 Rheinland feet. At this elevation, barley and maize thrive here very well, and the *Capulina* cherry was in full blossom. * * * * The country in the neighborhood of La Huerta is extremely picturesque; it lies in a well cultivated plain, in which there are many small farms and villages. In the back-ground are finely wooded mountains extending to the snowy regions; but the countryman in Mexico lives in a miserable manner, even in the most fertile parts, and the traveller must be very moderate in his demands for convenience and provisions. La Huerta had been represented to me as a great estate, so that I neglected the usual precaution of bringing bread and rice with me, especially as I had no objection at times to a genuine Mexican repast, which I concluded I should certainly find at La Huerta."

The author, however, found nothing, and was obliged to send a servant two leagues to purchase provisions.

"The Nevado, or volcano, of Toluca, lies, according to Humboldt, in 19° 11' 33" north latitude, and 101° 45' 38" longitude west of Paris, and 27 leagues south-east of Tlalpujahua. I found its elevation above the level of the sea to be 15,263 English feet.

"Many travellers who intend to ascend the Nevado, take a guide at Toluca; these, however, are not so well acquainted with the way as the Indians about La Huerta, and it is therefore better to take a guide from this last place.

"On the following morning, accompanied by a guide on horseback, and another on foot, we set out at four o'clock, to ascend the Nevado. At first, the ascent was gentle towards the south, over cultivated land, but the cultivation ceased half a league from La Huerta. A fine wood of firs covered the acclivity, on which we continued gently to ascend. We soon came to one of the many valleys, which extend north and east from the higher mountain, like radii from a centre. The cold was the more unpleasant till a short time after sun-rise, as we had, on the preceding day, very sensibly felt the heat on the plateau of Lerma. About a league and a half from La Huerta, on the way to the Rancho la Ordeña, I first saw trachyte-porphry, of a grey color. About eight o'clock we reached the Rancho la Ordeña, a small hut belonging to a herdsman, 11,532 feet (Rheinland) above the level of the sea, three leagues south of La Huerta, the last human habitation that you meet with on the way to the Nevado, in a region which in 45° of latitude is far above the line of eternal snow. The barometer was here at eight a. m. at 19,734 English inches, the temperature of the air being 8.33, and that of the mercury 9.44 degrees of the centigrade thermometer. Half a league before we reached the Rancho, the way became much more steep than at the beginning, and was still more so after we had passed it. Our

cattle were much affected by the rarefied atmosphere, but the vegetation was still luxuriant. The pine here attained as great a height as I ever saw it with us.

"Thus we ascended, in a southerly direction, for a league and a half, over trachyte-porphry, till suddenly the trees ceased, and the summit of the Nevado (its north side) covered with perpetual snow, appeared rising into the skies. Only a few steps further on, we were obliged to alight and ascend the summit on foot, our cattle being too much exhausted by ascending at this elevation; only a few tufts of grass, with a very narrow crumpled leaf, appeared scattered between the boulders of trachyte-porphry. * * * * At the place where we left our cattle, immediately above the line where the growth of the trees ceases on the north side, and immediately under the snow line, we were 4569 (Rheinland) feet above Toluca, and 13,004 feet above the sea. The snow-line on the Nevado is, however, not constant. It is said to be in general at the lowest in January, and at the highest in September and October, so that in those two months the snow nearly disappears. But when we were there we found an exception to the rule—the snow which had fallen a week before having brought the snow-line lower than it had been in January, when I was at Toluca.

"So far our way had ascended, at first under an angle of 4° to 6° and afterwards, from 9° to 11° , but here the mountain suddenly rose at an angle of 30° to 32° , and we soon reached the snow, which was in many places two feet deep. The ascent of the steep mountain in the snow, and the extremely rarefied atmosphere, was excessively fatiguing. Even in the first quarter of an hour I could scarcely proceed 140 or 150 steps without stopping. Our guide fared no better, and my travelling companion still worse. We were obliged to rest every four or five minutes to take breath. The difficulty of breathing, and consequently of ascending, increased, and I could scarcely go sixty steps without stopping. It was rather cold, and we could hardly avoid falling asleep whenever we stopped; but though very weary our wish to reach the summit impelled us to go on.

"But how shall I express my surprise and my joy, when, after so many exertions, and ascending for two good hours in the snow, I suddenly saw the crater of the extinct volcano before me ! * * * * Another step from the point where we ascended the edge of the crater would have sufficed to precipitate us into it. We were at an elevation of 6191 feet above Toluca, and 14,636 above the sea, but had not yet reached the highest point of the edge of the crater. Close to us, rocks were piled upon rocks, which I could not ascend from this point without danger, as a false step might have precipitated me into the crater, or caused me to fall on the outside, which was equally steep. The two rocks called *Los Frailes*, (the monks), form here the highest point, which is 14,818 Rheinland feet above the level of the sea."

The author here gives a description of the crater, with a copper-plate, from which we extract the following particulars.

"Two low ridges within the crater, divided it into two unequal parts, in each of which there is a small basin full of water; that on the north is the largest. To judge by the sand which they deposit, the elevation of the surface appears often to change. I found it to be 4999 feet above Toluca; 1374 feet below the highest point of the edge of the crater, a depth which, in conjunction with the width of the crater, leaves us to form a judgment of the violence and extent of the former eruptions of this volcano. This difference of elevation appears to have been much greater in former times, for at present it evidently decreases every day. The frequent falling and melting of the snow, the very rapid and great changes of the temperature, the mercury of the thermometer often rising from the freezing point to 10° , and falling as quickly, within twenty-four hours, must cause a great decomposition of the rock on the edge of the crater. The rim of the two basins, as well as a great part of the walls of the crater, which, for the most part, rise under an angle of 35° to 40° , are covered with large and small blocks of porphyry, which, falling from above continually, raise the edge of the basins. A noise like thunder, while we were in the crater, drew our attention to this circumstance. Large blocks of porphyry broke off from the edge of the crater, and rolled down with a tremendous crash. Unfortunately I had no means to measure the depth of the basins; I am, however, inclined to believe, that the water fills some old openings in the crater, and that the depth must be considerable. On this occasion I asked myself, does this water, at the height of nearly 13,500 feet above the level of the sea, come only from the melting snow, or are the basins fed by springs below them? At all events, the sources from which they are fed must be considerable, because the evaporation must certainly be very great, the height of the barometer being only 18,392 English inches. The first question must be partly answered in the affirmative; but I could not answer the second in the negative, for, on going round the larger basin, I frequently observed that the receding water had deposited beautiful yellow earthy sulphur on the porphyry boulders. This could surely not have come from the melted snow, partly because no sulphur could be found in the trachyte of the edge of the crater, and because at a great distance from the basin no sulphur was deposited, which must have been the case if the snow-water brought it to the basin. Is then the second question to be answered in the affirmative? The water in the basin has no peculiar taste.

"We had found it easy to descend from the edge of the crater to the basin. A slip in the loose sand on the steep descent often brought us several steps forward, not without danger indeed, because, with the sand, large blocks of stone frequently rolled down, which we

avoided by stepping quickly on one side. It took us hardly a quarter of an hour to descend into the crater, but it cost us full two hours' hard labor to ascend again to the edge; for, as we stepped forward, we often slipped two or three steps backward, and it was not till after a long search that we found a part where the footing was rather firmer. About four o'clock we got back to our horses, and long after dark we reached the Hacienda la Huerta."

Some days' holidays still remaining, M. Burkart resolved to pay a visit to the warm baths of Hocotitlan, near Iztlahuaca, and as these are celebrated and frequented for their salutary qualities, he imagined that he should find there some accommodation, if it were but in a Mexican inn. He did not, indeed, look for the conveniences of a European watering-place, splendid taverns, a good table, theatre, &c. &c.; but he thought that he should find at least a clean inn, and an ordinary, such as are met with in many parts of Mexico. But of the celebrated watering-place, not a trace was to be found except the warm springs. Only one wretched Indian hut, which scarcely afforded protection against wind and weather, was near the springs. The Indians, to whom it belonged, were gone to church in the next village, without thinking it necessary even to shut the door, not because they trusted the honesty of their neighbors, but because they possessed nothing that was worth stealing. Luckily the travellers had brought some provisions, having taken warning by former experience, and some poultry running about, the servant caught a turkey, and soon set it to boil over the fire. The first person that appeared was an old woman, who was not surprised that the travellers had taken possession of the hut and put up their beds, but immediately missed her turkey, and began to cry out, "Where is my turkey? where is my turkey?" The servant endeavored to satisfy her by showing her the pot in which the turkey was boiling, and promising her payment; but she was not quiet till she had received three piastres, more than double the usual price, and a glass of brandy into the bargain. The water in these springs smells like that of the springs at Aix la Chapelle. It issues from the spring in pretty considerable quantities, and its temperature was 42° of the centigrade thermometer,—the temperature of the air being 14°. Having bathed several times in these springs, the travellers returned to Tlalpujahua.

In December, 1826, an opportunity offered to visit the district of Huetamo, on the left bank of the river Las Balsas, near the South Sea. M. Burkart eagerly seized the occasion to visit a part of the country which few

modern travellers have seen, and set out in company with Captain Beaufoy, who was at that time also in the service of the Tlalpujahua mining company. As the journey thither and back would occupy five weeks, they took care to hire some very strong horses and mules, and trustworthy servants. They were besides provided with various instruments, arms, &c. On this journey the road lay through Angangeo, Valladolid, Patzcuaro, and by the volcano of Jorullo to Cutio. The author describes with great minuteness the geological features of the whole country. Near St. Raphael, they came to a very mountainous country covered with thick forests of firs, some of which are from 120 to 130 feet high, and from three to four feet in diameter. There are numbers of deer and of wild turkeys in this wood, but it is very difficult to get within gun-shot of them. The road continued to ascend for several hours, and at the distance of two leagues and a half north of Angangeo, attained an elevation of 10,466 feet, where the cold in the shade of the trees was very keen.

Angangeo is about seven leagues from Tlalpujahua, in 19° 39' 30" N. Lat. and 1° 0' 3" W. Long. from Mexico. It has about 2000 inhabitants, is irregularly built, like most of the mining towns in the country, but contains several good buildings, which bear testimony to its former prosperity. Being 8,520 feet above the level of the sea, the climate is rather severe, and always damp, in consequence of the high mountains and the forest, so that you seldom perceive that you are in the torrid zone, and frequently feel the want of a warm room, for which no provision is made.

"On Christmas-day we were at Huetamo, which, being only 1132 feet above the level of the sea, is in the Tierra Caliente. I found it intolerably hot, which was not the case with the natives, who were glad to be able to wear a light jacket, and assured me that in the evening they were obliged to put on a cloak, as a defence against the cool evening air. On the second Christmas holiday it was market-day, and a great number of people was assembled. The majority had rather dark complexions, and were of a very robust make; their dress was extremely simple, and most of them were armed with a short sabre, by the use of which they became in the revolutionary war, under Guerrero, very formidable to the Spanish troops; and, being easily provoked to anger, they too frequently have recourse to this weapon in their private quarrels. In general they are very contented, accustomed to possess only the most indispensable necessities of life. A great many of them have white spots on their dark brown skin; this is a cutaneous disease, which is said to be hereditary. These spotted men

are there generally known by the name of *pintos*.

"In the evening I went to a ball and was not a little surprised, in a temperature which kept me in a constant perspiration without moving, to see the people dance as nimbly as in a cold climate. I found in Huetamo the observation I had before made confirmed, that the inhabitants of the hot parts of Mexico are always disposed to cheerfulness, and do not readily neglect an opportunity of forgetting the cares of life in the enjoyment of social pleasure. They danced at this ball a sort of country dance (the couple who danced singing at the same time), the favorite Bolero, and the Fandango. The costume at Huetamo retains its ancient simplicity; foreign fashions and manners seemed not to have penetrated to this remote district. The ladies were all in white or cotton dresses, without any head-dress; the gentlemen in short jackets of a light stuff. Before the dancing began, some of the younger ladies sung to the guitar, while another part of the company amused themselves in conversation and smoking. When the dancing began, and the dancers and the elder ladies remained in the room, the gentlemen gradually hastened to the card-table."

Huetamo being within about three days' journey of the South Sea, our travellers wished much to continue their excursion so far. The road is stated to be over high mountains, through a country wholly destitute of inhabitants, where the travellers must depend entirely on their own resources. Considering that their horses and mules had already suffered much, and had a long journey to return by the volcano of Jorullo and Valladolid to Tlalpujahua, M. Burkart resolved to defer his visit to the shores of the ocean till another opportunity; and, having rested two days at Huetamo, proceeded on his journey. Three leagues south of Huetamo they arrived at Las Balsas, one of the most considerable of the Mexican rivers, also called Zacatula, after the place where it falls into the Southern Ocean.

The sienite and granite formations on the south side of the river Las Balsas appear to be rich in metallic strata, very few of which are generally known or worked. The country in which these beds are found is, however, but little calculated for mining operations, on account of its very small elevation above the level of the sea in the torrid zone, and the extremely scanty population. This tract was the less interesting to Spain, as the metals in question are base metals, whereas the attention of the Spanish government was directed more to the obtaining of precious metals, and enriching individuals, than to the prosperity of its colonies; for which reason it seemed more advantageous to Spain to send the base metals from its Eu-

ropean states to the American colonies, than to obtain them on the spot, though the country abounds with them. To the south of Las Balsas many pieces of magnetic ironstone, scattered about, indicated the existence of a bed of that mineral. This iron ore is very rich and of good quality, so that even the smiths in the vicinity, with their miserable apparatus, are yet able to work it up, though of course the iron which they produce is of bad quality. It seems strange that a country which possesses in many places rich strata of iron ore should make no use of them, and send to a remote part of the globe for the great quantity of iron which it requires. The obstacles, however, are numerous, and the first expense exceeds the ability of private persons.

The English United Mexican Company has attempted to manufacture iron in Mexico itself. It expended large sums for several years together in the neighborhood of Durango in establishing a forge, and proceeded so far as to smelt the iron. The first attempts, however, were not so favorable as was expected; the company limited its expenditure; the work was suspended for a time, and the iron produced by it had not become an article of commerce when M. Burkart had left Mexico. Mr. Frederick von Gerolt, now Prussian Consul-General in Mexico, has been more fortunate; he has founded a company in Mexico, to work an iron mine at the foot of Mount Popocatepetal, and the result has proved that it is possible to produce in Mexico, notwithstanding the high rate of wages, as good iron as that of Biscay, at much lower prices than it can be obtained from Europe.

Since Baron von Humboldt visited the volcano of Jorullo and gave to the world his observations made upon the spot, nothing further has been published respecting that volcano. It should seem that his ample description might render any further observations superfluous, but twenty-four years have elapsed since his visit, and, the eruptions having totally ceased, the immediate vicinity of the volcano has undergone such a change, that it can scarcely be recognized from his description. The hot springs were at a temperature of 38° , that of the air being 30° . On comparing this observation with that of Von Humboldt on the warmth of these springs, there appears a difference of 22.7° , whence we must infer a diminution of the temperature of the water. The elevated ground was covered, when M. von Humboldt visited it, with thousands of little cones (*hornitos*), which showed a very high temperature, and emitted aqueous vapors. In consequence of the heavy rains peculiar to this

zone and the daily spreading of the vegetation, a great part of those hornitos has entirely disappeared, and the form of another part is much changed. Very few of these cones are of a higher temperature than the air, and scarcely any emit aqueous vapors.

"The town of Patzcuaro lies on the eastern bank of the lake of the same name, half a league to the SSE. of it, built upon black porous lava, at the elevation of 6689 feet above the level of the sea. The lake, which is twelve leagues in circumference and five in its greatest breadth, affords an unexpected and magnificent prospect, at this elevation of the Mexican plateau, by the great body of water and the beautiful environs. It is almost entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, the summits of which are covered with fine forests, and the foot is well cultivated. Several islands, on which are little Indian villages, rise from the surface of the lake, which appears quite dark in the shadow of the mountains. Black and grey volcanic rocks of a basaltic nature form the islands and banks of this lake, at the north of the village of Tzinzonzan, formerly the capital of the Indian kingdom of Mechoacan, four leagues from Patzcuaro.

"Valladolid, the capital of the state of Mechoacan, is visible at a great distance; and the road runs for full two leagues through a desert, swampy plain, before you reach it. Our companion sent, by General Filosola, insisted on receiving us in his house during our stay at Valladolid. Here then, after a journey of nearly five weeks, we had once more the pleasure of having a bedchamber, and each of us a separate one. I was very glad to go to bed in a clean room, after having so long passed the nights in the open air or in wretched reed huts. Valladolid is a regular, well-built city, with broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, and has a population of 12,000 inhabitants. It is the seat of government of the state of Mechoacan, and the see of a bishop. It possesses nothing remarkable, except its handsome cathedral and an aqueduct supported by lofty arches."

We will now give the author's account of some remarkable ruins of Indian buildings, which, notwithstanding its length, will, we doubt not, be very acceptable to our readers.

"Two leagues to the north of Villa Nueva, twelve leagues S. S. W. of Zacatecas, and scarcely a league from the farm La Quemada, there are very extensive ruins of ancient Indian buildings, which are there known by the name of 'los Edificios.' I paid several visits to these ruins, which, according to all appearance, date their origin from a period long, very long, before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. As remains of this kind are extremely rare in the northern part of Mexico, they attracted all my attention. On one of my visits I was accompanied by

Mr. de Berghes and Mr. Birkbeck, and we succeeded in a short time in taking a ground plan of the ruins, of which M. de Berghes made a drawing, and also a view of the ruins. I sent a sketch of this plan, with a description of the buildings, in the year 1830, to the late Professor Niebuhr, who felt so much interested in the subject, that he intended to publish these drawings with some observations of his own. Unfortunately, this excellent man was carried off by a premature death, and his remarks have not been printed. The 'Edificios' are on the side of a steep hill; the neighboring plain would have been a much more convenient situation for so extensive a settlement, but the founders seem to have had in view rather the defence of their establishment than the convenience of its situation. Some of the principal buildings are on the S. E. foot, but most of them are on the eastern terrace-like declivity. Its bold rocky summit is now adorned with a cross, and rises pretty high above the ruins, which extend to the northern rather depressed top of the mountain.

"On my first visit to Edificios, I was struck with the building on the south side of the mountain, which, as I afterwards found, is the largest of all. It is built on a terrace-like elevation projecting on the south-west, and stands at present quite isolated, but seems to have been formerly connected with some other buildings towards the west. The length of this building is from east to west, and it consists of only two divisions. That on the east is surrounded by a wall in a good state of preservation, eight feet thick, and eighteen feet high, which is interrupted only by a single opening on the west side; this is the entrance which joins the eastern with the western division. This eastern division is 138 feet long and 100 wide. There are in it eleven pillars in very good preservation, which stand at the distance of twenty-three feet from the long side, and nineteen and a half feet from the short side of the apartment—they are placed at equal intervals, so that three are on each of the short sides, four on the western or entrance side, and four on the opposite side. The pillars are perfectly round, eighteen feet high, and seventeen feet in circumference; they have neither base nor capital, and appear to have formerly supported a roof, which ran round the inner wall, leaving the middle space free. There is, however, no trace of any such roof to be seen, the pillars stand quite detached, and in the whole interior grows high grass, which our horses enjoyed while we were examining the buildings. The western apartment is much larger; it is 231 feet long, and 194 feet wide; its length being from east to west, and its breadth from north to south, contrary to the other apartment. This western division seems to have been likewise surrounded by a wall eight feet thick and eighteen high, which has not resisted the ravages of time so well as the first, but has fallen down in many places; and it may, perhaps, have been pulled down to make fences for the neighboring

fields. This apartment is deepened in the middle, so that all round there is a kind of terrace nineteen or twenty feet broad, and in the middle a basin four or five feet deep, surrounded with a stone wall, and, in the centre of each of the four sides, a broad flight of steps descending into the basin. All round the terrace, and near the edge of the basin, there is a channel, or drain, scarcely a foot wide and deep, which is likewise lined with stone and covered with slabs; it was probably intended to carry off the rain water that came down from the mountain to the building, to keep it from the wall, and convey it to the other side of the building next to the plain. Some might, perhaps, be inclined to believe that it was intended to fill the basin with water, and not to carry it off. I do not think this probable, because the basin is not walled in so as to be calculated to hold water, and because most of the buildings, which have similar basins, are situated at such an elevation that it was not very possible to conduct water to them. On the east side of this basin, on the edge of the terrace, there is one more pillar of the same size and height as the others; though there is no trace of any more such pillars on the terrace, I am not indisposed to believe that several stood on this, perhaps on all four sides of the basin, and served to support a roof which ran round the basin. Many stones have been removed from los Edificios to make fences for the fields, and, perhaps, those of the vanished pillars have been used for that purpose.

"In the middle of the basin there was a small pyramid, (which is now only a heap of rubbish,) like those which we shall presently have to describe in other buildings; and of which there is one in good preservation to the west of this great building. The whole, the walls as well as the pillars and pyramids, is composed of not very large, unhewn stones. The trachyte-porphry, which separates into thin plates, furnished admirable materials for such a building; the stones seem, however, not to have been obtained from the Cerro de los Edificios, but from the opposite valley. A mixture of black earth, dry grass, and roots, served as cement, and to fill up the vacancies between the uneven stones. On the outer side of the buildings, the cement has been washed away by the rains, and at first sight you think the walls are built without cement—they excite admiration for the patience and care with which such innumerable small stones have been fitted together; the pillars are particularly well-built, of which their perfect preservation for so long a period, notwithstanding the rude materials of which they are composed, affords the best proof.

"From this building you ascend towards the north-west, partly by natural, partly by artificial, terrace-like elevations, composed of innumerable slabs of porphyry, to a second similar building. It lies considerably higher above the plain, on a terrace projecting towards the south. This building likewise consists of two apartments, one of which has a basin, like that in the first building; in the

other there is no sign of a pillar, though, from its size, it would be more difficult to roof over than the first building. Its position is at right angles to the first building, its length being from north to south; the length of the basin is from west to east, parallel to that of the first building. The length of the other apartment is from north to south.

"In this basin there are two truncated pyramids, which are much dilapidated; the smaller, in the middle of the basin, appears to have been scarcely six feet square at the base, and the same in height; precisely to the north is the second pyramid, on the terrace. It is about thirty feet square at the base, and the same in height. The nucleus seems to have consisted of a parallelepipedon of small flat stones, round which walls in the form of stairs were built, and the steps were then filled up so as to give the pyramid a smooth face. On the side of this edifice are the ruins of other smaller buildings, forming a labyrinth of small irregular chambers, all in the same rude style as the first building. No trace of a roof is anywhere to be found.

"To the east of the second great building, and rather lower, there are large terraces of masonry composed of porphyry split into slabs; only two ways lead down from these terraces, ending in roads which extend beyond Edificios. One of these roads disappears before it reaches the stream; the other crosses the stream and appears again on the other side; it leads to the eminence which bounds the valley on this side, where a great heap of stones indicates that a pyramid formerly stood, and ends on the Cerro Cuisillo. These roads are straight as a line, thirteen or fourteen feet wide, and paved. A third road seems to have led to the farm of la Quemada, but it is not now so visible as the middle one. Nearly to the west of the principal building there is a circular spot from which several such roads issue. [In M. Burkart's plan there are ten, resembling the radii of a circle.] Some of them may still be traced far into the plain. The most considerable of them runs almost a league to the south-west, and in the opposite direction as far as the mountains; another runs west and east towards the principal building. These roads are raised a little above the plain, and are paved with rough stones; so that it seems as if the plain, which is now quite dry, was formerly swampy, or, perhaps, covered with water; for we can scarcely imagine that the barefooted Indians would have chosen such a hard material for their ordinary paths. Or, are those paved roads the streets of a large town, along which the dwellings of the people stood? Of these latter no ruins can be seen, but then we cannot well believe that the huts of the poorer class were built of stone, and able so long to defy the ravages of time. At the place where the first-mentioned road runs from the terrace near the building to the east side of the valley, there is the largest pyramid that I saw at Edificios. It is fifty-four feet square at the base, and the same in height; it is truncated, like all the others, and built of small stones.

"To the north of the second building is a smaller, of the same kind as the others, also containing two pyramids, and two main roads run from it, round the mountain; they are from twenty to twenty-five feet broad, and bounded by steep precipices. On the west side of this mountain lie several smaller edifices, which on that side are quite inaccessible from below, there being only one approach to them left, with partly natural, partly artificial terraces, on which they are erected. The top of the mountain above this terrace is extremely rocky, bare, and without any more buildings. Towards the north-west, this terrace is connected only by a narrow ridge with the two northern tops. Steep rocks bound the little plateau of the most easterly of those two mountains, and where an access was possible it was blocked up by high walls. At the south-east end of this ridge, where it joins the principal mountain, los Edificios, there is a basin formed by a thick wall, to the bottom of which, as in all the other buildings, there is a descent by four flights of steps, and in the middle of it a small pyramid. Towards the north-west, the passage from this building to the ridge of rocks is guarded by a strong wall, a narrow opening in which allows only a few persons to pass at a time. At the north-west end of this ridge the access is still better defended by two far projecting terraces, which advance so far on each side that a few men would be able to defend the only two approaches from below to this point."

The remainder of the description (about half a page) of this fortified position, which is everywhere defended by strong walls, cannot well be understood without the plan, to which there are many references.

"All these walls are of the same material, and executed in the same manner as the building first mentioned.

"I did not find here either the usual weapons and utensils of the Indians, made of obsidian and burnt clay, which are so frequent in the vicinity of Mexico, nor any wrought stone which might have afforded some further indication relative to the mechanical skill of the founders of Edificios. The only thing that I saw, which authorises us to conjecture that the inhabitants of Edificios possessed tools, with the aid of which they were able to fashion stone, is a large slab, twelve or thirteen feet in diameter and three feet thick, on which the outlines of a foot and a hand are carved. This stone lies on the east side of the mountain, near to the road which leads to the Rancho Tuitan.

"I do not think it at all probable that the ruins I have just described should alone have formed a town, and been the habitations of poor Indians. It is evident from the construction of the buildings, and materials employed, that the arts must have been in a very low state, and then we shall scarcely be able to imagine, that a still rude people would have felt the necessity of erecting such large edifices for its domestic use. And why, too,

should the poor Indian, who must have had to cultivate the ground for his subsistence, have fixed his abode on these bare mountains, when the neighboring plains offered him far more eligible situations? These considerations induce me to believe that the buildings situated on the mountains were either destined for the use of the chief and the priests, and used at the same time as public temples, or that they were devoted to religious purposes only. Clavigero thinks that these are the ruins of Chicomoztoc, where the Mexicans, after parting from six other tribes who were emigrating with them, remained for nine years, before they proceeded any further towards the south. It does not, however, appear to me to be likely, that a wandering tribe should have erected such extensive edifices, have accumulated such masses of stone, and made such great roads. I could not find in the country itself a single credible tradition respecting the founders of these edifices, or their subsequent occupants, but there is no want of fables of treasures said to be hidden under the ruins."

We have given entire this long account of these remarkable buildings, which, as far as we know, will be, if not wholly, yet in a great measure, new to our readers. We have refrained from entering into any speculations respecting the founders, or the original destination of them, as we are not in possession of a sufficient number of facts even to build a probable conjecture upon, and we should in the end have only indulged our fancy, without throwing any light on a subject at present so obscure. We shall now make some further miscellaneous extracts, begging the reader, however, to bear in mind that, if we take little notice of the geological details, which are the main subject and the most important part of the work, it is because we find it difficult to extract an interesting portion, the principal description being illustrated by numerous elaborate geological sections, some of them colored, in eight plates. These details, independently of their general interest to geologists, must be peculiarly valuable to the companies and individuals who have embarked their property in mining speculations in that country. M. Burkart gives a circumstantial account of the following mining districts:—1st. Geological description of the mining district of Tlalpujahua. We have mentioned above the failure of the English company in working the mines there. 2d. Description of the mining districts of Chico, Real del Monte, and Pechuga. 3d. The mining district of Guanajuato. 4th. The mining district of Zacatecas. 5th. Mines of Tresnillo. 6th. Districts of Ramos Charcas, Catorze, and Mazapil. In general it appears that the civil wars having caused the suspension of the works, the destruction of the ma-

chinery, &c., many of the mines were filled with water, and the difficulty of resuming the operations was very great. The English companies, not anticipating the enormous outlay that would be required before they could hope for any return, contracted very improvident and ruinous bargains with the owners, to whom, after expending their funds, they were obliged to give up the possession of the mines, when, perhaps, if they had been able to proceed a little longer, they might have carried on the works to advantage. Some of these mines are unquestionably still very rich. M. Burkart gives detailed tables of the quantity of gold and silver obtained in a series of years from the different mines. The value of the silver coined in Zacatecas from 1811 to 1833, both inclusive, was 66,352,766 piastres; in 1833 it was 5,372,000. The value of the gold and silver produced from the mines of Guanajuato, from 1766 to 1833 (the amount up to 1800 being given according to Humboldt, from 1801 to 1825 by Mr. Ward, and the remainder by Mr. Burkart) was,

| | Piastres. |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| In gold, at 136 piastres per mark | 9,789,416 |
| In silver, at 8 1-2 do do | 242,515,472 |

253,304,888

in sixty-eight years, on an average, 3,713,013 piastres per annum. The amount appears to have increased considerably in the last six years. The value of the silver obtained from the mine of Veta Grande, from the end of April, 1826, when it was taken by the English Bolanos Mining Company, to the end of April, 1834, that is, eight years, was 13,862,609 piastres; about eighteen and a half millions of Prussian dollars, or three millions sterling.

In the spring of 1828, after M. Burkart had quitted the service of the Tlalpujahua Mining Company, he resolved to visit some districts which he had not seen. On this journey he visited the hot springs in the village of San Pedro, near Queretaro.

"This spring is very abundant all the year through, and, united with another, which rises further up the valley, was probably the cause of the first cultivation of the valley; fruits and culinary vegetables thrive admirably here. The sight of this well-cultivated spot affords no little pleasure to the traveller, for on the dry plateau of Mexico, which produces only here and there a solitary cactus, where the recent (qy. Jura?) limestone predominates, you mostly look in vain for clear spring water, or the shade of a tree, to afford protection for a few moments against the scorching beams of the sun, reflected from the bare white soil. In Europe, where we imagine that the most magnificent vegetation is every

where met with in the tropical countries, people have scarcely any notion of those bare deserts of the Mexican plateau. The mould being very shallow, the ground is nearly covered, during the rainy season, with grass, which, as the moisture imbibed speedily evaporates, withers as soon as the rainy season is past. Great tracts of land lie barren and uncultivated; for, from the entire want of rivers, the rapid declivity, and great height of the mountains, and the periodical rains, the country cannot be cultivated in many places on account of the drought. The destruction of the forests in many places has increased the barrenness of the soil; and it almost seems as if the Spanish settlers were fond of such deserts, for they seldom suffered trees to grow near their habitations, and their country houses are exposed and without shade on every side, so that they cannot go out by day, without immediately exposing themselves to the scorching rays of the sun.

"Not far from Guanajuato are the warm springs of Aquasbuenas, and Comanjilla: 308 feet below Guanajuato, or 6361 feet above the level of the sea, a pretty abundant spring of warm water issues from the breccia, the temperature being 41°, and that of the mercury in the open air 23° of the centigrade thermometer. The water is tasteless, very clear, and in cooling has an inconsiderable yellow deposit. In Europe, the powerful hot springs of Comanjilla, both from their medical properties, and the situation of the place in a fine climate, in a fertile country, and in the vicinity of several large towns, would certainly have led to the establishment of a considerable watering-place, provided with every accommodation. But in Mexico the time for such establishments is not yet come. The proportionably scanty population is scattered over too wide a space, and travelling too inconvenient for people to visit a distant place merely for pleasure. The centigrade thermometer in the water of the largest spring indicated a temperature of 96°, that of the air being 23°.

"Aquascalientes, a pretty populous town, is situated in the valley of a small river which rises at Tlacotes, near Zacatecas, passes near the town, and, joining the stream of Villa Nueva, flows into the Rio de Santiago. Aquascalientes is in 21° 52' 50" north latitude, and 3° 4' 26" west longitude from Mexico, 5598 feet above the level of the sea, or 1212 feet lower than Mexico. M. von Humboldt's maps, and most of the other maps of Mexico that I have seen, place Aquascalientes in the state of Guadalajara; it is however in that of Zacatecas, and the boundary line is to the south, between Aquascalientes and La Villita de la Encarnacion.

"According to the official registers, Aquascalientes had, in 1826, 35,000 inhabitants, in which number, however, must be included, not only the inhabitants of the town, but those of the country belonging to the same parish, who are pretty numerous. The town is of considerable extent, regularly built, and surrounded with a great number of gardens, the

constantly fresh verdure of which is a real comfort to the eye, such a sight being rare on the plateau of Mexico, where, with the exception of a few cactus plants and palms, vegetation seems to be dead, till the rainy season calls it to life again. The facility of watering the gardens, and the fineness of the climate, promote the cultivation of most culinary vegetables and fruit, of which artichokes, figs, and grapes are remarkable for their excellent quality. The production of the gardens of Aquascalientes are sent to considerable distances for sale; they are in great request at the market of Zacatecas, twenty-five leagues distant, where they fetch pretty high prices.

"During the Spanish dominion in Mexico, Aquascalientes was frequented by the land-owners in the neighborhood, a great number of whom had houses in the town, where they passed some time, and attended to the sale of their produce. The town was prosperous, but it suffered during the revolution, and was nearly without trade when I first saw it in 1828. Many commercial houses, however, had already resolved to transfer to Aquascalientes the establishments which they had formed at San Luis Potosi, for the purpose of trading with the northern states.—Many merchants removed thither, and the town enjoyed for some years a brisk trade. The houses that were going to decay were repaired and new ones built, a large bazaar established in the middle of the town, several streets paved, a new public walk laid out, &c. In short, every thing indicated increasing prosperity; but it was of short duration; there was not sufficient trade for the too great number of mercantile houses, and most of them gave up their establishments. The town is now again confined to the profits of the extensive agriculture of the environs, and some other minor branches of industry.—There are numerous hot springs in the valley, and the place is much resorted to for the benefit of the waters. But it is only to those whose health really requires the use of the waters that a visit to Aquascalientes can be recommended, for a person who should go thither for pleasure, in the hope of finding even the similitude of a European watering-place, would be wofully disappointed. At the baths, half a league from the town, there is no accommodation for either those who are not or those who are well; they must, therefore, live in the town, and, if they have not an acquaintance there, must take up their abode in one of the two *mesones* (or inns) which are both equally wretched and disgustingly filthy; neither bed, table, nor chair is to be expected there; the guest must take care to provide all these beforehand. There is indeed an ordinary at Aquascalientes, which you do not find everywhere; but the visiter will do well to send for his dinner, for if he were to go himself to take his meal at the ordinary he might lose his appetite sooner than he intended."

brated block meteoric iron, mentioned by Sonnenschmidt and others. It is in the house of Don Angel Abille, in the Tucuba street, opposite to the inn. After many fruitless attempts, he succeeded, by boring, in detaching some pieces, one of which he sent to the Geological Society of London, one to the Museum of the University of Bonn, and a third is in his own collection. The mass is four and a half (Rhein.) feet long, one foot nine inches broad, and in the middle nine inches thick. The specific gravity M. Burkart found to be 7.5, so that the whole mass must be heavier than M. Sonnenschmidt states it, he estimated it at twenty hundred weight.

At Charcas M. Burkart saw another piece of meteoric iron, likewise mentioned by Sonnenschmidt. He found it at the north-west corner of the church, fixed in the ground, a third part being buried.

"In shape it resembles a three-sided, truncated, double pyramid, if we may assume that the part buried is like that above ground. This latter part is two feet eight inches, and at the upper truncated end one foot two inches. The whole may therefore contain 2944 cubit inches, or one and three quarters cubic feet; and consequently weigh at least between eight and nine hundred weight.—The surface has lost its natural color by constant exposure to the rain and the air. On the surface are many roundish holes, and a considerable depression on one side. I could not examine the texture, not being able with all my efforts to detach a piece from the mass. It is said that it was brought from the farm of El Sitio, and that some smaller pieces of meteoric iron have been subsequently found near the same place."

M. Von Humboldt, in the introduction to his admirable work on New Spain, remarks how desirable it would be to become better acquainted with the road from Mazatlan to Altamira, and to determine the geographical position of the principal points on that road. M. Burkart did not travel the road precisely as indicated by M. Von Humboldt; but in 1829 he had the pleasure of being called by business to Guanajicoria, and his road bringing him to the vicinity of the Southern Ocean, he did not fail to embrace the opportunity of visiting San Blas. He thus had an opportunity to examine a section of the Cordilleras from the coast to Zacatecas, rather more to the south than that from Mazatlan to Sombrerete. Some years later, namely in 1834, he travelled from Zacatecas, by way of San Luis Potosi, to Altamira and Tampico, and thus completed the section of the Cordilleras of Mexico, which he had begun in 1829, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, a little to the south of the tropic of Cancer. He has re-

At Zacatecas M. Burkart saw the cele-

presented this section of the Cordillera in his eleventh plate.

In giving an account of the mode in which he determined the geographical positions of the several points, M. Burkart enters into long details respecting the precautions to be observed in making barometrical observations, and the construction of the instruments best adapted to that country. These observations, filling several pages, appear to us to deserve the attention of travellers in these countries, but it is not easy to detach any extract to suit our purpose; we, however, take the following as applicable to all hot climates.

"I frequently saw travellers in Mexico, who, in their barometrical measurements, neglected to observe the temperature of the column of the mercury, and took it for granted that, when the barometer had stood a quarter of an hour in the shade, the temperature of the mercury was the same as that of the atmosphere. This, however, is by no means the case; and I have frequently remarked that, even after the expiration of half an hour, the temperature of the mercury was still considerably higher, when the barometer had been long carried in the sun, and its beams had considerably increased the temperature of the mercury; the wood or brass in which the glass tube is inclosed delay, for a considerable time the restoration of the equality of the temperature of the mercury and of the atmosphere. In my observations, therefore, I always noted the temperature of the mercury."

M. Burkart now proceeds to the account, first, of his journey from Zacatecas to San Blas, and then of that from Zacatecas to Tampico. He, however, confines himself almost exclusively to very minute details of the geology and mineralogy of the country, which he appears to have studied with great care.

"The plain about San Blas, being very low, is extremely swampy: for the sea, when the tide rises, overflows the country to a great distance, and, on the ebb, leaves large ponds or lakes. This town, which was formerly very populous, and animated by the commerce with the Philippine islands and Asia, is now quite desolate in consequence of the cessation of that trade. I saw only a single ship at anchor in the port, and I was assured that months often pass without the arrival of a large vessel. After a short stay at San Blas, I went along the banks of the river Santiago to the town of that name, and was not a little surprised at being able, now in the dry season, to ride through this river at the distance of only eight leagues from the place where it falls into the ocean, though, (with the exception of the Rio Bravo del Norte) it is the largest of the Mexican rivers, and had flowed through at least 200 leagues. This, however, is easily accounted

for by the rapid fall, and the long-continued drought."

On the 18th of March, 1834, M. Burkart had arranged all his affairs preparatory to his return to his own country, after an absence of more than nine years. Notwithstanding the pleasure with which he naturally looked forward to a meeting with his family, and though there was not much attraction in the desert barren mountains of Zacatecas,—though the political troubles and constant civil wars rendered it a disagreeable abode to a foreigner,—he could not leave it, after six years' residence, during which he had become acquainted with many worthy men, without much regret, and the account of his parting with his friends does honor to his feelings.

Three weeks after leaving Zacatecas, M. Burkart arrived at Tampico, and was much struck with the change that had taken place in it. When he landed there in 1824, only a few houses stood on the spot, and now, in 1834, a handsome town had been built. Many merchants, among whom was a great number of Germans, had settled there. M. Burkart was hospitably received by M. E. Franke, the Dutch consul, in whose house he remained till he had an opportunity of going to New Orleans. Then he went up the Mississippi to Pittsburg, crossed the country to New York, embarked for Liverpool, proceeded to London, and arrived in July on the banks of the Rhine.

M. Burkart's last two chapters are, first, on the working of mines in Mexico, and, second, three tables of elevations measured by the barometer, filling thirteen pages.—The first table gives the elevation of about 250 places in alphabetical order; the second, those of the sections from San Blas to Tampico, which table XI. above-mentioned represents; and the third the elevations of the mountains of Zacatecas. Besides the general road-map of Mexico, M. Burkart gives a special map of the district of Zacatecas from his own trigonometrical survey, which is further illustrated by a plate, with six different sections, colored.

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- ART. III.—1. *Gedichte*, von Ludwig Uhland. 10te Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1836.
2. *Ernst Herzog von Schwaben. Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen*, von Ludwig Uhland. Heidelberg, 1818.
3. *Ludwig der bayer. Schauspiel in fünf*

Aufzügen, von Ludwig Uhland. Berlin, 1819.

4. *Die Dichtungen*, von Justinus Kerner: *neue vollständige Sammlung in einem Bande*. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1834.

5. *Gedichte*, von Gustav Schwab. 2 Bände. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1828-9.

6. *Die Romantische Schule*, von H. Heine. Hamburg, 1836.

HENRY HEINE has written a whole book against the modern Romanticists in Germany, a work most unnecessary, as we conceive, and most superfluous. Romance, even in its most palmy state, is a harmless affair; and in this unimaginative time there is more danger to be feared from the want than from the excess of it. A man must have very little to do who girds up his loins to make a formal crusade against a thing of such ephemeral and transitory existence; it dies soon enough of itself, and when once gone, the voice of the most cunning charmer often fails to recall even the shadow of what it was. There is, indeed, no serious cause to apprehend that the fairies and gnomes, the sylphs and salamanders, the dwarfs and giants, of our poetic creed, will ever wax so rampant in our imagination as to disturb and derange the regular doings of our daily prose; the broad day-light of modern utilitarianism is far too strong for the moonlight skirmishing of the wanton Pucks and tricky elves of the olden time. And as for that fearful development of Christian spiritualism, which, according to Heine, tyrannizes, and has, for eighteen hundred years, tyrannized over the natural rights of the flesh, we look around anxiously, and seek in vain for the traces of it. Of the pious self-tormenting rites of Hindoo Fakirs and Christian Flagellants, we have, indeed, heard, as of things that once were, or yet are afar off beyond the ocean; but we have met with nothing of this kind particularly offensive, in the life or literature of modern England, Germany, or France. The true flagellants and self-tormentors of the present day are the poets; your Byrons and your Heines, who first raise devils out of their own minds, and then, like the man with the bottle-imp in the melodrama, seek to get rid of them, by communicating their particular evil humors to the general public. But is this crusade against the spirit, this home mission of the flesh, really seriously meant? Is Hamlet's wish turned into reality, and is "this too, too solid flesh" actually in danger of melting into the mist and vapor of a dreamy contemplativeness, at the call of some British Shelley or German Novalis? Has human nature inverted its hereditary character, and is the body now in danger of being

enslaved by the soul—whereas formerly the soul was in danger of being enslaved by the body? What phantoms, Jewish, Heathenish, or merely new-modish Parisian, may have imposed strange illusions upon Henry Heine's brain, we know not; but of this we are certain, that no such radical revolution has taken place in the moral world with which we are conversant; the ancient history of Adam and Eve and the serpent is enacted every day before our eyes; the Flesh still knows how to maintain his own rights: he remains a despot as he was from the beginning; he requires no apostle to preach his mission; he is prophet, priest, and king to himself. The truth is,—if it must be said,—that the present age might be more fitly accused of almost any other vice than of an excess of spiritualism. The prevailing philosophy of the time is too material, too mechanical; the general tone of our mind is too practical, too prosaic. Do we then require the rude laughter of a Heine to scare away the few innocent fancies of romance, that still kindly linger around us?

It is not our intention on the present occasion to follow the German critic through the whole range of his anti-romantic evolutions. We have only alluded to him in so far as, within his general censure of romance and romancers, is comprehended a respectable bard, on whose genius we mean to allow ourselves a few remarks—Ludwig Uhland. To this poet, as being one of the last, and not the least, worthy of the Romantic school, Heine has condescended to dedicate a whole chapter, and that written in a spirit sufficiently kindly and affectionate,—for he is not naturally unkind. Reckless he certainly is, and when he throws about fire, or bespatters with mud, it is a sorry excuse to say, "Am I not in sport?" But we do not think that he is without love, however much he has allowed himself to sin against the perfect law of charity. He is honest and true at heart, though, we fear, after all that he has suffered and seen in the wicked Parisian world, not altogether sound; he is also radically defective in one essential quality of a great mind, which Professor Wolfe calls "mental chastity," but which we should rather choose to designate by the more comprehensive term "reverence." Henry Heine has no reverence either for himself or for those of whom he writes,—for gods above or for devils below. But this is not the place to make a public anatomy of so strange a character. What he says more particularly of Uhland, and his brother ballad-writers, shall be mentioned below. In the mean time we shall allow ourselves a hasty glance at the rise and progress of the romantic school in Germany; for with-

out this it were impossible to understand who or what Ludwig Uhland is, and how he came to be what he is, being not (as Heine justly remarks) the father of a new school, but the last disciple of an old—a man of two centuries—a transition formation of intellect—growing out of the Romantic Catholic middle-age soil which Frederick Schlegel had so carefully watered, and spreading out his upper leaves in that very atmosphere of modern political movement, to which Henry Heine and the heroes of “Young Germany” owe their birth.

What is classical? What is romantic? Not every one will be able, on the instant, to give a satisfactory answer to these questions in the shape of a definition, but he who casts one eye in thought upon the Strasburg minister, and another upon the three temples of Pæstum, will understand the difference. Or, if he rather chooses to borrow an illustration from the world of books, he will think now on Shakspeare’s *Tempest*, and now on Talfourd’s *Ion*, and he will say this is classical, that is romantic. The wild, the exuberant, the unbounded in fancy, the pure, the lovely, the holy in feeling, are characteristic of the one; whatever is simple, regular, beautiful in form, or calm, subdued, and chastened in emotion, belongs to the other. To attempt to draw a regular historical boundary line between these two classes of poetry were vain. Each has its seat deeply rooted in human nature: and as you will find chaste self-contained shapes of placid beauty every where embosomed amid the dark groves and solemn temples of modern Romanticism, so on the walls of Pompeii are at this day to be seen many whimsical touches of the fanciful pencil of some Greek Ariosto. But there is one influence which has worked mightily in forming the distinguishing character of modern romance,—and on this it is especially necessary that the student of German poetry should keep an attentive eye,—we mean the Christian religion, and more particularly that form of it which we are accustomed to call Roman Catholic.

It is true, indeed, that the art of the ancients was most intimately connected with, or more properly an essential part of, the national religion; but that religion has more of an historical nature, is more a religion of heroes and heroic deeds, of outward shapes and figures of divinity, than ours; and herein lies one great essential and pervading distinction between the romanticism of the moderns, and the classicism of the ancients. Christianity is a religion drawn out of the most holy depths of human feeling; Heathenism—Greek Heathenism we mean—was merely copied down from the most beautiful mani-

festations of human action. Christianity occupied itself with the solution of the deepest mysteries of human thought, God, virtue, immortality; Heathenism partly worshipped, partly sported with the mere outward shows of terrestrial nature. Christianity searched and probed with reverential eye, into the wonders of soul; Heathenism revelled amid the beauties of luxuriant creation. Keeping this distinction in view, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving how something of the incomprehensible, the mysterious, the infinite, must necessarily form a distinguishing trait of every poetry that is based upon the Christian religion; and this principle at once affords us a key to understand the intellectual genesis of such minds as Frederick Schlegel, Novalis, Görres, and other prominent heads of the romantic school in Germany. The vague, the misty, the dreamy, the unintelligible, which has been so often complained of in these writers, is not altogether a fault. It is the legitimate product of that profound meditation on things infinite and eternal, on which Christianity is based; and do not even our own divines, so dexterous to measure all things with a square logical understanding, nevertheless delight to tell us, and tell us truly, that there is something mysterious, unfathomable, infinite, in the Christian religion? What is God? What is heaven? What is hell? What is immortality? Are these ideas borrowed from the outer senses which we can lay out before us in a tangible shape, as a heathen sculptor chiselled out the strength of his Hercules, the cunning of his Mercury, the beauty of his Apollo? Look we at the whole history of Christian art, and, instead of a Juno, a Venus, a Minerva, whom the disciple of the beautiful may worship while he works, we have only one goddess—and that too now rejected by nearly one-half of Christendom—Raphael’s Madonna. Let us then give due weight to the spiritual, we had almost said the metaphysical, the transcendental element of Christianity, or we shall altogether fail to comprehend the spirit of German literature, the philosophy of the Romantic school.

We English, indeed, have a natural instinct against all metaphysics—we are Lockists ready made from nature’s hand, and argue against innate ideas with a zeal sufficient to make us all thorough-going disciples of Helvetius, had not the same bountiful mother that gave us English blood in our veins given us a certain English common sense along with it;—we are most excellent mechanics in things spiritual—we build rail-roads to heaven, and bind down the unfathomable mysteries of God by an act of parliament. But the Germans have looked deeper into this

matter. True it is that too much learning hath made not a few of them mad ; but, that some of them understand the philosophy of Christianity better than we do, there can be little doubt.

But we feel that by these observations we have only explained, or attempted to explain, one feature in the character of the Romanticists of modern Germany. We have shown how they are Christians and in what manner Christianity affects their poetry and their philosophy, but we have not shown how they are Catholics. We have an honest rule in this country that, in whatsoever religion a man's parents have brought him up, therewith he shall remain content. And there is no doubt that, for all practical purposes, and more especially for attaining the high and important ends of "church and state," the rule is a very good one. But, in Germany, where so many strange things happen, they sin too against this venerable maxim. Ludwig Tieck, the great head of the Catholicizing Romantic school, is a born Protestant—a dry arid plant, sprung from the sandy Mark of Brandenburg ; and yet he is but one of the many enthusiastic German poets and painters, who, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, of their free and voluntary choice, returned with most pious, child-like confidence into the warm bosom of mother church.

We do not require to search far for the cause of this phenomenon. It lies on the surface. We protestants must confess that our religion is too much a religion of the understanding. How indeed could it be otherwise ? Protestantism was a triumph of reasoning intellect over the inferior powers of feeling and fancy. But, as Martin Luther himself said, human nature is a drunken boor, who, when you set him up on one side, straightway falls down on the other. And thus our worthy Reformers—as has been often said and often lamented—while they overturned the altars of the saints, pulled down the church of God along with them ;—while they forbade us to chant masses for the dead, they declared that the very presence of an organ in a church was a profanation ;—while they allowed us no longer to feed our fancy and our feeling on the lovely legends of a gracious Madonna, they taught us to harass our brains in vain with tormenting questions of faith and works, of free will and fate ;—while they awoke us to a sense of our true dignity by refusing to bend the knee before the images of men mortal as ourselves, they at the same time robbed us of the noble creative power of art—painting was banished with pictures of the saints ; yea, and in some comfortless regions, religion was deprived of

all light, and color, and enchantment, and stood forth a bare naked rock of stern intellect, battered by the east wind of theological polemics.

The student of church history knows too well what special reference these remarks have to Germany. In no Protestant country did church dogmatism celebrate a more complete triumph ; no where did the mere formal understanding "that murders to dissect" more completely monopolize the domain of religion, and choke up the fair flowers of fancy and feeling. And when once this barren formalism fell, a cure followed almost as bad as the disease. The church dogmatist was superceded by the biblical critic, the biblical critic was supplanted by the neologian. Calov yielded to Michaelis, and Michaelis paved the way for Wegscheider. Whatever their abilities might be, these certainly were not the men to restore the lost poetry of Christianity, and infuse the blood of new feeling into the stark body of the Protestant church. The consequence was unavoidable. Men who could find no poetical nourishment in the merely intellectual Protestantism of the then Lutheran church cast their eyes with longing back to the religion of the middle ages. From the strifes, and contentions of, and vain disputations of learned Protestant theologians, they sought repose in the bosom of a church which seemed to put mere dogmas wisely beyond the reach of argument, in order that its disciples might give themselves with more singleness of soul to the pious exercises of faith and love. And thus was generated that poetical neo-Catholicism, which forms so remarkable a feature in the history of modern German literature ; a phenomenon certainly in these unbelieving days not a little remarkable, and deserving of the deepest attention from every philosophic and religious mind.

If any one now asks—and it is a very natural question—how it happens that in Germany Romanticism took such a deeply serious and religious hue, whereas, among ourselves when Walter Scott recreated the ballad poetry and the times of chivalry, we continued to look upon the spectacle, pleased indeed and delighted with its novelty, but with a most clear and discriminating eye of Protestant reason ?—the answer is not far off. The Germans are not only more the children of feeling and fancy than the English, but they do every thing in a much more serious, thorough-going, exhaustive style than we do ; and they have also, we are inclined to suspect, more capacity of *religion* than we have. This may appear a harsh saying, but we believe it is founded in truth. By religion, of course, we do not mean a mere in-

tellectual faith in church dogmas, or a superstitious punctiliousness in church-going, much less a mere party zeal for the only true church as by law established; but we understand by this much-abused term a deep and pervading feeling of reverence and love towards the Supreme Being in all his ordinary and extraordinary manifestations.

It requires but a very superficial acquaintance with German literature to know that this feeling of religion more completely interpenetrates and interfuses all poetry and all philosophy than among ourselves. Accordingly a German will often be found serious when an Englishman laughs; and worshipping where an Englishman sneers. In matters of art especially an Englishman's creed hangs very lightly on his shoulders; but in Germany art is a religion. John Bull looks upon a Madonna of Raphael's merely as a fine picture, the expression, design or coloring of which he may amuse himself to criticise or to imitate; and perhaps, if he be in a sentimental mood, he may condescend to write a sonnet to the Virgin. To the German the same picture is a holy revelation of art, something proceeding from the very bosom of God; and he lives and breathes in the perception of its beauty. There is something very ennobling and very elevating in this character of mind, but it is also apt to be attended, and has in Germany practically been attended, with many egregious follies; and this neo-Catholicism of the Romantic school to which we have alluded is one of them. It is a pleasant thing in imagination to conceive a vessel borne gently along by the mere favorable impulse of wind and wave; but in practice no good can be done without a helm. The great error of the Germans is precisely this want of practicality; and truly it is a sad want. But "time brings roses," as the proverb says; and, if we mistake not, the rail-roads, of which we now hear so much in Germany, will work, and that speedily, a most wonderful change in their metaphysics. Had Kant, and Schelling, and Hegel, not talked themselves to silence, the times and the omnipotent spirit of the age would have put a gag upon them.

We have in these remarks purposely confined ourselves to the Christian, or (what in this case is the same thing) the Catholic element of the romantic, leaving out of view altogether the Gothic and merely mundane ingredient to which it owes not a few of its charms. The earnest religious character which romantic poetry has assumed in Germany, is peculiarly characteristic as well of that poetry, as of the nation to which it belongs; and to this it is peculiarly proper that the attention of the foreigner should be direct-

ed. The Frenchman comprehends the voice of German romance not at all, because he has no religion: the Englishman with difficulty, because his religion consists too much in an unpoetical faith of the understanding, and in acts of merely outward statutory observance. Besides, the strong Protestant prejudices of a mere Englishman preclude him from sympathizing seriously with the spirit of the middle ages, not always because he has less religious feeling than the German, but because he has a more deep-rooted hatred against Popery. But when the middle age is held forth merely in its outward pomp and splendor to astonish us, merely in its dark and dismal terrors to freeze us, merely in its chivalrous devotedness to fair woman to melt us, merely in its mad and grotesque combinations to make us laugh, then we bid it most heartily welcome. Take away the sacredness of that time; unsanctify, secularize, caricature its most loved and cherished ideas; burn out the smell of the Popish devil; make the Madonna a mere woman; and John Bull will straightway be willing to receive a whole army of knights and ladies, giants and dwarfs, ghosts and goblins, into his plain, practical, prosaic brain. On this principle his literary tastes are accounted for. Ariosto and Cervantes are his special favorites; Tieck he can allow to divert him for an hour, though not without a certain lurking feeling of discomfort occasioned by the Catholic element in which that poet is accustomed to move; Frederick Schlegel he denounces as mystical and unintelligible: and Novalis he utterly reprobates, or what is much more common, absolutely ignores. A regular Englishman would no more think of reading Novalis, than of gleaning philosophy from Jacob Böhme or ethics from Spinoza. But there is one German book of which he is very fond, and that book is Wieland's *Oberon*. He loves a laugh and here he finds it. This laugh he cannot find in Tieck's "*Genoveve*;" and are you so sanguine as to dream that this pure creation of Christian beauty and Christian love will ever be generally admired in England? If one or two stray students are *now* found to read and to praise it, it is because it is *now* fashionable to study German, and because Tieck is confessedly a great German poet.

We may now allow ourselves a cursive glance at the historical development of the Romantic school in Germany. Frederick Schlegel was born in 1769; Ludwig Tieck in 1773; Novalis in 1772; and Ludwig Uhland in 1785. We mention these dates particularly that the student of poetry may remark this striking coincidence with the chronology of what has been called "The

Lake School" in England. Our own Wordsworth was born in 1770, and Coleridge in 1773. This coincidence is not unimportant. The English "lakers" are as like the German romanticists, as an Englishman can possibly be to a German. Indeed Wordsworth and Coleridge are, in all the essential features of their genius, more German than English. Who, for instance, could have looked for such a mad, and at the same time such a wise, Creation, as "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," from the same soil on which Pope and Swift were native? Does it not smack of Fouqué? is it not redolent of Chamisso? does it not make a perfect harmonic triad with Undine, and Peter Schlemihl? Believe it, reader, the inspiration of Coleridge is altogether German; and, as to Wordsworth, where do the homely, the sublime, and the ridiculous live together in such friendly fellowship as in Germany? and what worshipper, however blind of the great poet of the Excursion, can deny that he has once and again done no small disrespect to his own dignity, by encouraging the same motley partnership?

The fact is certain. German romanticism and English laking are one. Their origin is the same. They are the products of one wide-working cause. They are the children of reaction, and that reaction not single, but double; reaction first against the over-refinement of the French culture of Louis XIV.; secondly, against the over-excitement of the French revolution of 1792. These causes only require to be stated to be recognized as the great movers of two mighty tides of intellect, on one of which ourselves of the present generation are partly borne. Our business is with Germany; but we must mention one fact with regard to England which has had the greatest influence not only upon German poetry, but on the whole poetry of modern Europe. England preceded both France and Germany in the poetical reaction against the over-refinement of the Louis XIV. school; and what is remarkable, this reaction was originated among us not by a poet, but by a poetical antiquary. Every body sees that we speak here of the publication of the Percy ballads; and he who does not trace these ballads through the poetry of Wordsworth and Scott in this country, and from Burger, through Gothe, and thence to Ludwig Uhland, in Germany, is blind as a bat.

But the Germans were not content to drink of the English stream. Once raised from the coldness and stiffness, the formality and the pedantry, of the Franco-Gottschedian school, they pursued the new chase after "Nature" with a diligence and an enthusiasm (some-

times also with an extravagance and a childishness) most peculiarly German. From the days of Herder to the present hour, "the voices of the people" have been gathered together in Germany, from the north and from the south, and from the east and from the west. The mighty heart of Gottfried Herder called around him every sweet echo of every age and every time. Humanity was his watch-word, as indeed it may be said to be the watch-word of the all-comprehensive literature of Germany in general. A German is never content to be a mere German; he must also be a man, a cosmopolitan. But the German father-land was not forgotten; too long indeed it had been but a wide battlefield for the heroes and heroic madmen of foreign soldiery to play their murderous pranks upon; the horn of the Percies had startled the ear of Germany, and it was answered by a blast from the war-trumpet of Barbarossa.

In reference to Ludwig Uhland (and indeed in some measure to the whole living lyric poetry of Germany) we are especially called upon to make mention here of a work which issued from the Romantic school, and which has always been considered as one of its most precious fruits. We allude to the "Knaben Wunderhorn;" a collection of old German songs and ballads, published by Arnim and Brentano. The nature and simplicity which are so characteristic of the later lyric poetry of Germany may be traced in a great measure to this source; though here the absorbing totality with which the Germans throw themselves into a favorite theme has not been without its evil consequences. The trifling childishness and the puling sentimentality which are to be found in not a few of Uhland's poems, and in almost all of Justinus Kerner's, arise from this cause. Uhland and his Swabian collaborators have been styled, or have styled themselves, *κατ' ἐξοχὴν*, "Naturdichter;" and if wandering in lonely woods, listening to love-lorn nightingales, and weeping pious tears to keep the morning dew company, are the great leading characteristics of a "poet of Nature," they certainly have most peculiar claims to the monopoly of this designation. If we thought it at all probable that a profound German physician, who holds holy converse with magnetic maids and sees blue spirits and green, red spirits and grey, with an eye situated now at the point of his finger, and now at the pit of his stomach, would listen to a passing word of advice from a plain, practical Englishman, we would say to him in one sentence: Though nature is on all occasions the only true guide of the poet, yet there are two natures, the one the

nature of a man, the other the nature of a baby—this to be shunned, and that to be followed.

But how indeed could an honest German have been expected to keep himself free from this modern vice of poetic silliness and mawkishness, when even we in England, with all our boasted British sound sense, have not been able to stand against the infection? When such a mighty change in the poetic world was to be made, as that from kings and courtiers and courtesans, to waggoners and pedlars and potters—when the aristocracy of almost all literature, ancient and modern, was to give way to a vulgar democracy—how could it have been otherwise than that some mad and unmannered excesses should have been committed, and not a few sublime capers most ludicrously performed by men in the general most dignified and most respectable? The hero of the drawing-room, with all his point and polish and parade of fine feeling, was now deserted for a common boor; but the boor, with all his bluntness and honesty and simpleheartedness, was still a boor. Even with the pencil of a Teniers, or an Ostade, with all their humor and keen eye for character—what else could you have made of him? But when, with all the gravity of a Greek philosopher, and all the deep devotion of an Indian Yogee, you fall down in worship before the meaningless smirk of an unmeaning milkmaid, *risum teneatis, amici*?

Was a certain clever critic in this case altogether to be blamed, who was wont to complain in your compositions of “an extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavers so prettily between silliness and pathos?” The clever critic was not altogether wrong; he only mistook (what an acute lawyer should not have done) the accessory for the principal; an adventitious yellowness in a few stray leaves for an inherent sickliness of the whole plant. Multiply every fault by +10, and every beauty by —10, and *mutatis mutandis*, the remarks which the Edinburgh reviewer made upon William Wordsworth, not altogether with injustice, apply to Justinus Kerner with the most perfect justice. Had Germany had a Jeffrey, many of those consumptive mushrooms called “Naturdichter,” some of whom we are this day reviewing, might never have had an existence.

Thus much for the re-action of the natural against the refined, and its contemporaneous working on the national poetry both of England and Germany. Let us now inquire into the operation of the French revolution, and the re-action which arose out of it. Before the violent *political* outbursting of that mighty mind-movement, there had been in Ger-

many several *poetical* manifestations of the same spirit; the “*Stürmer und Dränger*” (stormers and throngers) had had their day. These men were Titans; sons of earth, they aspired to climb heavenward and take the citadel of the gods by storm. But Jove sat quietly on his empyrean throne, and did not even deign to answer their vain railings with thunder. Schubart, Lentz, and, in his younger days, Schiller, belonged to this school. These men, however, were but individuals; wandering stars that men gazed at and passed on; signs of the times, fearful and foreboding to those who could read them, but such were few. Neither had these men any immediate and direct connection with the romantic school. Before the leaders of that school stood prominently forward to direct the public mind, the first fearful shock of the French revolution had already passed, and with it the first mad intoxication that had seized so many poetic brains in Germany as well as England; a violent collision had taken place between France and Germany; and things had been enacted in Frankfurt by the disciples of French liberty, calculated for any thing rather than to gather the young poets of Germany under the banner of the tri-colored republic.

We shall not therefore be surprised to find that, as in England, the leaders of the Lake school, however they might begin, all ended in the quiet repose of absolutism, so in Germany, (where, from the vicinity of France, the re-action was naturally much stronger,) the preachers of poetical romance were at the same time zealous apostles of political absolutism. Not that they all began with literary Toryism any more than Coleridge or Southey with us. Some of them (Görres, for instance) were one day burning republicans; but the manhood of most, and the old age of all, was made up of most steady and consistent conservatism.* We say *consistent*, because, unlike the Protestant conservatives of the present day and of our own country, the Germans of that time made an unqualified protest against the whole system of modern movement from Martin Luther to this present hour, and while they looked on the Emperor as by the grace of the Pope the only legitimate head of the state, so they also acknowledged the Pope as by the grace of God the only legitimate head of the church.

A mind like that of Frederick Schlegel was not made to trifle with principles; and

* To this rule, however, Uhland himself forms an honorable exception. The patriotic impulse of 1813 has, as we shall presently see, ripened in him to a healthy practical activity in the cause of liberty.

half measures, whether in poetry, in philosophy, or in politics, could not satisfy him. What an earnest, restless, wrestling, truth-seeking soul was his! How many mutations of thought (an epitome of philosophical and religious history) did his single mind work itself through! And yet what did he arrive at, what conclusion did he reach, with all his striving and with all his restlessness? Was his spiritual metamorphosis that from grub to grub, or did he ever emerge as the perfect butterfly? These are questions which cannot be answered, for, as we have often been told, he ended his life and his writings with a "but;" and, as to the Catholicism in which he at last found shelter, or rather fortified himself with most gigantic learning against the blasts of change, what was it—as some one beautifully said—but a throwing himself in despair upon the milkless breasts of his dead mother? The truth of the matter is, that the mind of Frederick Schlegel was too deeply shaken by the spiritual agitation of the age in which he lived ever to recover its proper poise and balance. It was not given to every one to come out of that ordeal unscathed. The man who seriously proposed to bring back the palmy days of Gregory, Innocent, and Boniface, with all their orthodox appendages of priestly despotism and rustic serfage, must have been, to all practical purposes, neither more nor less than mad. But Frederick Schlegel was certainly one of the most honest, earnest, zealous, laborious apostles of the Romantic school, and therefore he must be mentioned here with due honor. He laid the foundation of that temple; his hands hewed many gigantic blocks from the living rock with which the mystic edifice was afterwards closely compacted. Round the fairy region of romance he erected an iron wall, and drew a double circumvallation of philosophic inquiry and historic research. "*Mollior ossa quiescant!*" As to his brother, August Wilhelm, we agree with Heine, that it does not appear certain whether he ever was serious in his advocacy of romance; and as to what he now is, according to all the testimonies that have recently reached us, we only know that he is a most inimitable coxcomb.

Frederick Schlegel was, as we have said, that one of the Romantic school, whose mind seems to have been most deeply shaken by the spiritual fermentation of the age, and in whom the consequent re-action was most strongly and most consistently developed. A spirit of the same brotherhood, not less earnest or less consistent, but more solemn, more self-sustained, more quietly stable, was Novalis. This man was the holy temple of middle-age mysticism rising up strangely

amid the bustle and strife of this modern time. We have been much struck with a peculiar feature in this man's mind, and mention it here particularly with reference to some of the Swabian poets; he seems absolutely in love with death. This trick, Uhland, as we shall see below, seems to have borrowed from him; somewhat affectedly, however, we must say, for Uhland can be cheerful enough except when he enters a nunnery; he can smile without always looking like an amiable young lady in a consumption; and he sometimes frisks like a lamb. Kerner again has taken up the whole black mantle of Novalis, and enveiled himself with it; but he is a most unworthy wearer. That strange peculiarity of feeling which manifested itself in the one as a most sublime disease, (for there may be sublimity even in disease,) shows itself here as a most silly sickliness. The seer-like eye which looked forth from the solemn chambers of thought, while the rapt tongue sang "Hymns to the Night," is no longer visible. A sorrowful youth (consumptive or perhaps only dyspeptic) walks forth into the gloomy groves to hold converse with a nightingale, whom he vainly imagines to be as sorrowful as himself, and, having nothing better to do, he pens most tearful verses in which the world is told that every deal board is a coffin, and every saw-pit a grave. Such a youth is Doctor Justinus Kerner.

It is not our intention, in these remarks, to characterize the individual poets of the romantic school further than such characteristics bear upon the general theme, and tend to give us some idea of what sort of atmosphere we are breathing. Had our space permitted, we should nevertheless have stooped short to look upon Tieck, the only poet of European reputation that the school of German romance has produced. He is the very fairy hall of the romantic, where all that it possesses of beautiful and chivalrous, of tender and sportive, resides, with just enough of the dreadful behind to make it an effective back-ground—a winter without, which makes the fire seem to blaze more merrily within. From this man Ludwig Uhland borrowed his smile; and with that, doubtless, the best part of romance.

But there is another element besides the romantic, which gives a peculiar tone to the poetry of the Swabian school,—the element of the patriotic and the political; and on this, also, we must be allowed to cast a hasty glance, before we can put our readers upon the proper position, from which this poetry, and indeed a great part of the living poetry of Germany, is to be viewed. The reader is aware, that the first blast of patriotism that awakened the sleeping soul of German poetry

came from Klopstock ; but this was merely the voice of one man, and of a solemn ode-builder, who, even had he not been so serious as we believe he was, could hardly have done without the theme. The patriotic spirit of the German *people* did not, however, awake till after the electric shock of the battle of Jena. The palsied old dotard of aristocratic soldiery fell with that stroke ; the monopoly of stars and crosses that decked his vain breast was found to be of no avail against the bullets of Napoleon ; an army of young hardy warriors was raised from the people, and with this army arose a new national enthusiasm, and a new national poetry.

The heart of every man that feels and acts with his kind must beat in proud sympathy with the great movement of the German people in 1813, commonly called the Liberation war. That was a movement of deep import, of pregnant consequence, to the political condition of all the Teutonic tribes ; but it was a movement, perhaps, of yet deeper import, of more pregnant consequence to the poetry of Germany. That uprising, indeed, was a living poem, which did more for the patriotism of the Germans than the odes of a thousand Klopstocks, or the middle age dreaming of a thousand Schlegels could have effected. The venerable old "Master of the Beautiful" might, perhaps, not altogether understand it ; a man may discourse most wisely on the metamorphosis of a primrose leaf, on the playful changes of light on a piece of Labrador spar, on the neat chiseling of an old Greek marble, and yet be deaf to the voice of the morally sublime. But there were many, very many (all the young and vigorous spirits of the time), who did understand it ; and amongst these was Ludwig Uhland.

This man felt, and practically acknowledged, the great truth, that mere versifying can hardly ever be made a separate occupation, without to a certain extent weakening and even frivolizing the character ; and that there are certain great occasions in life when a poet can never hope to remain a mere poet, without giving up all claim to the character of a man ; as it is told of a certain English lawyer, who, out of an exceeding love of justice, forbade a harmless wanderer to trespass upon his green fields, whose simple errand there was, to visit his father's grave. The poet, as well as the lawyer, must be given up at times ; for they exist for the sake of the man, not the man for the sake of them. Ludwig Uhland knew also very well—what the great Göthe did not know—that the attempt to build up a temple of art altogether insulated from the spirit of the age,

altogether apart from religion and politics—from church and state, is vanity. He knew well that the artificial atmosphere of such a building could never be so strong, so bracing, so salubrious, as the natural air which common mortals breathe. He knew more than this : he knew that, do what we may, we can never remove ourselves altogether from the influence of those political institutions under which we grow up. Church and state are a common atmosphere in which all breathe, partly including, and partly intermingling with the particular atmosphere which poets, philosophers, and men of original minds never fail to create for themselves. Such were the views that possessed the breast of our young romancer,—such views made him a patriot in the war of 1813 ; and, since the constitutional changes effected by the treaty of Vienna, have made him a politician. He has been an active and useful member of the house of representatives in Wurtemberg, and has gained honorable civic laurels in co-operation with a man whose good sound stamina we have had frequent occasion to laud—Wolfgang Menzel. Possibly this political activity may have had an unfavorable influence upon his poetical powers ; for we do not find that he has, of late years, been so fruitful as his early promise gave reason to expect. If so, Göthe was not altogether in the wrong, in a certain oracular communication which he made to Eckermann* regarding Uhland's

"Mark me," said Göthe, "the politician will swallow up the poet. To be a member of parliament, and live in daily excitement and irritation, is not fitted for the tender nature of a poet. His song will soon sound its last note ; and that is certainly not a matter of indifference. Swabia has many men eloquent and intelligent enough to conduct public business, but it has only one poet like Uhland."—*Göthe's Gespräche mit Eckermann*, vol. i. p. 358.

We add here Heine's remarks on the same subject. After complaining of the great change that had come over the spirit of his own dream, and lamenting that he is now no longer able to sympathize with the romantic spirit of Uhland's ballads, Heine proceeds :—"And perhaps Uhland himself has fared little better than I. His own feelings must have undergone no small change since that period (1815). With very few exceptions, he has written nothing for twenty years. I cannot bring myself to believe that this proceeds from a natural barrenness of poetic feeling. I rather explain the silence of his muse by the contradiction in which it has found itself with the more pressing claims of his political situation. The elegiac poet, who sung so beautifully the glories of the ancient catholic-feudalistic ages, the Ossian of the middle ages, has now become a member of the Wurtemberg Chambers, and has distinguished himself as a bold advocate of civil equality and freedom of thought. That the poet is sincere in all that he has done for the public, the great sacrifices he has made in its service leave no room to doubt. He has well deserved the civic crown that has taken the place of his poetic laurel. But this honest enthusiasm for the modern movement could not co-

poetical annihilation. But, sooth to say, we are not sorry that the romancer has chosen to be silent. In his very best poems, there is a tone to our British taste not altogether healthy,—at least a certain manner—a certain assumption of, and absorption in, middle-age feeling,—which, in a man who lives in the present age, with his eyes open, is surely, to say the least of it, not very natural.

In our own country, indeed, Wordsworth has created a little world of observation and speculation for himself; but Wordsworth is

exist with an unabated reverence for the middle ages; and as his Pegasus was only a trim chivalrous steed, that trotted pleasantly through the region of the past, but stumbled upon the vulgar roads of modern time, Ludwig Uhland had seen proper with a smile, to dismount, and lead his romantic beast into the stable. There the animal remains up to the present hour; and, like his colleague Baiardo, he possesses every possible virtue, and only one fault—he is dead.

“But, sooth to say, sharper eyes than mine have not failed to remark, that Uhland’s chivalrous horse, with his storied housings and blazonings, never at any time suited very well with the homely quality of its civic rider, who, instead of boots and gold spurs, wears only shoes and silk stockings, and, instead of a helm, carries only a lawyer’s wig on his head. These critics pretend to have made the discovery, that Ludwig Uhland and his theme were at no time perfectly identical; they assert that the rough and wild, the naïve and natural tones of the middle ages, have not been revived by this poet, even in an ideal form, but that he has dissolved them into a sickly sentimental melancholy, that he has, so to speak, boiled down the strong stuff of the ancient popular poetry into a pleasant soup, for the weak taste of the modern public. And, indeed, when one views the ladies of Uhland’s poetry a little more minutely, we find that they are only beautiful shadows, incarnate moonshine, milk in their veins, and in their eyes sweet tears; that is, tears without salt. In the same way, if we compare Uhland’s knights with the sturdy old ancestors of Götz von Berlichingen, we cannot help thinking, how ridiculous soever the idea may appear, that they are mere lay-figures harnessed with polished tin, and stuffed with roseleaves, instead of blood and bones. Uhland’s knights are far more tender than even the most tender and melting of the ancient troubadours, many of whom we know well, besides their great skill in harping, wore huge, unwieldy inexpressibles, and ate much, and drank more.”—*Die Romantische Schule*, p. 306–309.

We have made this extract from Heine at full length, partly because it is sufficiently characteristic of the writer, but chiefly because (as will appear more fully below) we agree in a great measure with the substance of the remarks which it contains. We are glad to find that our view of the weak side of Uhland’s poetry is not exclusively English; and Heine can the less be suspected of saying any thing malicious on the present occasion, as he speaks of Uhland generally with the greatest kindliness and affection. Indeed, we must repeat here what we said of Heine in the beginning of this article,—with all his faults, he is a kind, honest soul; and though he sometimes trifles too much with right and wrong, yet we believe that he is, at bottom, a sincere lover of truth; and what he feels and knows to be true, that he speaks out with a most downright, uncompromising recklessness. We hope that he will yet bear good fruit.

not, like Uhland, a member of parliament; and besides, his poetry, though very peculiar and very narrow in its sphere, is a poetry in every respect *in* and *of* the present; and so far as the poet himself is concerned, in every respect most actual, real, and natural. But that sort of moonlight Catholicism and sanctified chivalry in which Uhland deals is and can be natural nowhere save in the head of a modern German romancer.

This plea, however, Uhland, whose spirit has been so strongly carried along with the great political movement of these latter days, is not in a condition *now* to urge. If he continues to write the same sort of poetry now that he might naturally have written, and did, we hope, quite *honestly* and *naturally* write, when Frederick Schlegel was dictator, he becomes a decided mannerist; he loses all truth; he lives in a state of habitual self-contradiction. Even the Germans, who tolerate all absurdities, will not understand to what *aesthetical* purpose this saintly glory is allowed to mix its pale hues with the vigorous green of the civic crown. There remains, therefore, only this dilemma for him—either he must seek for a new inspiration, or he must give up poetry altogether. In the early part of the modern era, he seemed inclined to follow the former course; and he has written several “*Freiheitslieder*,” which are kindly cherished by the most song-loving people of Europe, along with the more stirring strains of Arndt and Körner.

But Uhland has not succeeded in creating any new patriotic poetry, that can take up an honorable and independent position besides his own ballads and romances. He has, therefore, been obliged latterly to preserve a comparative silence; and there is little hope now that he will ever become a very voluminous writer. Indeed, he is altogether wanting in that luxuriance, grasp, and energy of mind, which are indispensably requisite to create a new literature to this country. Wolfgang Menzel is a more hopeful subject; and there is one who might do more than both, if he only knew what his talents are worth. But Henry Heine has housed himself in Paris, which, in spiritual affairs, is at present one great madhouse; and he has recklessly laid aside the old Greek motto, without which no man can hope to prosper—*Δεῖνος ὁ θεὸς αἰεὶ*. Let him reverence the gods, and not kick against the pricks; and Germany may yet mention his name with honor.

Out of such elements, partly modern-patriotic, but chiefly middle-age romantic, has the poetry of Uhland, and his brother minstrels, been developed. We hope we have not appeared too discursive in this sketch. Uhland is unintelligible, and, to a foreigner at

least, very insignificant, when viewed apart from the school of which he is the offspring. Besides, an Englishman, who in all mystical matters is a profane person, requires to breathe for a few minutes the foreign atmosphere, before he can understand either the sense or the nonsense of a German poet. There are no railroads in this region. Romantic ideas will not allow themselves to be moved like so many men upon a chessboard. With this understanding, we may now proceed to a more particular review of Uhland's poems, earnestly requesting every individual, who may honor this article with a passing glance, not to attempt to square every thing we either have said, or may say, with an English yard-measure. There are clouds in German literature which were never intended to be touched.

The first part of these poems consists of what are called "*Lieder*;" though the greater part of them might more properly be termed "flittings of feeling" than "songs" in the proper sense of the word. There are also not a few small conceits scattered through them, such as the poetic reader has often plucked in Herrick's *Hesperides*, or other such flowery garden of old English verse. We do not, however, intend by this comparison to put Uhland upon a par with the sterling old Englishman; if he were ten times Uhland, he is but a German, and would want the sound, healthy stuff of which an Englishman is composed. The best that can be said of Uhland is that his feeling is always pure and amiable, even when it is not altogether sound; wit he has none, and humor very little; his fancy is any thing but luxuriant; and we often miss that weight and manly dignity of thought which is so necessary to sustain and relieve a mere effusion of amiable feeling. What we most complain of in Uhland's lyrics, as in those of many other Germans, is a want of body and solidity. His ideas come across him as light and unsubstantial, but not seldom also as beautiful, as a summer-cloud: they have scarcely gratified the beholder's eye with the appearance of some nascent shape, when they flit away into nothing. They owe their significance, the momentary attention which the wandering eye bestows on them, neither to substance, size, nor shape, but sheerly to the ethereal beauty with which they are instinct, the sunny cheerfulness in which they are embosomed. But a voice, a smile, a sigh, a mere breath of sentiment, is not a poem; and for this reason we must say of many of these German "*Lieder*," that we value them not so much because they are poems, as because they are flitting thoughts of a poet. If that poet were not a most amiable and virtuous man, these poems would fail to charm us.

But we must here make one observation in justification of the Germans, and it is one to which the charitable critic will, we have no doubt, be willing to allow all due weight. In Germany every thing connected with feeling and sentiment, every thing comprehended under that most untranslatable word—*Gemüth*—plays a much more distinguished part than among us. There is a kindliness, a warmth, an openness, a simplicity of soul about these Germans, of which we in this hard, practical, mercantile, money-making island have no conception. We have known some of them—long-headed, thinking men too—who were very children in the frankness of their natures; bushy-bearded men, and yet gentle withal, overflowing with love, redundant in affection, ready to throw themselves into every honest Christian's arms. These men have a poetry of their own, a poetry of pure childlike feeling and fondness of heart, which it were unjust to measure by canons of purely British criticism. We must not quarrel with an honest *Deutscher's* "*Gemüth*," because, when we laugh, he loves; and when we caricature, he weeps. Humor and sentiment, it is true, often run into one another; but it is not less true that they are oftentimes deadly enemies. Things may unite in the mind of a Shakspeare or a Richter, that in the common models of creation annihilate one another, like fire and water. There is no more fatal foe to all fine feeling than your vulgar humorist. And thus it is with the Englishman and the German. The one acts, and laughs, and caricatures; the other thinks, and weeps, and sentimentalizes. Perhaps we have chosen the better part; we are the more healthy natures. Hogarth is more than a match for Werther. But let us rejoice with trembling; let us judge charitably. Humor is good; but it is not the best. Reverence for the holy, and love for the beautiful, are the highest capacities of man. If we lose these, we lose our immortal gem. Thus far we are willing, on the eternal principles of human nature, to redeem from vulgar scorn the mysteries of that much-bespoken German "*Gemüth*." But we must also be allowed to say without disguise, that there is in these poems of Uhland's a certain air of weak consumptiveness, which we do not relish. There is not a little childish trifling, decking-out of pretty nothings, sheer shilly-shally, unadulterated *namby-pamby*. As Heine says of Tieck, so we are too often obliged to say of Uhland—if there is any strength in these poems, they are only strong when contrasted with the very weak tea which it is the fashion to drink in the literary soirées of Germany. Happily we are not singular in

this opinion. Goëthe, in a letter to Zelter, which has excited much bickering in Germany, expresses himself as follows.*

"I have got a strange sample of our modern German poets—" *Gedichte von Gustav Pfitzer*." This Pfitzer is not without talent, and seems moreover an amiable man. But such a miserable feeling of weakness came over me as I read, that I was obliged to throw down the book. In these times, when cholera is abroad, such depressing influences are to be avoided. The work is dedicated to Uhland, and from the region in which this poet dwells, there is little hope that any thing strong or invigorating will proceed. I do not blame the book, but I shall not look into it a second time. One trick of these gentlemen is most deserving of notice; they throw around them a certain ethico-religious-poetical beggar's mantle, with such wonderful dexterity, that, even when their elbow looks out beneath it, this is considered as a poetical beauty. I shall send it you in my next parcel, and shall rejoice that it is out of the house.†

"Weimar, 4 October, 1831."

The opinion of the easy octogenarian on this subject must doubtless be taken with some grains of allowance. His indefatigable studies of Greek cameos and intermaxillary bones, and Newtonian optics, left him in his latter years very little room for any sort of sentiment, much less of religious, of which he was never peculiarly susceptible; but he, too, had written some good songs, and told some classic ballads in his day; and when he gave Zelter his opinion of Uhland and his school, there is no doubt he knew very well what he was talking of. He complains of a want of nerve and vigor—something to stimulate, stir, and strengthen the faculties; and to show how just his complaint is, we shall give a sample. Where, for instance, shall we find a poetic flower more tenderly glistening with the dew of pious tears, more delicately belit with sentimental moonshine, than the following?

THE NUN.

In the silent cloister-garden,
Beneath the pale moonshine,
There walked a lovely maiden,
And tears were in her eyne.

Now God be praised, my loved one
Is with the blest above!
Now man is changed to angel,
And angels I may love.

* Zelter's Briefwechsel, vol. vi. p. 305.

† The poet who gave occasion to these remarks—Gustav Pfitzer—is a distinguished member of what is commonly called the Swabian School—He has been omitted in the present article because he has little of the romance element in him, and belongs more to Schiller than to Tieck.—We have no wish to class poets *geographically*.

She stood before the altar
Of Mary, mother mild,
And on the holy maiden
The Holy Virgin smiled.

Upon her knees she worshipped
And prayed before the shrine,
And heavenward looked—till Death came
And closed her weary eyne.

If Guido Reni, or some Roman Catholic artist in the prime days of painting, had tricked up such a pretty pious picture as this with all the blandishments of light, shade, and color, it might have passed; but in naked verse, and in these stern Protestant times, when nunneries are not so fashionable even in Catholic countries, as they once were, such moon-light tinting is apt to appear sickly; and, what is worse, affected. It is well for Ludwig Uhland's reputation that he sometimes dips his brush in stronger and more healthy colors. Like his friend Justinus Kerner, of whom we shall speak anon, he deals too much in tears; but there is a sunshine behind them that charms away their sadness, and sometimes paints a rainbow upon their darkest showers. It is true also that there is something too much of the nun in most of his fair ones; but he sports and frisks so wantonly at times that we can hardly believe him in earnest. The man, we sometimes think, might have been a perfect Anacreon, had not the romantic atmosphere, which infected all Germany during his early years, tinged his poetic blossoms with a sort of meek primrose yellow. If we wrong him herein, he is too kind not to forgive us. Meanwhile we may add a specimen or two of his "Lieder."

THE POPPY.

Lo! where by west winds cradled
The sleepy blossom shines,
The flower that round the temples
Of dreamy Morpheus twines.
Now purple like the sun's blush,
In evening glory brief,
Now pale as if the Moon's beam
Were slumbering on its leaf.

I heard them say, and warn me
That who beneath it sleep,
Sink to the nether regions
Of heavy dreams and deep;
And when the dream hath left them,
In trance they still remain,
And all that near and dear be
Now strike their sense in vain.

When life was in its morning
I lay, sooth is my tale,
Amid a bed of flowers rich
Within a lovely vale.
So sweet they were, so fragrant,
That to my sense did seem
All living things a picture,
All real things a dream.

And since that hour my sleeping
 A wakeful bliss I deem—
 The only life my picture,
 The only truth my dream.
 The fancies that mine eye sees,
 As stars so bright be they ;
 O flower of poets, bloom thou
 Amid my locks alway !

The sternest critic will not deny a certain delicate flower-like beauty to this *poemetto*. There is also (in the original at least) a certain simplicity and neatness in the phrase, which suits well with so gentle a theme. Take another specimen of a very simple feeling, very simply expressed.

TO —.

Upon a mountain's summit
 There might I with thee stand,
 And o'er the tufted forest,
 Look down upon the land ;
 There might my finger show thee
 The world in vernal shine,
 And say if all mine own were
 That all were mine and thine.

Into my bosom's deepness
 O could thine eye but see
 Where all the songs are sleeping
 That God e'er gave to me !
 There would thine eye perceive it
 If aught of good be mine,
 Although I may not name thee
 That aught of good is thine.

What is this, gentle reader?—a trifle doubtless, a very trifle. The bard might have literally said—"nos hæc novimus esse *nihil*," but then there is good feeling, and simplicity, and truth, and nature in it ; and such is the might of these things that without them some sublime concoctor of epics shall make the battle of Armageddon be fought before our eyes, and Death on his pale horse stalk over us, and yet we shall remain unmoved. Here again is a spring song that has neither cuckoos nor zephyrs—a mere breathing, and yet it is true.

SPRING.

Sweet golden Spring, what bliss with thine,
 What beauty may compare !
 I might indite a song to thee,
 Thou art so passing fair.

But though all men were born to work,
 Why should I work to day ?
 Spring is the Sabbath of the world
 Let me then rest and pray !

We have said that Uhland sometimes favors us with a conceit, and a small piece of pleasantry in verse. He has certainly more humor than he who, with such profound gravity, sung the pious ass grinning at the penitent potter, and the penitent potter

grinning at the pious ass, but not much more. Here is a small hit at the critics, a set of men who have at no time been much in favor with the poets, much less with those of the Romantic school.

VERNAL CONTEMPLATION FOR A CRITIC.

Deem it not strange to see me here,
 Amid the ramblers, young and old :
 In spring-time one may walk abroad,
 Without the fear of catching cold.

The green grass grows, the young bud blows,
 The storks, the swallows, come anon,
 I wend me homewards, and admire
 The works of Nature in Buffon.

The lark too sings—and Philomele !
 Her piteous tones might melt the whinstone.
 I think on Ovid's classic tales,
 And on the plaintive odes of Shenstone.

And though no desk before me lies,
 No pens, no learned papers stock it,
 I have got Burke on the Sublime,
 And Thomson's Seasons, in my pocket.

Here is a conceit :—

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

In trance of love
 I swooned away ;
 Within her arms
 I buried lay.
 She waked me gently
 With a kiss ;
 Her eyes revealed
 My heaven of bliss.

And here a small pleasantry :—

HE AND SHE.

She.

Take heed how thou dost eye me thus,
 Wherever thou dost find me ;
 The sight, unless thou spare thine eyes,
 With too much light may blind thee.

He.

Had'st thou not often looked about,
 How could'st thou chance espy me ?
 Thy neck, unless thou use it well,
 With turning round may wry be.

The purity and delicacy of feeling, the simplicity and nature of expression, characteristic of some of the above poems, at once recall to our mind the poetry of the Provençal Troubadours, and yet more of the Swabian Minnesingers. A great part of Uhland's poetry may, indeed, be looked upon as a regeneration of the poetry of the Minnesingers, and in this consists as well its peculiar excellency as its peculiar weakness : its excellency as an imitation of the past ; its weakness in so far as it is not a healthy pro-

duct of the present. The heroic valor of Taillefer, the martial impetuosity of Bertran de Born, the romantic love-longings of Geoffrey Rudello, are all here restored to a poetic life, but chiefly the latter; for, as we have said, tenderness and delicacy characterize the genius of Uhland. It is the lovely only and the feminine of the middle ages that he has an eye for; its rugged strength, its burning, devastating fire, he either knew not, or, knowing, had not firmness to look upon. But this narrowness of view rendered him only the more fit to feel entirely that one element of the romantic poetry which he felt a peculiar vocation to venerate; had his genius been as broad, as masculine, and as comprehensive as Scott's, we should never perhaps have seen such delicate gems as the following:

THE STUDENT.

As I erst at Salamanca,
 Studious read old Homer's tale,
 In a cloister-garden early,
 While sweet sang the nightingale;
 Read how Helen came in beauty,
 Came arrayed in rich attire,
 When on Priam's tower assembled,
 Sate each ancient Trojan sire;
 And so wondrous lovely seemed she,
 That each bearded chief did say,
 'Soothly such surpassing beauty
 Came not forth from human clay!'
 Thus I lay in studious musing,
 What had chanced I scarce might know,
 In the leaves I heard a rustling,
 Quick I turned me round, when, lo!
 On the neighboring balcony,
 Wondrous vision I did see,
 One as fair as Trojan Helen,
 And as richly clad as she;
 And a graybeard was beside her,
 And so kindly he did prate,
 I might swear he was a Trojan,
 Sitting by the Scæan gate.
 And myself was an Achaian
 Ever since that blessed day,
 'Fore the garden-fort of beauty,
 Thus in close besiege I lay.
 And in simple phrase to say it,
 Many summer evenings long,
 Came I there to breathe my passion,
 Came with lute and came with song;
 Sang in many a gentle ditty,
 Sang in many a tuneful sigh,
 Till at last from lofty lattice,
 Sweet came down the soft reply.
 Thus for six fleet months conversed we,
 Spake in song, in song replied;
 Had her guardian's ears been open,
 Even this had been denied.
 Oft from sleepless pillow rose he,
 Full of fancies, full of fears,
 Deaf he might not hear our harping,
 More than music of the spheres.
 But one night—the night was stormy,
 Dark and starless was the sky,

To my music's wonted question,
 Sweet came down no soft reply.
 Only one old toothless lady
 Heard my moanings plain'd around;
 Echo only, ancient lady,
 Threw them back with sullen sound.
 Whom I loved was gone and vanish'd;
 In the parlor, in the hall,
 In the garden, in the meadow,
 All was silent, desert all.
 Ah! and never had I learn'd it,
 Where her home, what her degree;
 Often, often, had I asked it,
 But she never told it me.
 Vow'd I then to go and seek her,
 Seek her far and seek her near;
 Boots it not to read in Homer,
 When Ulysses' self is here.
 And before each high balcony,
 In minstrel's guise I touched my lute,
 And beneath no lofty lattice
 Was my voice of singing mute:
 And in field and city sing I,
 Plain I forth each tuneful sigh,
 Sing again each gentle ditty,
 Sung so oft when she was nigh.
 But in vain are my lamentings,
 Are my moanings plain'd around,
 Echo only, ancient lady,
 Answers me with sullen sound.

DURAND.

To the castle high of Balbi
 Durand hies, the harper hieth,
 With sweet songs his bosom swelling,
 To his merry gaol he nigheth.
 There will a noble maid, and lovely,
 Whom his witching tone intrances,
 Softly breathing, inly glowing,
 Soft look down to meet his glances.
 Beneath the lime-trees' shade already,
 With tender touch the harper playeth,
 And his well-known voice full-throated,
 What it sweetest knows essayeth.
 From the window, the balcony,
 Sees he bright-eyed flowrets bending,
 But the mistress of his music
 Sees he not kind glances sending.
 And a solemn man there passes,
 And he says, with eyes of weeping,
 'Of the dead the rest disturb not,
 Lady Blanca thine is sleeping.'
 But Durand, the youthful harper,
 Not one word his tongue hath spoken,
 Ah! his eye is closed for ever,
 Ah! his heart, his heart is broken!—
 —In the castle's lonely chapel,
 Mid unnumbered torches burning,
 There the Lady Blanca sleepeth,
 Wreath on wreath her corpse adorning.
 Sudden the throngs around her wailing
 Fear at once, and joy surpriseth,
 From her bed of breathless slumber,
 Calm the Lady Blanca riseth;
 From the sleep that bears death's semblance,
 And the hidden life entranceth,
 Like a bride arrayed in beauty,
 From her death-couch she advanceth.
 And of what had chanced unweeting

To her flying dreams still clinging,
 Asks she with a tender sweetness,
 'Heard I not my Durand singing ?'
 Yes, thy Durand hath been singing,
 But no more his sweet voice singeth,
 From the dead his music brought thee ;
 Him to life no music bringeth.
 In the land of sainted glory,
 Wide Elysium vainly ranging
 Whom he weens there gone before him,
 Seeks he out with love unchanging.
 Through the boundless realms of ether,
 Is his restless spirit driven,
 Blanca ! Blanca ! calls he longing,
 Through the desert bliss of heaven.

It is to these ballads, considered as pure and classical revivals, both in form and matter, of the poetry of the Troubadours, that Uhland owes any lasting fame that he may possess. The reader will observe, that the trochaic measure in which these poems are written (very uncommon in English,) was very common in the poetry of the South, and peculiarly characteristic of that of Spain. Uhland has also borrowed another rhythmical peculiarity from the Spaniards ; he occasionally, even through long poems, uses assonances instead of rhyme. The following short sketch may serve as an example :

THE VICTOR.

To behold the gay tourney,
 Lords and ladies sate in order :
 These were the unvalued leaves,
 My fair princess was the blossom.
 Boldly looked mine eyes to her's,
 Like the eagle sunward soaring :
 How the glow upon my cheek
 Seemed to burn my vizor thorough !
 How the bold pulse of my heart
 Broke the fetters of my corselet !
 How the soft sheen of her eyne,
 Was in me a fire fierce-glowing !
 How the mild breath of her speech,
 Was in me a whirlwind roaring !
 She a lovely April day,
 I November, wild and stormy—
 Like a tempest rushed I on,
 Thundering victory before me !"

The following little allegoric ballad strikes us as peculiarly beautiful ; a flower worthy of Wordsworth, save that it is dropt from fairy land, whereas the British poet seldom goes beyond his own dales, and collects his prettiest blooms from the springs of Dove, or the banks of Esthwaite lake.

THE WREATH.

There went a maid and plucked the flowers
 That grew upon the sunny lea ;
 A lady from the greenwood came,
 Most beautiful to see !
 Unto the maid she friendly came,
 And in her hand a wreath she bore—

'It blooms not now, but soon will bloom,
 O wear it evermore !'

And as this maid in beauty grew,
 And walked the mellow moon beneath,
 And wept young tears so tender, sweet,
 Began to bud the wreath.

And when the maid in beauty grown,
 Clasp'd in her arms the glad bridegroom,
 Forth from the bud's unfolded cup
 There blush'd a joyous bloom.

And when a playsome child she rocked,
 Her tender mother-arms between,
 Amid the spreading leafy crown,
 A golden fruit was seen.

And when was sunk in death and night
 The heart a wife had held most dear,
 Then shook amid her shaken locks
 A yellow leaf and sear.

Soon lay she too in blenched death,
 And still this dear-loved wreath she wore,
 Then bore the wreath—this wond'rous wreath,
 Both fruit and bloom it bore.

This is lovely. The following piece, though a mere flitting of feeling, is pure and simple, and not to be despised.

DREAM, OR REALITY ?

I slept beside the public way,
 On bloomy slope and airy :
 Dream came and wafted me away
 To golden land of Fairy.

I woke, mine eye was drunk with joy,
 Like one dropt from the sky ;
 I looked around, and with his harp
 A minstrel I espy.

I see him wend behind the wood,
 I hear his far notes roll :
 Was it then he whose music sang
 Sweet dreams into my soul ?

But of this next poem, entitled "The Serenade," we can say nothing, except that it is a pretty piece of religioso-poetical affectation, and full of Uhlandic mannerism.

THE SERENADE.

What sounds so sweet awake me ?
 What fills me with delight ?
 O mother, look ! who sings thus
 So sweetly through the night ?

I hear not, child, I see not,
 O sleep, thou, softly on !
 Comes now to serenade thee,
 Thou poor sick maiden, none !

It is not earthly music,
 That fills me with delight ;
 I hear the angels call me,
 O mother dear, good night !

We may now ask the reader whether these

examples (and they are fairly selected) while they do certainly indicate an extraordinary delicacy and elegance of genius, do not at the same time fully justify the criticism which Göthe and ourselves have made on the general character of Uhland's poetry? Is there not a very palpable want of strength, manliness, and substance? Among the several scores of ballads which the volume before us contains, we have only found one which has something of a more solemn and manly, we cannot even here say vigorous or energetic, character. Here it is!

THE DYING HEROES.

The Danish swords drive back the Swedish
host
To the sea coast :
Far roll their cars, their flying spear-heads
gleam
In the moon's beam.
There, on the bloody field, two heroes lay,
The youthful Sweyn, and Ulf the warrior
grey.

Sweyn.

O father ! Norna hath cut short my time,
In its chief prime !
No mother now may smooth my locky brow,
In death laid low.
And she who sang to me so sweet a strain,
Looks from her turret high, but looks in vain.

Ulf.

They will lament, and see us with affright
In dreams of night ;
But soon, full soon, will find their faithful
grief
In death relief.
Then will the maid, the fair-hair'd, give to
thee
The cup of joy 'mid Odin's revelry.

Sweyn.

I had begun a festal song to sing
To the harp's string,
Of kings and heroes in times distant far,
Of love and war.
But now my harp hangs desolate, and moans
The wild wind through its strings with mourn-
ful tones.

Ulf.

High where the sun shines stands Allfather's
dome,
The heroes' home ;
Beneath it roll the stars, and the storms blow
Far, far below.
There feast we with our sires, there may'st
thou sing
A song wherewith Walhalla's vaults may
ring.

Sweyn.

O father ! Norna hath cut short my time
In its chief prime !

Yet shines no worthy deed by flood or field
Upon my shield.
Twelve judges sit, and say with doom severe,
'Let none in story nameless enter here.'

Ulf.

Fear not ! one deed there is that all out-
weighs—
They know thy praise—
That is, to 'fend his fatherland from scaith,
A hero's death.
Behold ! they flee, they flee ! the sky is bright !
The welkin opes, and thither is our flight !

Here we have simplicity without simper-
ing, and sublimity wedded in calm repose to
the beautiful.

But before we part from these ballads we
must be allowed to give one other specimen
of that peculiar mannerism which Uhland's
one-sided imitation of one side of the middle
ages has led him into.

THE DOLEFUL TOURNAMENT.

There pricked seven knights across the plain,
With shield and spear they went ;
The love of the king's daughter to gain
In gallant tournament.

And when they saw the castle wall,
A bell struck on their ear ;
And when they came to the castle hall,
Seven torches were burning clear.

And there the lovely Adelaide
Lay outstretched on her bier ;
And the king sate weeping at her head
Full many a bitter tear.

Then out spake haughty Degenworth,
'A thankless task,' he said,
'That I my trusty steed should girth,
To fight for a maid that is dead !'

'Thou lov'dst not lady Adelaide,'
Quothe young Childe Adelbert ;
'To fight for her, though she be dead,
Is less than her desert.'

Earl Walther spake, 'To me give heed,
Let every one to horse !
It scarce may be a blessed deed
To fight for a lifeless corpse.'

Quoth Adelbert, 'Though she be dead,
Earth has no fairer thing ;
She wears a wreath of roses red,
And eke a golden ring !'

They rode out to the field straight way,
They fought with might and main,
From noon to eve, until there lay
Six dead upon the plain.

The seventh was Adelbert. He stood
Victorious over all ;
And came in sad and thoughtful mood
Into the old king's hall.

He took the wreath of roses red,
He took the golden ring ;

He fell beside fair Adelaide,
A cold and lifeless thing.

The king was robed in black—he bade
A doleful bell to sound;
And six free Rittersmen were laid
All in the clay cold ground.

The seventh was Adelbert. He slept
With Adelaide the fair,
And many a tear the king has wept
Upon their grassy lair.

This is indeed a doleful tale! That Geoffrey Rudello should have fallen violently in love with the Countess of Tripoli without having ever seen her, and that, after a long voyage undertaken for the sole purpose of enjoying her love, he should have died with excess of delight on catching the first glimpse of her beauty, seems to us, in this prudent age, sufficiently strange; but that seven living knights should have fought seven hours by Shrewsbury clock for a dead virgin, whose chief beauty was that

“She wears a wreath of roses red,
And eke a golden ring!”

this, indeed, is incredible! If such themes are to be handled, give me Ariosto or Berni, but save me from the solemn gravity of a sentimental German, who is ready to worship a doll, or the ghost of a doll, if it has only a tear painted in its eye!

We have said above that Uhland is blessed with a little, though not with a very exuberant, overflow of humor. No romantic poet should be without it. It is this that is the salvation of Tieck, as it is the want of it that is the damnation of Frederick Schlegel. It is but justice to Uhland to say that he sometimes displays a capacity for the ludicrous side of romance, which should have kept him altogether out of such a dolorous region as that of “The Doleful Tournament.” Justinus Kerner paints such grave and coffin pieces by the dozen; and as we do not intend to fatigue our readers with any specimens of his fearful muse, this of Uhland’s may serve as a perfectly honest surrogate. But we should not have expected such a dolorous piece of painting from the pencil which can throw such a sunny laughing hue over its pictures as in the following:—

ROLAND, THE ARMOUR-BEARER.

I.

At Aachen with his merry lords
Sate Charlemain full cheerly,
With richest viands groaned the boards,
The wine was flowing clearly;
Full many a golden goblet bright,
The ruby and the emerald light,
Within the hall was gleaming.

II.

Quoth Charles, ‘In vain this flood of light,
The gold, the jewels render,
One gem renowned, surpassing bright,
We want to crown our splendor;
That gem, more bright than is the sun,
May from a giant’s targe be won,
That lives in Ardennes forest.’

III.

Richard, Naims, Heimón, and Garin,
True knights, I wis and stable,
Milon and Archbishop Turpin,
Rise sudden from the table;
They buckle on their mail, they girth
Their steeds impatient, and ride forth
To meet the doughty giant.

IV.

Young Roland, son of Milon, spake,
‘Deem ye too weak and pliant
My youthful limbs, a spear to shake
Against this doughty giant?
Then let me follow at thy side
When thou lay’st low the giant’s pride,
Thy trusty armor-bearer.’

V.

Full briskly rode the horsemen good
To dark Ardennes together,
But when they came unto the wood,
There left they one another.
Young Roland at his father’s side,
O how he bore the spear with pride,
And eke the heavy buckler!

VI.

By day, by night, in forest drear,
Before, behind, around them,
They sought the giant far and near,
Nor far nor near they found him.
The fourth day came, Duke Milon lay,
With travel faint, at bright noon-day,
Beneath an oak-tree sleeping.

VII.

Young Roland looked, he saw a light
Far through the forest gleaming;
The startled wild beasts took to flight
Before its wondrous beaming.
He saw the stream of dazzling flame—
Right from a giant’s targe it came,
Adown the slope descending.

VIII.

Not Roland’s cheek the blood forsook—
‘What cause,’ quoth he, ‘for terror?
I need not wake my sire to look
Into a giant’s mirror.
His trusty steed is waking near,
His good round targe, his sword, his spear,
His gallant armor-bearer.’

IX.

His father’s sword he girded on,
His lance he bore full lightly;
His father’s shield he belted on;
I wis, he looked full knightly.
Thus rode he through the gloomy fir,
No word he spake, he made no stir,
Lest he might wake the sleeping.

X.

And as he came still nigh and nigher
 The giant laughed full loudly ;
 'Why rides my trusty little squire
 On such a steed so proudly ?
 His sword his length may more than mete,
 His spear will weigh him from his seat,
 His shield to death will squeeze him !'

XI.

'Thou bully giant, whoreson, soon
 Thy tongue I'll teach thee fetter !
 And were my targe big as the moon
 'Twould ward thy blows the better.
 The man is weak, the horse is strong ;
 The arm is short, the sword is long ;
 They eke out one another.'

XII.

The giant swung his club.—'This blow
 Will fell him sheer, I know well.'
 But Roland pricked aside, and so
 Upon the ground the blow fell.
 Then poised the youth his heavy lance,
 But from the shield of magic glance
 It came back on its master.

XIII.

He drew his sword, its bright blade shone,
 And like a tempest comes he ;
 Hard tugged the giant at his own,
 For he was somewhat clumsy.
 Young Roland cut him such a slice,
 He hewed his hand off in a trice,—
 His magic shield came with it.

XIV.

The giant's face it grew full long,
 He knew the fight was over,
 Unless the gem that made him strong
 He managed to recover.
 He ran to seize the shield—but see !
 Young Roland pricks him on the knee,
 And down the Hill he tumbles.

XV.

Then with a stroke the grisly head
 He from his body severs,
 And with the head, the blood so red
 Came down like many rivers.
 Then broke he off the gem so bright,
 That filled the giant's shield with light,
 And put it in his pocket.

XVI.

Beneath a rock, rich topp'd with wood,
 A well was flowing clearly,
 He washed his hands from dust and blood,
 He wash'd his sword full cheerly ;
 Then pace by pace he traced the ground,
 Till on the spot his sire he found
 Where he had left him sleeping.

XVII.

He laid him at his father's side,
 Deep slumber soon o'ertook him,
 He slept till ruddy eventide,
 When Milon woke and shook him.
 'Come, wake thee, wake thee, noble son ;
 Sleep will we when our work is done,
 And when the giant slain is.'

XVIII.

They rise, and all the wood explore,
 And right and left they wind them :
 Duke Milon boldly rode before
 And Roland rode behind him.
 Unto the spot they came again,
 Where by the hand of Roland slain,
 The giant in his blood lay.

XIX.

Young Roland looked, the giant's head,
 His hand, no more were found there ;
 'Tis strange, he thought, I know I laid
 Them both upon the ground there.
 No more I see his sword, his spear,
 No more his shield, his corslet here,
 His trunk alone lies bleeding.

XX.

Duke Milon saw the trunk, quoth he,
 The instant he beheld it,
 'This must have been a goodly tree
 Before the lightning felled it.
 It is the giant, sooth to say,
 Mine honor I have slept away,
 And ever must bewail it !

XXI.

Before the palace-door one day
 King Charlemain was sitting ;
 'What keeps my lordlings brave, they stay
 Much longer than is fitting.
 Yet, as I live, one cometh near,
 'Tis Heimon, and upon his spear
 The giant's head he beareth.'

XXII.

Sir Heimon deep obeisance made,
 Full sad and melancholy,
 And at his liege-lord's feet he laid
 The giant's head full lowly.
 'I found this head far in the wood,
 And saw the huge trunk drenched in blood,
 Some fifty paces further.'

XXIII.

Next came the Archbishop Turpin,
 (There scarce had passed a minute,)
 And in his hand a glove was seen,
 The giant's hand was in it.
 'I bring thee, sire, a relic rare,
 The giant's hand with hide and hair ;
 I bring it as I found it.'

XXIV.

Next came Duke Naims—his shoulders broad
 Upbore the giant's cudgel ;
 From dark Ardennes with such a load
 I ween he did not trudge ill.
 In sooth, liege-lord, my work is hard,
 A glass of beer be my reward,
 A glass of good Bavarian !

XXV.

Count Richard came a-foot—his horse
 Came with his weary load too,
 It bore the giant's heavy corse-
 let and his heavy sword too.
 'Whoso will seek within the wood,
 Shall find more armor strong and good,
 What I could bring I brought it.'

XXVI.

Next with the shield Graf Garin came,
 And in the distance waved it ;
 'He has the shield, he has the gem,
 His happy hand has saved it!'—
 'Good sirs, 'tis true the shield is mine,
 But where the gem is may divine
 Some God, 'tis more than I can.'

XXVII.

Then in the distance came to view
 Milon, he rode full slowly :
 He hung his head as mourners do,
 He hung his head full lowly.
 Young Roland travelled at his side
 And bore his heavy spear with pride,
 And eke his heavy buckler.

XXVIII.

But when, where Charles a-waiting stood,
 With all his lords, they enter,
 Young Roland from the buckler screwed
 The boss that graced its centre ;
 And in its stead the gem so bright
 He placed ; it shed a flood of light
 Around, like very sun-beams.

XXIX.

And while the gem with magic blaze
 Upon the shield was burning,
 Quoth Charlemain, in glad amaze,
 Unto his lordlings turning :
 'My brave duke Milon bears the bell,
 His hand hath slain the giant fell,
 His hand the gem hath taken.'

XXX.

The duke had turn'd, and saw the light
 That clearer shone and clearer,
 'What may this mean, thou little wight,
 Thou tricky armor-bearer ?'
 'Dear father, make me not to rue
 That I the clumsy monster slew,
 The while that you were sleeping !' "

In the following piece — an allegorical sketch of the rise, decline, and revival of German literature—there is also much ease, cheerfulness, and a faint blink of humor :—

A TALE OF GERMAN POESY.

There was a lovely lady, the tale ye know full well,
 That many a hundred year slept within a woody dell,
 But how that lady hight was, I wot well, know not ye ;
 I only knew it lately—'tis 'German poesy.'

Two mighty queens of Fairie the princely infant sought,
 And to its smiling cradle rich birth-day gifts they brought ;
 The first she spake full smartly, 'Smile, infant, while thou may !
 A speedy end I give thee, a spindle shall thee slay.'

The other spake full sweetly, 'Yes, smile and smile alway !
 The blessing that I give thee shall charm black Death away ;
 My blessing shall preserve thee in slumber sweet,' she spake,
 'Till years four hundred pass, when a king's son shall thee wake.'

A stern command was publish'd both far and near that day,
 And whoso disobeyed it with life his crime should pay ;
 The stern command was published to dames in house and hall,
 To burn in public bonfire their spindles great and small.

The child grew strong and healthy, not nurtured fond was she
 In gentle ladies' chambers where spindles used to be ;
 No ! in the rosy gardens, in forests fresh and free,
 With merry laughing playmates, there fresh and strong grew she.

And with her years advancing a lovely dame she grew,
 With flowing golden ringlets and eyes of deepest blue :
 Chaste was her every motion, her every word was true,
 Each maiden handicraft well, save spindle-work, she knew.

Full many a haughty Ritter did to her train belong,
 Heinrich von Ofterdingen and Wolfram, sons of song ;
 They went in iron and steel clad, with golden harps in hand ;
 Right happy was the princess that could such knights command.

To shield her stood they waiting in arms both night and day,
 And sang to win her favor full many a rival lay ;
 They sang of gentle *Minne*, of battle's bold array—
 They sang of knights and ladies, and of sweet bloomy May.

From ancient cities' ramparts the merry echo ran,
The sons of plain and mountain a gleesome song began.
The shepherd on the height sung, as mid the clouds he went,
And from the miner's dark home a merry voice was sent.

One May-night when the starlets were shining bright and clear,
And seemed to say, 'Fair lady, come up and meet us here,'
The lady clomb the turret high, she clomb up all alone,
Where in a narrow chamber a flickering light there shone.

There sat a grey-haired old dame, her wheel full loudly birred;
The law against the spindles, I ween she ne'er had heard.
The princess, who had never yet seen the spinning trade,
Came in, and 'With permission, whom see I here?' she said.

'My name, since you must know, is Blue-Stocking Poesy,
Beyond my study's thick walls did none me ever see;
I have a blind old gib-cat that sits upon my knee,
And helps to spin the threads of Blue-Stocking Poesy.

'Long, long didactic poems to heal your moral sores,
And goodly hempen epics, I reel you off by scores;
My cat has tragic mewling, my wheel has epic fire,
And comedy my spindle plays to your heart's desire.'

'My spindle!' shook the princess, and pale grew at the name,
She sprang away full deftly, the spindle after came;
She fell upon the threshold—had ceased to birr the wheel,
Behind her came the spindle and pricked her on the heel.

Alack! alack! to-morrow how many wail and weep!
In vain they try to wake her from out her magic sleep;
Around her couch are waiting her knights in dire distress,
And gold and silver deck it, and roses numberless.

Thus slept the lovely princess yclad in rich array,
Anon the knights around her in like deep slumber lay;
The minstrels in their dreaming still touched their trembling lyres,
Till in the castle's wide halls the last faint tone expires.

The grey-haired dame sat spinning within her chamber lone,
With her the busy spiders kept spin and spinning on:
Around the princely windows the tangled wild wood grew,
And through the cloudy sky shone no spot of sunny blue.

Four hundred years passed over, the king's son brave and good,
Came with his merry hunters a-hunting through the wood;
'What is this ancient castle, what turrets do I see,
That through the tufted forest rise strange and solemnly!'

Close by the road was standing an ancient spindleman:
'List, great prince, while I warn thee, as warn thee best I can!
Barbaric knights romantic, fell Anthropophagi,
That castle lone inhabit, great prince, be warned by me!'

Not mickle recked the king's son the ancient spindleman,
He and his merry hunters to hew their way began;
They passed the waiting drawbridge, the gate wide open lay,
A stag sprang out and left them a free unhindered way.

The castle's spacious court was as wild as native wood,
And on the fresh green trees sung the birds in merry mood;
The huntsmen press them onwards, their heart is full of glee,
Till through the bosky shade thick the pillared door they see.

Two giant-shapes lay sleeping beside that pillared door,
They held their halberds crosswise the entrance wide before;
Still fearless press them onwards the hunters one and all,
And go with steady paces into the castle hall.

In lofty niches lying all rich yclad were seen,
Full many lovely ladies, and minstrel-knights between ;
In solemn beauty sleeping, they moved nor hand nor head,
Like statued forms that watch o'er the tombs of ancient dead.

And in the middle rose up a gold-embroidered lair,
There rich yclad lay sleeping a virgin wondrous fair ;
With roses fresh and blooming that lovely maid was dight,
And round her rosy cheeks played a tender rosy light.

Much marvelled the king's son if living she might be,
And with a wistful kiss twice her rosy mouth pressed he ;
He felt it with rejoicing, her breath was sweet and warm,
And tenderly she clasped him, yet sleeping, with her arm.

Her golden ringlets flowing from off her face she threw,
And lifted, sweetly startled, her eyes of lovely blue ;
Straight in the niches rose up the knights and ladies all,
The ancient songs awoke loud, and shook the princely hall.

A morning rich and golden has brought us back to May,
The prince hath led his daughter forth to the blightsome day ;
The ancient Minnesingers march solemnly along,
Like spirit-shapes gigantic they sing their solemn song.

The valleys at the sound shake their drowsy dreams away,
And wake in youthful bosom the spark that sleeping lay ;
'Blest be the morn,' they shout all, in merry jubilee,
'That brought us back our long lost, our German Poesy !'

The ancient lady sitteth within her chamber lone,
And through the roof the rain drops her hoary head upon ;
An apoplectic shock sad took all her strength away,
May God to her be gracious until the judgment day !"

We think we have now been sufficiently copious in our translations to give the English reader—so far as such an imperfect medium admits—a pretty correct idea of the general character and style of Uhland's poems. Perhaps some may be inclined to express surprise how works, by no means characterized by any peculiar originality of conception, or grasp of mind, should have attained such a wide-spread popularity as to have run through ten editions in the course of twenty years. But these things are done in Germany, not in Britain : and besides, we must bear in mind that Uhland, besides being a pretty poet, is a man most universally beloved and respected, both as a private individual and as a public character*. If Byron's poetry owed perhaps one half of its *vogue* to the circumstance that he was a lord, and (we speak it with all respect) somewhat of a wild character, shall we wonder that Ludwig Uhland's poems are more popular than they

otherwise would have chanced to be, because he is a stanch patriot and a good man ?

We have only further to mention that, besides lyric poems, Uhland has written two plays, the names of which will be found heading this article. With regard to them we shall say, in one word, that we agree entirely with the generally-expressed opinion, that they are complete failures. The genius of this gentle singer is very very undramatic. The pomp and spectacle of historic show have helped him on a little ; coronations, conferences, and imperial knight-dubbings, are useful aids to a writer whose forte is not to give either energy to character or interest to action ; but such a writer should never attempt the drama. Formal declamation is not impassionate speech ; solemn show is one thing, scenic effect is another.

We shall now bring these remarks to a close, by shortly characterizing two poets who

* We feel much pleasure in here transcribing Professor Wolfe's kind remarks on Uhland, from the *Athenæum*, May 30, 1835 :—"I could write of him through whole pages, and yet not praise him thoroughly to my own satisfaction, for his patriotism, his love of mankind, his noble nature, and all the beautiful qualities of his character. Never has a man been so universally beloved and revered in Germany ; and I never read or heard his name

mentioned without demonstrations of respect, and declarations of sincerest affection." This is cheering ; and we will add, that this is not the only passage of that admirable discourse on German literature, in which Professor Wolfe has shown a heart as kind as his head is clear. We must say, however, that his estimate of Uhland's literary merit goes far above any thing that an English taste will ever be willing to allow.

are generally classed with Uhland, and who seem to recognize him as their head, in the great work of reviving the lyric poetry of the middle ages. These two are Justinus Kerner and Gustav Schwab. The most *Uhlandic* of Uhland's followers is decidedly Justinus Kerner. This man has been much praised by a critic, for whose opinions we in general entertain no small respect; but in this case, we are sorry to say, that party feeling, and, what is worse, local partiality, seem to have led his strong manly judgment astray. Indeed it has always grieved us much, to think that a writer of such high powers as Wolfgang Menzel should, by standing forward continually as the champion of a party and a school, have narrowed and distorted his views so much in some important matters of literary opinion. That he should have consistently followed up his vocation to beat down the idol of *Göthelatria*, before which he found his country in shameful prostration, was to be forgiven; but the fact that Goethe was an anti-romanticist, and Schiller a Swabian, should not have led him into a canonization of Tieck, much less into a foolish bepraising of such a puling Werther of romance as Justinus Kerner. But we are willing to make every allowance for the Stuttgart critic. The warfare of literature in Germany stands somewhat in the same situation as the political warfare of our own country. Impartiality is out of the question, where parties are judges in their own cause. We can see these matters much more clearly in England. We are Adam Smith's impartial spectator, and have, moreover, the peculiar advantage, that we do not look at any thing, (as the people in Germany are wont to do,) not even at poetry, through a mist.

We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying, in accordance with the spirit of the remarks which we have had already occasion to make, that the poems of Justinus Kerner are of no value whatever to the English reader, except as a mere psychological curiosity. Kerner is merely a sort of dripping from Uhland's reservoir; a melancholy straining where every thing bad comes out, and every thing good is left behind. Uhland, however he wants strength and nerve, has at least one indispensable qualification of an ancient minstrel—he is, in spite of his pious moonshine, habitually cheerful and blithe, a genuine disciple of the "*gay saber*," a "*gleeman*," in the *bonâ fide* old Saxon meaning of the term. But Kerner is all tears; scarcely one blink of fitful joy is sent, at distant intervals, through the misty waters of that woe. He has not merely a wicked trick of painting foreign sorrows as a sort of agreeable foil to his own spiritual self-complacency (as we have seen poe-

esses with a step like winged Mercury, and a verse as slow as a death-march); he lives in the very atmosphere of a poetic woe, and has joined himself, by anticipation, in mystic wedlock, to death and the grave. It is needless to say to a sound-hearted Englishman (however gravely a German might Kantianize or Hegelize upon the theme,) that this whining and whimpering in verse is a thing in every way most unnatural and most unpoetical. The disease is not in nature, but in the sicklier vision of those spoiled children of whim that gaze upon her. For—

"If the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god kissing carrion,"

why should not the spirit of nature's glee, passing through the watery souls of these men, be distilled into tears by the act of versifying, and each solid and substantial body of existence be evaporated into a cloud. But it is useless to speak of such things. We make one remark only on the wo-begone piety with which Kerner, and other such pitiful poetlings, choose to garnish out their puling sentimentalities. There are many in these times (not in Germany only,) who, like our poet, cradle themselves in the consolations, but gird not themselves round with the strength, of Christianity. With them religion is a nerveless elf, misbegotten between a sigh and a dream. These men will sing with David, when he calls forth in wailing, "*De profundis clamavi*," but they will not act with him when he goes forth in faith to smite the giant of the Philistines. Their life is an eternal rainbow of tears; and Christianity is—not the sun—but the moon, that casts a sickly rainbow of hope upon its span. They have changed the soldier of Christ into a weeping damsel; and, instead of God, they worship only the Madonna. Their souls can be compared to nothing but a sponge, that sucks in the sorrows of existence; and, when these are squeezed out again, they call it devotion.

Besides lyric poems and ballads, Kerner has written what he calls "*Flittings of Travel*," a sort of irregular wandering sketches in poetic prose. Menzel has praised this silly phantasmagoria very much, and he has compared the writer of them to Jean Paul! Kerner like Jean Paul! an honest likeness truly! as like as a cloud is to a whale; and there may be some people who, like Polonius, do not think there is much difference. But Wolfgang Menzel is no dotard; and we can only account for this striking aberration from his usual sound sense on the principle stated before—that he is the living head and champion of the coterie of Swabian romancers to which Kerner belongs.

For ourselves, after much reflection, we

have been unable to find any classical English word by which the character of most of these strange compositions can be expressed. *Twaddle* is too good for them; they are sheer and absolute *drivel*. We do not deny that there are a few dreamy imaginings here shadowed forth; some strange voices and sounds of unearthly music are here heard; but fancy has evidently been drinking intoxicating gas, and it is impossible to shape either man, god, devil, or beast, out of her fumy creations. The most cunning hand of the harper cannot bring forth an intelligible melody out of these lisping and gasping of preternatural tune. But we will not waste words on such a theme. We declare, once for all, an unmitigated hostility to this truly *German* madness. Away with these substanceless shadows of existence! these misty, bodiless anticipations of an undefined something, and a definite nothing! these abortive imps of an unstable fancy, begotten between the wish to be every thing, and the incapacity to be any thing! Give us a solid earth-based poetical existence, that can bear to be looked upon by sun-light;—no *οὐρανὸν ὑπερφαντον*—no day-walking dream—but a flesh and-blood reality of life, weighty with all the mass of earthly being, but pregnant also and buoyed with something which is nothing less than divine.

Gustav Schwab is another poet who has manufactured many ballads; and to him our principal objections are, that he has manufactured so many, and that he has *manufactured* them. He has, however, some virtues, and these all his own; for he is by no means a mere imitator of Uhland, as Kerner must be held to be, but has a style and fashion of his own. Swabia owes much to him, for he has hung a tale by almost every one of its old castles, and turned whole sections of its history into verse. This prosiness, this dilution, this smack of the old chronicler, is his great fault. He wants the neatness, the point, the elegant simplicity, the happy tact of Uhland. He has a most fatal facility of rhyming; and, like a good easy pedestrian, he jogs along without counting the mile-stones, happily assured that, by putting one foot regularly before the other, he must sooner or later arrive at his journey's end. The babbling brook of a summer-day does not run on with more pleasant self-complacency than the narrative verse of Gustav Schwab. But this is a vice of all your ballad-mongers. Scott himself could not escape it; Uhland alone has known to be short. Scott, however, knew how to sustain interest, and he could paint both gorgeously and truly. Not so Schwab. Many of his ballads are merely histories turned into verse; in our opinion, a mongrel

species of composition that ought altogether to be discouraged. It is a something that stretches itself out more formally than a ballad, only to court curious comparison with an Epos—an easy arm-chair Iliad, that a weary old harper, half asleep, might hum over to a drowsy congregation of heavy boors and listless boys.

We must not omit to mention one great virtue of Schwab, which places him far above Kerner, and even gives him a superiority over Uhland. He does not indulge in poetic tears; he has thrown aside that aspect of sadness which so many romancers think essential to the complete minstrel; he shows his pictures by day-light, and the sun shines even upon his cloisters. He is healthy, and sound, and natural, so far as a German romancer can be so.

In conclusion, we take the liberty to offer one word of advice to our poetical friends beyond the Rhine; and, if our humble voice reach so far, we hope they will take it as kindly as it is meant. Let them study *reality*; let them seek for poetry neither in the world before the Flood, nor in the world before the reformation, nor in the peaceful millennium of Roman Catholic unity that is to succeed the present strife and war of the Protestant church, but in the living actual luxuriance of existence before their eyes. A poetical tree is not of more slim and fairy fabric than any other tree; its leaves are not made of silk; it is not tinted in gold or silver; nor vocal with Dodonean prophecy; it is merely a sound, healthy tree, more exuberant in vitality, more symmetrical in form, than its leafy brothers. A Gainsborough does not require to go beyond the precincts of his native woods to paint the trunk of some venerable oak, which every one shall instantly recognize as a piece of the most beautiful vegetable poetry. Why should the artist who paints with words have farther to travel in search of the poetical? Is there no religion except before the altar of a Madonna?—no love except in the songs of the Troubadours?

It is no doubt true, that we English are deficient in the higher or ideal department of art; but that is our affair. To the Germans we say, study reality, keep your eyes open, and be not afraid to look at things exactly as they are. This your great master Göthe was continually inculcating on you; and yet, such is the influence of national atmosphere—so deeply rooted is the disease of mystification in the German mind, that even he—even the clear, calm, most anti-romantic Göthe—was continually deviating from his own rule, till at last he made it a matter of systematic boast, an exoteric doctrine which he was not

afraid to promulgate to the uninitiated, that "the world of art is essentially distinct, and ought to be kept, as much as possible, apart from the living world, in which common men dwell." The secret working of this great fallacy is to be traced in many even of his earlier works; but in the Second Part of *Faust* it has celebrated an ovation which future ages will look upon and wonder. In this work we are puzzled throughout by an utter want of reality; the very same fault, though in a different shape, which we complain of so much in Ludwig Uhland, and in the whole school of German romancers.

We say therefore again, to these poets, study reality, study human life, study human interest. There is a bracing strength in this atmosphere, for which no artistical gymnastics, no rubbing with the sacred oil of the Muses, can compensate. We are not called upon to write poetry for angels, or even for saints, but for men. We have no vocation to vapor it with eagles and condors; terra firma is our sphere. And if Ludwig Tieck and his disciples will allow us to crown our admonition with an allegory after their own most approved fashion, we shall give them a very cheap one. Poetry is like the wonderful bean-stalk in the fairy tale, the top of which mingles with the clouds, but the root is firmly grown into the earth.

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- ART. III.—1. *De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris*. Par A. J. B. Parent Duchatelet. 2 Tomes, 8vo. 1836.
2. *Hygiène Publique*. Par le même. 2 Tomes, 8vo. 1836. Paris.

WHEN the fathers and founders of medical science first began to investigate the nature of disease in the structure and organization of the human frame,—when they sought the causes of the ills "that flesh is heir to" in a minute examination of its morbid forms,—a general outcry was raised against them;—anatomy was denounced as an unhallowed and useless violation of decency;—the anatomists were stigmatized as despoilers of the dead, and shunned as denizens of the charnel-house. Those who investigate the evils and diseases of the social system, the moral and physical causes that deteriorate humanity in the mass, must be prepared to suffer similar reproach; the nature of their studies in itself sufficiently repulsive, while it brings them into contact with all that is shameful and loathsome in society, must expose them

to the calumny of seeking such associations from choice; they will be accused of reveling in vice and delighting in infamy; depravity of taste will be the least serious charge against them, a thousand tongues will be ready to proclaim their obliquity of intellect and perversion of feeling. It is true, that no one charges the physician studying in our hospitals with an abstract love of fevers, admiration of cholera and the plague, or a decided affection for leprosy; but the moral physiologist, who tries to find out a sanitary regimen for thievery and prostitution, and, in consequence, seeks the haunts where these pestilences are developed, cannot escape from the imputation of finding pleasure in the contemplation, if not in the actual practice of vice. Serious injury to society has arisen from this unworthy prejudice; if, while anatomy was unknown, physicians prescribed at hazard for organic disease,—if the nature of the malady has been ever found a necessary preliminary to the discovery of the remedy,—no less true is it that legislators are mere empirics, when they have not anatomized society, and that laws aggravate the evil they profess to cure when they are based on loose and imperfect analysis. It is with feelings of repugnance that the enlightened philanthropist enters on the preliminary inquiries essential to his noble purpose, but he is sustained by a high sense of public duty, for he knows that a time will come, when his motives will be appreciated; when it will be confessed that he searched the sources of national woe to work out the problem of national weal.

There were doubtless many wise and well-meaning persons who shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders when first they saw the benevolent Howard searching the public prisons, descending into the dungeons where disease and death held divided empire with profligacy and crime;—there were those who pointed at him as the companion of thieves, and shunned him as the associate of felons, while even the more enlightened wondered that he should dream of directing attention to a class of beings whose crimes were deemed to have excluded them, not only from the pale of society, but almost from that of humanity. He lived down the prejudice; ere his course closed, he saw his harvest of reward ripening, he heard it acknowledged that the proper object of penal legislation was the suppression of crime, not the venting of vengeance on the criminal; and he beheld plans for the reformation of offenders taken into serious consideration by the legislature and the government. If these plans have not produced all the good that was expected, the partial failure must be attributed to the want of perseverance in the investiga-

tions which the great philanthropist commenced.

The name of Parent Duchatelet has long been familiar to scientific readers; *Les Annales d'Hygiène Publique* bear honorable testimony to his exertions in investigating those questions connected with the public health, which must ever form an essential portion of the civic economy of large cities; but he has not limited his attention to physical evils; in one of the works at the head of this article, he has examined a moral disease interwoven in the frame-work of society, and pointed out the means by which its baneful influences may be diminished.

Before entering on this delicate and difficult subject it is necessary to point out a great error to which philanthropists are peculiarly liable, and which has produced many calamitous results. It is simply, that many aim at extirpating an evil which can never be wholly removed, and that from their failure in finding a specific cure they infer it to be idle to attempt alleviation. Poverty may be taken as an illustration; it is unnecessary to prove that the rights of property cannot be maintained without necessitating the condition that one man shall have much and another little or nothing. In this, as in most of the problems engendered by the existence of society, there is a balance of evils; if industry accumulates the profits of its labors, those who cannot or will not work must suffer destitution; there will, therefore, always be causes in operation producing a mass of misery and all that the utmost efforts of benevolence can effect is to prevent its accumulation. We claim for the other evils that afflict humanity the same enlightened tolerance that is bestowed on poverty; let us alleviate where we cannot heal; let us prevent the increase where we cannot extirpate the root; let us not in despair of perfect cure hazard the destruction of the patient. Prostitution is a vice inherent in the social system; it always has existed, it always will exist, until society takes some new form revealed to us neither by history nor by experience. Shall we allow it to grow until, like a moral gangrene, it saps the vitals? or shall we tear away the veil that shrouds its progress, apply sanitary influences where cure is possible, and the actual cautery where sound parts are threatened with contamination? The common sense of mankind supplies an immediate answer to the question thus stated; it is not only matter of prudence but matter of duty, to study this portion of moral anatomy, and not to be repelled either by the unpleasantness or the unpopularity of the subject.

Statistics supply the moralist with materials similar to those that anatomical facts af-

ford the physician; conjectural information leads both into dangerous errors, and we shall have occasion to observe that the faults of civic economy, both moral and physical, which Duchatelet labored to amend, arose from the neglect of the peculiar science that should have guided each specific inquiry. We shall begin with the moral evils, because they are the most urgent in their nature, and because they have been hitherto the most neglected; and, to avoid the dryness of mere statistical detail, we shall generally suppress calculations, and give the results, indicating the means by which they may be verified.

The extent of prostitution is the first subject that engages our attention, and there is scarcely any example more striking of the exaggerations that result from the neglect of statistical accuracy. There have been frequent guesses at the number of the unfortunate beings engaged in it, both in Paris and London; in the former capital it has been publicly stated that the number exceeded sixty thousand, and they were accounted very moderate indeed who reduced the number to one half that amount; but the registers of police, which have been very accurately kept during the last twenty years, prove that there were never so many as four thousand at one time engaged in this profligate course. Colquhoun's *Police of the Metropolis*, a work possessing more authority than it has any title to claim, estimates the number of prostitutes in London at fifty thousand, but the investigations instituted by Mr. Mayne led to the conclusion that there are not more than from eight to ten thousand, and that the smaller amount is more probable than the larger. This is a point of great importance, because it shows that the mischief is within the limits of management, and that we need not be daunted by the common error of its overwhelming magnitude.

The mistake of the amount of prostitutes is so common, and so injurious, that we think it would be useful to indicate the sources of the error. The first of these is, the fluctuating nature of this portion of the population; the superintendents of our metropolitan police have frequently noticed the rapidity and the suddenness with which many of those on whom they have kept a watchful eye disappear from the stage, leaving no trace by which their further progress could be followed. The registers of Paris contain ample proofs of the same fact; and if anything could afford gratification in the view of this melancholy topic, it would be, that repentance appears to be more frequently the cause of their removal than disease or death. A second cause of error is, that persons estimate the amount for the entire city from the numbers

found in certain localities, and this was the source of Colquhoun's enormous estimate. Finally, we have been informed by some intelligent police officers, that the same persons haunt different parts of the metropolis at different hours, and are consequently counted many times over.* It must, however, be confessed that there are no means for estimating the amount of depraved women in London with anything like accuracy; the nearest approach we can make to it is, that their number is not much more than double that of the same class in Paris.

The next point that we have to determine is, the causes that have induced these wretches to enter on a course of depravity and degradation, and this will save us from the necessity of investigating the divisions of society by which they have been furnished. It must, however, be stated that Duchatelet's researches, and the inquiries made by some English statisticians, lead to the result, that sedentary occupations, liable to interruption from change of season, caprice of fashion, or irregular demand, are those which produce the most pernicious effects on female morals. Out of five thousand one hundred and eighty-three prostitutes, the causes of whose fall it was possible to discover,—

- 1441 were reduced to this state by sheer destitution ;
- 1255 were either orphans, or had been abandoned by their parents ;
- 37 took to this course in order to support aged and destitute relatives ;
- 29 sought support for younger relatives ;
- 23 were widows endeavoring to bring up families ;
- 289 came to Paris to conceal themselves ;
- 404 were brought to Paris by soldiers, students, &c. ;
- 239 were servants seduced by their masters and turned out ;
- 1425 were mistresses, deprived of their protectors or abandoned by them.†

Let us examine this precious register more closely ; the first remark that suggests itself is the great influence of misery in driving unfortunate women to guilt ; the seamstress or milliner out of work, the servant unable to procure a situation, girls without parents or friends, for the most part imper-

* In one instance which we had an opportunity of tracing, the same person was counted seven times in less than as many hours.

† It is commonly remarked by all those who have paid attention to the subject in Paris, that a mistress is rarely abandoned until she betrays her protector, and that the more unfortunate beings of her class are constantly anxious to reduce kept ladies to their own degraded level.

fectly educated, and subjected to the influence of bad example, cannot resist the pressure of hunger. Duchatelet declares that

"One of these unfortunate beings, who still retained feelings of honor, struggled to the last extremity before she adopted such a disgraceful resource, and when she came to have her name inscribed on the police register, proof was obtained that she had not eaten a morsel for three days!"

We have here a conclusive answer to a certain school of moralists, who insist on the complete depravity of prostitutes, and ridicule every effort made to reclaim them ; but we shall have a more favorable opportunity of dwelling on this part of the subject ; at present we must continue our examination of the register.

More than one-half became guilty from the pressure of want ; idleness and vanity seem responsible for the greater part of the remainder. Those who came to Paris with protectors, those who lived as concubines, those servants who were seduced by their masters, seem to have been in most cases the victims of a hatred for work and a passion for dress. Duchatelet declares that libertinism is so rarely a cause of degradation, that he could not find one authentic instance of it.

The influence of seduction, as a cause of prostitution, cannot be traced, because few, if any, women become thoroughly depraved by the first lapse from virtue, and cause must be given for public scandal before there is a necessity for entering the name on the books of the police. But though the latter circumstance presents some difficulty in investigating the cause, it produces little error in determining the amount of prostitution, for the system in Paris is so perfect, that there is rarely occasion to have recourse to compulsory registration. Out of 12,544 enrolled during a space of sixteen years,

- 7,388 presented themselves at the office of their own accord ;
- 4,436 were brought by "dames de maison ;"
- 720 were registered by the police.

From this it appears that restrictive legislation would not present the difficulty of identifying its objects, which many English writers on police have anticipated.

But though these hapless beings may be identified, and though the causes that have urged them to enter on such a horrible career are not such as to destroy the hope of their amendment, it may be supposed that the circumstances of their life,—the constant indulgence in vice,—the continued presence

in scenes of profligacy,—the actions witnessed and the language heard—may so indurate the feelings, that there are no elements left in the head or heart, on which the process of reformation can be brought to operate. Were we to form our estimate indeed from what is seen and heard in the streets, we should at once conclude that the wretches are thoroughly depraved, and that all human means must fail to convince them of their guilt, or turn them from the iniquity of their proceedings. But it is in the solitude of the prison, and the sufferings of the hospital, that their real character must be studied, when compassion unlocks the secret stores of hidden thought and smothered emotion. — It was in these haunts of misery that Duchatelet examined the character of this unfortunate class, and collected the information most essential to effecting any amelioration in their condition and conduct.

They are conscious of their degradation, and are a subject of horror even to themselves; it would almost appear that their contempt and loathing for their abject state is more intense than what is shown to them by the innocent and the virtuous. They suffer the punishment which Persius declares to be the most appropriate for the worst of criminals—

“The haunts of virtue meet their anxious sight

In all their glow of loveliness and light;
Madly they feel no home for them is there,
And turn away in anguish and despair.”

We shall extract a few anecdotes illustrating this important fact:—

“Whilst I was employed in these researches, a nurse, a respectable matron, was engaged in the gaol; this woman became in some degree familiar with the imprisoned girls of the town, and used to converse with them in the yards; but she soon incurred their contempt. ‘What,’ they exclaimed, ‘she treats us as if we were honest women; it is quite abominable!’ Being one day in a ward of the hospital, unperceived by its inmates, I heard an unfortunate girl exclaim, as she looked upon the clear blue sky, ‘How good is God, to send such lovely weather to us! He treats us better than we deserve.’ And all in the ward exclaimed with one voice, ‘That is very true!’ Mere reflection on their degraded condition has driven many of these unfortunate beings to insanity. Some time ago M. Pariset directed my attention to one in such a state at *l’Hospice de la Salpêtrière*; this girl never speaks in public, but when she believes herself alone, she incessantly repeats, ‘How wretched am I to have forsaken the paths of virtue! How can I bear universal contempt? How can I live in this state of humiliation?’

In general there is nothing that these unfortunate beings dread more than a meeting with those who have known them before their degradation. I saw several in the hospital, whose sickness was occasioned by the sudden oppression of the heart, which these interviews produced. I shall hereafter refer to the case of one who became insane from the impression produced on her mind by the accidental sight of one of her countrymen.”

The records of the lunatic asylums in this country confirm the assertion, that remorse in these unfortunate beings frequently produces mental alienation; an intelligent physician connected with one of those institutions, assured us that they formed more than one-half of the female cases in the asylum over which he presided. He added an observation, which we do not find in Duchatelet, that, in a very large proportion of instances, he found that this class of lunatics had a strong tendency towards suicide. Every person that has searched the records of the *Bureau des Mœurs*, and those of the prefecture of police at Paris, has noticed the frequency of the observations “*faiblesse de tête*” and “*l’état voisin de l’aliénation mentale*,” in the registers of unfortunate women. The researches of Esquirol and Cullerier, published in the 32d vol. of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, confirm the frequency of this tendency to insanity in the class of prostitutes, and also the fact that it is owing to moral rather than medical causes. We have been informed by several superintendents of police, that they are constantly struck by “the childishness” of the unfortunate girls brought to the station-house, and they declare that in many cases it almost amounts to idiocy. Pride is not destroyed by feelings of self-degradation; on the contrary, it becomes intensely anxious and jealous. An insult is never forgiven by one of this class; respectful tenderness is rarely forgotten. Mrs. Fry’s experience in Newgate showed that it was through their self-love that depraved women were most susceptible of beneficial impressions; and Duchatelet mentions a physician who restored order to one of the most troublesome hospitals in Paris, by simply touching his hat, as a salute to the inmates, whenever he entered a ward.

Both in England and France, all who have inquired into this subject agree that these degraded beings are almost utterly ignorant of religion. Several anecdotes are related to show the wondrous extent of this ignorance, but perhaps that which we are about to relate is one of the most striking. Some short time ago, a girl of the town was seized with consumption, and, as she approached the last stages of the disease, she became anxious to procure some information on re-

ligious subjects. She sent to the circulating library to which she had been for years a constant customer, to procure a religious book, and obtained an imperfect copy of the Pilgrim's progress. She could make nothing of this sublime allegory, and at length sent for the clergyman from whom we had the anecdote. Her letter was a very creditable production, both in style and composition; it proved that she possessed considerable powers of mind. The benevolent clergyman, one of those who do good in secret, who never turn away from any opportunity of exercising true Christian benevolence, obeyed the summons, and found that she had mistaken John Bunyan's work for one of the Gospels, and regarded it as an authentic history.

But, though ignorant of religion, these unfortunates frequently display great fanaticism and superstition. It is a very old remark, that in catholic countries they form the most bigoted portion of the population, and were always remarkable for their steady attendance at an *auto-da-fé*: a similar remark was made during the No-popery riots in London, and the Church and King disturbances at Birmingham; these wretches were the loudest in proclaiming their attachment to a creed of which they knew nothing but the name. Duchatelet declares that they are remarkable for outward observances in Paris, making the sign of the cross whenever they meet a funeral, and struggling to secure a portion of the branches distributed on Palm Sunday. We have heard the same observation made by a catholic priest in Dublin; he added, that they generally seek out monks and friars to prescribe their penance, and sedulously avoid coming in contact with the secular clergy; from the same authority we learned that a crucifix forms frequently part of the furniture of a brothel, and that its inhabitants desire to sleep under the protection of holy water.

Duchatelet declares that the instances in which all feelings of delicacy disappear are exceedingly rare, and his observations are confirmed by the inspectors of our prisons and hospitals. It has been also remarked, that ostentatious vice is on the decline; indeed, there are few denizens of London who are not aware of the great improvement in outward decency that has resulted from the institution of the new police. A reference to the reports of the superintendents has convinced us that the real improvement is of much greater amount than is usually suspected, and that it is steadily progressive; though, for reasons sufficiently obvious, the proofs cannot be exhibited in a statistical form. But it is an encouragement to those

who hope to devise measures of repression and reformation, that there is a vicissitude in the forms of vice, and that no specific crime is sufficiently obstinate to resist a general improvement in the morals of the population.

M. Duchatelet investigates the manner in which these unfortunate beings employ their leisure time, and comes to the conclusion that nine-tenths of them do absolutely nothing. A few work with the needle or read romances, and still fewer practise music. All, he says, are very fond of dancing, and they have balls in different parts of Paris, which are crowded every evening. On this subject it would be difficult to gain precise information in London, but an inspector of police declares that he has remarked the abundance of small circulating libraries in suspicious localities, and he had the kindness to furnish some particulars respecting the class of literature most in demand in these places. Tragic romances of the wildest and most improbable kind are the greatest favorites—one called the One-handed Monk was always sought for with avidity; fashionable novels were rare, and the entire Waverley school out of favor; strong passion and violent excitement were the qualities most popular. But what may appear singular is a remark made also by Duchatelet, that obscene and licentious books seem to be studiously avoided. They are the instruments of corruption, and probably are therefore shunned by those who are the victims of their pernicious influences.

The observation that loose women are negligent of cleanliness is old and common; indeed, the most difficult regulations to enforce are those that have been devised by the Parisian police for a compulsory attention to neatness. It is even said that those who are most luxurious in the outer dress, and most ostentatious in the display of ornament, are the most negligent in the more important cases. There is more truth in the common aphorism, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," than is usually imagined. Gluttony is also a frequent vice, and drunkenness is still more common. Duchatelet declares that, in almost every instance within his knowledge, strong liquors were sought as a means of stifling reflection; but the habit of indulgence increases with frightful rapidity, and proves to be the most serious obstacle to reformation. The sin of lying is carried to such an extent, that, even in matters of indifference, falsehood is systematically preferred to truth; and this is one of the difficulties that has most frequently tried the patience and perseverance of the humane. Violent bursts of anger, and an uncontrolled fury of language, are of ordina-

ry occurrence, but these seem to result more from a childish weakness of intellect than from natural depravity. We must add, from the criminal records of England, a special evil that Duchatelet has left unnoticed, the tendency of prostitution to generate an enmity to all social law, and to place the wretched individuals in the position of patronesses of crime. Excluded from the pale of society themselves, they feel naturally attached to those who are banished from other causes, and seem disposed to form a federative union against the system from which they are exiled. The superintendents of police have averred that they are forced to keep a strict watch over many of these women, who would not on any account join in a theft, because they are always ready to afford shelter and protection to the shop-lifter and the pickpocket.

It is probably to the same feeling of exclusion from society that we must attribute the mutual charity and benevolence for which the class of prostitutes is especially remarkable. The French and English accounts agree that this is one of the most marked features in their character; instances have been known, in some of our prisons, of wretches almost depriving themselves of necessities to aid in clothing one of the sisterhood, who, when the period of her liberation arrived, found herself nearly in a state of nudity. Duchatelet declares that their benevolence is by no means confined to their own class:—

“My attention has been directed to several of these girls, who in seasons of distress allowed the aged, the infirm, or large families in their neighborhood, a loaf per week, and sometimes per day. I have already mentioned instances of girls, who, unable to support their aged parents by their daily labor, had recourse to the wages of prostitution to supply the deficiency; I have been assured that the number of these unfortunates is very considerable, but I have no means of estimating the amount.”

Our author maintains that these unhappy women are distinguished by the strength of their maternal feelings:—

“I have met with several who were disconsolate at not having children; they declared, with extraordinary energy, that the attentions which these little beings would require, would afford them pleasure sufficient to drown the memory and the pain of their degradation. One of them, with tears in her eyes, said to me, that the dignity of a mother would elevate her in her own estimation above the abject state into which she had fallen, and that she felt herself capable of acquiring the respect of those who should witness the zeal with which she would fulfil

the duties imposed upon women by the laws of nature.

“It follows from this, that there are no better nurses than prostitutes, whether we look to the care or the attachment they show to their own children and those entrusted to their charge. One of them, having lost a boy, about a month old, would have gone mad with grief had she not been engaged to suckle a foundling. Another, a lodger in a small room, having been committed for some delinquency to La Force, felt her separation from her child so keenly, that she pined away from day to day, and, in order to save her life, it became necessary that she should be liberated before the term of her imprisonment expired.”

These few particulars respecting the general character of licentious women are equally valuable to the legislator and the philanthropist; reform can only be effected by operating on the moral feelings, and we have therefore labored to render those traits prominent which are at once the most strongly marked and the most influential.

But we should greatly err if we supposed that prostitution is limited to the registered frail ones of Paris, or to those known to the police in London; it assumes the more dangerous form of a “pestilence that walketh in darkness; it is shrouded in such secrecy that there are many who do not even suspect its existence. The horrors of the state we have already described, great as they are, sink into insignificance when compared with the evils that result from clandestine prostitution. The young and the immature are its chief victims—those for whom monstrous licentiousness offers its highest price, those in the procuring of which there is the greatest risk and the greatest gain. The arts by which these atrocious criminals endeavor to baffle the vigilance of the police in Paris are vividly described by Duchatelet, and he seems almost to despair of any regulations being devised that would secure their extinction. It has been proved, that a system of domiciliary visits and extensive *espionage* only generated a new system of artifices, while it harassed and vexed the innocent, whose characters were at the mercy of every malicious neighbor. But one important observation has resulted from the experience of Parisian commissaries; they have had reason to believe that clandestine crime rapidly increases when severe measures are taken to repress ordinary prostitution; and they infer, that a judicious tolerance of those already depraved is necessary to the security of the virtuous. We are aware that this delicate topic has excited the attention of some of our most enlightened philanthropists, and various plans for esta-

blishing a rigid scrutiny have been laid before the authorities of the Home Office.—The great difficulty is to provide a tribunal proper for deciding the perplexing questions to which repressive measures would give rise. There would be an absolute necessity for two of the greatest evils in criminal jurisprudence, unregulated discretion in the judges, and perfect secrecy in their proceedings. Without both, any attempt at regulation will only aggravate the evil; the tribe of procuresses and go-betweens must ever baffle fixed laws of repression; their forms of guilt are perpetually changing, and, unless the restrictive measures vary just as rapidly, all statutes on the subject will be a mere waste of ink and paper. It is unnecessary to dwell on the evils that would attend publicity in such proceedings; there are few parents or guardians who do not know the danger to which youth is exposed by the gratification of prurient curiosity; there is no statistician ignorant of the effect of the imitative principle in extending crime. We know that one of the chief reasons why English statesmen have shunned legislative interference in this perplexing matter is their dread of the consequences that may result from publicity. It is sufficient for us to point out the nature of the difficulty; the remedy could only be found by a diligent investigation of the evil, and commissions are yet too unpopular for us to hope that the inquiry will be taken up by government unless there be a decided expression of public feeling on the subject. But, as our investigations have established that some elements on which a reforming process might be brought to work exist in the most degraded of these classes, and that their condition is susceptible of amelioration, we trust that enough has been said to call the attention of the humane and the intelligent to the importance of the subject.

We have said that abandoned women form a very fluctuating part of the population, but it is exceedingly difficult to discover the fate of those who suddenly disappear from the profligate herd. Yet the inquiry is one that must not be avoided, for if it appears that any considerable portion return into the general mass of the population, if we daily run the risk of entrusting to them our dearest interests, there arises a strong argument for subjecting prostitution to some *surveillance*, and counteracting, as far as possible, its pernicious influences.

Of 5081 individuals erased from the registries in Paris during ten years, it was possible to trace the fortunes of 1690, or about one-third, to a certain extent.

972 obtained employments of different

kinds; among these we found that 392 became mantua-makers or sempstresses; 17 went on the stage, and 13 became midwives:

242 obtained or set up shops, generally in some small retail trade:

461 became servants in different houses; 28 of these were employed as nursery-maids; 14 became housekeepers to old and infirm bachelors, and *five* were engaged as assistants in boarding-schools.

We cannot follow the remaining 3401, but we can form some conjecture by examining the reasons assigned for their erasure from the register of the police.

28 died;

239 were sent home by charitable persons;

1206 took out regular passports for different places, where they proposed to establish themselves permanently;

319 were placed in penitentiaries;

254 were taken back by their parents;

185 were claimed by the criminal law;

177 were incapacitated by various maladies;

138 were claimed by the *gendarmérie*;

121 were married;

114 proved that they had means of subsistence;

101 were taken as mistresses;

91 were sent to the *dépôt* of St. Denis;

28 were taken back by husbands they had abandoned.

Out of the 121 marriages, we find that in 56 cases the profession of the husband was not ascertained; 27 belonged to the lower classes of tradesmen; 17 were laborers; 11 small shop keepers; 5 owners of public houses; and 5 belonged to an elevated rank of society!

Also, out of these 121, there were 88 who gave proof that the wedding was on the point of taking place; 28 presented the certificate of their marriage, and in 5 cases the husbands came to claim the erasure of their new spouses. Duchatelet insinuates that these five who showed such absence of shame belonged to the higher classes of society! He adds—

“I know from the mouths of physicians and inspectors, that they have frequently recognized in select society, and even in the higher circles, girls of the town who in former years had been subject to their *surveillance*.”

Need we give a stronger proof of the necessity of discretion and secrecy in all matters connected with the judicial regulations that may be established to control or correct this evil?

Of those who disappeared from the streets without formally demanding their erasure, about one-half were afterwards detected in the practice of their former guilt.

5443 were unheard of for three months ;

2126 were again detected by the police, and of these 1415 were discovered in the first year.

These tables sufficiently prove that a much larger mass of the population is affected by the practice of prostitution than is usually imagined, while at the same time they afford grounds for hope that measures of amelioration would produce beneficial results.

Two means of amelioration have been tried in England, a union of emigration and transportation, and a system of penitentiaries.—The former is now generally confessed to be injurious; the state of morals in Sydney has been seriously deteriorated by the precious cargoes sent thither by mistaken benevolence. If the population of New South Wales had been like that of the American back woods, spread over a wide surface and engaged solely in agricultural pursuits, it is probable that the results would have been very different; but in a penal colony the population is necessarily concentrated, and all the pernicious influences of contaminating example necessarily flourish.—Archbishop Whateley justly remarks:—

“The convict is shielded as much as possible from the chance of reformation, by unrestricted intercourse with multitudes who are setting him, in every possible way, the worst possible examples: who do know his delinquency, but whose sympathy he must earn,—nay, whose ridicule he must escape—by a display of expert roguery and of hardened profligacy; and again, the terror of disgrace is as much as possible done away, by the offender's removal from the presence of any reputable persons for whom he may feel respect, and placed in a society in which there are abundantly enough to keep him in countenance; in which not only vice, but convicted criminality is the rule, and innocence the exception.”

In fact, this system has ended not in the reformation of the depraved, but in the ruin of the virtuous. But we are not thence to infer that emigration may not be made an efficient instrument of amelioration, though it must not be to a penal colony, or one in which a town population is formed. It is indeed a matter worthy of consideration, whether the establishment of a judicious system of voluntary emigration to some part of the Australian territories not yet colonized would not relieve our streets and our prisons from many who are forced to crime by mere destitution.

On the subject of Magdalen Asylums and Penitentiaries we shall be brief, because their merits have no need of being enforced by eloquence or argument. Their utility is incontestable, but there is a further inquiry—Have they effected all the good of which they are capable? Duchatelet answers in the negative, and in his account of the asylum of Bon Pasteur, which is superintended by charitable nuns, he intimates some causes of failure which may be read with profit in this country.

“There is too great a difference between the life of the prostitute and of the nun who has passed through a long noviciate; the latter has her thoughts constantly fixed on heavenly things; the former is often ignorant that a God exists, or that she has duties to fulfil. The prayers, meditations, and austerities which are the necessary results of the nun's belief, appear to the Magdalen wearying forms and an unmeaning ritual. It is only by slow degrees that the persons admitted into an asylum can be brought to appreciate religious instruction and devotional forms; virtue must be rendered agreeable, self-respect must be inculcated, and care must be taken not to daunt or terrify those who are admitted. The earthly advantages of virtue should be placed before them in the first instance, rather than the rewards of a future world. They should be taught the nature of their duties to God and society, their failure in the performance, the necessity and the manner of expiation; why they are secluded from the social system, how they may return within its pale. When once they have tried their strength and formed a hope that their restoration is not impossible, they will of their own accord direct their attention to the religious exercises, to which at present they accord only compulsory submission, and we shall not so often see the gates of refuge closed upon those who, weary of discipline, turn hopelessly back to their former disgraceful practices.”

The cause why so many plans of moral reformation have signally failed is, that the contrivers never thought of the materials on which they had to work; they proceeded as if they had a “*tabula rasa*” ready to receive any impression—a fallow-ground prepared for seed. Religious instruction was the first, and in many cases the only means on which they depended for success. We have shown that the character which the practice of prostitution forms is precisely that on which simple instruction operates least effectually; the very first lesson, the invitation to repentance, increases their sense of degradation and wounds their feelings of self-love; the confinement of an asylum is wearisome to wretches who are the most restless of human beings, and the authority claimed by a teacher provokes discontent. Employment is the

first great requisite; it generates the sense of self-exertion, and it changes the former current of thought. But this employment should be varied in its nature,—millinery and fine work should be all but excluded; some field labor, washing, making and mending coarse garments, and those branches of industry which do not require association, and which do not interfere with any regular trade. We must take into account the state of the Magdalenes when they come into the asylum, and their probable destination when they leave it. In most cases their chief resource will be the lower grades of menial service, in which, to use a common phrase, they will be required rather to make themselves “generally useful” than to show remarkable skill in any particular branch. There should be a provision for daily instruction in religion, but each lesson should be brief if it is designed to be impressive. Above all things, it ought to be impressed on those charitable persons who visit these asylums, to beware of encouraging flaming pretensions of penitence and religion. A clergyman, who was for many years a chaplain to one of these institutions, and whose piety is as remarkable as his prudence, assured us, that ladies who suffered themselves to be duped into the belief that they had made converts, often raised the greatest obstacles to real reformation. They gave little comforts to hypocrites who derided them behind their backs, and they subverted the first rules of moral discipline by giving to words the rewards that should only be merited by actions. Before we quit the subject, there is one observation necessary, and that is, the necessity of a special *surveillance* on the part of the government over all establishments, whether purely sanitary or designed for moral reformation. It is unnecessary to enter on a subject so large as the abuse of charities, and it would be painful to point out the pernicious results of misdirected philanthropy; but we feel assured that no beneficial effects can ever be produced unless private benevolence be directed by those who have capacity and opportunity for observing the tendency of measures, which, in the present state of our knowledge, can only be regarded as experimental. We do not expect that any means can ever be devised to extirpate the evil we have been describing. But what moralist hopes to banish vice from the universe? What legislator expects to remove crime completely? What physician professes to cure all disease? In society we must be content to alleviate where we cannot change, and to do a portion of good even where we cannot wholly remove evil.

We have bestowed so large a space on Duchatelet's account of the moral evils in

the European capitals, that we must run lightly over the physical disadvantages. The subject of the watering and sewerage of cities, however, is one of such universal importance, and has recently occupied so large a share of public attention, that we must not pass it over too lightly. The source of the evils to which attention must be directed is simply that every body expects more from a river than it can possibly perform without artificial aid. No one is ignorant of the state of the Seine and its inadequacy to the purposes of Paris, but few seem to know how much the noble Thames is abused, or how great is the inconsistency in the objects to which its streams are applied. From the earliest ages the cleansing of lay-stalls and sewers has been an important part of civic economy, but it is only in recent days that any thing more has been regarded than the immediate removal of noxious matter. Two very important considerations, however, are now beginning to force themselves on public attention; the pollution of the waters which are made the final reception of the sewers, and the waste of matters available and useful in agriculture.

A moment's thought will be sufficient to convince any person that the water of the Thames, into which so many common sewers, so many washings from manufactories, and so many impurities of every kind, are conveyed, must contain various matters in mechanical suspension, or chemically combined with it, which tend to render it unfit for domestic purposes or internal use. Its deleterious and disgusting properties were proved beyond contradiction before a committee of the House of Commons ten years ago, yet the water companies continue to supply this fluid, only taking care to remove the coarser sediment, which, after all, is the least injurious. To the amount of impurities must be added the influence of the tide; the stream of the Seine, as Duchatelet has shown, is adequate to the removal of Parisian impurities, and the Thames would assuredly supply a sufficient force of water for cleansing its own channel; but, owing to the tide, impurities are not carried down the river, they oscillate for a considerable time in the tide-way, and, as far as ordinary observation goes, it would appear that the actual change of waters in the river is a process far more slow than is usually imagined.

The methods by which the water companies have tried to remedy these evils are subsidence and filtration. The inadequacy of the former may be shown in a few words; though animal impurities, held in mechanical solution, would be deposited as a sediment, soluble salts would be still held in suspension,

and, as Dr. Bostock has proved, they would be increased fourfold in quantity. Filtration is a more effective process of purification, but numerous experiments prove that it is not a complete cure even under the most favorable circumstances, and that adequate filtration would entail a greater expense than the measures by which the evil could be effectually prevented.

Mr. John Martin, the celebrated painter, has proposed the following plan, which will at once be seen to be both practicable and adequate.

"I propose that, on the north bank, and for the western extremity of London, a receptacle should be formed above Vauxhall Bridge, for the purpose of receiving the King's Scholars' Pond sewage, and all the other minor drainage of that quarter. For the body of the city, a grand sewer must be formed, to commence about the bottom of College Street, Westminster, near Milbank, running parallel with the bank of the river, and receiving all the drainage from the north part of the metropolis, which now enters the Thames. This grand sewer should be constructed of either granite or iron, the top forming a quay, or line of wharfs, which should be above the highest possible tide, so as to secure the houses upon it from inundation, where the banks are now so low as to subject them to it. The sewer should also increase in depth as it continues its course towards the Tower, where it should turn off, using the moat if permitted. In the event of that not being allowed, it would pass round the moat, behind the London Dock, along Ratcliffe Highway, Brook Street, and the intermediate street, to the first convenient space near the Regents Canal, where the grand receptacle should be established for the whole drainage.

"For the south side of the river the same plan should be adopted, commencing near Vauxhall Bridge, passing along the bank of the river to Pickle-Herring Stairs; then branching off through Rotherhithe to any convenient spot adjoining the Grand Surrey Canal, where the grand receptacle for the south side will be constructed, on the same plan, and for the same purpose, as the receptacle near the Regent's Canal on the north.

"Provisions will be made for preventing the choking or bursting of the great sewers, particularly that on the north bank, during extraordinary land-floods—and also for clearing their interior from any obstruction that may occur. The first object is to be accomplished by having, in the side of the great sewer, next to the river, and at the upper part, opposite the end of each great street drain, a flood-gate, nearly six feet in length; so that if the sewage should ever rise so high, it would at once escape into the river. To afford facility for cleansing each great covered sewer, there should be large flood-gates to the depth of the sewer, to be opened when necessary.

"The second object will be effected by the erection of a light iron gallery, about three feet wide, and six feet and a half from the top of the drain, to be supported on one side by the wall towards the river, and on the other by suspending light iron rods from the roof. A man would pass along this gallery, carrying a safety lamp, to see and remove any obstructions that might accidentally have occurred in the sewer. The entrance to this gallery should be through the smaller flood-gates before mentioned, in the side next to the river, and they should be left open while the man is in the sewer, to admit some portion of light and air.

"The depth of the great covered sewer would be twelve feet from the highest high-water mark known to the base of the sewer. The declination should be twelve inches in the mile generally, and eighteen inches where, by its course, it takes one or two turns. By this arrangement the bottom of the great sewer will be sixteen feet above low water."—p. 21.

The first objection to the adoption of this plan is its cost; but we are persuaded that the supply of manure to the agricultural districts would very soon repay the original outlay. The manufacture of *poudrette* at Paris, has been found very lucrative, and Duchatelet has shown very clearly, that it may be prepared and transported, not only without danger but without producing any sensible inconvenience. In fact, those who are engaged in the manufacture at Montfaucon enjoy more average health than the ordinary class of laborers, and are proverbially less exposed to the influence of epidemic disease.

In the transportation of this manure, however, there are some dangers to be dreaded; it is a substance that rapidly absorbs moisture, and when once partially saturated with wet, it ferments, and disengages deleterious exhalations. Duchatelet thinks that these evils may be in a great degree remedied by a mixture of carbonate of lime from the gypsum quarries with the *poudrette*, a mixture actually used in the manufacture of urate, one of the most active manures known. But Mr. Martin's plan affords means for a more efficacious remedy; the liquid portion may be removed without danger or inconvenience by a system of moveable tanks with air-tight covers, and the transport either by canal or cart would be manifestly very easy. The solid portion, when desiccated into *poudrette*, might be subjected to heavy pressure until it was totally deprived of air and moisture; in this state it might be removed either in casks or cubic cases to any distance.

Countless experiments prove that no manure is more fertilizing than that which is daily wasted in enormous quantities by the neglect of sewerage in London; it is notori-

ous, that what now produces disgust and disease might be made a source of wealth and growth. We have permission to insert a letter from an eminent agriculturist, who has made a long series of experiments on soils and manures; his name we are not at liberty to mention, but our readers may be assured that he is one of the few who has made a fortune by farming, and in the present state of agriculture we could give no better proof of his ability.

"My attention was first called to the subject by observing the effect of manured water in my flower-garden. The drains from the glebe and charter school fall into a ditch that runs at the lower end of my garden-wall, and forms a pool farther down the hill. My boys, weary of going to fill their watering pots at the pump, broke a hole in the wall, and made a dam across the ditch, from which they got all the water required for the garden. I had soon the best flowers and vegetables in the country; yet there was nothing offensive to the smell, for the practice had been continued several years before it was even suspected by myself, my wife, or my daughters, who are, as you know, enthusiastic florists.

"I applied liquid manure by carts similar to those used for watering London, and found it far superior to bone dust, especially for the turnip and rape crops. If used in large quantities it will make the ground too rich for corn. . . . Solid animal manure is best used in the form of 'poudrette,' but the drying is no easy process; I have tried some experiments with compression, and as far as my defective means went, I found it efficacious.

"Pure urate is not as valuable as stercorate, or lime saturated with liquid manure of every kind, but either is superior to powdered bone, and equal, at least, to the best supply from the stable.

"Lime soon destroys all unpleasant effluvia, and where this cannot be easily had, the manure may be ploughed in as fast as it is spread.

"The fertilizing effects of the liquid manure does not continue more than a season, but the beneficial effects of the solid matter continue for several years."

We have now shown, that what has been generally regarded as the chief nuisance of the metropolis, may be made the means of effecting benefit to the country, and we have pointed out the urgent necessity of immediate attention to the subject. Both the moral and physical evils incident to large towns require early and constant watchfulness, but remedial measures can only be efficacious when they are the result of long and careful observation. We have taken the most prominent moral evil and the most marked physical evil, and we have seen that to both the same observation applies, namely, individual

interference without a fixed plan aggravates the evil it professes to cure, or suggests a remedy worse than the disease. We want a board of health and morals, to superintend this vast metropolis; until that is established there can be no systematic operations, one set of men will be working in direct opposition to another, charity may diffuse poison instead of food, and benevolence produce the worst effects of satanic misanthropy.

There is no use in dwelling further on subjects so repulsive as those to which we have been now compelled by our strong sense of public duty; the evils are inherent in society, they are extensive in their influences, and, when uncontrolled, they are fatal in their consequences; but while we have not disguised their magnitude, we have shown that there is nothing either in the moral or the physical peril that need daunt the philanthropist or the legislator; we have shown to both the elements of good in the midst of evil; we have intimated the means of redress; but again and again we must repeat that accurate and minute investigations are the only sure guides to remedial measures, and that in nothing so much as in the social constitution is the Baconian aphorism more strongly exemplified, that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

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- ART. V.—1. *Sagen und Romantische Erzählungen.* (Legends and Romantic Tales.) Von Ludwig Rellstab. 3 vols. 12mo. Berlin, 1825, 1829.
2. *Algier und Paris, im Jahre 1830.* (Algiers and Paris in 1830.) Von Ludwig Rellstab. 3 vols. 12mo. Berlin, 1830, 1831.
3. 1812. *Ein Historischer Roman, zweite Auflage.* (1812. An Historical Novel, 2d edition.) Von Ludwig Rellstab. 4 vols. 8vo, Leipzig. 1836.

We have, as occasion offered, made our readers acquainted with divers new German novelists, and nearly as many new styles of German novels, if not with all those styles enumerated by one of them (for which we refer to our thirty-sixth Number.) We have now again to introduce a new German novelist to the English public, but one who does not, like our last friend, Baron Sternberg, confine himself to a single species of the many recently discovered or invented, classed, named, and registered, in the literary peerage. Far otherwise. In the ten volumes of Rellstab's, the titles of which head the present article, we find the ordinary ro-

mance, the fashionable artistic novel, the obsolete—obsolete by a full half score of years—supernatural romance, and the historical novel, after the fashion, however, not of Sir Walter Scott, but of Tromlitz, in which a very little love, and somewhat, though not much more of individual interest, serve as means of developing and displaying history and national character, as modified by times and circumstances. Of all of these we must speak in turn, according to their relative merits, importance and popularity.

The preternatural legends must needs, in our enlightened age, be utterly disdained; and we are further bound to confess, that they are the most common-place of Rellstab's writings. Upon them, therefore, we shall not waste another word.

The artistic novels are, to us at least, so far original, that they are uniformly musical, and offer a somewhat extraordinary commixture of critical disquisition upon fugues, cadences, discords, and their resolution, melody and chromatic science, or shall we rather say upon the comparative excellencies and defects of Mozart and Rossini—with metaphysically romantic schemes for musically ascertaining the moral and intellectual standard of a lover—with the actual poisoning by a highly admired composer of a promising and talented young competitor, his rival in love as well as in musical glory. We doubt if either the disquisitions, or the investigations of character, would be interesting to the general reader, or perhaps even intelligible to the unprofessional.

The romantic tales are neither more nor less than romances; though we must say that one of them, the Augsburg Goldsmith, is as pretty a story, and we apprehend, as faithful a portraiture of the German free-Imperial citizens of the fifteenth century, as we have met with. We should like well to give an abstract of it with ample extracts,—but as Rellstab's reputation rests upon his more considerable productions, it is to them that we are bound to devote our attention; and first to that which was first published, although latest in date of story.

Algiers and Paris in 1830 consists of what the author is pleased to call two novels, although a novel in two parts would be the more correct designation, if indeed one series of adventures, utterly incomplete until the end of the last volume, may properly be capable of even so much division. Some of these adventures occur in Africa, immediately prior to, and during, the siege of Algiers,—others, integrally connected with them, in France, the catastrophe being partly brought about by the conflicts of the three July days; in which conflicts the triumphs of the people ap-

pear mainly due to an outlawed Napoleonite veteran, who returns at the critical minute from Algerine captivity and thralldom. We will extract one of the African scenes.

Two French brigs have, prior to the landing of the French besieging army, been wrecked upon the Barbary coast. The crews have got on shore, and, after some deliberation, made up their minds to repair to Algiers, and there surrender as prisoners of war to the Dey. They set forward on their melancholy expedition.

"They had reached the foot of a low rising ground, when Jean, who with the merriest countenance possible, but sad ill-boding heart, walked close behind Victor and Adolphe, touched the latter, and, pointing to the hill, said, 'See you that, lieutenant? That looks something like a chamois outpost, but I fear will hardly whistle the herd to flight.'

"The brothers looked; upon the hill stood a man, who, by the long white cloak fluttering down from his head, was, although at least six hundred yards distant, at once recognized as a Moor. He seemed to be gazing anxiously around. Suddenly he turned, and disappeared behind the hill.

"Presently other heads peeped, here and there, over the top of the sandy, billowy ridge, which was in a few minutes crowned with Arabs. The shipwrecked wanderers soon ascertained that, should the Moors meditate an attack, resistance was out of the question, the foe being armed with long guns, and at least ten to one in number.

"These Arabs are rapacious,' observed Captain Bruat; 'if promised a ransom they would possibly themselves conduct us to Algiers. But how can we make them understand us?'

"A young, slim, adroit, and bold-looking sailor now stepped forward, and said, 'I am a native of Malta, sir, where the Moors often come. I have sailed with them for years, and know their language. If you will give me authority to treat with them, I have good hopes to insure our safety. But then you must do punctually, as I shall direct.'

"The captains looked at each other, ascertained each other's approbation, and then Captain Assigny spoke. 'So be it, my lad; if thou canst play the interpreter, go to them. But be cautious, and recollect that the lives of all thy comrades hang upon thy words.'

"Never fear, captain,' exclaimed the Maltese, boldly, 'I think to get us all out of the scrape, for well do I know this tricky and malignant race.'

"With that, he took out a handkerchief, wound it in token of peace, about his left arm, and rapidly and with an easy air, walked towards the foe. The rest halted to await the result of his mission.

"When the interpreter came near the Moors, many of whom were on horseback, he bowed low with crossed arms, then lifting his right hand, pointed to heaven, as a sign that he desired to be a messenger of peace.

Three surly-looking greybeards, with wild countenances, alighted and approached him. The Maltese shouted to them in the Moorish Arabic dialect.—‘I come in peace; I solicit protection for myself and my friends of the magnanimous Moors, the sons of the Prophet. We are shipwrecked sailors.’

“‘Of what country art thou, Frank?’ questioned the Moor imperiously.

“‘We are all English,’ answered the Maltese impudently. ‘Sec, there the wrecks of our stranded vessels, in which we were bringing you, the True Believers, means to assist you in driving away your French enemies.’

“The mistrustful Moor examined the Maltese with piercing gaze. Suddenly he drew his dagger, sprang upon the humbly bending suppliant, grappled him fiercely by the neck with his left hand, and set his pointed blade upon his breast, with the words, ‘Thou liest, vile Frank! Confess, thou art not one of those islanders!’

“‘As true a Briton as thou art a Mussulman,’ replied the Maltese, audaciously, whilst the Moor keenly watched him, to ascertain by his anxiety whether he spoke truth or falsehood.

“The stout-hearted interpreter looked him coldly, almost carelessly, in the face.

“‘Dost not tremble, Christian?’

“‘Not I. For I am certain thou wilt not kill me. No one will give thee money for my dis severed head; nay, the Dey, thy master, might, like enough, punish thee for cutting it off. Whilst if thou takest me and my comrades safe to the great town, our King, be assured, will give thee many piastres for every head.’

“The Moor beckoned his two companions. They drew their sabres, brandished them over the head of the Maltese, and exclaimed, ‘Confess, Christian! Thou art cheating the sons of the Prophet.’

“The Maltese laughed loudly, and repeated what he had said.

“‘Thou art undaunted, and we believe thee. But if thou provest to have deceived us, we will tear out thy dissembling tongue, and fill thy lying mouth with molten lead. Now go, tell thy comrades that the magnanimous sons of the Prophet grant them their protection.’”

This promised protection, although in the end it commits a good number of the shipwrecked sailors to the Algerine bagnio, does not prevent their previous plunder and ill usage, or, upon a sudden alarm of a French landing, the murder of many. Amongst the scenes with the Arabs, a few are striking; but as we entertain some doubts of our author’s perfect familiarity with Bedouin manners, the specimen already given may suffice, the more especially as the larger share of our time and space must be allotted to the last and the most esteemed of Rellstab’s publications.

His historic novel, 1812, gives us much of Count Segur’s history of the French cam-

paign in Russia, individualized and partially novelized, if we may be allowed the expressions, by connecting the discouraging success of the advance, the sanguinary battle of the Moskwa, the conflagration of Moscow, and the unspeakable, sickening horrors of the retreat, with the patriotic enthusiasm and energies of a Polish hero, and with the fortunes of a couple of German youths, the nominal heroes, whom the Pole protects from the malice of two subordinate French civilians. This historic novel, published in 1834, had last year reached the second edition, of which is the copy before us, and has been translated into Dutch and Danish, if not more languages. The immense influence exercised by the results of the Russian campaign over the destinies of the Continent might alone, perhaps, account for the popularity of a novel, recalling and reproducing, under the attractive garb of fiction, the most impressive incidents of that campaign; and this our author has done with much effect. But his volumes possess other merits. Many of the characters are well conceived and drawn; Rasinski, the experienced, daring, and ever self-possessed warrior, the patriotic Pole, anticipating the resuscitation of his country from Napoleon’s triumph over Russia, takes a strong hold upon the affections; the fantastic nature of the nascent loves of Ludwig and Bianca pleases the fancy; the sort of Richardsonian reality given, according to the now prevalent German fashion, to the persons brought forward, insensibly engages our interest as for our living acquaintance; many of the martial scenes are vividly portrayed, and powerfully is the gradual demoralization of the soldiery, amidst the disasters and sufferings of the retreat, depicted.

Yet, whilst allowing all these merits, we must confess that, as a whole, 1812 does not please us. As a work of art it is faulty. We apprehend that Segur’s graphic history of that dreadful campaign is still too fresh in our memory for effective repetition, for admitting the tint of ideality indispensable to our pleasure in fiction. Thence an insane lover and a fugitive *inamorata* appear woefully out of place amidst, as out of keeping with, the horrors, physical and moral, of the retreat; while all our romance revolts against Marie, who, after nobly sacrificing the mutual attachment between herself and Rasinski to patriotism, transforms her hopeless passion for the magnificent Pole into a commonplace second love for that personification of German *burschenschaft*, Bernhard. Moreover we utterly dislike the sort of obscurity thrown over the fate of Rasinski, who, being last seen with Prince Poniatowski at the battle of Leipzig, is supposed to have been drowned with

him. This is the third recent hero thus disposed of; Mr. James's Gipsy, and Signor Niccolini's Nabucco-Napoleon making up the *trio*. We would fain hope we are not yet too old to relish novelty; but, even at the hazard of incurring that fearful imputation,—fearful in this age of juvenile ascendancy,—we must confess our decided preference for the old fashion of elucidating all mysteries at the end of a narrative, which enabled the reader to lay down the last volume of a novel with a mind perfectly satisfied of the death or happiness—at least during the honey-moon—of the several parties.

But whatever be our objections to Rellstab's 1812, both its popularity and its merits require that we should give our readers some extracts from it, as also some general idea of the story.

Ludwig Rosen, the son of a widow, living in narrow circumstances at Dresden, has, whilst travelling in Italy, been fascinated by the casual apparitions of the beautiful daughter of a seemingly wealthy family, whose very name and country he knows not. At Duomo d'Ossola he again accidentally lights upon his *incognita*. He now sees her, unaccompanied, except by a seeming duenna and one old domestic, amidst a crowd, pale and agitated, and in apparently anxious expostulation with the French officer on guard at the town gate.

"Ludwig, pressing hastily forward, stepped out of the throng. Her eye fell upon him, and the sudden emotion of joyful surprise that passed over her features bespoke her recognition of him. He was about to accost her, but, as his lips unclosed to speak, she exclaimed in French, with manifest precipitation, 'There is my brother!' and hastened towards him. The astonished Ludwig apprehended some mistake, but, before he could sufficiently recover himself for a word of explanation, she addressed him in Italian, loud enough to be heard by all the spectators: 'God be thanked, brother, that you are come!' then half-whispered in German, 'I am lost if you disown me!' She now turned suddenly to the officer, took the paper he held out of his hand, and gave it to Ludwig, saying in French, 'This gentleman would not allow our passport to be valid, because you were not with us. See the consequence of your romantic fancy for by-paths, dear brother! You are Count Wallersheim,' added she, softly, in German.

"Confounded and amazed as Ludwig was by this strange adventure, he quickly understood enough to see that he had the power of rendering an essential service to the bewitching being, who stood anxious and tearful before him. Unhesitatingly therefore he entered into the stratagem, and rejoined, 'Be easy, sweet sister, I will speak to the gentleman.' He then turned to the officer, and in

order to gain time and acquire some knowledge of the state of affairs, said, 'May I request you, sir, to repeat your objection to our passport, as you know that ladies are too inexperienced in such matters.' 'From this moment,' returned the officer, 'I have not the slightest. You are named in the passport as the companion of the countess, your sister, and you were not present. Hence it appeared incorrect. The countess explained, indeed, that you had alighted to ramble along a romantic by-path, and would rejoin the carriage beyond the town; but our orders are so strict for frontier towns, like Duomo d'Ossola, that I could not have avoided requesting the young lady to wait until you, lord count, the proper owner of the passport, should appear. Be assured, however, that I should have deemed it my duty to send to seek you.'

* * * Ludwig stood speechless with surprise, the rather that the old servant, getting down from the box, took his travelling bag from his arm, laid it in the carriage, and inquired whether he would not be pleased to step in. In confusion, he gave his hand, with a few civil words to the officer. The polite Frenchman handed the young lady, closely wrapped in her green veil, into the carriage; Ludwig followed, assisted by the servant; the officer bowed, repeating his '*Bon voyage!*' Ludwig found himself seated by the side of his enigmatic unknown beauty, and the carriage rattled through the streets.

* * * * *

"Ludwig was about to repeat his question respecting this extraordinary incident, when his fair companion thus addressed him: 'You may well be amazed at what has befallen you: but the political vicissitudes that are now convulsing kingdoms and nations often bring individuals into strange and eventful situations. Such a one is mine. I had given myself up for lost, I trembled for what is dearer to me than life, when Heaven sent you as my deliverer. But will you afford me further assistance?' 'To my last gasp!' exclaimed Ludwig, passionately. 'Promise nothing,' said the unknown, interrupting him, 'till you know what I have to entreat of your generosity—it is, that you would remain my brother, and as such accompany me, without a moment's rest, till we are on German ground; and it is not unattended with danger to you.'"

Ludwig haughtily and indignantly disclaimed the idea of recoiling from any sort of danger. The unknown resumed—

"'That I knew; for that I gave you credit; but I have yet a more painful confession to make. I must appear ungrateful, mistrustful; for while I implore your aid, I must withhold my secret from you; I must, for it is not my own. I am bound by the strictest, the most inviolable duties. Scarcely may I reveal any thing beyond what you must already have divined, for that I am not the Countess Wallersheim, not even a German, cannot have remained undiscovered by you.'

"But by what name am I to address you?" asked Ludwig, in accents of pained disappointment. "And is your history to be forever veiled from me?"

"No, I hope not at least," rejoined the young lady; "and meanwhile you must be content to call me sister Bianca."

Various agitating incidents heighten and strengthen the tender interest of Bianca and Ludwig in each other, during the brief period of about twenty-four hours that they continue together. He manages to mislead the pursuer from whom she is thus mysteriously flying; and then an accident parts them as abruptly, and as ignorant of each other's name, condition, and country, as they had met.

Upon this adventure the whole story turns. The seeming servant is an intriguing Russian count, a secret caballer against Napoleon; the pursuer a French police underling, who had sought to use his knowledge of the father's conspiracies to the daughter's dishonor; and who, enraged at being foiled, virulently persecutes her deliverer Ludwig, upon whose head, as an accomplice of the Russian, a price appears to be set. He, with his friend Bernhard, a painter, so far falls into the power of this underling, Beaucaire, that his powerful friend, Count Rasinski, can no otherwise rescue them than by receiving the two young men, as volunteers and under false names, into the regiment of Polish cavalry that he is raising for the Russian war. Thus the civilian patriotic Germans reluctantly form part of the colossal host which invaded Russia in 1812, and henceforth the novel becomes a history of the campaign, taken, as the author avows, from Ségur.

And here occurs one of the faults to which we alluded when we said that 1812 was defective as a work of art. Our author, even while professing to consider the Russian as the just cause—how indeed could he do otherwise?—enlists all our sympathies on the side of the invaders. Nor let it be supposed that very extraordinary skill would have been requisite to awaken simultaneous sympathy with the Polish hero, Rasinski, and with the Russian nation, both of whose causes are just. A few scenes of high patriotic enthusiasm amongst the Russian nobles, of simple patriotic and religious enthusiasm amongst the peasantry, with a sketch of their sufferings from the invaders, would have sufficed. Rellstab has given us nothing of this; he talks of the justice and enthusiasm of Russian resistance; but the individual Russians to whom he introduces us are degraded and brutalized Russian serfs, or yet more degraded and brutalized petty tyrants, the proprietors of their fellow-creatures; all of either class who display any better qualities proving—with the

exception of the frail peasant girl Axinia, and the truly excellent parish priest Gregor—to be born Germans.* We ascribe this great fault of the book,—in a French or Polish author we should not deem it such, but in a German, writing of a period when all Germany was enthralled by a foreign sovereign, we hold it a heinous fault to interest us on the side of aggression,—not to want of skill in the author, but partly to his unbounded admiration of Napoleon's genius, and partly to an unconscious bias resulting equally from the political disappointments that, in many parts of the continent, have followed the French conqueror's overthrow, and from fear and dread of the present preponderance of Russia in Europe.

We will now select an extract or two illustrating the gradual demoralization of the French army during the retreat, and connected both with the pictures of Russian barbarism and with the story. At Smolensk we find the disorder begun. Rasinski, after establishing the remnant of his regiment, about a fourth of the number he had led into Russia, in the quarters assigned him, sends his two officers, Boleslav and Jaromir, with their men, severally to receive his rations of provisions and forage. At the provision magazine Boleslav finds a frightful scene:—

"The hungry soldiers and stragglers had crowded round the doors, like ravens round a corse, filling the air with moans and yells. Some had broken in, notwithstanding the guard, and flinging themselves in blind ravenousness upon the provisions, devoured them raw. It was evident that they had found only death; and what should have preserved the lives of hundreds was flagitiously wasted to glut the insane appetite of a few. Hence arose the necessity, shocking as the measure might seem, of opposing lawful force to this unlawful violence. The superintendants of the magazine were compelled to employ soldiers to repel their own comrades with sword and bayonet. They did not immediately succeed, inasmuch as famine appeared more horrible than a sudden and soldier-like death—and the troops were ordered to fire upon the throng. This dispersed them, leaving the ground strewn with bleeding corpses.

* In proof that it is solely to a German's interest in the cause of anti-German aggression we object, we must observe that, much as we individually abhor Napoleon as the enemy of all liberty—civil, political, and intellectual, we can, in "Rellstab's *Algiers and Paris in 1830*," fully sympathize with the veteran of the imperial army, in his passionate love for his master, and detestation of the pacific Bourbons. It is appropriate. By the by, our author makes Ney, whom he praises to the skies, premeditatedly a traitor, in league with Napoleon, when accepting the confidence of Louis XVIII., instead of, what we believe him, merely a weak man, incapable of resisting the Emperor's cajolery.

"Through such an horrific tumult had Boleslav to make his way, and steadily but sadly he effected it. But so great were the numbers of those entitled to rations, that hours passed in struggling and crowding, ere he could receive the provisions allotted him. His men were still obedient, and carried what they had received untouched to their comrades, to be shared together. No easy task, however.

"Close pressed, man to man, and with cocked pistols, was Boleslav compelled to lead his troop through the yelling, complaining multitude, defending themselves as against a band of robbers. Thus they at length, with great difficulty, reached the quarters of their regiment.

"Jaromir's had been a much less arduous office, as there was little pressure at the forage magazine.

"Rasinski shook his head on hearing Boleslav's report, and said, 'These are ominous signs! We shall not stay long here, but probably press forward with all speed to the Russian frontiers. In our present condition, with such utter dissolution of all discipline, a bold attack would be our annihilation. I sent Ludwig and Bernhard to receive ammunition; there they found few claimants. When the soldier forgets his means of resistance, what can we look for? Nay, even at the pay office, hardly a third of the regiments had applied, though all are in arrear.'

"'They are as yet stupified with hunger, cold, and the other calamities of the retreat,' said Boleslav apologetically. 'Think how hardly have even we preserved our courage; we who, under thy conduct, have been so much better off than the rest.'

Next day Ludwig and Bernhard are despatched to see if they can procure boots or shoes for the regiment.

"They seemed to know one another again, having now, for the first time since leaving Malo-Jaroslawez, had the power of changing their clothes, and effecting a complete purification of their persons.

"'Upon my word,' said Bernhard, as they went forth, we look quite magnificent. You are really a handsome fellow, now that your beard does not make an overgrown stubble-field of your chin; what a pity that there is no one here to fall in love with us!

"'Already all levity again,' observed Ludwig with a smile; 'but in truth it is something not to disgust one's-self; at least I feel comfortable now.'

"They walked on, trusting more to chance than to any fixed plan, for accomplishing their object, and took their way towards the hospital of the army of reserve in the lower town. In front of a large, half ruinous, but still habitable building, they saw two men cloaked in furs; they were evidently issuing orders.

"'Doubtless a brace of scoundrels,' exclaimed Bernhard, with gestures of aversion, 'who make money by our double starvation,

and look sneeringly on, in their comfortable pelisses, when the piercing cold wrings bitter tears from the poor soldier.'

"'They may, nevertheless, supply our occasions,' said Ludwig; 'let us try if we can get what Rasinski wants from them.'

"They approached the fur-clad men, whose backs were towards them. At the sound of steps, the strangers turned round, and the features of both parties expressed their surprise.

"'Do we meet again?' said the younger of the strangers, whilst his lips contracted to a repulsive smile. As he spoke, Ludwig, with a sensation as if he were falling into the chasm of a *glacière*, recognized Beaucaire, and his superior, St. Luces.

"Beaucaire, ere Ludwig could speak a word, or form a resolution, called out, '*Gens d'armes*, arrest these men and confine them in the strongest prison; they are traitors, sold to Russia!'

"Ludwig looked at the serjeant who, with three men, was guarding them. He wore the cross of the legion of honor, two scars adorned his brow, and his eye bespoke noble sentiments. 'You are a soldier,' said he; 'you will not refuse a comrade's request.'

"'Not unless it be contrary to my duty,' replied the serjeant gravely.

"'We are guiltless; we are victims to revengeful spite, and are irredeemably lost unless our colonel, Count Rasinski, be informed of our arrest; give me your word to make it known to him.'

"'Willingly, if I be not enjoined secrecy.'

"'He will reward you, liberally, and meanwhile accept my thanks,' exclaimed Ludwig joyfully, and endeavored to place his full purse in the serjeant's hand.

"But the serjeant drew back, and retorted, 'No bribes! I will do my duty as a soldier and a comrade, but away with your gold! Nay, what good should that do us here? we have more than enough of such trash!'

"'You are a man of honor! At least take a squeeze of the hand for your good will.'

"The serjeant gave his hand in silence, but with a look of good nature."

Our young friends are now thrown into a horrible dungeon, then taken out for separate examination, and Bernhard is brought back alone to this den of wretchedness. The soldiers express their unwillingness to leave a comrade for the night in a place that, in such weather, must be his death.

"The serjeant deliberated, then spoke with sudden determination: 'No, I cannot leave you in this vault, the cold is too severe, and grows sharper and sharper. A murderer they shall not make me, especially these knights of the quill, who never smelt powder, and know not what the soldier has to bear, while they sit in well-filled magazines warmly wrapt up in their furs! Whatever crime you may have

committed you must not perish here of cold and hunger. You look like a brave chap, and I must say the pride you showed under examination pleased me; it became a soldier; something, therefore, I am willing to risk for you, but you must pledge your word as a comrade to obey me.'

"If I cannot comply," said Bernhard firmly, 'I will tell you so beforehand, that you may bring me back hither.'

"Then you shall go with us to the guard-room for the night: but you must not speak a single word to any one.'

"I will be silent as these walls—but my friend?"

"Upon the same conditions he too shall pass the night with us.'

"There is my hand upon it in his name.'

"Come along then."

In the guard-room Ludwig and Bernhard are kindly treated—though strictly as prisoners—by the serjeant and his men, who give them a share of their own comfortable meal. But their only protector, Rasinski, had been ordered out of Smolensk, and their situation is hopeless. Next morning they are again brought before their covetous, malignant, and therefore relentless enemies, sentenced to be shot, and conducted, for execution, to a spot without the walls. Here, by sudden concert, they break from the soldiers, and make for the shelter of an adjacent forest. Bernhard succeeds in reaching it, but Ludwig is recaptured, and bound to a stake; a handkerchief is tied over his eyes, and he proceeds to give two or three testamentary commissions to the kind-hearted serjeant.

"Some shots were fired near at hand.

"Already," exclaimed Ludwig, as the serjeant, who was standing behind him, let go the secured handkerchief.

"But he heard the serjeant exclaim, 'The devil! what is that?' and spring away. A confused outcry and tumult now arose; many shots were fired so near, that one ball whistled close past Ludwig's ear. At the same instant he heard galloping horses, and a mingled uproar of words of command, confused shouts, clashing weapons, and firing. Then sounded the serjeant's voice, 'Forward! close your ranks! fire!'

"A platoon fire rang close to Ludwig's ear—he fancied the muzzles pointed at himself, and a death shudder irresistibly convulsed his limbs; but he felt himself alive and unharmed. The impenetrable darkness that enveloped him, the bonds that confined him, the strained excitement of his nerves and senses, drove floods of imaginations through his mind. As he heard horses' feet and sounds of assault, he for an instant fancied that Rasinski, with his cavalry, was about to rescue him. But he heard the Russian battle-cry. A wild 'Hurrah' rang through the air. The masses stormed past him; the powder scorched his face; yells, groans, the clash of weapons were around him; he was in the

very midst of the conflict's tumult, yet vainly he strove to burst his bonds, to tear the fillet from his eyes; all was night and darkness. 'Is it all a frightful dream?' burst at length from his convulsed breast, as he raised his face towards heaven! 'Will no one wake me, and end this terrible agony?'

"But no hand touched him, and the tumult died away in the distance.

"Some minutes elapsed in indescribable expectation. Ludwig struggled in his bonds. He felt that could he break them he might escape; but break them he could not. Now he heard confused voices approaching; rapid steps resounded beside him, a rude hand snatched the bandage from his eyes.

"Wondering, he gazed around; three men with long beards, whom he at once knew to be Russian boors, stood before him, looking at him with mingled surprise and contempt. * * * * One of the men lifted his musket, to strike the prisoner with the butt-end; he, in his shackles, could only twist away his head—not raise an arm to ward the blow. Suddenly a hand grasped the arm uplifted to smite; the form was that of a venerable old man, who, wrapt in a fur cloak, had advanced from the forest. His aspect acted upon Ludwig as the soft beam of morning dispersing the gloom of night with its images of dread. The grey-bearded elder, in a soft but earnest tone, spoke some words of admonition. The men took off their skin caps, crossed their arms upon their breasts, and reverently bowed to him."

This deliverer is the priest Gregor, of whom we have made honorable mention. Ludwig is now conducted to the forest lair of this Russian troop, where he finds his French enemies, Beaucaire and St. Lucs, prisoners like himself. Here his captors prepared to plunder and strip him; he attempts to resist, and again his life is endangered.

"A gigantic boor raised his club, and aimed a deadly blow. It must inevitably have crushed Ludwig's head; but a female shriek was heard, and at the same instant a dignified form, enveloped in costly furs, but with veiled face, broke through the encircling throng, and caught the uplifted arm of the Russian. Wrathfully he looked round; but when he saw who had stayed his hand, his rage was turned to abject submission, and he drew back with bows of slavish veneration. * * * * The lady stood, as though overpowered with terror; she tottered on her feet, breathed painfully from the depths of her chest, and raised her hands as in thanksgiving. At length she threw back her veil, and in accents faltering with emotion, said, 'Do you recollect me?'

"It was Bianca!

"Trembling he caught her hand in both his, bowing his head upon it; his tears streamed; it seemed as though his life must end in this excess of joy.

"I have then been able to repay!' said she, as she raised her blue eyes swimming in tears to heaven. 'Thy hand, oh, Almighty Father, guided my steps! But had I been too late!'

"All present gazed upon the group in speechless astonishment.

"Suddenly a harsh, masculine voice, asked, 'What is the meaning of all this?' Ludwig awoke from his trance of rapture, and started from his knees. A horseman had galloped into the circle, whose gallant steed and rich dress bespoke the leader. It was Count Dolgorow.

"'Oh, my father!' ejaculated Bianca passionately; 'behold our preserver!'

"'How? who?' asked the Count, as he fixed an inquiring look upon Ludwig. But suddenly he interrupted his expressions of surprise, with the exclamation, 'Thou here, miserable villain!' And springing from his horse, he dashed amidst the group of prisoners, seized Beaucaire, whose knees sank under him with cold and terror, and dragged him from amongst the rest. Dolgorow, to whom vengeance was more congenial than gratitude, forgot the latter emotion, to gratify the former. * * * *

"'Gracious God! how fateful!' cried Feodorowna (the proper name of Bianca), as her eye fell upon the wretch haled forward by her father.

"Beaucaire now saw her, and, bursting with the energy of desperation from Dolgorow's hold, he flung himself at her feet. Convulsively he grasped her knees, and screamed 'Mercy! Countess, do you obtain my pardon! My frantic passion for you was my destruction!'

"Bianca trembled, and raised her anxiously-imploping eyes to her father. But he, with savage fury, shouted, 'Seize him, and fling him into those flames, that every Russian may see how a traitor is punished.'

"Bianca stood a marble statue. Beaucaire, in the agony of despair, clung to her knees, striving to hide his head in her bosom. She must have fallen, had not Ludwig, springing to her side, supported her.

"'Execute my orders!' again commanded Dolgorow. 'Tear him from the Princess!'

"At this reiterated command, two men, bounding with barbarian joy from the mass, grappled the despairing wretch by the hair, two others seized his feet, and a Cossack, snatching his knife from his belt, cut him over the hands with which he clutched Bianca's knees. Only when the sinews were severed did his arms drop. Amidst a hideous roar of exultation he was half carried, half dragged away. His piercing screams of agony rang through the shouts and tumult of the blood-thirsty band, who, stimulated by a savage desire for the atrocious spectacle, rushed in a black mass to the fire.

"'Watch the rest of the prisoners!' shouted Dolgorow, and, passing through the crowd that respectfully gave way, he walked rapidly to the spot where his frightful orders were to be executed."

On the way from the forest to the castle, then inhabited by the Dolgorow family, Bernhard, nearly dead with cold and fatigue, is picked up; and Bianca now proves to be his sister,

stolen, and passed for their own daughter, by the childless Count and Countess Dolgorow, in order fraudulently to evade some testamentary condition, by which their want of offspring would have debarred them from an inheritance. The young lady flies with her newly-found brother and her lover from the violent and nefarious designs of the plotting Count, to the French army; and thus a Russian Princess,—she is the widowed bride of a Prince Ochalskoi, whom she had consented to marry, as the price of the rescue of a victim, her father's serf, from the knout,—becomes a sharer in the increasing disasters of the retreat, in the calamitous passage of the Beresina, &c. &c. Gradually she loses sledge, horses, servants, and proceeds on foot with Bernhard, Ludwig, and the equally dismounted Rasinski, with his daily decreasing remnant of a band. Even in this extremity, Bianca perseveres in burthening herself with a forlorn orphan, whose desertion is one of the striking scenes that illustrate the demoralizing, unhumanizing influence of prolonged physical suffering. A vehicle of some kind, loaded with women and children, as well as with sick and wounded soldiers, is overthrown and broken by the falling of the worn-out horses, in struggling to climb the ice-covered side of a hill.

"Suffering, and the imperative necessity of self-preservation, had so blunted all sense of humanity, that the passengers in the carriages remaining behind, rejoiced more in the removal of an obstacle to their own progress, than they sympathized with the lot of their comrades, and of the helpless women thus left destitute. These last soon recovered their feet, and seeing their own conveyance disabled, hastened, baggage in hand, to the carts, waggons, &c., nearest to them, upon which they endeavored to climb. Almost every where they were forcibly repulsed, as indeed there scarcely existed a possibility of further loading the carriages.

"Boleslav (himself wounded and in one of these carriages), felt his heart pierced by the sight of wounded warriors cruelly repulsed, and helpless women driven away with the whip. He rose and said, 'Friends, let us not desert our comrades! Come hither, old one,' addressing a severely wounded, grey-headed grenadier, 'we will take thee in, and one of us will walk turn about; I myself the first.'

"So saying he alighted, and assisted the wounded soldier into his own place. The example worked influentially, and every carriage took up one. But there were more candidates than conveyances; and a young woman closely muffled in fur, seemingly the wife of an officer, with a child about three years old in her arms, was refused admittance.

"Boleslav shuddered at the thought, 'Shall the mother be left here to perish, because incumbered with her child?' But colder was the shudder that shook his frame when he saw

the wretched woman fling the child down in the snow, and rush to the nearest conveyance, screaming in tones of anguish, 'Take me in alone then! Save one life at least!'

"This unnatural act of a mother awoke horror even in warriors inured to the miseries and atrocities of war. * * * 'Bring us the child, the poor child, we'll save that,' cried a *chasseur*, leaning from the waggon that Alisette was attempting to climb, and driving her away with blows.

"[By the way, the mother being now recognized, we beg to state that she was not the wife of any body, although she had managed to preserve her reputation.] Boleslav did so, and the rough, bearded warrior kissed and caressed the deserted infant. Alisette, meanwhile, ran in frantic agony to another carriage, and weeping and wringing her hands, sought to excite pity. But aversion filled all hearts, and a grey-headed serjeant answered, 'Away, she-wolf! Trudge afoot, as you can, through the snow!'

"'Oh, have pity on my youth!' moaned Alisette, and flung herself on her knees in the snow, and wrung her hands in despair. * * * 'What, must I perish in this wilderness!' With these words, starting passionately up, she darted upon the carriage where the trembling child was nestled in the *chasseur's* bosom. Before her purpose could be conjectured, she snatched away the little innocent, hurled it again upon the ground, and cried, 'Leave it there! She knows not how delicious is life, how terrible death here. Me, save me! I know how beautiful this world is, for I have seen better days!' As she spoke, she strove, with spasmodic efforts, to scramble into the waggon, unheeding the hard blows inflicted by the *chasseur's* heavy fist. 'Away poisonous serpent! Away viper!' he cried in exasperation. 'To take thee in were to invite the wrath of God. Let the wolves devour thee, thou worse than a wolf!' And, assisted by his neighbor, he forced away her convulsively clutching hands, and threw her back. She fell stunned on the hard ground."

We have not room for the detail of her frantic despair, her clinging round the feet of Boleslav, whose endeavor to encourage her to walk, supported and guided by him, she scarcely seems to hear; but will briefly state that, when she is torn from his feet, she clings to the wheel of the last carriage. The exhausted horses are unable to overcome this obstacle to their progress, and a wounded cuirassier presents his pistol, threatening to fire if she persists.

"Paralyzed by the sudden fright, she loosed her hold, and lay whining and moaning in the road. So Boleslav saw her as he looked back, and hesitated whether again he would not return to her aid; but his comrades forcibly hurried him forward, and the young soldier who supported him, (in his weakened state he was exhausted with the scene and the

struggle,) exclaimed, 'Leave her, leave her! Touch not the mother who could kill her own child, lest the curse of Heaven fall upon us. Leave her, she meets with her fitting punishment!'

Of the child thus thrown upon the mercy of strangers, Bianca afterwards takes charge; and, after the dreadful passage of the Bérésina, Bernhard is carrying it, following at a little distance his sister and Ludwig.

"At this moment a voice bellowed to him from behind, 'Stand, dog! Give me thy fur cloak, or I fire.'

"Bernhard started and turned round. A soldier, covered with miserable rags, of burly figure, with bewildered aspect, long, rugged beard, a face begrimed with dirt and smoke, and wildly rolling, inflamed, blood-shot eyes, stood before him with levelled musket.

"'What wouldst thou, unhappy man,' exclaimed Bernhard, as horror-stricken he recoiled a step. The child screamed in terror, clung to him, and buried its little head in his bosom.

"'Thy warm furs, or I shoot thee!' yelled the madman. 'There's no comradeship here; I have as good a right as thou to provide for myself.'

"Bernhard saw himself alone with the exasperated murderer; and though thousands were within call, the desperate wretch's shot would have prevented their aid, even should any individual yet have sufficient sense of another's danger, to prolong his way and his sufferings by a few steps in order to avert it. He had no choice but to submit, although he well knew that with his warm clothing he should give his life.

"'Wilt thou prolong thy life through the murder of a comrade?' he rejoined, with the dignity of resolution. 'Be it so, but 'twill not be for long. Thine hour is at hand.'

"'Hasten! or death will gripe me!' cried the frantic wretch, still presenting his musket, whilst his bloodshot eyes rolled wildly in their sockets.

"Bernhard set down the child, in order to pull off his fur cloak, when he heard a loud shriek. He looked up, and saw Bianca throw herself in tears at the maniac's feet. 'Take this gold, take these jewels,' she cried, 'take my warm mantle, only spare my brother!' With the hurry of agonizing fear she had torn a valuable chain from her neck, flung off her costly fur pelisse, and there she knelt, with slightly covered arms, exposed to the freezing cold, before the ruffian.

"He gazed at her with wide staring eyes, then his arms sank slowly, his firelock dropped upon the ground, he covered his face with both hands, and broke into whimpering tears. Ludwig had now joined the groupe, and with Bernhard raised Bianca, who still knelt, tendering her gifts with outstretched arms.

"'And could I become such a wild beast?' suddenly exclaimed the stranger. 'No! this disgrace I cannot outlive. Forgive me! You once knew me a different creature. These

dreadful sufferings have maddened me; but I know what I have to do now.'

* * * * *

"Where have I known you?" asked Bernhard, gazing at him with perplexed and indistinct recognition.

"No wonder you do not know me. I should not have known myself," he replied gloomily. 'Of this order I can no more in my life be worthy,' and tearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor from his rags, he tossed it on the snow, 'so I will try to deserve your laying it on my grave. I judge my deed as it deserves.' He set the butt end of his fire-lock upon the ground, leant his breast upon the muzzle, and trod upon the trigger. The piece went off; the wretched man fell.

* * * * *

"As his eyes closed, Bernhard recognised him. He was the very same serjeant whose humanity, mingling with his undeviating strictness in his military duty, had saved the lives of both Bernhard and Ludwig when imprisoned at Smolensk."

We will now close our extracts with a single *bivouac* scene. The fire, judiciously located by Rasinski for his own little party,—soldiers he no longer has—gradually attracts as many straggling soldiers as can crowd around it; and all are fast asleep, except the broodingly remorseful lover, Jaromir, whose turn it is to watch and feed the flames, upon the kindly warmth of which the lives of all depend.

"Suddenly Jaromir heard in his immediate neighborhood a loud laugh. He started, as though a cold lightning-flash of horror had blasted him; for the sounds, in such awful circumstances, seemed positive blasphemy. He endeavored to shout, 'Who's there!' but his voice died upon his lips, and his eyes gazed doubtfully into the darkness, as though to discover the spirit of the abyss who must be lurking there.

"At this moment, a ghastly figure stepped forth from the shadows of night into the fire-light. It was a gigantic cuirassier, wrapt in a tattered cloak, his head bound with a blood-drenched handkerchief under his helmet. He carried a young fir-tree in his hand as a walking staff.

"In a hollow voice he accosted Jaromir, 'Good evening, comrade, good evening! Merry doings here! Ha!'

"What wouldst thou here?" cried Jaromir, horror-stricken. 'Away with thee, phantom.'

"The cuirassier glared upon him with his hollow eyes, distorted his mouth into a hideous grin, and gnashed his teeth, like an enraged animal. 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed he harshly. 'Sleep ye so sound, ye sluggards?' and he stamped upon a stiffened corpse, that lay beneath his foot. 'Wake up! Come along with me!'

"He stood a minute, as if listening, then staggered towards the fire.

"Back!" cried Jaromir. 'Back, or I fire!'

He drew a pistol, but the hand that grasped it trembled, and he could not raise or present it.

* * * * *

"Huh! I'm freezing!" yelled the maniac, shaking himself. Then, like a sportive child, he caught at the flames, reeled nearer and nearer, till he stood close behind the ring of sleepers, over whom he stretched his arms towards the fire. Now first he appeared sensible of the warmth. A low whine issued from his breast, then, half-laughing, half moaning, he suddenly cried, 'To bed! Quick, into my warm bed!' and staggering over his recumbent comrades, plunged madly into the flames.

"Help! help!" shrieked Jaromir, his hair on end with horror, and grasping Rasinski, he shook him with convulsive strength.

"Rasinski started up, asking, 'What is the matter?' Jaromir with difficulty stammered out, 'There! there!' and pointed to the flames in which the poor yelling maniac writhed frightfully.

"Rasinski rather divined than understood what had occurred. Resolutely he sprang forward to snatch the poor wretch from destruction. Too late! Already the heat had suffocated him."

But the sight of frenzy has with a strange, though not very uncommon sort of sympathetic contagion, enkindled the spark of incipient insanity lurking in Jaromir's gloomy remorse. He suddenly breaks into raving, whilst Rasinski and Bianca, whom the disturbance has awakened, strive in vain to soothe him.

"He stared fixedly into the flames. Suddenly he burst with overpowering strength from Rasinski's arms, cried, 'That is the burning pit of hell! The powers of darkness hurl me into it! Quick! quick!' And with a fearful gesture he attempted to dash himself into the blazing fire. Rasinski clasped him with the force of agony. Bianca threw herself at his feet, and clung about his knees, shrieking, with her utmost powers of voice, 'Help! help! brother! Ludwig!'

"Roused by her voice from lethargic sleep, Ludwig started up, exclaiming, as he saw Jaromir battling against Rasinski and Bianca, 'Heavens! what means this?' Bernhard likewise awoke, and sprang up. It was time. Rasinski's whole manly strength could no longer control the frantic Jaromir's efforts to plunge into the fire. 'Help, friends!' he cried, 'help me to master him, or he is lost.'

* * * * *

"Jaromir's frantic struggles were succeeded by complete prostration of strength. He sank down helpless, but, as though racked with pain, broke into heart-rending cries and groans. These sounds, following the preceding tumult, at length awoke all the sleepers.

"Who is that madman?" surlily grumbled a colossal grenadier. 'What wants he? Is he to rob us of the few precious minutes of sleep we can enjoy? Toss him out of the ring, let him freeze, and not disturb us.'

" 'Throw him out ! Out with him ! ' chimed in the boisterous cry of his awakened comrades, and several sprang up to execute the savage deed.

" Bianca uttered a loud shriek of terror ; Ludwig caught her on his right arm as she sank, whilst with the left he kept off one of the threatening barbarians.

" Rasinski, who at once appreciated the imminence of the danger, dropped Jaromir into Bernhard's arms, and sprang with flashing eyes into the midst of the circle. With quick determination he snatched a blazing brand from the fire, brandished it over his head, and in that lion's voice, which could rule the thunder of the battle, spoke in accents of command, ' Back, wretches ! This burning brand shatters the head of him who advances a step.'

" The exasperated assailants paused, confounded, overpowered by Rasinski's moral ascendancy. Only the one bearded warrior, who had first spoken, drew his sword, and furiously shouted, ' What, dastards ! Are ye all cowed by one man ? On ! on ! Down with the Polish dog !'

" ' Wild beast that thou art ! ' thundered Rasinski in retort, and rushed like a lion upon the raging barbarian. ' Down with thee, brutalized monster ! ' With powerful adroitness he at once grasped the wrist of the hand that brandished the sabre, thus rendering the weapon useless, and struck him on the head with his burning club, which, splintering, scattered a shower of coal and sparks around. But the grenadier's thick bearskin cap weakened the blow. The enraged soldier was not stunned, and his fury was increased even to foaming madness. Built for an athlete, and taller, by half a head, than his antagonist, he dropped his sabre, and, grappling with Rasinski, endeavored to hurl him into the fire. A moment they wrestled ; the Pole slipped, reeled and sank upon one knee. He was lost ! Reckless, brute force was about to destroy a hero ! But with the rapidity of lightning, Ludwig sprang to his aid. He grasped the savage from behind, and dragged him back so violently, that together they fell to the ground. Rasinski now snatched up the dropped sabre, with his left hand tore the bearskin cap from his fallen adversary's head, and with his right dealt a blow at his forehead that clove his skull. Haughty, commanding as a monarch, he now upraised himself, stood majestically amidst the astonished and terrified circle, and authoritatively said, ' Fling the carcase out into the snow, then lie down again and sleep on. Trouble yourselves no more than though I had slain a wolf.'

" As though no longer needing it, he disdainfully tossed away the weapon, ruling the multitude solely by his loftier soul. No one dared to stir. A couple of men obediently took up the bleeding body, carried it a few paces from the circle, and flung it down in the snow."

And again the whole bivouac company, save the appointed watchers of the fire, Ludwig and Bernhard, go to sleep !

At Wilna, the calamities of the retreat end. There Jaromir dies in the arms of his tenderly forgiving bride, who, accompanied by her guardian, Rasinski's noble sister, and her friend Marie, Ludwig's sister, has come thither to soothe and recover him. The reinforced French repulse an attack of Cossacks, then evacuate the town, when Rasinski insists upon his non-military friends remaining under the protection of Bianca, as a Russian princess ; and Marie, for the first time avowing her love, flings herself into his arms, and hangs upon his lips, at parting.

After such potent calls upon our sympathies, who can care about the commonplace, conjugal happiness of a couple of German households ? Yet more : who can endure Marie's abandonment of a passion thus openly and despairingly acknowledged, to accept Bernhard, before she even knows that Rasinski is probably drowned ? Our romance cannot stand it, and we lay down the pen.

ART. VI.—1. *Vergleichende Darstellung Griechischer Bau-Ordnungen.* (Comparative Examples of the Greek Orders.) Von J. M. Mauch. Folio. Potsdam.

2. *Elements of Architectural Criticism, for the use of Students, Amateurs, and Reviewers.* By Joseph Gwilt, Author of a Translation of Vitruvius, &c. 8vo. London, 1837.

VERY remote was it from our intention to return thus speedily to any topic connected with architecture ; nevertheless we are relieved from the necessity of making any apology for so doing, neither will our readers feel the slightest surprise at it. Rather would there be surprise on their part, and apology be due on ours, were we not on so very peculiar and extraordinary an occasion, to deviate from our usual course, not merely as regards our prompt recurrence to this particular subject, but also our speaking chiefly of an English publication. That, in this latter respect, we are not intermeddling with what in nowise concerns this periodical, is evident enough, Mr. Gwilt's "Elements," as he is pleased to call his book, being nothing more nor less than a direct attack—how able and judicious a one will presently be shown—upon the architectural articles that have appeared in the Foreign Quarterly, and on the opinions therein propounded. Although by no means so intended, it is certainly complimentary to us that a professional writer should have

composed a volume expressly for the purpose of putting down what he considers mischievous doctrines—doctrines particularly disagreeable, because completely at variance with his own: yet not contemptible, idle babblings: else, wherefore should he, while evidently disposed to sneer at Reviewers in general, confine his remarks exclusively to this journal, and, after the lapse of three years, bestow such very particular attention upon the paper on the “Present School of Architecture in Germany,” printed in our 27th number?

No; the reason for his hostility is sufficiently obvious: he feels that, as it has happened, we were mainly instrumental in being on that and a former occasion the first to call the attention of our countrymen to the merits of Schinkel and others, who were previously hardly known among us even by name: consequently he regards us—not unjustly—as particularly obnoxious, and active in disseminating a taste most fatally opposed to that of his own favorite Palladian style. Perhaps, too, he has been alarmed into the determination to take up thus tardily his pen against us, by finding that, although their writer “should have confined his opinions to his own circle,” the architectural papers in this Review have attracted no small degree of notice among those who are tolerably competent to judge whether they are written with any ability. Nay, one of them has actually been referred to not without commendation in a note in the volume of the “Transactions of the Institute of British Architects,” and again in a pamphlet by Mr. Hopper; while another has been quoted no less flatteringly in an essay read at the Architectural Society. We may be forgiven for what looks so much like egotism and vanity in alluding to these testimonies in our favor; since, at all events, they justify the very special dislike Mr. Gwilt has taken against us, and which, by the by, is not the very least of the compliments we have received.*

Far be it from us to deprecate such notice

* In his recently published volume, entitled “Temples, Ancient and Modern,” which is, by the by, one of the oddest farragos yet produced in this book-making age, Mr. Bardwell has also paid us the compliment to take, without acknowledgment, a few things from us, wishing, no doubt, to have all the credit of them himself. For instance, from the very paper which is so obnoxious to Mr. Gwilt, he has taken a passage quoted by us from Menzel, whom we suspect he would not greatly relish, had he read his book; however, whether he has read it, or is able to understand the original, most certain it is, that he did not care to try his hand even at a short translation, the one given being verbatim our own. He has also pilfered the last paragraph of our translation from Klenze’s preface, working it up into his own text, without hinting that it is borrow-

as that which the author of the “Elements” has bestowed upon us, or to maintain that we are perfectly irresponsible for our opinions; at the same time it is a duty we owe both to ourselves individually, and to the journal for which we write, to defend them, and, if possible, convict our volunteer critic and amateur reviewer of being strangely at fault in nearly all he says. Our only regret is that we must be far more brief than we should be did we consult only our own inclination. Still, though we are compelled to pass over many things in his book which would afford us matter for remark and comment, we trust we shall be able to make out a tolerable case against him, and with fewer blunders† and contradictions than he has fallen into.

The first accusation against us is that—very absurdly, it would seem—we have fancied architects to be somewhat jealous of amateurs: now it certainly does look very much like it when we find, as of late has been the case, so many uncivil, not to say fiercely

ed from any one! This may be very ingenious, yet certainly not particularly ingenuous, nor always safe: for, perhaps, many others, besides ourselves, may be able to claim what has been similarly purloined from them. As an amusing proof, too, how much the doctors in profession disagree among themselves, we find Mr. Gwilt quoting the very same passage from Menzel, and adding that, although there is nothing new in the doctrine itself, conclusions may be drawn from it very opposite to those adopted by ourselves, and as it would seem, by Mr. Bardwell likewise, to a certain extent, to say nothing of those at which Menzel himself has arrived.

† At page 15, we meet with this very startling specimen of Mr. Gwilt’s acumen as a reader:—“The reviewer before referred to, says, he has looked at the principles of the ancients, ‘after the same fashion that a mere grammarian reads the Greek poets; the spirit of their works is with him a very secondary consideration,’ &c.” It would be difficult to hunt up any where a more diverting blunder! Now, if the reader will refer to page 94 of our 27th number, he will undoubtedly find the words, “We have looked at them,” (namely, the works of the ancients, not their principles, as Mr. Gwilt reads it,) “after the same fashion that a mere grammarian reads the Greek poets, &c.,” yet any one—except, indeed, one gentleman, must perceive from the context, that the “we” here means not the reviewer himself, but we moderns generally. Besotted, indeed, must we have been to make the egregiously silly confession Mr. Gwilt imputes to us. Again, a few pages further on, he either most ignorantly or most perversely misunderstands us, and is astonished to find us speaking of “accidental forms applicable to the art in the abstract;” and that, too, after quoting the passage itself, which proves that we said no such thing, the words being, “— theoretical principles, independent of conventional and abstract forms, and applicable to art in the abstract.” Surely the “and,” if nothing else, points out sufficiently clearly that it is the theoretical principles which are applicable to art in the abstract. Here our ingenious opponent has cut off from himself all possibility of retreat on the plea of

angry taunts levelled by professional men against those who at least pay compliment to the art itself, by looking upon it as one which deserves to engage the attention of persons of taste, and who cannot be suspected of being attached to it out of any mercenary motives. As individuals, amateurs—or those so styling themselves—may be both ignorant and officious—mere dabblers and pretenders—consequently not at all to be upheld either by ourselves or others: yet that is no reason wherefore they should be decried and run down as a class; especially as that is not the way to encourage men of education and fortune to turn to architecture as an elegant and liberal study, although it is obviously for the interest of the art itself that they should do so, because, unless persons in that sphere of society possess both taste for, and intelligence of it, their want of both the one and the other must operate to its prejudice and discredit. We have no doubt there are many ignorant pretenders among those who call themselves amateurs; certain we are, that there are some eminently tasteless bunglers among those who call themselves professional; yet, as we would not stigmatize the whole profession on account of these latter, so neither do we see wherefore the other class should be sweepingly censured, because many will be found in it quite undeserving of the name. Happy should we be to discover that we have been mistaken, and that the profession do not bear that ill-will towards amateurs, even if they do not entertain positive jealousy of them, which we now cannot help imagining they do; yet there is, certainly, nothing in Mr. Gwilt's book indicative, we will not say of friendliness, but of courtesy towards them. So far from it, that he professes his contempt for them by implication, asserting that, whenever such men as Aldrich and Burlington, who were "practical amateurs," shall appear, "they will be hailed by the profession as welcome intruders." As far as his own feelings are concerned, we will not question Mr. Gwilt's sincerity; but we are pretty certain that few of his professional brethren will thank him for the observation, or at all relish *designing* amateurs who should tread in the footsteps of Burlington, and lend their services gratuitously to their own friends and the public.

hurry and inadvertence, since, besides quoting the original, he has actually printed in italics his own mistake! Yet, no doubt, he hugs himself up in the idea that in these very two instances he has contrived to make us appear guilty of most arrant blockheadism; and that he has effectually stopped our mouths, which henceforward will be employed only in chewing the cud of bitter shame and mortification.

Reviewers generally, as well as ourselves in particular, come in with amateurs for a share of Mr. Gwilt's splenetic hostility; it being "arrant impertinence in them to set up for "instructors of the public in matters of architecture." Are we to understand by this that architecture ought to be peculiarly privileged, and exempted from criticism, save what may be promulgated *ex cathedra* by the professors of the art themselves? or that no one should be allowed to write, in quality of a critic, on that or any other branch of study, unless known to the world as a person practically conversant with it? Certes, Mr. Gwilt would thin the ranks of criticism prodigiously. It is a wonder he does not propose that henceforth none should exercise the office of critics or reviewers without having previously obtained a diploma of license and being duly registered—a scheme not more extravagant than that of a certain Mr. Bell, who, a year or two ago, proposed that no one should be suffered to practice as architect without a diploma, and actually published a letter to that effect, addressed to the then Professor of Architecture:—how such credentials were to be any guarantee for taste, or what quantum of taste would satisfy a board of examiners, he forgot to point out; which may have been one reason why so very notable a project fell to the ground. As to Reviewers, although we ourselves belong to the craft, we scruple not to admit that they have no right to expect the public to pin their faith upon all they say, or give implicit credence to them. Like other authors, they write at their own peril, and are in their turn amenable to a tribunal quite as high as their own, namely, the opinions of those who are able to judge whether their reasonings and decisions be sound or the contrary. For aught, too, Mr. Gwilt can tell to the contrary, some of those who have favored the public with their comments on architecture may be professional men; and he himself has the credit of having contributed anonymous criticisms to periodicals; one in particular, wherein, out of a determination to vilify the portico of the London University, he actually compared the columns to "a row of skittles or Dutch nine-pins"!

If architects wish to rescue their art from the impertinent criticisms, and futile babblings, as we must suppose them to be, of reviewers; wherefore do not they themselves undertake to inform the public taste by giving, not anonymous vituperations, but sound, discriminate, and impartial observations on the productions of architecture, as well as mere general opinions on points of doctrine, which, unless illustrated and enforced by specific criticism, are apt to be vague and unsatis-

factory? Criticism, however, does not appear to be the forte of architects themselves. Perhaps, there is no class of men who, while their studies require them to be tinctured with some degree of literary taste, and while their art would, if pursued *con amore*, supply them unceasingly with matter for disquisition and inquiry, are so incommunicative, or have, apparently, less to say upon what we must needs suppose interests them. In proof of this, we may remark that, whenever they publish any of their own designs, they very rarely enter into any explanation of them, and least of all as regards those particulars, as to which information is more especially requisite. We do not mean to say, that those belonging to the profession are incapable of writing, or that they never write at all: on the contrary, several of them have lately put forth books and pamphlets as well as Mr. Gwilt; yet, rather as if to perplex the public and each other, for so very conflicting are their tastes, their opinions and their theories, as to convince us that if one be right all the rest must be wrong. And we suspect that the views entertained by that "preternatural perfect Goth," Welby Pugin, or by Hosking, or by Savage, must appear to the author of the "Elements," quite as heretical, as mischievous, and manifesting as much "ignorance of the first principles of the art," as any thing ever uttered by a Reviewer. That Mr. Gwilt, however, does not hold every "anonymous author" to be an ignoramus is apparent from his giving a long quotation from one, to whom, he says, he is indebted for some valuable hints. Now we happen to know who that writer is, and we can assure Mr. Gwilt that he is, perhaps, of all persons in the world, the very last of whom he would have chosen to say aught complimentary. Poor Gwilt! There are certainly practical blunderers now-a-days in the world, if the race of "practical amateurs" be extinct.

In the "Postscript"* to his Preface, our op-

* In the same place he taxes us with manifesting want of feeling or bad feeling in our note upon Sir J. Soane, to which he has very maliciously directed attention, saying that, but for that he should not have noticed the article at all. When we say "maliciously," we do not mean as regards ourselves, but Sir John; because with that admirable consistency of which his book affords many striking, not to say ludicrous, instances, instead of attempting to vindicate the late Professor, or showing any disposition to do so, Mr. Gwilt actually says *ditto* to our animadversions, confessing that he does not admire his buildings, and not only censuring his "unforgiving disposition," but leaving it to be inferred that his moral character was in other respects not the very best, although, as he is now gone "to answer for his deeds done in the

ponent charges us with having spun out our "very heavy" article on the "Influence of Construction on Style" into a sort of treatise with the titles of some German books at the head of it. It is not for us to decide whether that paper be a more than an ordinarily heavy one—we cannot object, in return, that Mr. Gwilt's arguments are particularly weighty—but the reproach that it is not exactly what it professes to be, that it is "a sort of treatise" rather than a review, does not come with the best possible grace from one who entitles his book "Elements of Architectural Criticism," when it consists almost entirely of strictures upon ourselves, eked out with historical abstracts of Grecian and Italian architecture, together with fragmentary and desultory remarks. He sails under false colors, for his title—a very clever bait in itself—is a complete misnomer, there being nothing whatever of a system of criticism in his book, nothing even in form amounting to a connected treatise on its elements: but, we beg pardon, Mr. Gwilt does not relish "treatises." By way of saving appearances at the outset, the first section is upon the Laws of Proportion; which would lead one to expect that the same method would be pursued with regard to other principles. These, however, are the only ones which, while professing, as far as his title goes, to furnish the public with a useful digest of the canons of architectural criticism, the writer has thought necessary to inquire into; consequently we are at liberty to suppose that he considers the whole code of æsthetics as applied to architecture to

flesh," it ought to be exempted from reproach. We raked together, he says, all the bad points in Sir John's character: now, in drawing a character, it is usual, we fancy, to rake or bring together all the prominent points and traits in it; and was it our fault if, as was the case with King John's, those of our Knight John's were bad ones? Could it have been urged against us that we had falsified or overcharged them, it would have been a different matter: yet Mr. Gwilt does not even pretend to say we did so. He virtually admits that the portraiture is substantially correct, although he is willing to take credit for being shocked by it. So far from at all exaggerating, we actually suppressed much, and not a few instances, that would have directly confirmed what we said. But enough:—if any one can contradict what we have asserted, let him stand forward and do so; or if it can be shown that the principle laid down by us is incorrect and immoral, let it fairly be declared to be such.

As for Mr. Gwilt, his tenderness for the dead does not extend to the living; since, not content with railing at—we cannot say criticising—the National Gallery, he actually adds a most sneering note against the Professor of Architecture; and that, too, after having a page or two before excused himself from adverting to the works of his contemporaries. This is both delicacy and consistency with a vengeance!

be comprised in them ; notwithstanding that others, as well as ourselves, may be of opinion that a knowledge of those laws alone will go but a very little way towards enabling any one either fully to understand or to relish all the various qualities and merits which enter into the productions of architecture.—qualities, moreover, that are sometimes adjusted to each other with so much nicety, and combined with so much skill, that, however powerful may be their joint result, they themselves are apt to be overlooked, or are not to be detected, except by careful analysis. On the subject of form, as distinct from proportion, this book of “*Elements*” contains nothing ; on that of Congruity and Fitness, nothing ; on Unity, or Composition, just as much ; on Composition and Harmony, ditto ; on Simplicity, Richness, Contrast, Variety, Character, Expression, Quantity, Quality, Detail, Effect, Light and Shade, &c, ditto and again ditto,—that is, positively nothing.

These, it must be owned, are rather numerous—we leave it to Mr. Gwilt himself to judge, whether important—omissions ; and, for our own part, we cannot help thinking that he has treated those who shall apply to his book, with the view of learning from it how they may become all at once adepts in orthodox architectural criticism, scurvily and stingily. At the same time we are ready to admit that, unless he could have furnished them with something more to the purpose and less fanciful than what he says on the subject of proportion, the loss is not very great, and consequently the omissions we have pointed out altogether immaterial. According to him—and, coming from so thorough and stanch a partisan of the Italian school, the doctrine is doubly startling—it is doubtful whether there be really more than one order, as genus, which is subdivided into five, or three, species. By way of elucidating the general principle of proportion as practised by the ancients, he gives a diagram of an hexastyle portico, of which the six columns are equal to the five intercolumns, and also to the entablature and pediment ; that is, measured superficially by the elevation, the supports, the voids between them, and the parts resting on the supports, all agree as to quantity. Yet, since he immediately afterwards confesses that in practice this principle admits of infinite variety, we do not perceive that it amounts to much more than a curious speculation, because the latitude with which it is applied is likely to be no less infinite than the variety. It allows of, after all, and relates merely to one particular kind of proportion, which has very little to do with what is generally understood by the term, else would the Parthenon and the

Pantheon differ very little from each other in regard to it,—and that, too, according to Mr. Gwilt’s own showing, for in a note to page 13, he produces some comparisons of the kind taken from ancient buildings, by which it appears that in the Parthenon the supports are to the weights, as 1 : 1.19 ; and in the Pantheon, as 1 : 1.10. Surely he has brought forward this fact somewhat inadvertently, because it rather makes against the value of his own theory, limited as it is to nearly proportion alone, since it proves how very much besides remains quite unaccounted for by it. Nay, it may unluckily mislead some to imagine that between the two buildings mentioned there exists as slight a difference in regard to taste, expression, and effect, as there does between the decimal parts set down against them. Now, if his work was really intended to correct the public taste, Mr. Gwilt does not, by any means, understand what kind of elementary knowledge the public require, for while he goes into nice and abstruse points, into which persons in general can hardly be expected to enter at all, he omits all that can properly be termed elementary information, imagining, perhaps, that his readers will have provided themselves with it beforehand, elsewhere.

But, leaving others to search for that information which may serve them as a clew of criticism, and help to direct them aright, where ignorant and presumptuous reviewers have led them astray, let us attend to the lesson which in this place Mr. Gwilt addresses to ourselves. We had observed that, “supposing the attention bestowed by us upon Greek architecture to have been to any purpose at all, we must surely have been convinced, ere this, that the doctrine so long maintained in regard to proportions ought to be discarded as untenable, or at least, requires to be amended and remodelled ;” whereupon Mr. Gwilt affirms that we exhibit a very slender knowledge of the philosophy of the art. Whether it be through ignorance or perverseness we do not know ; but he certainly puts a very odd construction upon our meaning, although taken with the context it is obvious enough ; namely that, contrary to the laws laid down by Vitruvius and his modern followers, who would establish a fixed standard for each order, to which they assign certain undeviating proportions, the ancients allowed themselves great freedom in this respect without violating the character belonging to each distinct class or order. What says Mr. Gwilt himself ?—“Two examples—than which, in appearance, it is impossible to produce specimens of greater apparent dissimilarity—will show how the ancients were guided by certain laws, which, notwithstanding

the restraint which the reviewer wants to shake off, admit of a variety which, on comparing them, will be obvious to the least educated. These are the orders (both Doric) used in the Hypæthral Temple at Pæstum, and the Portico of Philip. In the former, the columns are only $4\frac{134}{1000}$ diameters, in the latter $6\frac{535}{1000}$, and yet the heights of the whole entablatures in terms of their diameters vary only $\frac{12}{100}$ of that diameter." Most assuredly Mr. Gwilt is a very extraordinary person; for he quarrels with us for holding the same doctrine, and to convict us of absurdity, actually brings forward a very strong instance proving that the ancients did not put upon themselves that restraint which modern lawgivers in matters belonging to the orders have imposed on themselves and their school. He is correct enough in saying, that we wish to see such restraint shaken off; but all the rest appears to be a piece of mystification; because although in both the examples he refers to, the columns and entablature may be nearly similarly proportioned to each other, every one, himself excepted, will be of opinion, that a column only four times as high as its lower diameter, is not of the same proportions as one which is six times as high. Nevertheless, he will have it that the proportions of both are virtually the same, although the difference between them is so obvious—that is, the difference occasioned by the proportions themselves. Surely this is merely playing at cross-purposes, and childishly holding out on the strength of a term to which he chooses to assign another meaning from that usually understood by it, rather than not seem to make out something of a case against us; for we really cannot believe but that he himself sees that his own view of the matter does not at all affect what we said; or if it does, it must also upset nearly all that has been written upon the subject by professional men themselves. In fact, notwithstanding it may serve his purpose on this particular occasion to confine himself just to that particular view of proportion, he would find it rather awkward to be obliged to adhere to it invariably, to the entire exclusion of all proportions of detail; which are precisely those which constitute much of that variety in different examples of the same order, and which may be very dissimilar, although the general proportions are the same. Of two columns, for instance, of the same order, and precisely alike in regard to height as measured by the lower diameter of their shafts, there may be a striking dissimilarity in the proportions of their component parts and details. Not only may the base and capital of the one be in this respect very unlike those of the other, but the proportions of the details of these sub-

divisions may likewise vary materially. Or, we may illustrate the matter more effectually by referring to the pediments of the Parthenon and Pantheon, two buildings which, as already seen, differ very little as to that particular ratio upon which Mr. Gwilt's theory is founded; and ask whether there be not a most prodigious discrepancy between the proportions of their pediments?

Perhaps we are bestowing too much notice on this particular point—a very prominent one, however, in these "Elements"—there being so much else that has equally strong claims upon our notice. Had we space for such purpose, we should very willingly discuss—whether the arch and dome be really so incompatible with Grecian composition as Mr. Gwilt considers them. That he should do so is all the more strange, inasmuch as it is difficult to reconcile such very strict scrupulousness in maintaining the Grecian style within its original limits with his predilection for Italian architecture. We rather suspect that his preciseness in this respect is occasioned chiefly by the desire to keep the arch and dome as the peculiar property of the Roman and Italian styles; and, by depriving the Grecian of the advantages that might accrue to it by a judicious appropriation of those features, to render it comparatively ineligible—at least for many purposes. This conjecture on our part grows almost into certainty when we read that, "the truth is, the arrangements which Greek architecture requires, in order to produce effect, are unsuitable to modern habits." Most assuredly, if we are not to be permitted to aim at other effect with it than that belonging to its own temples—if all its spirit and character must inevitably evaporate unless presented to us in the express forms to which it was restricted by those who originated and perfected it; then, indeed, Grecian architecture must be discarded by us almost in toto, as by far too scanty and limited for our present wants and purposes. Scarcely can it be employed for modern churches, without forfeiting more or less of its original expression: even windows infringing upon the atticism of its idiom hardly less than the dome and arch would do, perhaps in some instances far more than these latter would; because, although authorities for windows and their forms are to be met with in Grecian architecture, it furnishes no precedent for the frequency, nor for the same arrangement, of such apertures as the nature of our own buildings renders almost unavoidable. The truth is, even where we aim at being exclusively Greek, our buildings are, for the reason just mentioned, in a certain degree Italian, with the Greek orders and Greek de-

tail. It would, therefore, be merely stretching the point a very little more, to adopt the arch and dome likewise; on the condition, however, of their assuming the costume and external character of that style, and becoming what we may conceive the Greeks themselves would have rendered them.* To such course; however, Mr. Gwilt is decidedly opposed; he insists upon our making our election between Greek and Italian, and abiding by it. If, therefore, we choose to return to the latter, we must take it up again just as we left it, without attempting to infuse into it aught of Grecian taste, or correcting its details and profiles. We, however, would say, let us be Greek as far as we can,—not to the exclusion of Gothic, but whenever we employ columns and entablatures; yet not pedantically so, on the one hand reducing design to the mere copying of antique edifices; nor, on the other, affectedly classical in those features of our buildings which can be applied directly from the antique, while all the rest is offensively the reverse; but where we find the Greek stops short, and affords no direct precedents for our guidance, let us have recourse to Roman, or even Italian, for hints upon which we may work. It is not every one, we grant, who can attempt this successfully; but those alone who, besides having thoroughly imbued themselves with Grecian taste, as it displays itself in the works which have come down to us, are gifted with some degree of genius. Yet, if architecture be one of the fine arts as well as a science, such must be the case; for in none of the arts so called will plodding diligence, although it may raise a man to a passable degree of proficiency in it, supply the place of, or enable him to compete with, genius.

Although, being nearly all of one class and exceedingly simple and unvaried in their general plan, the Greek edifices we are acquainted with present little more than columns, entablatures, and pediments, that the style itself is exceedingly plastic, and contains

within itself the germs of infinite diversity and inexhaustible combinations, admits of no doubt, when we come to study the different examples of the few ornamental features which their structures supply, and perceive how tastefully they are varied, apparently without effort, and always without contravening the respective fundamental types. By way of something like an instance, let us take *antefixe*, and we may boldly challenge any one to produce from Italian sources any kind of embellishment at all comparable either for the exquisite taste or the fertility of invention they display—all so varied, and manifesting a spontaneity for admitting fresh ideas. In those things wherein the Italian exhibits either wearisome monotony, or merely fantastic caprices, Grecian architecture manifests invention, directed by taste and study; and each architect appears to have treated his work in the true spirit of an artist; not like a mechanic, following an express pattern, but genially and consistently throughout, even to its minutest details. Few as the examples actually are which we have of the Grecian Ionic, they suffice to convince us of the great freedom and ductility of that style, and show more of true architectural invention than all the examples of the Italian orders put together. To cite merely the Ionic of the Temple on the Ilissus, of the Erechtheion, and the interior order of the Temple of Apollo at Bassæ, what widely marked differences do we discern in them! Each possesses its own distinct character; for the difference is not confined, as in Italian varieties, to what is no more than an alteration of some one part, but it diffuses itself over the whole composition. It may, indeed, very fairly be questioned, if, previously to the discovery of the last-mentioned example, any one would have been able to devise aught resembling what is so unlike any other form of the voluted capital,—to go no further than that single member.

Leaving Mr. Gwilt, therefore, out of the question, scarcely any one else will think us very wrong in claiming for Grecian architecture the diversity we did, when we said that each of its leading classes or orders might be divided into subordinate ones: for, in addition to the masculine Ionic of the Ilissus,—as for distinction's sake, it may very well be called,—and the florid Ionic of the Erechtheion, we have this very peculiar Bassæ specimen, with its four-faced capital, and shaft sweeping down below to its widely extended base; in which last-mentioned member alone it differs from every other example yet discovered, the diameter of its undermost moulding being double that of the lower part of the shaft measured just above the

* While we would admit the arch, we would restrict its application chiefly to interiors, suffering it to appear very seldom externally, and then only where its span would exceed that of an architrave from column to column. We therefore hold arched windows to be inadmissible in combination with columns disposed after the Grecian mode; the bad effect of which is apparent in the Bourse at Paris. Not only is it contrary to classical precedent, but likewise to reason; because, if an horizontal architrave can be carried from one column to another, surely the narrower apertures of doors and windows can be terminated horizontally also without difficulty. On the other hand, in the large niches within the portico of the Pantheon, the arch is had recourse to for adequate and obvious reason, those recesses being about equal to two intercolumns.

sweep or apophyge;—yet, perhaps, the author of the “Elements” will say that this constitutes no difference in the proportions. And here we may remark that, should we learn nothing else from this very singular example—which, by the by, would itself admit of many further modifications—it might at least serve to convince us that it is not quite so impossible, as some have represented, to obtain, if not an entirely new and distinct order, something markedly original and *sui generis*.* Neither can we be certain but that many other combinations as yet untried and unsuspected by us, may yet lie undetected, or else are irrecoverably lost, and may therefore be reinvented by ourselves, although of their having been previously adopted we can have no assurance. As an Ionic composition, very distinct from any of the varieties above-mentioned, we may call attention to that which is conjectured to have belonged to the Temple of Eucleia, on the Ilissus.

While the Greeks, following the example afforded by nature herself, whose productions exhibit many modes of beauty belonging to the same class and so far allied together, yet specifically distinct from each other, appear to have aimed at individual character without departing from the general one belonging to the respective orders; the Italians have, as far as the orders are concerned, endeavored to establish certain patterns, applied invariably or very nearly so on every occasion—a practice conducing to mechanical tameness and monotony on the one hand, and to capricious licentiousness on the other—as the only means of counteracting the sameness and insipidity of those features which are arbitrarily condemned to remain unchanged. Were the patterns thus rigorously

established, by a kind of Procrustean law, of such superior beauty in themselves as to render any deviation from them a hazardous experiment, there would be some reasonable pretence for conforming to them undeviatingly; instead of which, they are, compared with the Greek originals whose names they bear, decidedly poor if not absolutely tasteless. This is more especially the case with the Italian Ionic, which can hardly fail to strike the most uneducated eye as meagre, harsh, and the very reverse of graceful throughout, in comparison with the voluted order of the Greeks, whose least praiseworthy specimens totally eclipse the other. Whichever of its two varieties we take, that with the volutes arranged diagonally, or the one with two faces, the Italian capital is decidedly bad, the whole crude and poor; the volutes themselves seemingly little more than undeveloped hints for, or imperfect reminiscences of, the perfected forms, without grace in their contours, and admitting of no change of expression—of greater richness or sobriety according as the number of the spirals are increased and diminished. A corresponding kind of superiority, more or less in degree, manifests itself throughout all the Greek forms and details, and is radically inherent in them, since it arises out of the organization of the style itself, which is eminently favorable to the natural development of the primary elements of beauty. Therefore, as such forms are independent of those particular arrangements of plan and general outline followed by the Greeks themselves, we must earnestly recommend that they should be adopted as our models, and our taste be formed upon them, although it is hardly possible, nor indeed is it advisable, that we should adhere to ancient precedent in every other respect.

* So long as we continue to discountenance, and even reprobate as idle, or worse than idle, every attempt of the kind, arguing that what has never yet been done can never be done at all, and that none ought to try to succeed where those who hitherto have tried have failed, it is not indeed very likely that architects should devote much study merely to encounter prejudices. Yet, that the matter is not absolutely hopeless, is proved by the singularly novel and beautiful capitals designed by Schinkel for the columns in the sculpture rooms of the Berlin Museum; and that we may not appear reluctant, as Mr. Gwilt reproaches us with being, to admit the merits of our own countrymen, we may instance, among many other exceedingly happy and original ideas by Maddox, a most elegant and truly classical one applied to a Grecian Doric, consisting of a deep zone or band with small full-length female figures sculptured upon it, immediately below the capital to which it served as a continuation. We do not know whether it has ever been executed, but had its designer palmed it on the world as some fresh discovery or fragment of antiquity, it would probably have ere this been copied over and over again.

To such compromise, however, Mr. Gwilt will not listen: he objects to Grecian detail, unless a structure can be likewise Grecian in every other respect; and as he limits the epithet to that style where “the contours of the mouldings employed are confined to portions of conic sections,” he must of course mean to exclude such contours, together with the taste emanating from them, and urge our return to the comparatively coarse contours and profiles of the Italian system, which certainly cannot boast of being equally susceptible of variety. Here, as well as in numerous other instances, he appears somewhat inconsistent and contradictory; for, speaking of Elizabethan architecture, as it is called, he asked what object is gained by its adoption? “does it afford an opportunity of disposing a plan more commodiously than Grecian, or Roman, or Italian architecture?” Thus it

would seem that even Grecian architecture is not quite so unaccommodating and unmanageable as he is all the while striving to make us believe. And we, in turn, may ask what particular advantage is gained by following Italian in preference to Grecian authorities, in matters which are entirely those of taste? In fact, by moulding the Grecian style to our present purposes, adhering to it as closely as we can without pedantical, overstrained strictness, or sacrifice of convenience, and supplying whatever it is obviously deficient in for our actual use, we should be doing no more than the revivalists of the orders did with respect to Roman architecture; with this difference, however, that we should go to far purer sources of taste, and be furnished with a more abundant stock of materials; inasmuch as we should be at liberty to avail ourselves of Roman antiquity, likewise, for all that is really worthy of imitation in it and no more; since we should not be under the necessity of drawing indiscriminately from that quarter. We should, moreover, be in some degree assisted by Italian architecture itself, because, besides supplying hints which might easily be improved upon, it would teach us what we ought to avoid, and hold up to us by way of warning the abuses and solecisms in which that school so abounds.

Were it possible for us here to enter into such comparative examination of the Greek and Italian styles, as far as any kind of parallelism exists between them, as would sufficiently elucidate our views, and the course we recommend, most gladly would we do so; but it would occupy us very long to do it satisfactorily. We must therefore content ourselves with barely suggesting the idea itself, and with asking, by way of shaping out something like a direct application of it, whether Palladio's Villa Capra—which must be sufficiently familiar to most of our readers—would not have been infinitely superior to what it now is, had the order been Grecian and the other parts in conformity with it, although the composition is not according to any Grecian precedent? To contend that it would thereby have ceased to be Italian without becoming essentially Greek, would be only idle bickering about mere words: the question is not whether what was so produced would answer either name, or neither; but whether it would have been good in itself. How this question would be answered by Mr. Gwilt we cannot for a moment doubt, he being, notwithstanding his professed feeling for Greek architecture, an extravagantly devoted admirer of Palladio and his school; consequently there is some reason to suspect that when he is complimentary towards the

former, it is chiefly for “manners’ sake;” otherwise, we should conceive that a relish for it must put him quite out of conceit with the works of the Vicentine architect.*

Nevertheless, numerous and glaring as are the solecisms and inconsistencies with which the buildings of Palladio and the Italians generally abound, a person might entertain a predilection for them without compromising more than his taste, were such predilection, like that of the Italians themselves, exclusive. But when we find a man professing to venerate Grecian architecture, quite bigoted in favor of a style the very reverse in its feeling—find him most pedantically strait-laced and hypercritical in regard to the former, wherein he insists upon the strictest adherence to every arrangement observed by the ancients themselves; yet tolerating under another name, not merely the use but the abuse of columns and orders intended by those who employ them to pass for classical—when we meet with such contradictions, we say, we may very reasonably question, whether the person who advances them has really any fixed principles of taste, or possesses any sound elements of criticism. How orthodox the present champion of the Italian school is likely to be considered by it may easily be guessed, when he goes so far as to declare “that, compared with the extraordinary structures of the pointed style scattered over Europe, the most celebrated works of the Greeks sink into nothingness. Unity and harmony, symmetry and beauty of proportion, are not less discernible in the edifices of the middle ages than in the most celebrated temples of the Greeks.” We need not tell our readers that in such opinion we cordially agree, but we must say, it is so directly opposed to the tenets of Italian writers and critics, as to tend to bring their doctrine into discredit, if not upset it altogether. For they have unsparingly reprobated every species of Gothic architecture, stigmatising it

* As Mr. Gwilt has thought fit to give an historical summary of Italian architecture, it is to be regretted that he should have broken off where the usual sources of information stop short, without condescending to bestow any notice on the late Marchese Cagnola or any of his immediate predecessors or contemporaries. Neither would it have been amiss, had he, while speaking of French architecture,—which, be it observed, he rates very highly,—had he, instead of confining himself to things that have been repeatedly spoken of before, favored us with his opinions and remarks on some of its recent productions. Yet, perhaps, although he is of opinion that France alone can compete with our own country at the present day, he does not particularly admire *La Madeleine* and some other structures, aping the antique to a degree which he must consider quite objectionable.

as a mere random chaotic fashion, the offspring of barbarism and ignorance; devoid of proportions, meaning, propriety, symmetry, elegance of form, or any good qualities beyond the effect resulting from size and multiplicity of work.

In spite, however, of the very liberal admission he makes in behalf of the Gothic style, he asks almost immediately afterwards: "What object is gained by the adoption of Gothic or Elizabethan architecture, as it is called?" Probably his meaning is, "the adoption of Gothic or of Elizabethan;" otherwise, as here expressed, we must suppose the two terms to be used as nearly synonymous, instead of indicating two such very distinct modes of building, that if we admit the latter to be only one remove from the former, it links Gothic and Italian completely together, the Elizabethan style partaking quite as much of the one as of the other; consequently, it would not be at all more improper to say Italian or Elizabethan, than Gothic or Elizabethan. It will be contended that, considered with reference to Italian architecture, Elizabethan is merely a corruption or awkward imitation of it, wherein its columns and entablatures are parodied. True, it bears precisely that sort of resemblance to the forms and details borrowed from Italian sources, as those of the Italian itself do to those of Greece; so that we, in our turn, may be allowed to ask: "What object is gained by the adoption of Italian or Elizabethan, when, for what regards taste, we may have recourse to the models furnished us by Greece itself?"—yet requiring models to be intelligently studied, instead of being, as hitherto, merely copied—transferred without any change, modification, or variation, to buildings necessarily dissimilar in many respects to those whence they are borrowed.

Now, however, when it might fairly be expected that we should begin to advance beyond the narrow, cramping, injurious system of professed copying, and turn all that we have been collecting to account, by applying the elements it furnishes us with to other modes than the particular one whence they are derived—we are assured that we are "gradually returning to that school which, from the time of Inigo Jones to Lord Burlington, gave to the English rank among the nations of Europe." This is indeed startling, and should it turn out to be correct in point of fact, would prove how useless have been all those labors and researches in the field of Grecian architecture and antiquity, by which the English have so eminently distinguished themselves, and of which they were almost first to set the example. Of

course the less that is now said of the credit and rank they have thus gained among the nations of Europe, the better; since—that is, in the opinion of those who consider such relapse matter for congratulation—such labors have been even mischievously directed, leading us astray so far that, as we perceive, it is little short of an actual triumph to find our way back again to the very point we had reached a century ago. If we are to believe Mr. Gwilt, there has not been a single felicitous attempt to adapt the architecture of the Greeks to modern purposes; which, as their attempts have been numerous enough, is not highly complimentary to the profession, although he would have us believe he does not, on that account, call their talent in question; but he is quite angry with us and others like us, who think that English architects might profit by studying the taste and skill with which some of their German contemporaries have appropriated to their purpose the forms and style of Greece. Except, indeed, it be that they are new intruders into the field, we do not see why the Germans, merely as foreigners, should be regarded with greater jealousy than either the French or Italians, nor wherefore we should be chargeable with want of patriotism in praising the former, more than Mr. Gwilt is for extolling the two last. Provided the art itself be but a gainer, what matters it from what quarter improvement comes to us, or where it originates? Yet it is we, forsooth, who are illiberal.

Happily such absurd jealousy and narrow-mindedness do not seem to belong to the juniors in the profession, as the following extract from a paper read at the Architectural Society will plainly testify.

"The study of the works of Schinkel impress the mind at once with the feeling that they are the offspring of genius, which is not confined to one branch of art; that they have been conceived under the conviction that the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, must be united in the architect who aspires to be something beyond a mere builder. The words remind me of a remark of the professor of anatomy, in his late elegant introductory lecture at the Royal Academy, when expatiating on the varied attainments necessary to constitute pre-eminence in works which demand creative imagination and genius: 'We frequently hear talk,' said he, 'of a mere mathematician, of a mere engineer, of a mere anatomist; but a mere poet, a mere historical painter, a mere sculptor, are words without meaning, or mean only, no poet, no painter, no sculptor at all.' A mere architect is, I am sure, quite as much a contradiction in terms, and might have been added to the list with at least equal justice."

The writer then proceeds to notice one or

two of Schinkel's principal works, where, unless he has been so far misled by our estimate of them as to adopt our opinions too implicitly, what he says may serve to confirm them: and at least convince Mr. Gwilt, that a reviewer, one "evidently unacquainted with the first principles of architecture," is not the only person captivated by the "meagre display" of the colonnade of the Berlin Museum; which he affirms to be more like the composition of a scene-painter than of an architect. Such being his opinion, it is to be presumed that he considers it at any rate scenic; and yet he talks of "its want of variety, and of light and shade consequent," which "renders the mass uninteresting; it has no feature, all is sameness!"

For our description of this uninteresting piece of sameness, we must refer to the paper in our 27th Number; which description, if it is at all intelligible—and that it is so we may presume from Mr. Gwilt's having made use of it himself—will show in how eminent a degree it possesses those very qualities denied to it by him, who must surely all the while have been looking at the vile and paltry little wood-cut that he has given of it. We admit that it is deficient in that kind of variety which pervades most of the designs of the Italian school. There is no crowding together of all kinds of features, no confusion, no flutter. There is an ample colonnade backed in the centre by an inner one,* consequently great variety not only of light and shade, but also as regards perspective effect—ininitely more so than in the usual Palladian style, where columns are engaged or attached to a wall, "to which they are generally more an incumbrance than an ornament"—at least so it is affirmed by no less authority than Mr. Gwilt himself! If a mere colonnade, let its background and accompaniments be what they may, is poor, and meagre, and unvaried, wherefore do we affect to admire Grecian architecture at all, unless it be that since the buildings them-

selves are more or less imperfect, the fallacious picturesqueness of their actual appearance conceals the original meagreness, monotony, and want of interest in the design?

Perhaps it would have been as well for the decrifier of Schinkel to have confined himself to general remark, for, in venturing upon particular objections, he makes sad work, and unintentionally deals out two or three blows that rebound on his own favorites. He complains that the crowning member is frittered away by the row of eagles, although they are not much larger than antefixæ, and barely serve to break the straight line, which just before he seems to consider monotonous. Surely one of these two contradictory and neutralizing faults might have been omitted; for if there be monotony, there cannot be much fritter. But if such comparatively small features cut up the outline, and destroy repose, how can we at all tolerate the balustrades with statues, vases, pyramids, and other fantastical ornaments, hoisted upon them, which are of perpetual occurrence in the Italian style? Again, he considers the staircase to be, "according to all notions of propriety in art, a defect of the first order," inasmuch as it destroys the unity of the composition, and shows the building to consist of two stories. This exceedingly hypercritical objection, started merely for the sake of picking out something like a specific fault, is not even tenable, because, bad as the cuts in the book are, they show at once that neither the staircase, the landing, nor the door leading from it into the gallery of the rotunda, can be seen over the screen, behind the second row of columns; and if it were as an ascent to such gallery, how could it possibly interfere with the unity of the composition? To insist that an order should invariably denote a corresponding division of the building within would be fatal to Italian architecture, where there are sometimes two or more stories included in one order; or else, as is the case with many churches, there are two external orders, with no upper floor within. This façade is, it seems, a mask; yet if it be, it is not singular in that respect, most Italian buildings deserving the term in a far greater degree. Again, the *victories* in the frieze of the Wacht-gebäude are carped at as no better than solecisms, being substituted for the usual triglyphs. Yet for such deviation from general practice, adequate analogous precedent may be found in the monument of Thrasyllus, where wreaths take the place of triglyphs. At all events, the fault is not greater than that of leaving a Doric frieze quite plain; or than that of giving a pulvinated one to the Ionic order; a favorite practice with the Palladian school, though

* According to Mr. Gwilt, there is only a single one, though his own cut of the plan on the opposite page proves the contrary! And here, too, he talks of the columns and ceiling producing shadow on the wall, while he tells us there is a want of light and shade!! We may as well take this opportunity of showing also his candor, in calling our description of Møller's Church at Darmstadt a eulogy, when, in fact, so far from bestowing exaggerated praise on it, we spoke of it as having "a very unsatisfactory and unfinished appearance." So much for eulogy! Another remark may be added, namely that, admitting for a moment we actually merit, in regard to our opinions, all that Mr. Gwilt has advanced against us, we surely deserve some praise for the descriptions we gave of buildings then not made known by any previous account of them.

it is totally at variance with meaning and due expression.

In speaking of the Glyptothek, the author of the *Elements* shows himself equally fastidious and hypercritical; for he is shocked by the impropriety of antefixæ being introduced as mere ornaments, where they cannot possibly indicate the extremities of tiles. Now although we did not censure, neither did we express any approbation of such an application of them, yet if it be unwarrantable to wrest from their original intention forms so purely ornamental, and employ them as mere decorations, it becomes a task for the old defenders of the Italian system to show that there propriety is never violated; that it never has recourse to pediments, or columns, or balustrades, but where if not absolutely dictated by necessity, they at least do not appear positively extraneous and superfluous. The other special defect in the Glyptothek is, that there is not a perfect accordance between the exterior and the interior, the former being Grecian, the apartments themselves vaulted, and so far Roman. Well, let the same test be established *à la rigueur*, and fairly applied without distinction, and many other buildings besides the Glyptothek will be found equally or still more deficient. Are the interiors of the Florentine palaces in perfect accordance with their external aspect?—Does the portico of St. Martin's Church prepare us for the style adopted within? Is Cockerell's Chapel in Regent Street, "compared with which there is not a building either by Klenze or Schinkel worth notice, either for design or execution," perfectly unexceptionable, when, with a portico composed from the order of the Minerva Polias at Priene, it exhibits, even externally, a sky-light dome of rather insignificant character? We leave it to our readers to answer these questions.

Although we have not touched upon one half of the passages and points we had noted for comment,—among the rest, the contradictory character given of Nash, the curious remarks on Schinkel's Gothic, and the comfortable doctrine that taste in decoration is an EASY AFFAIR!—being apprehensive that we may even now have exceeded the bounds allotted us, we must hasten to conclude, remarking that, in departing so widely in this instance—one likely never to occur again—from the plan and conduct of this periodical, we have been constrained to it by the choice between two alternatives. The one was, to take no notice of a publication which, as an English one, did not properly come under our cognizance; the other was, to waive regard to forms, take it up boldly, and meet a

direct attack by a direct reply. Had the same remarks been given to the world in a less assuming form, we should probably have adopted the former course; but, being published in a volume with so imposing a title, and therefore likely to find its way into many libraries, where, unless met by some kind of reply, it would stand as a record of our presumption in advancing opinions we were afterwards either unable to maintain, or too pusillanimous to defend,—we have adopted the latter, as the one that will certainly be expected of us by our readers, who, were we to keep silence, could not interpret it but as an acknowledgment of defeat. Having determined to speak, we could not possibly refrain from dwelling upon the "*Elements*" as we have done, because to have noticed it less at length might have been construed as evasive, and imputed to us as a desire merely to save appearances, and to escape from our antagonist as speedily as we could. Had he merely directed a bolt or two against us *en passant*, or against others as well as ourselves, we might have been contented with replying summarily, and to no more than immediately concerned ourselves; but affecting us exclusively and so nearly, and moreover involving so many opinions upon which we are directly opposed to him, we could not do less than refer to them continually. It is true that we have left ourselves no room for more general matter, or to bestow that notice on the other work at the head of this paper, which we should have been glad to have done under different circumstances.

In regard therefore to the work of Mauch, we can only say that it forms a most excellent and useful supplement to Normand's *Parallèle*, for which purpose it is intended; and that, while the plates are executed with equal care and taste with those in that work, the text which accompanies them is much more copious and instructive. Whatever may be the case in this country, there seems no disposition in Germany to desert the cause of good taste, by abandoning the Grecian orders and the elements of detail and composition deducible from them, in order to revert to Italian architecture; which latter could hardly have become what it did, had those who established it been acquainted with the same models as ourselves. Hardly can we bring ourselves to believe that Palladio, "with his eye constantly turned to the practice and the details of the ancients," would not have at least incorporated much of Grecian with Roman architecture, if he had had the opportunity of studying the former, as well as the latter. This is what we are now at liberty to do; and not to do it would be

foolishly sacrificing to mere prejudice, and to a regard for names, a privilege which, we ought to rejoice in knowing, has been reserved for the present age.

ART. VII.—*Geschichte der Osmanischen Dichtkunst bis auf unsere Zeit. Mit einer Blütenlese aus zwey tausend zwey hundert Dichtern* von dem Freiherrn von Hammer-Purgstall. *Erster Band: von der Regierung Sultan Osman I. bis zu Sultan Suleimans, 1300—1521.* (A History of Ottoman Poetry down to the Present Time; with a Selection from two thousand two hundred Poets, by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall. Volume the First, from the reign of Sultan Osman I. to that of Sultan Suleiman, 1300 to 1521.) Pesth. 1836.

THE Baron von Hammer-Purgstall has been too long and too advantageously known to the public to render any detail of the services he has done to the reading world necessary to our countrymen, any more than to his own. We have ourselves been happy to allude to them on previous occasions; and it therefore only remains for us at present to specify more distinctly to our readers, that the nature of those services consists less in the researches of historical and archæological curiosity, as respects the East, than in the transportation of its scarcely less known or less valuable treasures of the *belles lettres* into Europe. We are far from desiring to intimate that this learned writer has not, on the former grounds alone, considerable claim to our attention and gratitude. His History of the Ottoman Empire is a triumphant reply to any such supposition, if it still exist; and his opinions and suggestions on philosophical and philological antiquity, even though attended with that doubt which must of necessity rest on a question so totally unexplored to this day, deserve in general the respect which they have met with from ourselves in particular; as elucidating in some degree, and directing farther inquiry upon, topics which the vainest of the learned world confess as hopelessly beyond their reach.

It is, however, our province to enter here only upon the last of the points suggested above. If the philologist is useful to science, the linguist is not less indispensable to intellect, as its translator. He brings from every country and climate, not indeed the specimens of its geological strata and formation, nor the bases of its constitutional laws, to account for the existence of kingdoms, but he

gathers, with a warmer and tenderer feeling, the riches that nature has loved to lavish on their soils; to pluck the flowers of imagination that embellish the surface of the earth, and bring home the gems of genius from foreign mines, to beam and brighten in the loveliness of his native land: nor is his labor thankless. If the *mere* philologist, in his slow but deep-endearing task, hears the cold voices of the past amidst silent ruins, and finds the very clay beneath his feet conserve the impress of a lost existence; if he rests satisfied with the praise of learning and the approbation of the wiser few, the *mere* linguist (must we so call him?) may well be content with the meed of more general applause; with having caught the hues of feeling as they rose diversified through every climate, inhaled the breath of passion in its sultriest glow, and bared to sympathizing eyes the phases of the distant heart, as it waned or developed through every change of splendor, obscuration, or eclipse.

But it is not restriction to the barren line of labor that, in either of these instances, can produce such results. However narrow may be the general range of the human mind, its powers are not necessarily contracted into single channels. Genius may be combined with study far more frequently than is always admitted; and the spirit that could breathe over the profoundest philological investigations the soft and chastened yearnings of the Sanscrit muse, might receive from even a linguist and avowed translator, suggestions on philology, founded certainly in fact, however extravagant or fanciful some one deduction might appear.

To the Baron von Hammer-Purgstall belongs the high praise of having rendered some of the most celebrated Eastern works familiar to his own countrymen, and popularized them, through his native language, in Europe. Asia, with its acknowledged powers of voluptuousness and warmth, was till lately a source of mute wonder to our minds. It was the learned writer before us who first undertook, so far as we can recollect, to give us some specimens of those exotic powers, in their completeness and in their simplicity also. And, considering his poetical talent not less than his peculiar acquirements, it must be confessed that the Turkish poets could have desired no more efficient or favorable medium of introduction to the West.

Independent of its novelty, too, the subject before us possesses no ordinary interest as a source of comparison; it is the very spring whence one of the last and mightiest of our own poets was stated to have drawn a considerable portion of his inspiration: that portion was assuredly much needed. The chas-

tened and colder style of modern poetry, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, partook too much of the artificiality of the preceding stage. A variety of poets, in the best sense of the term, had purified it greatly, and were rapidly reducing it to a simple and natural form; but it was a form corrected and restrained by the recollections of preceding ages. The spirit of Scott was infusing a preparatory but irregular vigor, when Byron burst forth with a success proportioned, not merely nor entirely to his own energy, but to the wants of the human heart; and hence the secret of his domination over the mind, abroad as well as at home; for foreign nations, like ourselves, had been, with few exceptions, quiescent, and led by precedents.

The Greek muse, consonant with her Oriental paternity, possessed an energy and warmth unknown to her successors. Pindar and Sappho may be adduced as evidence of this: but while they, like Homer, displayed the powers of the mind, and the passions and emotions of the body, which produced so strong an influence on their countrymen and followers, including the tragic poets, still the softness and purity of taste congenial with their climate and refinements, shed its Ionian elegance over their compositions, and prevented the full, stern, and muscular development of bardic energies. The colder taste of Rome followed its masters with a long interval of power, for which a more finished grace, a singular felicity, and a calmer majesty, were substituted. Barbaric wars and discoveries had gradually enlarged, for modern times, the sphere of national poetry: the wild romances of Ariosto; the elegant imagery and happy tenderness of Tasso; the concentrating gloom of Dante; the varied graces of description and sentiment lavished by the pen of Camoens, the poet of beauty; and the religious loftiness of Milton, breathing of that inspiration which, high and awful in itself, and corresponding to the sacred purposes that produced it, was, least of any, adapted to the expression of every-day life;—all fell confessedly short of our growing necessities. Shakspeare alone, from the ample stores of that wonderful mind, gave illustration to feeling, and a voice to thought; and he, with some fragments of Moliere, Boileau, and Pope, supplied the warm impulses and subtle definitions of genius and wit to the laboring bosom of mankind.

But a long, fierce, and desolating war, that shook society to its centre, and uprooted long-fixed and eternal principles, as the Pelion and Ossa of its gigantic strife, induced and left a sad change amidst the recent calm of civilization. Diffused with that very civiliza-

tion, a spirit of excitement prevailed wherever the conflict had extended its influence, and accident (to speak humanly) confirmed its sway. A morbid, hereditary temperament, acting on a personal defect, and co-operating with early mortifications; enhanced, too, by tasting the very bitterness of profligacy, and elevated by accession to rank; all these adventitious circumstances combined at the moment to create a poet adapted to the time and the exigency. The dark spirit of misanthropy, brooding over the troubled waters, made it pregnant with a new and fearful creation, in which existing elements were enlarged to excesses. Restlessness became elevation of soul; hatred, magnificence; vengeance, sublimity; and love, the sole representative of virtue. Passion was the atmosphere of this state; a moral globe, that knew but the torrid and the frozen zones.—Unlike the strong and various picture-forms of Homer, and the lofty and varied picture-thoughts of Shakspeare, the subjects of Byron were single sculptures, peopling each its desert, and fixing the gazer's eye on itself. The mouldings of the human frame were held secondary, if not altogether disregarded, by the chisel of the poetical Michael Angelo; the scalpel removed the outer layers to develop the energy of muscular anatomy; and even beauty, in his hands, stood disrobed of all but her cestus. Circumstances create characters, but characters re-act upon circumstances. Whatever the fiercest passions might have wrought formerly was lost to the world of language beyond the dark hints of Dante. But in Byron they found at length their genuine poet. If the philosophy of life bears Homer's impress, and the philosophy of feeling is Shakspeare's, the philosophy of passion is unquestionably Byron's, in the might that gave shape to confusion, defined indistinctiveness, and portrayed the very void of the soul.

We have dwelt upon this for two reasons. In the first place, because it has become the fashion to consider Byron as the mere meteor of an hour, and his popularity factitious and accidental; while, in fact, on every youthful mind his power is as great now as it was in his and our day on our own; for he that gave feelings the shape and utterance they vainly yearned for before, must live with the language of those feelings, at least till, with Homer and Shakspeare, they are driven out by mightier spirits of their own class and kind. Our second reason is more germane to our immediate subject; since the view we have taken of the great poet will prepare our readers for the conclusion that, the greater part of his powers being created by foreign circumstances, Turkey and her children,

though the scene of many sketches, cannot be expected to supply the staple of a mind essentially northern, whether Gothic or Teutonic.

But while we, then, warn the reader not to expect that the bards of the land whence our great poet drew his warmest inspirations must necessarily possess similar powers of genius, or even a kindred turn of thought, we freely admit that, to a certain degree, the tones of inspiration must be the same. The intensity of atmospheric heat in tropical climates, while it produces a lassitude of body that communicates itself freely to the spirit, till existence becomes a weight, and the mind a mere interval; while it thus sublimates the intellect into an abstraction, it also rarefies similarly the material powers, and sublimates sense into sentiment. Feelings, therefore, are, from physical not less than moral causes, divested of that robe which refinement spreads over the lower and less noble outlines of the human frame; and for which, in the intercourse of more polished life, the caution of the Turk has substituted a thick veil of imperturbability, and the art of the Persian a more showy tissue of falsehood. When not led astray by imitation of the literary models of the latter nation, the tone of Turkish poetry is, as we have already stated, earnest and warm; but it is certainly deficient in that highest attribute of genius, the judgment that concentrates, while it checks, the efforts of imagination for its noblest aims. This deficiency is least apparent in the nations most open to foreign intercourse; for the light of intellect, like that of the system, is but an intimate commixture of diversified and multitudinous rays, and we may exemplify the case with two neighboring nations. The early refinement of France procured for her soil and literature an early influx—of foreign intercourse, indeed, but it was the intercourse of admiration the tribute of barbarism to refinement. A contrary effect attended the isolation of Germany, delighted so long with her own nationality; and the result abroad was apathy or depreciation. These were the two extremes of the case of nations. The error of excess rendered France severe even to classical affectation; more Grecian than Greece herself, and satisfied to lose a portion of her natural light rather than suffer the detection of spots upon the surface. The absence of foreign intercourse has affected Germany reversely; the shades of her disc were protruded, as affording light of themselves, till common vision ached with the contrast, and her nationality became peculiarity, irregular even to madness.

The rising importance of Turkey to Eastern Europe has excited so great a degree of

interest towards that country, and removed so much of the indifference that previously existed as to its political and social condition, that some account of one, and this the most influential portion of her literature, may not be unacceptable to readers at large. The little that has been known, in England at least, on this subject, has been so imperfect in itself, and so blended with our notions of other eastern states, as to leave any thing rather than a distinct impression of Turkish attainments in poetry.

Before proceeding to offer to our readers some slight specimens of the most distinguished amongst Turkish poets from the volume before us, it may not be amiss to cast a previous glance at the early history of their literature in this department. Amongst barbarous nations, the first and strongest emotions are rapidly reduced to song; and the earliest poetry or national songs of the Tartar tribes were the relics of their earliest history; nor in uncivilized life, where the passions predominate, could it be otherwise. The prolongation of tones, and the swell and fall of the natural voice in the various moods of passion or excitement, invariably producing the first elements of music, its lengthened notes and varieties of cadence: the music, consequently, presents but a softer and regulated impression of the excitement which the words tended to express; and hence arises that wildness, remarked in every national melody, presumably derived from the earlier ages of existence.

The words and tones, therefore, being but the expression of an actual feeling in the first instance, were necessarily united and indivisible in their origin, though afterwards divorced; and thus we find, as among the Arabs, who of all nations have most carefully cherished their early habits, that the most prominent of their leaders were also their greatest poets, and that every burst of feeling was originally uttered in song. The trace of this practice remains in the literature of the Semitic stock, who have best preserved the patriarchal habits of their ancestors. The Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian works alternate verse with prose in more modern, equally with ancient, times, and have thus retained, as a refinement of taste and an exhibition of fancy, the form which, in a ruder period, was simply the utterance of feeling.

We are justified in referring on this subject to the nations specified above, since, independent of the reasons assigned, it is well known that Turkish literature in general follows the same course; and that the compositions of both Arab and Persian, the latter more especially, have served in a great degree as the models of the Turks. In the ir-

regularity of their latter nomade existence, these last appear to have altogether lost even the traces of that poetry which was originally so boasted in the deserts. Yet, from all we can gather now, they must have made a great progress in the art of poesy at that time, for the celebrated *Songs of the Tatars*, already referred to, appear to have been something more than the rudest and earliest of Arabic compositions that have reached our times, and in a greater degree connected and historical; probably, therefore, more like the romantic ballads of Spain and Germany; and further, in the days of Sultan Mahmoud of Ghazni, to have furnished a portion of the ground-work for the Persian poetical historian.

To the celebrity of the *Shah-nameh*, then, and the interest it excited beyond even the bounds of its own proper empire, we may attribute, in a great degree, the loss of the less finished Tatar efforts. Ferdousi's historic poem, embracing necessarily so large a portion of Tatar achievements, and preserving the fame of their Afrasiab from whom Seljouk boasted his descent, would not merely supplant the native romances of those countries with their most learned and polished writers and courts, but also be the means of more widely extending any existing taste for the works of his great predecessors, contemporaries, and followers, in the Pehlivi and Persian languages. Such we know was actually the case; nor was this the only consequence of Persian fame; since the admiration thus awakened precluded all attempts at originality amongst the Tatar tribes, and the utmost of their subsequent efforts has been confined to imitation of their masters.

The Turkish literature springs originally from a double source, according to the best investigations. The Eastern or most ancient was that of the Ouighours, the original and pure representatives of the Turks, and whose traces ascend and are lost in the remotest antiquity. The western branch is far more modern, since it aspires only to the Seljoukian tribes, who, previously to the Ottoman irruption into Europe, inhabited the wastes of Turcomania, indifferently under the names of Kumani, Oghuzi, and Balbi or Valabi, which last may perhaps be traced in the Valabi dynasty of Guzerat.

The Ouighours, properly Scythians, appear to have been the most early cultivated of all the Tatar tribes of the East.* The best account of their origin dates it nearly 3000 years before the Christian era. Slight

and doubtful notices of their existence are scattered through subsequent history; but it is not till the ninth century after Christ that we learn with any certainty of their condition and historical relations. It appears that they were then possessed of a literature, and that the commencement of this might be referred to a very remote period; that they used a native alphabet, or character, as well as that of their Chinese neighbors; and that history and poetry were carefully cultivated in their schools; the latter retaining the so-called Book of Oghuz, the earliest name of celebrity in Tatar history, and whose reputed volume was a compendium of the wisdom of their ancestors, compiled in verse.

The letters and language of the Ouighours appear from the agreement of Eastern historians to have been the source of civilization amongst the neighboring tribes from the earliest ages; and though the oldest existing relics of their literature can scarcely date beyond the 10th century, there seems no reason to doubt the existence of their annals at a period when even the Chinese and Persians were fain to borrow from them the traditions of their origin. The *Jama-al-tuarikh*, compiled about the commencement of the 14th century by *Rasheed-Eddeen*, contains all that remained of those annals at that period, but confused with a mass of other and foreign traditions. The Ouighours, however, were clearly the most enlightened of the subjects of Jenghiz Khan, since they were the secretaries of the conqueror, and taught the use of letters by his command to the Manchou Tatars on the north-eastern borders of the Great Wall of China, as we learn from the historians of the latter kingdom. Their creed, if we may rely on Persian writers, was derived from Tangout or Tibet. When Jagatai assumed the empire, he gave his name also to the literature of the Ouighours.

Although containing some words apparently of Chinese origin, these are so few, and so much altered from the original, that it is evident the Ouighour language and race had a widely different source from the Chinese. As still spoken in the vicinity of Cashgar, the strength and simplicity of this dialect bear reasonable evidence of its antiquity; but the relics of their literature that have descended to us go back no farther than the 11th century at the utmost, and the manuscript that preserves the single specimen of that period is itself but a transcript, and of the 15th. A short extract from this can not be unacceptable or misplaced, since it may not be generally known to our readers; and it is singular that the conversational or dramatic turn of the work itself assimilates it rather to Chi-

* We use largely, though with corrections, the admirable dissertation prefixed to David's *Grammaire Turque*.

nese or Indian than Persian and Arabic composition. We would versify it thus :—

From Eastern skies the gales of Spring ex-
hale,

And Eden's fairest paths our footsteps hail.
Earth spreads her carpet ; through the Fishes'
sign,

Before the Ram, the Sun's full glories shine ;
Fresh, welcome foliage every trunk indues,
And brightening nature robes in loveliest
hues.

See, with the caravan from far Khitai
The verdure comes, the softest zephyrs play ;
Flowers crowd the earth ; the rose its charm
receives ;

Camphire and Ayât decked once more with
leaves ;

The freshened branches bursting buds beset,
The morning brings the breath of violet ;
The wild-bird, dove, kalkak, and parrot,
spring

For prey ; or build ; or ply the sportive wing.
Shrieks the shrill crane ; the gladdening par-
tridge flies

To the dark brows that shade Khan Ghazi's
eyes ;

Oh ! be his life prolonged to utmost age,
As Locman's days, the favored and the sage !

Of the Kirghiz, an ancient tribe, neigh-
bors and rivals of the Ouighours in civiliza-
tion, and who are often confounded with
them, two short poetical specimens have
been given to the world by the Baron de Me-
yendorff.

See yon tents, the rich man's place ;
One sole daughter boasts his race :
Still at home each burning noon,
Wandering nightly with the moon,

Look on this snow ;—more fair my bosom's
rise :

Yon lamb's blood vies not with my cheeks's
rich dyes :

The fire-scathed tree stands blackening on
the hill,

Yet mark my hair—its hue is blacker still :
Let royal scribes toil ceaseless :—canst thou
think

Mine eye-brows' lines not darker than their
ink ?

The most celebrated period of the Jaga-
taian literature, which includes the commen-
taries of Timur, occurs however too late for
our view of Turkish poetry, as it dates about
the period of the taking of Constantinople,
and consequently after the separation of the
Turks from the Tatars.*

The second source to which we have re-
ferred, that of the Seljoukians, appears, as al-

ready noticed, considerably later in history ;
though the preservation of the name of *Ghuz*
or *Oghuz* as the lineal descendants of that
renowned ancestor, and the extreme veneration
for the volume that bears his name, would
seem to claim for this race (and, joined with
other causes, not improbably,) a derivation
from the earliest times. We give one speci-
men from the Baron's volume in our trans-
lation.

The steed knows him who guides the rein at
will ;

The sword knows him who teaches it to kill ;
Dominion, him who founded first its throne :
And woman, him who made her first his own.

The language of the Kunen or Kumanen
is generally considered derived partially from
the Ouighours. The source might be com-
mon to both ; but by writers in general the
Kumani branch are derived, though doubt-
fully, from the Chinese Tatars, as some ex-
tant wrecks of their own narratives also in-
form us ; and some trace of Chinese words
in their language would tend to confirm the
allegation. We know little beyond this, and
their union with the Ghuz about A. D. 1000
and subsequent dispersion, but that they pos-
sessed a class of poets or minstrels, from
whose works about *three or four hundred*
scattered lines were preserved and collected
about the beginning of the fourteenth cen-
tury, by order of Sultan Walid.

Though the Seljoukian literature influenc-
ed the tribes as long as they remained in
their native wastes, so soon as they entered up-
on that tide of war and conquest that brought
them with such rapidity to the very heart of
the falling Greek empire, the Turks eman-
cipated themselves from the yoke of their
earlier poetical teachers, and even in Asia
Minor assumed a new tone. But this was
merely an exchange of their models ; and
the rugged style of their ancestors was sup-
planted by an imitation of the Persian com-
positions that had so long excited their admi-
ration. They even carried, as is not un-
usual, that admiration to the length of not
merely imitating, but exceeding the faults of
their new masters. As they afterwards car-
ried into the graver style of history an affec-
tation of methodical, sometimes puerile ar-
rangement, and a finical nicety of preci-
sion, so in their earliest poetical efforts they
adopted a tone of spirituality and mysticism
far beyond even the Persians themselves,
and which, as the distinguishing characteristic
of the Turkish poetry, was preserved, follow-
ed, and, if possible, enlarged upon by their
successors.

Unfortunately for the Turks, this taste for
mysticism, which has so much and so de-

* A volume of Poetry, in the Cashan dialect,
now lying before us, deserves favorable mention
hereafter.

servedly contributed to keep their works and their authors from the general eye of readers, and to confine them to the obscurity they appear to have sought, was developed in Persia to its fullest extent, as concerns that country, about the middle of the 13th century, and just before the commencement of the Turkish empire. The Persian abstractions, therefore, of Jelaleddin Roumi and his son found minds eager to admire and imitate the extravagance of their novel aberrations. It was not confined, among the Turks, to a single channel. Ethic and didactic, panegyric, lyric, romantic, heroic, and religious poetry, all followed the prevailing mysticism, from which translation itself was not kept free. Jasid-ougli, Elwan, Chelebi, Daji, Nesimi, Sheiki, Ahmedi, Aashik-pasha, and Sudr-Eddin, all stamped with mystical allusion the character of their national poetry, and Elwan transferred it even to his Persian originals, in the very first era of the Ottoman empire and literature.

The vulgar opinion that the Mahomedan religion is opposed to enlightenment and intellectual cultivation, and which our author confutes from the Koran itself, can only be excusable in the utter ignorance of historical facts. It could never need a refutation or a notice with those who recollect the life and labors of its founder, or recall the ardent admiration of the Arabs for the style of the Koran, and which they consider as a sufficient proof of its celestial origin. But the imputations that Arabia has so triumphantly answered have been suffered to prevail against the Turks, owing to the existing ignorance of their history, institutions, and literature. To say nothing, however, of the denunciations of the Koran, which are evidently directed against the elegant literature of erring creeds alone, and which are sufficiently counteracted by the Prophet's own example and that of his followers, the Turks, in embracing the Mahomedan religion, assuredly lost nothing of their native fondness for the refinement of science and literature, as the most careless reader of history must be aware. The permission by the Koran of all sciences to the Moslems was freely used in Nicomedia and Asia-Minor by the Turkish proselytes; and Othman, himself descended from the Ghuzi, and little likely to disregard or impair the fame of his countrymen, the astronomer Ulug-Begh, gave, with his kingdom, his dying injunction to his son Orchan, to cultivate the arts and enjoyments of life; an injunction religiously followed by his successors, and echoed by the inscription of the conqueror in the library he founded at Constantinople:—"The study of

science is a religious duty for all true believers." The encouragement given by Mahommed II. to literature universally is the best proof of the sense in which the precepts of the Koran are construed by the Turks.

It is a singular fact that the Ottoman literature boasts of not much less than *three thousand* poets, and numbers amongst them not only every class of men, from the humblest upwards to the Sultans themselves, but occasionally women also, and of no common celebrity. The diffusion of knowledge, therefore, was much more general amongst them than supposed; nor will this be surprising to such of our readers as have had personal experience how often, in Eastern countries, the attainments of women, even when indirectly acquired, have raised them to a par with the opposite sex. Some specimens of this kind we trust to lay before the reader in the course of our labors, and now turn to the earliest period of Turkish composition.

Mohammed Sudr Eddin, surnamed Abul Mâli, is claimed by the Turks as the first of their poets, though his labors were not confined to their language alone, for he wrote in Arabic also, and was in Persian, the rival and opponent of Nazir-Eddin. He was cotemporary with Jelaleddin Roumi and his son Walid, and died about the year 1270. He is not, however, according to Baron Von Hammer, strictly considered as a Turkish poet in general by his countrymen; but the mystic tone which he adopted from Persia, and which he was undoubtedly the first to impress upon the national mind, gives him, we think, an unquestionable right to the place assigned him. The names of his works, such as the *Seal of Perfection* and the *Key of Mysteries*, indicate the peculiarity of his taste and genius; but, amidst all the confusion of the style and thoughts, some passages of great beauty, and even simplicity are found in his works. He is lost however, in the fame of his successor.

Aashik, so named from the mystic tenderness of his writings (عشق or, *love*), derives his epithet of Pasha also mystically, from the celebrity of his learning and piety; a repayment at least in kind, and not unusual amongst his countrymen. He was, says Von Hammer, one of the richest sheiks of his time, but lived, nevertheless, the life of a simple dervise, from conscientious motives. He was born at Hirshari in Australia, in the reign of Sultan Orchan, the successor of Othman, and died at no very advanced age, in the reign of Amurath I. His Divan, or great work, in imitation of Jelaleddin's, is a collection of mystical poetry exceeding *ten thousand* distichs, and divided into ten books,

each book into ten parts. As the work, from its size and expansiveness, is rare, even in Turkey, where it is considered as the standard of the oldest Ottoman tongue, we subjoin two specimens of its execution, by which the reader will be enabled to perceive how carefully it must be received as a commentary, which by some it is said to be, on the Koran itself.

Within our bounded limits it is, of course, impossible to enter into any detailed examination of the work : but, after the allusion we have already made to the mysticism of the Turks, it may be necessary for the full understanding of the system, to take a general glance at its probable source and the present application. As in the course of prolonged inquiry this mysticism assumes different forms in the hands of different writers, it will be easy subsequently to trace the changes of each phantasy wherever it may be deemed necessary ; and thus we shall by a simple process reach the solution of much that is at present unintelligible in Eastern ideality and literature.

It will be kept in mind, that the first principle of religion was the Unity of the Godhead. Hence, the first portion of Aashik's volume turns upon unity, which, fortunately for the author, tallies with the first principle of numbers. The Eastern division of religion into a Duad, of the obvious changes of light and darkness, life and death, extending the first principle, left also its own impress strong amongst the nations in whose vicinity, or bosom, arose the system, commonly called of the Magi. The Triad principle, as we have shown (No. XXXVII. pp. 115, 116,) followed : and those systematic adaptations or tangible forms of belief spread an indirect and imperfect influence over the uncultivated tribes that wandered through the Asiatic wastes. Their descendants felt the effect without tracing the causes, and hence it is, probably, that we find the first numeral forms dwelt upon by the mystics where there is no obvious reference to a physical prototype, as was the cause with the fourth, or number of the elements. Our author, devoting his three first books successively to the three principles alluded to, but in a manner that shows the second and third to have been but imperfectly understood even by himself, expatiates with something more of distinctness upon the fourth, or elemental and cardinal number. The fifth book bears reference to five, the favorite number of cabalistic, or rather preterhuman—whether talismanic, demoniac, or magical—powers in the East. The sixth includes the several extensions of space, into above and below ; before, behind ; the right hand and the left.

The seventh or *sacred* number, of planets, heavens, earths, seas, hells, prophets, and existences, affords ample room for expatiation. The eighth book accords with the number of paradises ; and to correspond with these, the poet has induced to form eight gradations, or stages, of love ; and farther to divide, in the same spirit, the devotees of this mystical emanation into eight classes of beatitude. Chizr or Elias, next to Mahomet the favorite Oriental prophet, figures at some considerable length in this portion.—The ninth and tenth books are probably only arbitrary, to make up the requisite tale, though the numbers are dwelt upon with a pertinacity of fanciful ingenuity that could only be expanded or tolerated in the East ; the last, as completing the whole, furnishing the poet with the image of perfection in the Godhead. The reader will expect little poetical merit in the two mystical specimens we give of this writer.

————— Behold creation's frame,
How from the great Creator's hand it came.
Earth's living elements obey his call ;
Cause begets cause ; and He, sole cause of
all,
On reason, first create, Four slaves conferred,
Who formed the world, as letters form the
word.
Fire, Earth, Air, Water, the vast frame com-
pose,
And ceaseless power the Godhead gave to
those.
One shines in lights that heaven and earth
illumine ;
One spreads in mountain, plain, flowers, fruit,
and bloom :
One seeks the stream ; one sweeps along the
earth ;
The four give life to all of mortal birth.
Four living essences in rule combined,
And whatsoe'er exists by them designed.
These sway the world,—these regulate its
course,
Preserve its laws, and give duration force.

—————
Man by four different paths to heaven as-
cends,
Himself a town towards which each traveller
tends :
There throned, the Almighty Ruler sits
apart,
His sceptre sense, his treasury the heart.
Four different paths yield egress from the
state,
Eye, hand, and ear, and tongue : lo ! each a
gate.
Evil, and good, the soul, Intelligence,
All enter in, or issue forth from thence.
What the eye took, the hand, returning, quits ;
What from the tongue goes forth, the ear
admits :
What the eye sees, the hand will ever frame ;
What the ear hears the tongue will still pro-
claim.

Shadows that strike the eye, the hand's control
Presses to shape, and fixes on the soul.
And words, that feelings to the ear impart,
The tongue communicates from heart to heart.
Thus, what the eye receives, the hand re-
turns :

The tongue restoring what the ear first learns.

Of Eluan, the translator of Mahmoud Shebisteri's *Rosebed of Mysteries* into Turkish from the Persian, little is known; the niceties of dates and details being generally disregarded, or, perhaps, unattainable, by Eastern biographers, who have limited themselves, in most cases, to a meagre and imperfect outline of the writers, as wholly subordinate and inferior in interest to the works they composed. In the first period of Ottoman poetry, which extends, according to our author's division, from the reign of this monarch to the capture of Constantinople, of thirty-eight poets from whom the Baron von Hammer-Purgstall has given extracts, seven appear to have particularly distinguished themselves in the various walks of the muse; Arshik-Pasha in mysticism; Ahmedi in the heroic; Sheiki in romantic; Suleiman Chelebi in panegyric; Jasidji-Oghli in ethics; and Ahmed Daji and Nesimi, in lyrical poetry. The mystical spirit, however, on which we have remarked, so strongly pervades the specimens furnished by our author, that we shall at once proceed to the second portion, a period extending from the siege of Constantinople to the reign of Solyman, A.D. 1500; and that short space of scarcely half a century, furnishes us with a list of 174 additional poets, amongst whom may be included three female writers of eminence: the last of these, Mihri the Second, as our author styles her, deserves, in his opinion, the title of the Turkish Sappho, from her writings. The biography of the first of these ladies would, in our opinion, alone entitle her to the same honorary distinction; but we must not take to scandal, and the Baron has omitted it and her life altogether.

Of the 2,212 specimens with which M. Von Hammer-Purgstall intends to favor us, only 212 poets are noticed in the present volume the first of the series. We cannot help thinking that a greater fastidiousness might have had the double advantage of consigning some of these writers to deserved oblivion, and rendering us familiar with others who better merited the learned translator's notice. Of the poetical talents of M. Von Hammer we some time since did our best to afford our readers a specimen; it cannot therefore be supposed, that his originals have suffered in his hands; but no judgment in selection nor skill in translation, could render tolerable that which unites in itself bad taste, extrava-

gant images, false antithesis, and the cold platitude of far-fetched conceits, such as fill a large portion of the volume under our notice. Of others we can speak with more satisfaction; but in the few specimens we can in our limited space afford to our readers, our humble efforts must give an insight into the real character of Turkish poetry. We must commence with Djeem, the unfortunate brother of Bayazid; and less remarkable, we suspect, for genius than as a traveller; at least, if this "*celebrated song*" is a fair sample of his powers of verse.

Drain freely the wine-cup of Djeemshid, Oh Djeem!

For this is Franguistan:

And whatever the star of our fortunes may gleam,

We'll bear it as best we can.

Within the Kaaba's walls I have been

A pilgrim Mosleiman;

And Turkey have traversed, and Araby seen,

And wandered throughout Karaman.

Let me praise the Most-High that no illness have I,

In coming to Franguistan;

For, blest with health here, I need not fear,

To live like a sultan.

Twice nine youths are waiting around,

Each bears a flowing can;

Twice nine youths, and all of them found

The children of the Ban.

If the fittest employment of life is enjoyment,

Go, learn from Bayazid Khan:

He who says he is sure that his power will endure,

By G—, is a lying man.

This is, undoubtedly, *license*; poetical we will not affirm it to be.

In the next specimen, from Chalili, the eighth line of our extract vindicates Paul Richter's logical conclusion regarding the "fair Biribi," with whose beauty the Sultan was so struck, that "he thanked the Creator aloud for—*having made the world!*"

Even in the mosque, those charms of thine,

Heart-stealer! shone so brilliantly,

The Imam turned him from the shrine

To win another glance of thee.

* * * * *

Whilst gazing on thy stature tall

I bowed adoring down to earth,

And inly praised the Lord of All,

The power that gave Creation birth.

Thine eye turns me oft from truth,

Is not a true believer's eye;

Too bright its glance; and yet in sooth,

It beams unmingled purity.

* * * * *

From the poem of Joseph, or Yussuf and Zuleikha, by Hamdi, we are happy to take a far less common-place extract. At the well-known moment when the unfortunate

fair had summoned her female neighbors and friends to behold the beauty of Yussuf as an excuse for her passion, they cut themselves with surprise at the sudden sight of his personal charms; and, after duly binding their own wounds we imagine, set themselves to assuage that of their hostess in the following strain:—

Love rules the subject soul;—then, ah! how
vain

To bar his entrance to his own domain.
Even hardest rocks are scorching with desire,
And, heated, crack in Yussuf's glance of fire.
Nor seek on Love himself to cast the blame;
Through thine own eyes the fond enchantment came.

Is there on earth one unsubjected soul
That ranges free of his supreme control?
Say, then, what tongue on thee can charge
the ill?

Not thine the fault, but his who chains thy
will.

With all its thousand eyes, the world may
gaze,

Nor mark a sun of such transcendent rays:
With all its thousand eyes may Heaven be-
hold,

Nor find the stars of such ethereal mould:
Thy day, indeed, were hopeless, dark, and
dim,

If thou could'st live and sundered thus from
him!

Before the sweetness of his sugared lips
Khosru might seem Ferhad in sad eclipse.
Keen are thy pangs; for we behold him now,
And feel what tortures must thy spirit bow.
Yet come; take heart: our words thy soul
shall stay,

And rein that stubborn steed to beauty's
sway;

Our voice shall win, our prayers his coldness
move,

And bend his heart of stone to thee and love.

We think there is still more of natural and picturesque beauty in the following passage; and have ventured to divest it of the stateliness of heroic verse.

'Twas night;—the hour when dreams arise
O'er the heart's tablet clear to shed
Their picture-forming phantasies;
And Zuleikha's Narcissus-eyes
Had drunk the draught of sleep; her head
Upon the silken cushion lay;
Her hyacinthine ringlets wreathing
Round her flushed cheek like musk-balm
breathing

O'er roses at the close of day,
Spread, wildly scattering in repose;
And all her couch one bed of rose;
When Fancy, on her courser fleet,
Hovering around that pillow, raised
A scene of love midst stillness sweet.
Chasing a sportive kid, her feet
Seemed straying far through silent bow-
ers;

An Irem where the heart would
dwell;

When lo! from forth the lavish flowers
Sudden Canaan's bright Gazelle,
Soul-hunting, sprang before the fair, and
gazed!

A form of youthful beauty keeping,
With eyes of unabated fire,
Her heart awake while she was sleeping;
Till all her bosom's pulses danced,
And all her raptured soul entranced,
Drunk with that gaze of love, that wine of
soft desire.

Our next quotation is a song from Mesti, who is distinguished by the respectable cognomen of The Drunken, and whose verse, it must be owned, savors much of its proper inspiration: nor is this impression at all lessened by the candor of the close, the moral gradually elevating the reader to the conclusion.

Know ye treasure of all treasures
Like the wine-flask's brimming measures?
Know ye such enjoyment sweet
As to kiss its very feet?
Every host with friendships old
Shall closest bonds of union hold,
When he finds each worldly token,
Like the cup, but once is broken:
Since the day I first began,
Wine has tried my inward man;
Since I steeped my soul in wine,
Racking head-aches have been mine.

We have only room for a few extracts from Messihi's beautiful verses on the Rose-Season: not very closely translated from the Turkish into German, by Wieland, whose version our author has quoted instead of giving his own.

Hear the Bulbul's songs resound:
See, the Spring descends around;
Culled from flowers that spring to meet him,
Rosy bowers o'erspread the fields;
While the fragrant almond yields
Silver buds, that bend to greet him.
Then seize, oh, seize Love's dearest time,
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

* * * *

From their beds the roses gleam,
Purple with the Prophets' beam,*
Blushing forth their sacred ray:
Hyacinths and tulips shine,
Bright as starry wreaths divine:
Pleasure, pleasure reigns to-day:
Then seize, oh! seize Love's dearest time,
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

Mark the lily's sword-points too,
Glistening moist with morning dew:
Every costly drop we see
Down through humid ether flowing:
Oh! but thus to snatch them going—
Hearken, hearken friends to me;

* Such light according to tradition, beams from the Prophets, that the hem of their garments (with which the head is frequently veiled) is tinged of a deep red, or purple.

And seize, ah ! seize Love's dearest time,
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

* * * * *
That dark hour has passed away,
When the rose unfolded lay
Midst the grassy verdure faint :
Now, that mournful season gone,
See the heights with flowers o'ergrown,
Scenes that pencil cannot paint.
Then seize, ah, seize Love's dearest time,
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

Glittering in the morning sun,
Precious as the jewelled stone,
Rain-drops gem the verdant plain ;
Whilst where softest zephyrs stray,
Musky fragrance scents their way,
Soon, too soon, to fade again !
Then seize, ah, seize, Love's dearest time,
Ere fades the rose's vernal prime.

ART. VIII.—*Zumalacarregui, oder der Tod des Heiden. Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen.* (Zumalacarregui, or the Hero's Death, a Tragedy in five Acts.) Von S. F. L. G. Stuttgart and Leipzig, 1836.

WHEN we observe the rapidity with which old established notions vanish and are forgotten, we sometimes feel a sort of apprehension creeping upon us that we, even we, whose especial business it is to watch and to report the progress and the vicissitudes of literary opinion, are woefully behind our age. The day is not very long past when it was deemed an audacious act of romanticism, such as only barbarians like Shakspeare could dream of, to found tragedies upon national history, although of bygone ages, to make tragic heroes of men bearing names "familiar as household words" to the ears of the audience. These compatriot subjects and heroes proving, however, more interesting than their predecessors, were allowed to take and keep possession of the stage, and the only remaining point for dispute was, how long heroes and heroines must have lain in their graves before their theatrical resuscitation was lawful. This being a vague question was never positively decided, but a considerable chronological interval between the real and the illusory existence was unanimously allowed to be indispensable. Accordingly, it was with no little astonishment that we, last year, brought before our readers a classical Italian tragedy upon the fall of the contemporary of a large majority amongst ourselves, to wit, the Emperor Napoleon, although the temerity of such syn-

chronal dramatization was slightly veiled under old Assyrian names.

But, if NABUCCO startled us, what shall we say to the far more synchronous ZUMALACARREGUI?—to a tragedy which, without an attempt at allegory or masquerade, takes for its subject the death of a hero who died yesterday? whose name and exploits are yet vividly present to the mind of every, the youngest, reader of newspapers; who was the chief actor in the war which, even now, whilst we write, is distracting Spain? What can we say, but that the author is an imaginative German poet; and, that if the classical Italian, Niccolini, dramatized the revolution of 1814, it was to be expected that a non-classical, indeed, autonomous German, should dramatize the glory and the fall of the most extraordinary man of the last two or three years.

This striking tragedy has been ascribed, by public conjecture and by critics, to several distinguished poets, and the admiration it has excited induces some surprise that the anonymous author has not stood forward to reap his harvest of laurels. But no claimant appears, and the continuous incognito has been supposed to proceed from political motives, from fear to avow either the picture of Louis Philippe and his condition, or the statements of continental absolutist policy given to Zumalacarregui and the diplomatist. These several circumstances, joined to the potent living interest of the subject, have determined us to devote more pages to THE HERO'S DEATH than we habitually allot to a single play; and it will perhaps be no unacceptable introduction, if we begin by recalling a few details of the hero's real career.

The family of Zumalacarregui,—whose name, a compound of Arabic and Basque, literally means Zamul of the Mountain,—is of the ancient nobility of the Basque province, Guipuzcoa. The father of the hero resided in his patrimonial mansion in the little town of Ormaiztegui, cultivated his small patrimonial estate, and enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, together with the highest provincial offices and honors. The eldest son was educated for the church, and is now a parish priest in his native town; the second is a lawyer, holding a high judicial situation at Burgos, under the queen, and now, we believe, a member and president of Cortes; the third was our Don Tomas Zumalacarregui, born Dec. 29, 1788.

During the war of independence, Don Tomas served as a guerrilla under Mina; and, though he gained no European celebrity, as none but the leaders could, he must have distinguished himself, since he rose to the rank of captain. At this time he was a zealous

liberal; but, disgusted with what he saw of the Spanish self-entitled constitutionalists, became an absolutist, or rather a royalist; for it must be observed, that an absolutist a Basque could no more be than, except in boyish ignorance and enthusiasm, a republican. The Basque provinces alone, of the states united into the Spanish monarchy, still enjoy their original, extraordinarily free, representative constitution, pretty much as it was established in the ninth century. It was indeed modified by the Biscayan parliament in the sixteenth century, to suit the altered state of society; but it was so modified by their own free will, and, even in this enlightened nineteenth century, retains so much of its primitive character, that Don Carlos, has, we believe, sworn fidelity to the Basque rights, liberties, and usages, and received in return the Basque oath of allegiance, under the same oak of Guernica—at least, under its descendant and representative—under which the first Lord of Biscay, Don Lope Zuria, was elected in 870,—under which the subsequent Lords of Biscay have been elected or have sworn to the constitution, as did Isabel of Castile,—under which Basque parliaments have been held and Basque justice administered.

Zumalacarregui's change of political principles cannot be called ratting, for it brought him neither employment nor promotion, and the insurrection of 1820 found him still a captain. In 1822, however, he obtained the command of a battalion under Quesada, then an absolutist, against the constitutionalists; and his admiration of the French army, with which he upon that occasion acted, impelled him, upon the restoration of tranquillity, to study the military profession scientifically. His peculiar talent lay in the training and organizing troops; and, in order to benefit the more extensively by his skill therein, Eguia, whilst war-minister, removed him from regiment to regiment. He was lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Estremadura, when the decided attachment of the royalists to Don Carlos compelled Queen Christina to court the liberals, ultras as well as moderates, in order to insure her daughter's succession, and thus to give that party the ascendancy at court. By them Zumalacarregui was arrested; and, though subsequently liberated, he resigned his commission, and retired to Pamplona, there to live in narrow circumstances with his wife and children, three little girls.

And here, perhaps, we may best insert a short description of the man. He was, we are told, of middle height, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, and of stooping carriage. His dark grey eyes had a singularly intense gaze, and his jaw and chin resembled Napoleon

Bonaparte's. In character he was stern and thoughtful; abrupt and laconic in conversation; haughty to superiors, good-natured to inferiors; and so profusely generous, that his wife durst not trust him with money, because, notwithstanding their own wants, his purse was emptied by the first poor soldier or even beggar who asked his charity. To her remonstrances he would reply, "To give is to be like God."

At this period the Carlists secretly invited Zumalacarregui to join in an insurrection, the object of which was to seat Don Carlos prematurely upon his brother's throne; but he, like Don Carlos himself, refused to rebel against his liege lord. Upon the death of Ferdinand VII. the viceroy of Navarre offered him the rank of brigadier-general in Isabel's service, which he refused upon the same ground, considering Don Carlos as the lawful heir in preference to a female. He was now closely watched, and, during the first northern insurrection in favor of that prince, he made no attempt to join the Carlists, probably from reluctance to expose his family to the resentment of the queen's partizans. It was not till the treacherous seizure and execution of Don Santos de Ladrón, Oct. 15, 1833, when, a few disorderly guerrillas only remaining in arms, the insurrection seemed crushed and the Carlist cause desperate, that Zumalacarregui felt the emergency to be such as imperatively required the running of every risk. His wife is said to have nobly encouraged her anxious husband by professing confidence of her own and her children's safety; and on 31st of October he effected his escape from Pamplona. Señora Zumalacarregui soon afterwards found it expedient to fly herself with her two elder daughters to France, where she was confined by the Police; and her infant, which she was obliged to leave at nurse, was seized by Rodil.

Zumalacarregui had scarcely joined the insurgents ere he was proclaimed commander-in-chief, and the appointment was confirmed by Don Carlos, when communicated to him. This is not the place for a detail of his military exploits; and the nature and brilliancy of his short career may be sufficiently appreciated from a brief statement of the relative condition of the parties at the moment of his assuming the command, of his consequent plan of conduct, and of its results. The queen-regent was mistress of about 130,000 disciplined and well-officered troops, with all the organized resources of the kingdom. Don Carlos had but a few guerrillas, scarcely any arms or ammunition, no preparations, no equipments; his strength was in the disposition of the Basques, prompt to rise

at his call, even mothers were willing to risk their last surviving son for the prince, who, when Ferdinand's ministers proposed an infraction of the Basque rights, had opposed the attempt as illegal, and prevented it. Under these circumstances, Zumalacarregui's task was to create a Carlist army and to destroy the queen's, arming and equipping his own from the spoils of the enemy. To effect this, he fought whenever he could do so without disadvantage, sometimes without a second charge for his muskets. His knowledge of the country, and the favor of the peasantry, enabled him everywhere to surprise the Christinos. He lay concealed with his men till every shot was certain to tell; then fired, and rushed out with fixed bayonets upon the amazed and disordered foe. He thus gradually created an army of nearly 30,000 men, well armed and trained, whose attachment to, and confidence in him, were unbounded. He destroyed 50,000 of the queen's troops, defeated five of her best generals, two of whom were his own former commanders, Mina and Quesada, and wrested sixteen fortified towns from their hands. The massacres of prisoners laid to his charge were in him only dreadful acts of retaliation. He now thought himself equal to a dash upon Madrid; but Don Carlos insisted upon first taking Bilbao, where he expected to find money for paying his troops; and, at the siege of Bilbao, whilst reconnoitring the place, Zumalacarregui was shot in the leg, of which wound, in a very few days, he died, at Ormaiztegui, in his brother's arms. It is said that his adversary Mina, upon hearing of his death, exclaimed, "It will be long ere Spain sees his fellow!"

Turn we now to the tragedy. The author has added little or no story to the real history, seeking merely to illustrate and develop the character of his hero, the feelings of the different parties engaged in the contest, the difficulties of generals commanding troops chiefly volunteers, and the horrors of civil war; which last he renders more impressive by the slight deviation from fact of giving Zumalacarregui a grown-up daughter, whose affianced lover is a Christino in Bilbao. The play is opened by this lady, Doña Isidora, in a monologue, of which we extract the beginning.

"*Doña Isidora.* Torn from my quiet solitude I stand

A stranger in a world of strangers, midst
The bursting storm of factions, and where'er
I turn mine eyes they're met by flashing
swords,

At Spanish heads aimed by a Spaniard's
hand.

Sight agonizing to a Spanish heart!

Here lies the army of our lord the king
Encamped beneath a sister-city's walls,
Intent on slaughter; there the cannon's
mouth

'Gainst the fraternal camp is pointed, ready,
At prompting of a fratricidal hand,
To scatter death amidst a host of brothers.
Here, my most honored, venerated father—
The great upholder of our ancient rights,
As of this loyal nation's manners, customs,
Creator of his army as its leader—
Triumphantly his monarch's banner waves.
There, the beloved, in childhood's intimacy
Who grew with me, selected for my husband
By will of parents as by mutual choice,
From all he ever loved, all he still loves,
Now severed, and adown the eddying tide
Of hostile factions and opinions whirled,
Unsheathes his sword against my dearest father.

Thus with a single blow to pierce two hearts.
Image calamitous of civil war!"

Zumalacarregui joins his daughter, and asks,

"My daughter, did the roar of war affright thee?"

Isid. Affright me? Am I not a Spanish maid,

And Zumalacarregui's daughter?

Zum. Child,
A haughty word is eas'y spoken, harder
'Tis to abide the trial. Common courage
Is not unusual,—blindly it confronts
The moment's danger. But to consecrate
A whole existence to a single cause,
In that unflinchingly to persevere,
Fate's blows defying, inaccessible
To lures of vanity and selfishness,
With equal resolution combating
Th' external foe, and that, more dangerous,
Lurking within the bosom's secret depths—
That is the rarer courage of the man
Whom Heaven created for great enterprize;
Happiness he foregoes high ends t'achieve."

The next scene is one of argument between Zumalacarregui and a Christino, the friend of his youth, from which we extract some lines of the former's, containing the pith of the Basque sentiments—the cause of Isabel is less ably advocated.

"Thou speakest of the weal of generations
Living, unborn, on constitutions founded,
On laws. Have we not our old rights, to
which

The king observance swears, and holds them
sacred?

With them he is our king, without them—not.
So runs the oath he swears at his accession.
We are contented with these ancient rights
Based on the solid ground of history,
Not paper rights, but living in our hearts.
For these the men of the three provinces
Have risen in arms, and this their battle-cry:
The monarch and the law, our rights, our
king!

Ye speak of freedom. Are ye truly free?
We are so, as our fathers were before us.

Ye're but a foreign nation's apes. What gain
Has France from constant change? A des-
potism

In freedom's garb, an everlasting struggle
'Twixt liberty and violence, a wavering
'Twixt tyranny and law, as everlasting.
And this Louis Philippe, your citizen-king,
The ball, the toy of faction! He to-day
On this, on that to-morrow clinging, fawns
On selfishness and vanity, i' th' hope
So to maintain him on his tottering throne,
On this side by hereditary right,
On that side, by the people's hatred, threat-
ened.

Ye deem Don Carlos an usurper! He,
A father midst his children lives, alone,
Unguarded, he in every cottage finds
A safe asylum, whilst your citizen-king
Still trembles for his life."

The conversation is interrupted by Sagas-
tibelza, a wild, sanguinary, and powerful
chief, who comes with the priest Domingo to
insist upon the slaughter of all prisoners in
the camp, in revenge for the apprehended
murder of his own son, then a prisoner in
Bilbao. Obtaining no answer, he is going
forth to execute his purpose, when Zumala-
carregui authoritatively speaks—

"Remain here, general! And you, priest,
what would you?

Domingo. What would I? I? I am a mi-
nister

Of our religion, trampled under foot
By yon blaspheming crew. Profaned her
temples,
Her altars plundered * *
Forced are our cloisters, and their pious in-
mates
Expelled, turned out upon an unknown
world,

To meet the gibes and mockery of a nation
Robbed of its faith. Whoever in his God
Believes is persecuted, ay, is hunted,
Like savage forest beast, from vale to moun-
tain.

I, as a priest, the sanctuary profaned,
And the polluted altars, will avenge
In the life-blood of these ungodly sinners;
Will sweep them from the earth, as Samuel
The heathen monarch Agag, with sharp
blade

In Gilgal, at the altar of the Lord,
Slew, and thus spoke, 'As women of their
children

'Thy sword has robbed, so childless shall thy
mother

'Be amongst women.*' This will I achieve
Despite the hardened Saul, who, God's com-
mands

Resisting, spares his people's enemies.

(*Significantly*) Ev'n therefore was Saul's
kingdom taken from him."

While Zumalacarregui, after quietly giving
his orders, is reasoning with Sagastibelza, the
troops of that chief are brought in by Domin-
go, to enforce compliance by threats more
forcible. Zumalacarregui calmly disregards
them.

"*Zum.* The God I worship, priest, said,
'Mine is vengeance.'

Therefore I exercise humanity

When possible. Thou fling'st religion's cloak
Over base passions, and thy thirst of blood
Glutt'st, in the name of God the Merciful.

(*To the mutineers.*) But you, seduced, blind-
folded men, lay down

Your arms, and in obedience due await
Your general's unshackled resolution. (*They
hesitate.*)

Ground arms! 'Tis Zumalacarregui's order.

(*The arms fall rattling on the ground.*)

Ye have done wisely. In my hands ye were.
My faithful troops surround you."

The truly Christian Bishop Anselmo now
comes to reprove and dismiss Domingo to a
monastery; and Zumalacarregui, when free
from all attempt at control, sends a flag of
truce to Bilbao to propose an exchange of
prisoners, announcing his determination to
retaliate any cruelty that may be committed.

"But if, which God forbend! the prisoner's
blood

Have streamed, or shall stream, then, by my
salvation

I swear, the blood of our antagonists

In equal quantities forthwith shall flow."

Sagastibelza is satisfied, and the Christino
friend, despairing of converting Zumalacar-
regui, takes his leave of him for this life.

The next act shows us a similar mutiny,
with a different result, in Bilbao. Camillo,
the republican leader of the *Chapelgorris*, a
corps of Christino irregular troops, bearing
personal enmity to Sagastibelza, canvasses for
the slaughter of the prisoners, especially of
his enemy's son. Don Fernando, Zumala-
carregui's nephew, though a Christino, an-
swers him,—

"I'd save our friends, who're prisoners to the
foe.

Cam. Ay, that's the style, I know, the
modish phrase

Of all the lukewarm, all the moderates,
Who shudder at each drop of blood. But
blood,

In civil war, must flow in streams, and shall.
Opinion's wars are wars of life and death.

* * * * *

My years were tender when of the French
tyrant

The ruffian hordes burst, an impetuous tor-
rent,

* In reading this, and subsequent yet more
startling adaptations of the very words of texts of
Scripture to the language of the stage, the reader
is requested to bear in mind that this practice is,
in Germany, so general, and deemed so unobjec-
tionable, that it must be considered as proving in
the author a really pious disposition rather than
any irreverence, or "damnable iterations."

O'er Spain. The universal nation rose
Ev'n as one man, the greybeard's feeble
hand,

The woman's delicate fingers grappled arms;
And so did I, then scarcely more than boy.
Thou know'st how gloriously this war was
ended.

With streams of Spanish blood did we his
throne

Repurchase for King Ferdinand—And what
Our guerdon!—Dungeons, banishment, and
death

For th' army's bravest, for the people's best.
Six years I pined in fetters, till Riego
Opened my prison door. * * *

I saw Riego die—I, in disguise,
Had sought Madrid to rescue him; I failed,
And swore—(*fiercely*) Think not that I for
Isabel,

Or for Christina, or for any Bourbon—
A name abhorrent to mine inmost soul—
Bear arms; no, this good sword—(*rattling it*)
the cause it serves

Is different, and due time—Pshaw! deeds
not words!

It was by caution, patience, and forbearance,
The *Cortes'* wordiness and impotence,
Our cause once perished; not a second time
Thus poorly shall 't be lost. The bloody
throne

Of Liberty, on corses of her foes
Must be established, then 'twill firmly stand."

Making no converts to his sanguinary
purpose, Camillo goes off to effect it by
force. The *Chapelgorris'* horns sound to
arms; the governor, Don Alfonso, comes on
in disturbance at such disorderly proceed-
ings; despatches Don Antonio to order the
rest of the garrison under arms, and bring
his own guards to him; Don Fernando, to
arrest Camillo and his horn-blowers; and,
when Don Antonio reports his commission
executed, considering the mutiny as already
suppressed, he sends for Zumalacarregui's
flag of truce whom he thus addresses:—

"Who sends you?

Don Juan. I from Zumalacarregui,
General in chief of all King Charles the
Fifth's—

Don Alf. There's no King Charles!

Don Juan (smiling). His army is
encamped

Before your city walls.

Don Alf. No army that;
'Tis but a motley crew of armed insurgents.

Don Juan. We are the soldiers of our law-
ful sovereign,
King Charles the Fifth, to whom the Spanish
crown

By right and ancient custom appertains.

* * * * *

My general offers, man for man, t'exchange
All prisoners in the hands of either party.

Don Alf. As servant of the lawful queen of
Spain,

I should not treat with her rebellious sub-
jects,

* * * * *

Yet deem it acting in conformity
With mine exalted sovereign's sentiments
To show me gracious towards her misled sub-
jects;

Therefore, to spare the shedding human
blood—

(*The Chapelgorris' horns play the revolutionary
air of Tragalo perro.**)

How now! What's that?

Don Ant. The Chapelgorris' horns.

Don Alf. I ordered their arrest; has Don
Fernando

Thus long delayed to execute mine orders?

Don Antonio is sent off for intelligence,
and returning, reports the threatening ap-
proach of the Chapelgorris.

D. Alf. (disturbed.) The faithful regiments?

D. Ant. On their parades

They stand, with ordered arms.

D. Alf. How? Not opposing
The progress of the mutineers?

D. Ant. I saw

No sign of such intention.

D. Alf. But they shall—

I will—

(*Enter CAMILLO, DON FERNANDO, Chapelgorris,
and their band.*)

How, Don Fernando, have you thus
Neglected my commands?

D. Fer. I am myself

A prisoner.

D. Alf. (to Camillo.) You have dared this?

Cam. I have dared it,

And more will dare.

D. Alf. Ha! treason! mutiny!

Up, up, you faithful servants of the queen!

To arms!—

Cam. (to the Captain of the Guard.) Cap-
tain, command to order arms.

Capt. Not I!

Cam. As likes you; I can give the word.
Attention! Order arms! (*the guard obey.*)

Now, who's the master?

The post of governor for some few minutes
I'll occupy—(*general silence.*) Where is the
flag of truce?

D. Juan (laughing scornfully.) Here, but
the governor of Bilbao

He knows not where to find, nor unto whom
He should declare his message.

Cam. Unto whom?

Methinks that's plain enough; to him who
governs.

Have you not yet discovered who is here
The master?

D. Juan. Yes, to mine astonishment
I have, and learned a lesson in Bilbao
New to the soldiers of the rebel camp,

* Swallow it dog, it meaning the constitution.

As you are pleased to term 't. There, I this day

Saw mutiny end otherwise.

Cam. May be

* * * *

Concerning an exchange of prisoners
You're sent to treat?

D. Juan. Just so.

Cam. Especially.

You would restore Sagastibelza's son
To th' arms of the bereaved father?

D. Juan. Yes.

Cam. (coldly.) The wish may be indulged,
so you but practise

A little patience. (Shots without.) You shall
have him. Yes,

Rely upon it, he is your's; Camillo

Is not the man to break his plighted word.

(Upon a sign from CAMILLO, the Chapel-
gorris open their ranks. Four men march
in, bearing a bier covered with a carpet,
and set it down at CAMILLO's feet.)

D. Juan. (shuddering.) Ha! What is this?

Cam. (coldly.) The object you desire.

(Snatching away the carpet discovers a bleeding
corse.)

Sagastibelza's son at your disposal.

(General horror. He turns to DON ALFONSO.)

My post of governor I now resign,
And reinstate you in your dignity."

The third act opens with a scene in the
Carlist camp,—evidently in imitation of the
first part of Schiller's *WALLENSTEIN*,—in
which the various characters of the different
classes of the troops are well hit off. But
we cannot afford room for all the extracts
we could wish to make, and proceed to the
second more important scene, in which we
have an argument between Zumalacarregui
and a Russian diplomatist, called only a Fo-
reign Agent, respecting the policy of ac-
knowledging Charles V. and supporting him
by force of arms. We select some of the
most powerful and characteristic passages:

"Zumal. E'er since the revolution prin-
ciple,

Even as finally in an usurper
A conqueror embodied was subdued
Victoriously, and on their ancient thrones
The Bourbons were reseated, Europe's rulers
Have felt that only unity, that only
A homogeneous system, from the banks
Of Neva to the Tagus' mouth supreme,
Could prop the structure of old policy,
To Europe a continuance of peace
Assuring. And this system's character,
It is legitimacy, lawfulness,
Opposed to anarchy and usurpation.

* * * *

Foreign Agent. Of what avail t' acknow-
ledge Charles the Fifth,

Unless by arms enforced? And did we thus
Attempt to rear Don Carlos' throne in Spain,
Louis Philippe's must first be overthrown.
That is, a general war must be provoked.

* * * *

Zumal. Such war, if not to day, must yet
to-morrow,

Perforce, be waged, for these two principles
Cannot in Europe co-exist; the one
Must needs destroy the other. Every day,
Ye see 't yourselves, impairs our strength,
augments

The adversary's. First the frenzy seized
On Belgium, next on distant Poland, whilst
Into the British empire it intruded,
And, as Reform, spreads wider day by day.
Then passed the spirit of wild innovation,
Of madness, into our Peninsula,
Setting it all on fire. Thus every day
Do we lose ground, won by the enemy,
Whose confidence increases with his might.

For. Ag. Yet e'en upon the soil of France,
whose womb

First gave the hydra, Revolution, birth,
Have we, assisted by Louis Philippe,
Struck off a many of the monster's heads
Successively. That very citizen-king,
Whom on the throne she seated, is become
The first and deadliest of her enemies.
Skilfully does his policy enmesh
Some by their avarice, others by their fears,
By their ambition these, those by their mean-
ness,

Knitting all to his system; thus the fire
For want of fuel must in its own ashes
Expire.

Zumal. Seemingly; factions sleep, but die
not.

Only a breath is wanting, and the flames
Ye deem extinguished from their ashes burst.
Then what can he against them whom they
made

Their very creature? This Louis Philippe,
Is he not uproar's son, rebellion's king?
The conflagration he may damp awhile,
Haply confine, but conquer it he cannot.
Th' authority he has the people gave;
And though, by craftily dividing factions,
He, profitably for himself and race,
Perchance may work them, still the people's
servant

Is he, and not their master. * * *

For. Ag. Justly you argue; still to these
our times,

Such as they are, we must adapt ourselves.
And a rare instrument this citizen-king
Is in our hands, since we possess a bait
That every usurper bites at. We
Hang out a distant prospect of admission
To rank amongst legitimate dynasties,
So by his conduct he deserve the honor.
This bait was swallowed even by Napoleon,
And no Napoleon is Louis Philippe.
Thus use we these ephemeral emperors
And citizen-kings, to enervate and crush
The people's spirit, to control, suppress
The revolution that exalted them;
And this same spirit is their throne's support,
The only one, which failing, they are lost.
So fell Napoleon, so Louis Philippe
Prepares his own destruction—

Zumal. (interrupting him.) And meanwhile,
In Spain Don Carlos' cause is lost; his cause
Which is your own, do not deceive yourselves.

* * * *

You deem, I do not, in Louis Philippe
That you possess a certain guarantee
For Europe's general peace. But grant it such;
On what depends this peace? Upon a thread,
On one man's life. Who to his throne suc-
ceeds?

For. Ag. (laughing.) Prince Rosolin.*

Zumal. (smiling.) An answer all-
sufficient.

And is, in the political world, as yet
One problem solved, one single question set-
tled?

Is not your knot, instead of disentangled,
Daily more complicated; by the sword
Only to be undone? (*A pause.*) Around you
look

Through Europe; everywhere will you dis-
cern

Forebodings dark of war, the imminent,
The unavoidable; upon men's tongues
Dwells peace, but war is everywhere pre-
paring.

Factions are sharply character'd and severed;
Superfluous it were to give them names,
Since unto each is, by the course of things,
Its proper place assigned, and petty views
Are silenced when existence is at stake.
Concede you this, few words it will require
To sketch your necessary operations.
Close but the Dardanelles, close but the Sound,
An easy task, to you so near, so distant
From th' enemy; this done, you're safe en-
trenched.

Your empire's forces, in their rear secured,
Ready for action and disposable,
You have in hand. Press forward, ever for-
ward,

With strength concentrated; bold enterprise
Invigorates the confidence of friends,
Alarms the foe. And who is your opponent?
Sits he so firmly on his throne, that he
Can venture to collect his kingdom's powers
Against the foreigner t'employ? And should
he,

—Domestic factions will revive—at home,
Anarchy, civil war, abroad, the foe—

(*A sharp fire of musketry heard. He listens
for a moment, then proceeds.*)

—Act whilst time favors, whilst we yet
maintain

Our ground, and first and most especially
Acknowledge Charles the Fifth as King of
Spain

And of the Indies—(*The firing continues.*)

For. Ag. (interrupting him.) Were you in
Madrid,

Or marching with your army on Castile,
As though to seize the capital ye purposed,
Then, haply—(*The firing ceases.*)

Zumal. Never! 'Twere insanity
These mountain bulwarks to forsake, and risk
Our army on vast plains, whilst unprovided
With cavalry and with artillery,
Such as on equal ground, and in pitched
battle,

Might fit us with the foe to cope—(*distant
muffled drums.*)

* The continental nickname of the Duke of
Orleans.

Such faults
Would our opponents turn to good account,
Would seize upon our country, cut us off
From ground well known, propitious to our
arms—

(*The drums approach.*)

Our stronghold are these mountains, to our
foes

Destruction, we, amidst them, can withstand
Christina's hosts, and here Don Carlos'
crown—

(*The drums are now close at hand. Again
he listens a moment, then proceeds.*)

Will we preserve, until the hour arrives
To place it on his head.

(*A military funeral, with muffled drums, en-
ters at the back of the stage.*)

What should this be?

(*Enter SAGASTIBELZA and DON JUAN, with sol-
diers, &c. SAGASTIBELZA, advancing
slowly towards ZUMALACARRÉGUI, and
speaking in a hollow monotonous voice.*)

But if, which God forefend! the prisoner's
blood

Have streamed, or shall stream, then, by my
salvation

I swear, the blood of our antagonists
In equal quantities forthwith shall flow—
Thus Zumalacarrégui lately spoke.

Zumal. Sagastibelza!

Sag. Of that name the last!"

With sad but solemn resolution, Zumala-
carrégui, upon receiving Don Juan's report,
orders the execution of a number of his pri-
soners, equal to the number of Carlists
slaughtered in Bilbao, and some just taken
are included, to make up the amount. The
humane bishop in vain intercedes in their
behalf. The firing that announces their fate
is heard; and Zumalacarrégui, left alone,
exclaims,

"Would I had never left my father's house!
Lo! twenty innocent men are led away
To suffer death, and 'tis by my command!
Wherefore, great Lord of Heaven, didst thou
give me

This tender heart for such tremendous duties?

* * * * *

A duty 'twas that to my troops I owe,
Even should mine own flesh and blood—

*A woman (in deep mourning, who has ap-
proached unnoticed.)*

Thy blood?

Already it has streamed!

Zumal. Ha! What is that?

The woman. Maria 'tis, thy sister.

Zumal. (trying to take her hand.) What
brings thee,

Maria, to thy brother's camp?

* * * * *

D. Maria. My son.

Zumal. Thy son? Fernando in
my camp?

D. Mar. Only his corpse.

Zumal. How! Mighty God!

D. Mar. (pointing after the prisoners.) He
lies

Yonder, a soulless corse, and he whose voice
Sentenced him was the brother of his mother.

Zumal. Oh Lord my God! How heavily
thy hand
Presses on me!

D. Mar. 'Twill press yet heavier.
Prophecy dwells within the mother's heart,
Who weeps her only son."

Zumalacarregui mourns over the breaking of one friendly and family tie after another, but appears unmoved by his bereaved sister's prophetic denunciation, which is, however, speedily fulfilled. The fourth act is occupied with Isidora's love and anxiety for her bridegroom and her father, with her father's tender care for her happiness, and his going forth upon a reconnoissance. From this he returns, when she watches him from her window, and observes with alarm that he does not look up to her, and walks languidly. Presently the Bishop Anselmo visits her, and we extract his communication to Isidora of her misfortune.

Anselmo. Earth's joys and sorrows, like
our earthly frame,
Are transitory, and the hand of God
It is that all inflictions lays upon us.

Isidora. All righteous God! What am I
doomed to hear?

Ans. Our Saviour Christ, when, in Gethsemane,
His soul, ev'n unto death, was sorrowful,
Bowed down his face to earth, and to his
father

In Heaven thus prayed: 'If it be possible,
'Oh let this cup pass from me! Ne'ertheless,
'Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt!'
That bitter cup Heaven oft to those assigns
Whom most it favors, trying thus their faith,
Whether it lively, strong, submissive be.

Isid. (*falteringly.*) I am a woman, feeble is
my strength.

Ans. But mighty is the strength of God, and
still

Is't in the feeble the most glorified.
We are but pilgrims, tow'ards a better home
Still journeying, for us this lower world
Is no abiding place, and best through sorrows

To Heaven's eternal joys may we attain.
Happy, who in the Lord have fallen asleep!

Isid. Delay not! In this wounded heart
plunge quickly

The dagger!—Mine Antonio—

Ans. (*with deep feeling.*) All life's pains
For him are over, and before the face
Of God he stands.

Isid. Oh my foreboding soul!
(*Looking up wildly.*)

And by my father's hand the blow was dealt!

Ans. That is the grief that bows him to the
earth,

Therefore does he avoid his daughter's
sight,

And blameless though he be, condemns himself."

Isidora is led off, stupified by this fulfillment of her worst fears, and passes her father without seeing him. He looks after her, exclaiming,

"My most unhappy child! Too hard this
blow
Falls on her heart, beyond her strength to
bear.

* * * *

Ans. (*solemnly and significantly.*) Yet other
heads there are, to thee as dear,
As precious.

Zumal. Gracious God! My wife
and child?

Ans. (*with deep feeling.*) They both are prisoners to the enemy."

Thus ends the fourth act, and the fifth, a very short one, is wholly devoted to the fate of Zumalacarregui. We first find him reading the Bible, and seeking consolation in religion. He then sends for the generals and other chief officers; and, whilst awaiting them, dwells upon his sorrows:

"My bosom's friend, tried ev'n from youth,
and still

Found faithful, stands amongst mine enemies:

—Too happy if I meet him not in battle!

My sister of her son have I deprived,

My daughter of her bridegroom * * *

My wife and child in hands of foes athirst

For blood of mine, on the grave's brink my
sister,

My darling daughter, of my children dearest,
With frenzy threatened—Nothing am I now;
Nothing, not husband, brother not, not father;

There lie my sacrifices, victims all

Offered upon the altar of my country!

(*Recovering himself.*) The general I still am,
and will be, wholly.

Enter the generals and other officers.)

Sagastibelza, I, like thee, am childless!

Sagas. Then live henceforth for vengeance!

Zumal. For my duty,
Mine austere duty, will I live."

Zumalacarregui then makes his arrangements, gives his final orders for the storming of Bilbao, and goes forth to direct the attack in person. The fatal shot is fired, with needless circumstances of treachery, by a woman whose lover had fallen in one of the retributive massacres of prisoners, inexorably commanded by Zumalacarregui. As he is dying, Don Carlos enters with his suite, and we must needs extract the only scene in which it has been our fortune to see a living King, or at least royal Pretender, brought upon the stage.

"Don Carlos. Oh Zumalacarregui!

Zumal. Is 't yourself,
My lord and king?

D. Car. And must I find thee thus!
With thee will all my best hopes be interred.

Zumal. My king, upon the justice of thy cause

Rely: A gallant army thou still hast
To place thy rightful crown upon thy head;
Men daily die, yet still the world goes on,
And no man's head is indispensable.

(*A pause.*) My royal master of my family
Will be the guardian.—When upon thy head

God has confirmed thy crown, Oh king, forget not

That thou hast bought it with thy people's blood,

And to that people be thou a just ruler—
(*Dies.*)

D. Car. (bending over him.) In this one man more than an army dies!"

Upon this most true exclamation the curtain falls; and we will only add, by way of epilogue, that Don Carlos has accepted and executed his guardianship, as far as his power yet allows, by conferring a dukedom on Zumalacarregui's eldest daughter, with remainder to her sisters, in default to her children. She, not our broken-hearted Isidora, but Doña Ignacia, a yet heart-whole little girl, is now Duchess of Victoria.

ART. IX.—1. *Voyages en Circassie*, par le Chevalier Taibout de Marigny, présentement Consul de sa Majesté le Roi des Pays Bas à Odessa, avec Vues, Costumes, &c. Odessa. 1836.

2. *Itinéraire de Tiflis à Constantinople*, par le Colonel Rottiers, Commandeur, Chevalier de différens Ordres, &c. Bruxelles. 1829.

3. *The Portfolio*. Vols. I.—V. 8vo. London. 1836-7.

THE interest excited throughout the British Empire and still more in all parts of Europe, by the continual encroachments of Russia to the south of the Danube, the Kuban, and the Araxes, and more especially by the late outrage committed on the British flag, by seizure and confiscation of an English merchant vessel by the Russian navy, whilst carrying on a trade with the Eastern shores of the Euxine, which appeared to have been recognized by the British government as legitimate, will shortly be heightened by the parliamentary investigation to which this question is about to be submitted, in consequence of his majesty's government having declined to insist on reparation from the court of St. Petersburg.

On the political importance of Circassia, it is hardly necessary to dilate. The independence of Persia and of Turkey, the security of our Indian possessions, the respect of the independent nations of Central Asia, the free navigation of the Danube, and the emancipation from Russian control of the Principalities, and Servia—all these questions are more or less involved in the maintenance of their national and political existence by the heroic populations inhabiting the countries situated between the Euxine and the Caspian, bounded on the north by the Kuban and the Kouma, and on the south by the Phasis and the Kour.

The first idea which suggests itself, on contemplating the contest now raging in those provinces, is an inquiry into the origin and object of the war, and the cause of the inconceivable apathy on the part of the European powers which has permitted Russia to aim at the extension of her dominion; proclaiming as she boldly does, that it is her system of policy to exclude the commerce of Europe from a line of coast 400 miles in extent, excepting at two insulated points, and prohibiting altogether at those ports the importation of salt, one of the necessities of life.

The conduct of Russia, in thus separating herself from her allies, is an anomaly in the history of Europe since the peace of Paris. It is a violation of the European compact entered into by the eight Powers at the Congress of Vienna, for the mutual adjustment of their respective claims and the final and definite settlement of the balance of power. But it is furthermore a direct violation of all her subsequent engagements with England, by which she bound herself to seek in the arrangements for the pacification of the East "no augmentation of territory;" and, if we once admit the right of Russia to consider herself as entitled to all the benefits of the European Alliance, whilst she daily and hourly violates the engagements to which she herself subscribed, we see no sufficient reason why her future occupation of Turkey, Asia Minor, and Greece should be considered as invalidating her claim to the rights which she acquired in 1815, when the Pruth and the Kuban were the boundaries of our then ally.

It has been pretended in some of the state papers of the imperial cabinet, that the Ottoman empire was never even mentioned in the treaties of Vienna.

But the reason is obvious. During the long wars excited by the revolutionary spirit of France and the ambition of Napoleon, Turkey, respecting the rights of every country to form its own government, had never inter-

ferred in the affairs of other states. She was no party to the partition of Poland, to the conferences at Pilnitz. She had even consented to make peace with Russia in the year 1812, without requiring from the emperor an indemnity for an unjust war, and consequently she had no separate interests to contend for in a European congress. Her very absence from a tribunal which gave away populations without their consent, and transferred the allegiance of one people to the sovereign of another, was rather a monumental satire on a conclave of despotic powers, whose interference in the affairs of Spain, Piedmont, and Naples drew down upon them within a very short interval the indignation of freemen throughout the western and eastern hemispheres. Had it not been indeed for the instigation of the insurrectionary movement of Greece by Russian perfidy, Turkey might at this day have riveted the admiring attention of Europe on those grand principles of Arabic legislation, viz. the municipal institutions of the East, which have enabled Turkey to withstand during the last sixteen years the shock of all Europe, the revolt of Greece, and the defection of Mehemet Ali; and which leave her, after paying off all her pecuniary obligations to Russia, without levying a single new tax or borrowing an asper of foreign money, a first-rate element in the balance of power.

In the work of Colonel Rottiers, who served in the Russian army in Georgia and the Caucasus from the year 1808 to 1818, we find a very interesting elucidation of the designs of Russia in endeavoring to obtain the arrondissement of her frontiers to the south of the Caucasus on the side both of Persia and Turkey; and, when we consider that at the present moment her limits are within nine miles of the high road by which all our manufactures pass into Persia, we can hardly imagine that any man of education and reflection can be insensible to the danger which threatens the whole of our commerce with Central Asia, our communications with India, and the imminent peril of our natural allies, the Shah of Persia and Sultan Mahmoud.

The pretensions of Russia to the right of exacting tolls at the mouth of the Danube, a pretension which, although disallowed by England, is enforced on the vessels of Sardinia and other minor powers, is equally opposed to the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna, and impedes the whole commerce of Germany with the fertile shores of Anatolia. Under these circumstances, the only hope of Europe of being able to withstand the irruption of the Scythian hordes, the only safety of England from the acquisition by Russia of the Dardanelles, and consequently of ma-

ritime supremacy in the Mediterranean, is in the valor of the heroic mountaineers of the Caucasus; who, during the last century and a half, have successfully maintained their independence against the arms and the wiles of Russia, and who, lately united under a national standard and forming a powerful confederation, are the only remaining breastwork of Europe and Asia against the avalanche which threatens the ruin of all that exists.

An English translation of the work of M. de Marigny has lately been published by Mr. Murray, together with the omissions and interpolations of the Russian censorship at Odessa. It would appear from the introduction to the translation, that M. de Marigny was sent in the year 1818, to establish commercial relations in the Black Sea, under the protection of the king of the Netherlands, who appointed him Vice Consul for the ports of the Black Sea, and procured him the protection of the Russian authorities; and that the manuscript narrative of M. de Marigny's *Voyages* was sent by him to the governor of New Russia, who, during the absence last year of the author, had them published at Odessa, adding passages calculated to mislead the European public on several points, and suppressing other passages which represented the Circassians in a light too favorable for Russian designs. The exposure which has thus been made of the long course of deception practised on the literature of the age by Klaproth and other *savans* acting under the influence of the Russian cabinet, is complete. The contrast between the interesting narrative of M. de Marigny and the insidious interpolations of the Russian editor is truly remarkable; but it is impossible to peruse the pages of this work, without perceiving that the inhabitants of the Caucasus are distinguished for the noblest qualities of the heart, the most chivalrous sense of honor, and all the virtues of the heroic ages.

Since the visit of M. de Marigny to the Circassian coast in 1824, we are not aware of any authentic accounts of that country, until the publication last year in the "Portfolio" of a Report from Circassia, by a gentleman who, we understand, was sent thither by our ambassador at Constantinople, for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of that country since the campaign of 1835. This gentleman landed at Ardler, to the south of the harbor of Pchad, and traversed the whole country to within sight of Anapa; and the romantic description which he gives of the simple yet dignified manners of the people, their contempt of danger and of death in the cause of their independence, their murderous and successful conflicts with the Russians, their capture of several men-of-war which

had been stranded on the coast, and of the resolute determination of the whole of the population of the Caucasus never to submit to the arms of Russia cannot fail to impress the reader with the deepest sympathy for the cause of Circassian independence.

In the autumn of last year, the British schooner "Vixen" sailed from Trebizond for the Circassian coast, with a cargo of salt; and the journal of the supercargo, of his interviews with the Circassian chiefs in the interior, confirms the testimony previously given in the "Portfolio" to the success of the Circassians in their two last campaigns.

Notwithstanding the piratical seizure of the "Vixen," her condemnation by the Russian authorities, and the imprisonment of her captain, owner, crew, and supercargo, Mr. Bell, on his return to Constantinople, set out again for Circassia, and we understand that he has been lately followed by an English gentleman at Constantinople distinguished for his literary attainments.

The public interest respecting Circassia will shortly be heightened by the appearance of a work from the pen of Mr. Spencer, who lately published an account of his travels in Germany. Mr. Spencer visited the coast of Circassia in company with Count Woronzow, the governor of Southern Russia and Bessarabia, and on awaking one morning whilst entering the port of Anapa, in the spring of last year, the author was surprised to find the heights commanding the town and the adjoining forests covered with a dense mass of Circassian warriors, who prevented the appearance of a single Russian beyond the guns of the fortress.

Count Woronzow landed at Anapa accompanied only by his own compatriots. Mr. Spencer was unable to divine his reason for this proceeding. He states,

"I subsequently learned, from one of the party, that the garrison was successively unhealthy, and had recently experienced several disastrous reverses in their conflicts with the natives, who had lately manifested a more determined spirit of hostility; and their attacks being now conducted with greater military skill and discipline, had proved more murderous to their invaders. They were also said to be commanded by an English officer, who had served in India. But the last, and to me most extraordinary piece of intelligence was, that the country was inundated with copies of a proclamation from the king of England, calling upon the Circassians to defend their country; and that, in the event of their requiring assistance, he would forthwith despatch a powerful fleet to their aid! Nor was this the only marvel related; for the count himself informed me, that numerous copies of the dreadful "Portfolio" were industriously circulated among the people.

These two astonishing documents were immediately translated, and sent to shake the nerves of the cabinet of St. Petersburg."

The intense interest excited in Mr. Spencer's mind, and the very limited means he subsequently enjoyed of seeing Circassia, whilst under the restraint of his hospitable host, prompted him to return to Constantinople, and to make a second attempt at visiting the Caucasus by embarking in a Turkish merchant vessel at Trebizond, which safely landed him at Pchad, whence he travelled into the interior of the country. His work is on the eve of publication, and its appearance at this interesting juncture in the position of the two belligerent powers cannot fail to throw light upon a question which interests the literary and scientific not less than the political world.

ART. X.—1. *Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen*. Von Friedrich Diez. Erster Theil. (Grammar of the Romanic Tongues. By Frederick Diez. First Part.) 8vo. Bonn, 1836.

2. *Nouveau Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours*. Par M. Raynouard, &c. Tome deuxième, contenant le Lexique Roman, A—C. 8vo. Paris, 1836.

3. *La Chanson de Roland, ou de Roncevaux, du xii^e siècle, publiée pour la première fois*. Par Francisque Michel. 8vo. Paris, Silvestre, 1837; London, Pickering.

4. *Charlemagne, an Anglo-Norman Poem of the Twelfth century, now first published, with an Introduction and a Glossarial Index*. By Francisque Michel. Foolscape 8vo. London, Pickering, 1836.

IN the breaking up of the Roman empire, as the different Teutonic tribes established themselves in different positions, the languages which they adopted became separated by the influence of circumstances into two grand classes, which we may term *Germanic* and *Romanic*—accordingly as these people settled on the outskirts of or at a distance from the Roman power, and so in progressing towards civilization, retained their own language; or, as settling within the Roman state, they became amalgamated with the older inhabitants, and, as they progressed in cultivation, seized upon a civilization (as far as they were capable of receiving it) and a language which was ready made to their hands. We thus find even that the Normans, who came into Neustria at so late a period, quickly exchanged their own lan-

guage for that of the people amongst whom they settled, and who were in a more forward state of cultivation than themselves. Those, on the contrary, who, like the Anglo-Saxons, settled on ground where they came not in the same contact with a Roman or even romanized population, their civilization being formed and developed on a model furnished from within, retained naturally the language which had been spoken by their forefathers. Their own letters (runes) had served very well for magical spells and inscriptions; but when they began to write, which was not before they became Christians, they were all obliged to borrow the Roman characters, which were communicated to them by the Christian missionaries.

By the barbarians who had thus received it, the language of the Romans was soon as much broken up as had been the empire. Each tribe was changing unwittingly the vowels and consonants of the new words it had adopted according to laws which depended upon circumstances connected with the development of its own organs of speech. The language at the same time was itself undergoing a change precisely similar to that which produced out of the older Saxon the language we now speak, in which its terminations were in a great measure lost, and in which many combinations of letters were subjected to the manifold operations distinguished in our common grammar by such names as syncope, crasis, and the like. So that, from the influence of all these circumstances, the language, of each country, when we first find it in writing, is very different from that of which so many and pure monuments have been left us by the ancients.

We must not, however, suppose that the language which the Romans delivered up to their invaders was the pure diction which we find in their writings. We have many reasons for believing, that in the best ages of Roman literature, the language of common life differed much both in words and forms from the same language as presented to us in the writings of the learned. In the latter times of the Empire these words and forms often make their appearance in writing, and are so many marks of the barbarism of the period. This language of common life was the true "langue vulgare," which is the great stumbling-block in the system broached by Raynouard; it was not a language formed out of and succeeding the Latin; above all, it was not Provençal; but it was the Latin itself as spoken by the common people. Of the existence and character of this vulgar language we have abundant and interesting proofs in the Introductory Chapter of Diez's profound Grammar of the Romanic dialects.

We can trace many of the uncommon words and forms that occur in the Neo-Latin tongues to the earliest age of the Latin language. Thus the word *batuere*, to beat, fight, which occurs in Plautus, is represented by the Italian *battere*, the Portuguese and Old Spanish *bater*, the Provençal *batre*; the French *battre*, &c. Pacuvius used the word *macror*, leanness; it is the French *maigreur*. In Festus and Palladius we find *planca*, a plank; it is the origin of the French *planche*, and is properly a Teutonic word. In Ennius and Varro we have *speres* for *spes*; it seems to have been preserved in the Prov. *esper*, the Fr. *espoir*, the Span. *espera*, &c., though these forms may possibly have come from *sperare*. Again the Ital. *mangiare*, Fr. *manger*, is the Latin *manducare*, used some times in the early writers for *edere*, and commonly enough in the later ones. Many words which belonged properly to the vulgar language make their appearance in the later writers. Thus, as early as the time of Tertullian, *æternalis* was used for *æternus*; hence the old French *eternal*. At the same time we find *compassio* in the sense of its later representative *compassion*. In Ammianus Marcellinus we have *molna* used for *mola*; whence the French *moulin*. At the same time appear many new forms in *-mentum*, that seem to have belonged to the language of the common people; as *juramentum*, in the Pandects, Ammianus, Sulpicius Severus, for *juratio*; which form is very prevalent through all the Neo-Latin tongues, thus Ital. *giuramento*, Walachian *jurământ*, Span. *juramente*, Fr. *jurement*. This is one of the forms which Raynouard adduces as the strongest proof of the existence of his imaginary "langue vulgare"; and the word *salvamentum* which he cites, bears precisely the same relation to *salvatio* which *juramentum* does to *juratio*. In the latter Roman inscriptions we also find many of their popular words; thus we find in one the word *exagium* (ἐξάγιον) in the sense of an *essay*, *risk*, which is without doubt the French *essai*. In others we have *fata* in the sense of *parca* (fatis, i. e. diis manibus;) it is the Ital. *fata*, the Span. *hada*, *fada*, the Prov. *fada*, the Fr. *fée*. So a kindred word, *fatare*, to enchant, became *feer*; hence our modern word *fairy*, whose etymology has so long and so very unnecessarily puzzled our writers, on the interesting subject of popular mythology.

It is only in our days that general philology has begun to assume the shape and regularity of a system. Our forefathers were accustomed to open their eyes rather more widely when they met with strange words and forms, but they seldom gave themselves the trouble even to seek the reasons of such

words and forms. Raynouard, whose name will long be remembered with gratitude by scholars, was certainly the first who led the way to something like an accurate study and arrangement of the Neo-Latin tongues. Before his time those who meddled with these languages treated them in a manner altogether cavalier-like, and the editors of the old French poetry, and some editors of old English poetry, have done much the same thing,—even expressed their surprise that the good old folks of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries should be so singular as to sin against the grammatical rules of the eighteenth. Raynouard pointed out the right way when every body else was in the dark; but he only proceeded in the path he had discovered to a certain point; there was much ground still left to be traversed, and we fear that too many of the French scholars who have been initiated in his school, when they reach the place at which he halted, think that they have nothing more to do but to sit down and rest themselves. The completion of this great work seems to be reserved for German acuteness and industry, and the first volume of the Grammar of Diez, a name familiar to all scholars in the language and writings of the Troubadours, gives us good promise of its being completed with success. We think, however, that, with regard at least to the French and Anglo-Norman languages, Diez has published his work too soon, that is, before he could have materials in quantity and accuracy sufficient for his undertaking. Till very recently the monuments of the languages just mentioned have been edited from bad manuscripts, and in the most unsatisfactory manner; manuscripts of different ages and in different dialects have been mixed together without any discrimination; and the things themselves have thus been calculated rather to mislead than to guide. As far as we have had occasion to make verifications, the only printed monuments of early French and Norman to which we can assign any philological value are, with a few exceptions, those which have been so carefully and accurately edited by M. Francisque Michel. Among the exceptions we must give a very high place to the few volumes which have yet appeared under the care of M. Chabaille.

We consider as a grave error in Diez's book, and as one which arose entirely from this deficiency of good materials, the not separating into two distinct dialects the French and Anglo-Norman. The only printed monuments of the Anglo-Norman language of the twelfth century, when it was in its purity, are, in our opinion, the Chanson de Roland,

which M. Michel has just given to the world, the most important of all his publications, and the visit of Charlemagne to Constantinople. There are still in MS. a few other monuments of the language of the same period, and particularly the curious metrical life of St. Brandan in the Cotton MS. The short poem of Charlemagne's Visit to Constantinople is printed from a MS. of the thirteenth century, in which however the orthography of the twelfth has been tolerably well preserved; that of the Chanson de Roland is, we have no doubt, of the latter part of the twelfth century. To these two poems our brief remarks on the philology of the Neo-Latin tongues shall be confined. The Anglo-Norman, as found in them, presents to us some striking marks of difference from the French, of which, however, we have no monuments of so early a date. We may cite as one of the most distinguishing marks of the former the use of the *u*, which had probably its German pronunciation, in place of *o*, *ou*, &c. as, pume (pomme), hunte (honte), umbre (ombre), mulin (moulin), and the like. The first of these characteristics shows difference of dialect; the other, antiquity of form. Another seems to be the constant adoption of *al*, &c. in place of the French *au*, &c. The scribes of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were anything but accurate, and both our manuscripts contain many errors, but in the more modern one of Charlemagne there are a greater number of inaccuracies which affect its grammar than in the MS. of Roland.*

* We are tempted to give a specimen of these inaccuracies. In the MS. the first line of the following passage was deficient in number of syllables, and M. Michel, who generally makes his emendations with much judgment, has completed it by adding a word to the end.

"De ses paien veiat quinze [milies];
Chaucuns portoît une branche d'olive;
Nuncèrent vos ces paroles mèisme."—*Roland*,
[xiv. 10.]

We object to this emendation, because the word *quinze* is in assonance, and seems to have been properly the last word of the line, and because *fifteen thousand* messengers carrying olive branches seems to us too many, when *ten* only were sent on the important message which introduced the subject of the present poem. But if we look back, we find the word *paien*, which must have lost a final *s*, and the next word is evidently deficient at the beginning by the loss of the syllable *en*, for it is the only instance in the poem of *veier* for *enveier*. It is here then that the scribe has left something out, and we propose to supply the deficiency thus—

"De ses paien [s vos en] veiat quinze:"

We here see clearly how the mistake arose, for the scribe, having written the *en* in *paiens*, in looking to his copy, took it for the *en* in *enveiat*, and so went on with the latter part of this word.

It would not be difficult to point out the cause which hindered Raynouard from going further than he did in the discovery of the grammatical rules of the language of the Trouvères, for of that language only we are now speaking, including the two dialects of French and Anglo Norman. We prefer giving the following passage in the original, because it is very clearly and accurately expressed; referring in the first "Choix" (tom. i. p. 50) to the language of the Troubadours, it is afterwards, in his Observations on the Roman de Rou (p. 28), applied to that of the Trouvères.

"La nouvelle langue *créa* une methode aussi simple qu'*ingénieuse*, qui produisit le même effet que les déclinaisons Latines.

"Au singulier, le *s* ajouté ou conservé à la fin de la plupart des substantifs, surtout des masculins, désigna le sujet; et l'absence du *s* désigna le régime, soit direct, soit indirect.

"Au pluriel, l'absence du *s* indiqua le sujet, et sa présence les régimes.

"D'où vint l'idée d'une telle méthode? de la langue Latine même. La seconde déclinaison en *us* suggéra ce moyen.

"Le nominatif en *us* a le *s* au singulier, tandis que les autres cas consacrés à marquer les régimes sont terminés ou par des voyelles ou par d'autres consonnes; et le nominatif en *i* au pluriel ne conserve pas le *s*, tandis que cette consonne termine la plupart des autres cas affectés aux régimes.

"Peut-on assez admirer cette industrie grammaticale, qui n'a existé dans aucune langue, industrie qui ensuite permit et facilita aux troubadours la grâce et la multitude des inversions à la fois les plus hardies et les plus claires?"

The writer of the foregoing passage was evidently laboring under a most false idea of the nature of the process of formation of one language from another. Who ever heard of such a thing as the creation of methods in the formation of a language to answer the purpose of others which existed in the mother language? of ingenuity being used in the process? of a deliberate suggestion of the method? and of all this being peculiar to one language only? The natural consequence of this unfortunate notion was, that M. Raynouard, instead of comparing diligently and arranging words to discover *all the different grammatical forms* of each of the Romanic languages, having taken it for granted that they invented one form to represent all, or nearly all those belonging to the Latin original; and observing that the foregoing distinction of the cases of substantives, by the presence or absence of the final *s*, was a very common one, took it equally for granted that this was the only regular

distinction of forms which belonged to the derived languages, and therefore never sought for any others. The process of the formation of the Romanic tongues from the Latin was not a substitution of certain forms in the place of other forms, but it was a *moulding down* of the old forms, and that in many different ways; so that in the earlier stage of each new language it had quite as many different distinctions of forms as the language to which it owed its origin. The only active agents in this change were natural ones; the difference of organization which God had given to different races of men, so that at any given period of these progressing languages it was impossible, by natural laws, which God had created, that people could use any other form than that they did use. In fact, the two Anglo-Norman poems which we have mentioned afford us abundant evidence that the form mentioned by Raynouard is only one of those which belonged to the substantives of the language of the Trouvères even in the twelfth century. After, however, the period of transition had passed, during the period of their reduction to their final and settled form, these languages were influenced by a tendency (which was equally felt in the latter stages of the English, when so many of what are termed the strong forms were thrown into the class of the weak ones) to throw words, which belonged to the less regular forms, into the more general and comprehensive ones. In the Latin language the most general and comprehensive forms of substantives were the masculines in *us*, and the feminines in *a*; the most general ones in the derived languages were naturally the representatives of those forms, and to them the other forms were continually deserting. In this manner many words which occur in our Anglo-Norman of the twelfth century, with declensions answering to other declensions in Latin, are found in manuscript a century later figuring in the ranks of those formed from the Latin declensions in *us* and *a*.

The most curious class of Neo-Latin substantives, and one which requires the most careful examination, is that formed from the Latin nouns of the third declension, which increase in the genitive. The condensation of the syllables in the increasing cases has sometimes produced forms in the French and Anglo-Norman which scarcely resemble their own nominatives. Let us take, for an example, the Latin word *homo*: our Anglo-Norman of the twelfth century presents us with the nom. sing. *hom*, sometimes *hoem*, invariably without an *s*, as the Latin word shows that it ought to be, while the ac. sing.

hominem, and abl. sing. homine, are condensed into Ang. Nor. hume, Old Fr. home, (where the *o*, we suspect, is long), Thus :

Nom.Sing. "Serez ses *hom*."—*Roland*, iii. 16.
(suus homo.)

"Vos estes saives *hom*."—xvii. 7.

"Merveillus *hom* est Charles."—
xxvii. 5.

"Cist *hom* est enraget."—*Charlemagne*, 551, &c.

"Ne deit *hoem* mescreiae."—*S. Brandan*, Vespas. B.x.fol.2.^{ro}. col. 2.

Ac. Sing. "Ne vos lerrai pur nul *hume* de car.—*Rol*. clvii. 8.

"Dame, veistes unkes *hume* nul de desuz ciel."—*Charl*. 9.

The examples which Raynouard has given in his *Observations on the Roman de Rou* (p. 53) of *homs* and *hons*, as the nom. sing. show only the badness and lateness of the MS. from which Pluquet printed.

We have another example precisely similar in the Latin comes : but as we have here an *s* final in the nom. sing., so the nom. sing. in Ang.-Nor. and Fr. is *quens*, whilst comitem becomes Ang.-Nor. *cunte*, Old Fr. *conte*.

We have again instances where the oblique case of the sing. terminates in *s*, namely, those which come from Latin neuters in *us* : thus *corpus* and *tempus* give us in both cases sing. of Ang.-Nor. and Old Fr. *cors* and *tens*.

Nom.Sing. "Tut li *cors* li tressalt de joie e depitez."—*Charl*. 183.

Ac.Sing. "Ad *sun cors* demened."—*Rol*.
xxxix. 6. (suum corpus.)

"Si ad *sun tens* uset."—xxxix. 4.
(suum tempus.)

"Les braz ad gros e quarrez, le *cors* greile e delget."—*Charl*.
304.

"En cel *tens*."—*Laws of Will*.
Con. p. 174. Ed. Schmid.

Had we time, or were the present occasion opportune, we might easily multiply examples of forms of declensions of substantives differing from the rule of M. Raynouard. We have *pecchet* (*peccatum*) making both its cases in the sing. without *s* (*Rol*, ii. 6, xvi. 11); we have *onur* (*honor*) lxxii. 7, *frère* (*frater*), lxxviii. 7, xcii. 2; *cervel* (*cerebellum*), clxv. 2, *mort* (*mors*), *passim*; and a host of others, all forming their nom. sing. in the same manner without *s*, to say nothing of the feminines formed from the first Latin declension in *a*.

The plurals of the French and Anglo-Norman nouns seem to have fallen into one general rule at a much earlier period than

the singulars. In our two poems we find few plural nominatives which have the final *s*.

The Latin nominatives *homines* and *comites*, contrary to what we should expect, and to what must at one time have been the case, become invariably *hume* and *cunte*, their ac. pl. being *humes* and *cuntes*. We still, however, find a few words which seem to point out the existence of other forms. Singularly enough, the plurals of *cors* and *tens* have both in nom. and ac. the same form as in the sing., contrary to what might be expected from *corpora* and *tempora*. We may also quote *arbres* (*arbores*), *Rol*. clxvi. 1; *marchiz* (*marchiones*), *Charl*. 444; and *baruns* (*barones*), *Rol*. xiii. 1, clxxix. 14, whose nom. sing. is *barun* (*baro*), lx. 1.

The foregoing examples will, we think, be sufficient to show the danger of emending the texts of Old French and Anglo-Norman poems according to Raynouard's rules, as some French editors have proposed to do. We want much yet editing accurately from the manuscripts, before we shall have the necessary materials to hope for the formation of a complete grammar of these tongues; and we suspect that at last we must seek them among the early Anglo-Norman metrical legends of saints. We are perfectly satisfied that the language of the *Chanson de Roland* and of *Charlemagne* is that of the twelfth century; and it is probable that during that century the language did not undergo much change. When, however, we compare with this language those of the laws of William the Conqueror* and of the Psalter of the library of Trin. Coll., Cambridge, we cannot hesitate in pronouncing these latter more ancient. The laws of William, which we ourselves believe to be authentic, have been much disfigured by modern and ignorant copyists; but we believe that they had before them very ancient manuscripts, because the errors are in general not such as would arise by a regular transmission through manuscripts of different periods, but rather such as would have been made by an unlearned scribe of the fourteenth or fifteenth century in copying a manuscript of the twelfth.

* While mentioning the Laws of William, we will correct an error of their last editor, Schmid, (*Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, 1832,) who (p. 178 translates "si la plaie lui vient a vis en desuvert *al polz*," by "Wenn ihm die Wunde in das Gesicht auf die unbedeckte *Haut* kömmt," taking *polz* to be *pellem*. The termination shows it to be an ac. pl.; and in fact it is *pilos* (mod. Fr. *poils*), and it means "if the wound should be given him on the face where it is uncovered by the hair." The *l* of the article is probably a mistake of the copyist for the long *f*; it should be *as polz*. Thus interpreted, it answers exactly to the expression of the Saxon laws.

There is another part of the grammar of the Neo-Latin tongues which must be well known before we can venture on concluding in many cases on the forms of words, and which is as yet very little known; we mean the syntax. The *Chanson de Roland* and *Charlemagne* make known to us several very curious constructions of the Anglo-Norman language, which, if unobserved, must have caused an emendator of the text to do great mischief. We will simply point out one, and then conclude. The expression *i ad* and *i out* (*il y a* and *il y eu*) take invariably an accusative case, as in these examples:—

- “En la citet n'en ad remés païen.”—*Rol.* viii. 6. (ac. sin.)
 “Jamais n'ert hume ki encuntre lui vaille.”—xxvii. 11. (ac. sin.)
 “Meillor vassal n'out en la curt de lui.”—lx. 10. (ac. sin.)
 “Dux i out e demeines e baruns e chevalers.”—*Charl.* 4. (ac. pl.)
 “Ainz n'i sist hume.”—122. (ac. sin.)
 “Draguns i at qui la guardent.”—*S. Brandan*, fol. 10. 1^o. (ac. pl.)

During the change of the language in its progress towards the fifteenth century, the constructions were more universally lost than were the grammatical forms. The following verse, taken at random from Jubinal's “*Mystères inédits du XV^e siècle*,” contains two grave infractions of the grammar of the twelfth century,—

“Sire, s'il y a ja prins homs.” p. 26.

First, we have a nom. sing. with a final *s*, where it ought not to be; and, in the second place, we have this nominative where the construction requires an accusative. Yet in these late Mysteries, the form of the accusative, here written *homme*, is very carefully preserved,—so, p. 45,

“Sy est folie à homme en terre.”

Diez's first volume is entirely occupied with the subject of the interchange of letters in the different Neo-Latin languages, and it doubtless displays vast research and deep penetration. But, we repeat it, we think that he has not proceeded far enough in classifying the different dialectic forms; we would at least have had what he bundles together under the head French, separated into Old French, New French, and Anglo-Norman. The new work of M. Raynouard, of which the second volume (the first of the Dictionary) is published, will be a noble monument to his memory, and such a one as few, under the same circumstances, have ever built. We have pointed out freely Ray-

nouard's errors, not out of disrespect to his memory, but as a warning to some who, we think, are inclined to receive every thing he taught with more zeal than judgment. The memory of Raynouard will ever live among scholars—he will be *laudatus a laudatis*.—It was he who first, in this instance, drew regularity out of confusion. The glory of Columbus was that of having projected the discovery of a new world, and of having ventured in search of it, where others saw nothing but destruction. We do not blame him because he did not discover every part of America: we must not blame Raynouard because, having made discoveries where nobody else ventured to seek any, he did not make all the discoveries that might be made.

The two volumes edited by M. Francisque Michel are valuable for other purposes besides philology: they contain rich and interesting illustrations of the literature, and of the manners, customs, and feelings of our forefathers at this remote period. The *Chanson de Roland*, itself a noble poem, forms with its copious illustrations and excellent glossary, an extremely handsome volume, such a one as we seldom receive from a French printer. We wish its editor success in his undertakings, and we hope to see many more such volumes from his hands. We expect, above all, the Anglo-Norman romance of Horn, which is now, we believe, in the press, and which will, no doubt, afford us valuable materials for the formation of an Anglo-Norman grammar.

ART. XI.—*Delle Tragedie Greche, Libri quattro, di Filippo Volpicella.* Napoli. (Observations upon Greek Tragedies, in Four Books, by Filippo Volpicella. Naples.) 8vo. 1833.

MANY and great are the obligations which society owes to him who, resisting, in the flower of his youth, the allurements of ease and pleasure, assiduously devotes himself to honorable studies, to self-improvement, and to the advancement of his species in knowledge and virtue. By examples such as these, men become imbued with a passion for learning, and inflamed with an unextinguishable desire after that glory, which awakens and keeps alive the noblest affections of our nature. Too rarely, however, are instances like these to be found in the present day.—The majority of our youth, especially those who are either in the possession, or in the

expectation, of fortune's golden favors, prefer a life of idleness and pleasure, strewed as its path appears to be with flowers, to one of mental exertion and of self-denial, the transit through which, although at times toil some and difficult, is free from regrets, and replete with real joy and solid satisfaction; and even should some of these we have just described, "smit with the love of sacred song," be disposed to woo the Nine, they are generally more inclined to entwine their brow with the myrtle garlands of Sappho and Anacreon, than with the laurel crown of Sophocles and Homer, "*hiding*," as the great Thebar sings, "the flower of their green April in some obscure cavern," and thus justifying the indignant reproof of Horace.

"Ætas parentum, preior avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.

Of a far different character to these, Signor Volpicella—whose profound erudition, extensive knowledge, and indefatigable study, have acquired him the esteem and admiration of the learned world—has produced a work which, while it stamps him as one of the first critics of the age, reflects the highest honor on the country which gave him birth. It will be the object of the following pages to present the English reader with a faithful summary of this admirable account of and comment upon "*The Greek Tragedies*."

Commencing his introductory chapter with a plan of his work, the author judiciously observes:—

"That it has always been considered of the utmost utility, when treating upon any study or pursuit, to make known the works of those who were either the inventors or the restorers of it; that present example is much more efficacious than precept in awakening a love for 'the truly beautiful' and in alluring others to follow in the paths trodden before them by the mighty and illustrious sages of antiquity—that tragedy would be particularly benefited by this—and that, the better to enable it to attain such perfection, that it may accomplish its sacred mission of instructing mankind by delighting them, it is indispensably necessary to endeavor to restore the art to its first principles, to penetrate into the real meaning and sense of the ancient dramas, and to discover and exhibit their truly wonderful invention, construction, and mach nery."—

Such is the object of the present work on the tragedies which have been preserved to us of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The three first books treat of these three famous tragedians, present us with all the interesting facts which have reached us re-

specting them, and investigate the object and construction of their plots, recording likewise opinions of the ancients themselves upon them, and showing how and by which of the moderns they have been occasionally imitated. The fourth book contains critical remarks upon the modern French and Italian tragedies. The introduction is followed by observations upon the *origin of the drama*, one of the most ancient kinds of poetry, which, receiving in the first instance considerable improvement and amelioration at the hand of Thespis, was in a short time afterwards carried to the utmost perfection. The author then speaks of the *three actors of tragedy*. In the time of Thespis there was only one actor—the second was introduced by Æschylus, the third by Sophocles, in which innovation he was soon imitated by Æschylus, who occasionally placed a fourth actor upon the stage. A few observations follow upon the *chorus*, which at first appeared to constitute almost the entire tragedy; but Æschylus, by his introduction of the second actor, considerably curtailed this part of the drama, converting it almost into a *dramatis personæ*.

ÆSCHYLUS. This great writer was the first who raised tragedy from its previously low and degraded state, subjected it to new rules, and imparted to it a charm hitherto unknown. Justly hailed by the Athenians as the *Father of Tragedy*, he was alike remarkable for gravity of deportment, simplicity of manners, and loftiness of sentiment. His tragedy of the *Supplices*, one of the seven which have been preserved, appears to have formed part of one of those compositions called by the ancients *Triologia*; the tragic poets of Greece being accustomed to dispute the prize not with one but with three tragedies, which were hence called *Triologia*—a satirical drama, called *Tetralogia*, being sometimes added. We accordingly find, in an ancient catalogue of this poet's works, the *Supplices* placed between the *Ægyptiani* and the *Daniada*, which three tragedies thus formed together a *Triology*, entirely relating to the adventures of the daughters of Danaus. The *Prometheus vincitus*, also formed part of an entire *Triology* upon one subject, four *Promethei* having been written by Æschylus, one being satirical; these four were called *Prometheus ignifer*, *Prometheus accensor*, *Prometheus vincitus*, and *Prometheus liberatus*. The author makes a short but highly interesting analysis of the *Prometheus vincitus*, observing that the poet rises in an astonishing manner above human nature, and succeeds in representing the sufferings of a god, who, that he may succor afflicted humanity by communicating to it celestial fire,

willingly braves the greatest and most terrific dangers; an admirable allegory, developed and explained with great acuteness and ingenuity by the learned Gravina, the passage from whose work is quoted by our author.

The *Septem contra Thebas* is one of the tragedies upon which Æschylus is said to have particularly prided himself. The subject of it is the siege of Thebes by the seven confederate chiefs who had espoused the cause of Polynices against his brother Eteocles, and the death of the sons of Œdipus before the walls of that city, their bodies being refused sepulture as a punishment for having made war against their country. It was the poet's intention to inculcate, by this tragedy, a solemn and important truth, by exhibiting the evils which overtake those who carry arms against their native land. This drama has been considered as truly wonderful both by Gorgias and Longinus, who adduce, in justification of their praise, the passage in which is described the terrible oath of the seven chiefs; it is also remarkable for containing those verses upon the recitation of which all the audience rose and turned to Aristides, then present, as the person to whom alone the encomium was applicable. The author then relates what is known of Æschylus's journey into Sicily, giving it as his opinion that he visited that island twice; the first time, either out of jealousy at the great reputation acquired by Sophocles, or else in consequence of being invited by Gerone; the second time, after the death of that virtuous prince, who esteemed it his glory to assemble around him the illustrious men of his time, and to stimulate them to exertion by his favor and protection.

It was perhaps in deference to a wish expressed by Gerone of seeing a tragedy represented, which should be a picture of the famous battle of Marathon, that Æschylus composed the *Persæ*, which gained the prize, and gratified the Athenians with a spectacle at once magnificent and flattering; all the spectators being scarcely able to restrain their joy when they beheld the humiliation of the discomfited Xerxes, especially when the shade of Darius, being interrogated by the chorus, replied "that Persia's safety was in ceasing to war against a people whom the gods protected." The author explains, with considerable ingenuity, the object which Æschylus had in view—namely, that of inflaming by artful praise the valor of the Athenians, and of inspiring horror against the sacrilegious superstitions of the Persians, who, when suffering under great calamities, hesitated not to raise the souls of the departed by powerful conjurations. This appearance of

the ghost of Darius, gives Signor Volpicella an opportunity of indulging in some interesting remarks upon the introduction of spectres and other prodigies into tragedy; he thinks, and in our opinion, correctly, that by this artifice the poet does not in the least degree detract from the probability of his story, when, by the employment of it, he either depicts the well known opinions of the people represented, or accommodates his fable to the belief of his audience, falls in with ancient traditions, or lastly, when he is able to produce by it a powerful effect upon his audience, as the appearance of the ghost of Thyestes does in the Latin tragedy of Agamemnon and in many others; but the author very properly cautions the poet against using this license unless with due discretion—

"Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit"—

and he then shows the error of the French author of *La Semiramide*, not only in introducing the ghost of Ninus in a manner wholly at variance with the superstitions of the ancients, who always compelled the appearance of the dead, by many and potent conjurations, but also in presenting a spectre before a modern French audience, who no longer give credence to such absurdities. Alfieri, on the contrary, receives his unqualified praise for having, in his tragedy of *Agamemnone*, introduced the ghost of Thyestes, in conformity both with the belief of his dramatis personæ, and with that of his own times, for the ghost is speechless, and is beheld, with infinite terror, by Ægisthus alone. We have also another Trilogy by Æschylus, called the *Orestiadæ*, consisting of three tragedies, the *Agamemnon*, the *Coëphoræ*, and the *Eumenides*, which, together with the satirical drama *Proteus*, were represented at the public expense.

The author remarks that in the *Agamemnon* and the *Eumenides* the unities of time and place, the subjects of much learned, and, we are sorry to say, angry discussion, are not duly observed; hence he takes occasion to enter upon the question of them, proving by authority and example, that these are not, like that of action, indispensable in tragedy; if the writer of the present article, however, might be permitted to hazard an opinion upon this subject, he would say, that the productions of tragic writers will be found to be more perfect in proportion as, without effort and without sacrificing probability, they are able to observe the other two unities, an opinion which may be easily supported by instances from the tragedies of the immortal Italian Sophocles.

An accurate analysis follows of three tragedies, forming the Trilogy of the *Oresti-*

adæ, and we consider the author as particularly happy in his investigation of the third—the *Eumenides*, nothing being omitted by which its subject could be explained and illustrated; he next proceeds to treat of the style of *Æschylus*, and concludes the first book with the death of the poet in Sicily, where, as in Greece, he was held in the highest esteem and reverence.

SOPHOCLES was the first who carried tragedy to its full perfection; the elevation of his mind, the purity of his morals, and the excellence of his general character, are shown by the few tragedies preserved to us out of the many he is known to have composed. After a most interesting biography of this poet, Signor Volpicella enters upon the consideration of his tragedies. The first is the *Electra*, which represents Orestes slaying, by command of the Oracle of Apollo, his own mother and her paramour, *Ægisthus*, in revenge for his father's death. In the course of his remarks, the author introduces the curious anecdote of the tragic actor Polo, as related by Aulus Gellius. Deprived by death of an only and beloved son, this performer had retired from the stage for some months, to indulge the grief so natural under so great an affliction; time, however, having in some degree consoled him, he resumed once more his profession. The tragedy of *Electra* was to be performed, and in the part which he enacted, that of *Electra*, he had to carry an urn supposed to contain the remains of Orestes. Clad, therefore, in the mourning garment of *Electra*, Polo removed from the tomb the urn of his son, and, as if embracing Orestes, filled the theatre, not with artificial and fictitious, but with natural and real lamentations. Here the author takes occasion to commend Alfieri for having, in order to diminish the too great horror of his story, represented his Orestes as having come to Argos with the intention of killing *Ægisthus* only, and with having slain his mother unconsciously, while she was endeavoring to save her lover. Sophocles is then represented as joining the expedition against the Samians, a most fatal one, since, as he was sailing towards Chios, a dreadful storm arose, from which he escaped with great difficulty, losing many of his tragedies, which he carried with him. The tragedy of *Antigone* then follows, and its analysis is accompanied by a chapter which treats of the solicitude and care manifested by the Greeks in the burial of their dead; these observations greatly facilitate the right understanding of the poet in that part of his tragedy, where he represents Antigone as having been, contrary to the express commands of Creonte, desirous of giving the rites of sepulture to her brother's body.

The examination of the tragedy of *Ajax* follows next, and Sophocles is defended from the unmerited reproach of having in this play neglected the observance of the unities. The *Ædipus Tyrannus* decidedly the grandest of this poet's productions, was held in such esteem, according to what Dicaearchus has affirmed, upon the authority of the rhetorician Aristophanes, as to have had the cognomen *Tyrannus* given to it on account of its superior excellence; the beauties of this tragedy are fully appreciated by our author, who omits nothing that may lead the readers of it to form the same estimate of its merits. Not less interesting and erudite are his observations upon the *Ædipus at Colonus* and the *Philoctetes*. The second book closes with the analysis of the *Trachiniæ*, a tragedy having for its subject the death of Hercules, and which has been preserved to us as a production of Sophocles. Signor Volpicella, however, justly considers it as being most likely the work either of a younger Sophocles, who lived, according to Suidas, a short time after the seven tragic poets, who were called the Pleiades, from the constellation so called,—or of another Sophocles, the son or nephew of the great author of *Ædipus Tyrannus*; the analysis itself of the *Trachiniæ*, which contains not a few defects, strengthens the supposition of these tragedies having been written by some less ancient poet; but, unfortunately, the truth is not easy to ascertain, since Cicero and Strabo both affirm this tragedy to have been written by Sophocles. Two other chapters are also appended, the first upon the style of Sophocles, and the second upon the other works of that poet, namely, epigrams, elegies, and orations; an account of the death of this celebrated tragedian closes the book.

EURIPIDES was called by the Athenians, "*the philosopher of the stage*;" he was only fifteen years younger than Sophocles, and was born at Salamis. According to some, the name of Euripides was given him, from his having been born on the same day that the Greeks defeated the grand Persian fleet near *Euripus*; many interesting facts relating to this poet are given by Signor Volpicella in the true spirit of a judicious and diligent biographer. He then treats of the various allusions made by Euripides in his tragedies, and of his philosophical doctrines; he defends him from the accusation of not believing in the gods, showing, that if he appeared to have any doubts in consequence of so many of the deities being vicious ones, he did so as a follower of the Socratic school, and that he conceived and endeavored to inculcate from the stage, a much more spiritual and elevated idea of the divinity. He then

speaks of the style of Euripides, of his journey into Macedonia and his death. Proceeding then to the tragedies which he wrote, he states them to have been originally 75 in number; other authors reckon 94; those which have reached us are 18 only, and amongst these the *Cyclops*, a satirical drama, and the only one of its kind which is extant. This engages Signor Volpicella in a treatise upon the satirical drama which was usually added to the Trilogy, as if to relieve the minds of the audience strongly and painfully excited by the horrors of the tragedy; it was a species of pastoral fable. Such was the *Cyclops* of Euripides, which represents the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of Polypheme. The tragedies which the author examines are the *Rhaesus*, the *Electra*, the *Jove*, the *Medea*, the *Phœnissæ*, the *Hippolitus coronatus*, the *Andromache*, the *Supplices*, the *Heraclides*, the *Orestes*, the *Bacchanti*, the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The analysis of each of these is distinguished by great accuracy and love for the art; the Greek tragedy of Medea is judiciously compared with the Latin Medea by Seneca, accompanied by a learned commentary on Horace's precept—

“*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*”

In speaking of the Phœnissæ, the Italian critic praises the great art shown by Alfieri in his Polinice, avoiding as he has done every defect in the Greek model, the plan of which he appears to have improved and ennobled by the vastness of his invention; thus restoring, as it were, the ancient tragedies without any diminution of their grandeur and dignity. The analysis of the two Iphigenias is very accurate and replete with interest. The third book is closed by a chapter in which are narrated the changes which the Greek tragedy has undergone, from the time of Thespis till the period when it was perfected by the sovereign genius of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

The object of the fourth book is the very useful one of examining the modern tragedies, and showing practically of what advantage the study of the ancient poets may be, and how far they ought to be imitated. Passing over preceding epochas, the author commences by the *Sophonisba* of Trissino, the first which truly deserved the name of tragedy. He then enumerates and examines the following; the *Rosmunda* of Rucellai; the *Tullia* of Martelli; the *Orestes* of the same Rucellai; the *Ædipus* of Auguillara; the *Orbecche* of Giral di; the *Canace* of Speroni; and the *Torrismondo* of Tasso. After this he proceeds to treat of tragic verse, pastoral eclogues, and musical dramas, and

examines two other Italian tragedies, the *Aristodemus* of Doltori, (it is unaccountable why the author should have passed over the *Aristodemus* of the celebrated Vicenzio Monti,) and the *Solemane* of Bonarelli. In the fifteenth chapter he gratifies the reader with some learned observations upon the chorus employed by the ancients, and which was in fact the beginning of the Greek tragedy, showing how it was introduced into the Italian tragedy, and how a new species of it has recently been adopted by Manzoni. After having examined the principal French tragedies, he returns to the Italian; and commences by eulogizing Gian-Vincenzio Gravina, who first endeavored to apply a remedy to the great corruption into which Italian eloquence and poetry had at that time fallen, and who used every effort to restore tragedy to its ancient simplicity and dignity, not so much by example, as by the excellent precepts which he provided for this purpose in his *Ragione poetica*, and *Tragedia*. Amongst the tragedies then written in Italy, may be mentioned with the highest commendation the *Merope* of Raffei, which may be said to have founded the Italian tragedy, the Ulysses of Lazzarini, and others of Canti and Varano, until we arrive at Alfieri, who banishing from the theatre all foreign imitation, and being deeply learned in the study of the ancients, and above all, stimulated by his wonderful genius, has firmly established the Italian tragedy upon a sure and solid foundation. The whole of the twenty-fourth chapter, in which the author considers the tragedies of Alfieri, is extremely interesting and instructive. The entire work terminates with a *Conclusion*, in which the ground-works or plots both of the ancients and moderns are examined, and many judicious observations upon the taste for tragedy, and upon the utility of studying the ancient poets, are introduced.

We are fully aware that the account we have given above of the difficult and laborious production of Signor Volpicella is but a very crude and imperfect sketch of a work, which possesses all the internal evidence of being written with much learning, perspicuity, and elegance of style, and which consequently eminently deserves to be well and extensively known. We would wish these our commendations to be accompanied by our congratulations also; exhorting, at the same time, the young and worthy author to cultivate with increasing ardor, talents that have already produced such admirable fruit, and which hold forth to the Italian youth an example, stimulating them to that love of wisdom and of ennobling studies which so well becomes the lofty name of Italy.

ART. XII.—*Meine Verurtheilung zum Tode vom Kriegsgericht zu Lillee oder die Sieben Merkwürdigsten Jahre meines Lebens zu Land und zur See, in französischen und englischen Kriegsdiensten. Wahre Geschichte eines gebornen Sachsen.* (My Condemnation to Death by a Court-Martial at Lille; or the Seven most Remarkable Years of my Life, by Land and by Sea, in the French and English Military and Naval Service. The True History of a Native of Saxony.) Foolscap 8vo. 1836.

In these piping times of peace we have had in England various narratives, by persons of the humblest rank in the military service, which have furnished a tolerable picture of the great events in which they bore a part, as well as details of the personal adventures of the writers. From the volume before us, it would be difficult to glean any thing relative to the former. Written apparently from memory, after the lapse of so many years since the occurrences of which it treats, it betrays throughout a vagueness that is greatly increased by a singular want of dates and names. To this cause must, we presume, be also attributed some egregious blunders, such as that of making the 38-gun frigate *Apollo* a 74-gun ship, and representing the *Milford*, a 74, as a brig of 18 guns.

Without following the author through all the scenes that he has described, it may be sufficient to mention briefly, that, being left completely destitute by the failure of his father in business, the author at the age of sixteen enlisted into a Prussian regiment in the French service, shortly after the battle of Jena. This regiment was ordered to the north of France. Whilst at Valenciennes he became involved in an altercation with his captain, and was collared by him, on which he involuntarily half drew his sword, but recollecting himself returned it to its place. For this offence he was brought before a court-martial at Lille and received sentence of death, which was commuted first to five years' confinement in the galleys, and afterwards to six months' imprisonment on bread and water.

After undergoing this punishment he was removed with his regiment to Walcheren, shortly before the arrival of the English expedition against that island. Being taken, with a large portion of the enemy's troops, he was conveyed to Portsmouth, where the privates were sent on board the hulks appropriated to prisoners of war. To escape the hardships of this confinement, the author, with many of his comrades, accepted the offers of service that were made to them in the British navy; and the intermediate years, till the

conclusion of peace, were passed by him on board different ships in the Mediterranean. He gives his countrymen a tolerably correct picture of the arrangements and economy of an English man-of-war, but we doubt whether he is equally accurate in his narrative of events. His particulars of a mutiny which, according to his account, took place on board the *Bombay*, in the Mediterranean, whilst he belonged to that ship, are, we suspect, either altogether apocryphal, as we have no recollection of such a circumstance, which must have been matter of public notoriety, or excessively overcharged.

Some inaccuracies may be ascribed to the author's credulity. He is one of the old school, who honestly believed in omens, tokens, and other marvels. Thus he tells us that, whilst at school, after spending the evening in the celebration of the birth-day of one of his young friends, he returned home and repaired to his chamber, where just as the clock struck the last stroke of twelve, his candle threw out a number of sparks which bounced and cracked, and threatened to go out, but immediately blazed up brighter than ever. At the same moment he heard a shrill noise, and behold!—the portrait of his mother, which had been hanging by a nail in the wall, fell upon the corner of the desk, and thence to the floor, and the glass was smashed in pieces. Three days afterwards a letter arrived to inform him that his mother, who had long been ill, had expired at the very moment when this catastrophe happened.

This fondness for the marvellous, imbibed no doubt in early childhood, is apparent at a later period of life. Thus the author tells us that, during his service in the French army in the island of Walcheren, a hearty, hale young man belonging to his company was taken ill.

"Our captain, with whom he was a great favorite, begged the physician of the battalion to exert all his skill to save the young man. The doctor did all that lay in his power, and the patient punctually followed all his directions to abstain from spirituous liquors, and especially from butter-milk, which the peasant-girls brought in great quantities to the camp for sale. In spite of all the efforts of the doctor, the patient, though his appetite was very good, still complained of violent internal pains, and was at length sent to the hospital at Middelburg. But there, instead of getting any better, he continued to waste away by degrees. He was anxious to go back to his company, and as the medical attendants could not relieve him, he obtained permission to return.

"This young man had been some weeks with our company again, when one afternoon he felt an extraordinary longing for butter-

milk: accordingly he bought some, and drank it up eagerly, though the serjeant-major warned him against so doing. An hour afterwards he began to cry out terribly for help, sprang up, and ran about the camp like a maniac. At length, his strength being exhausted, he sat down and began to vomit. The cause of his illness soon appeared, for, from among the matter thrown up from his stomach, out hopped a little frog, which lived but a few hours!"

The same young soldier, whose name was Sternfeld, is the hero of another adventure. We shall give it in the author's own words.

"It was a fine serene morning, when General Monnet [the commander of the French troops in the island of Walcheren] determined to take a trip out to sea, before the harbor of Flushing. Several of the superior officers were invited to be of the party, and many of the boats were in readiness to receive the guests. Our young Sternfeld had offered himself as steersman, and was placed at the helm of our captain's boat. The bands of both battalions heightened the pleasures of the day. They had enjoyed themselves for some hours, when the sky suddenly became overcast, thunder rolled at a distance, lightning darted through the atmosphere, and the little flotilla hastened back towards the harbor. General Monnet's and Captain Arno's boats were sailing briskly past one another, and they were now not far from the port when the general took a pinch of snuff from his gold box, and then held it out to the lieutenant-colonel. The latter was going to help himself, when a wave broke over the boat; the general, somewhat alarmed, lost his balance, and held fast by the gunwale of the boat, but dropped the gold box into the sea. 'This excursion,' said he, 'costs me very dear; not for the value of the gold, but the box was a present from my emperor, and that vexes me exceedingly.' At this moment young Sternfeld leaped out of our captain's boat, dived, and was instantly out of sight. 'I am right sorry for the poor fellow,' said the captain; 'he was a brave and excellent soldier, but the butter-milk girl has turned his brain, and as he could not obtain a furlough to go and see the damsel, he throws himself overboard before our eyes.'"

It should be remarked that the captain and the officers in his boat had seen and heard nothing of the affair with the snuff-box, and of course did not know the motive of this dangerous leap.

"'Indeed,' continued the captain, 'it grieves me exceedingly; had I known that his attachment to the girl was so vehement, I would have spoken a good word for him to the general, and obtained him a furlough.'

"'Many thanks, captain; I shall keep you to your word,' suddenly cried a voice, and young Sternfeld was seen buffeting the waves with vigorous arms.

"'God be thanked!—but come a little nearer, and let us lift you into the boat.'

"'Not yet, captain, I have something to do yet; I shall not be long before I am back, and then I shall beg you to have the goodness to take me on board again.'

"He dived once more, and again disappeared from sight. Before the captain and the officers could recover from their surprise at this conduct, the sturdy swimmer had overtaken the boat, leaped into it, and resumed his place at the helm, which a strange fisherman had taken during his absence.

"'I beg pardon, captain,' he immediately began, 'for having quitted my post for a short time, but I could not do otherwise, for, you see, the general dropped his snuff-box into the sea, and was lamenting the loss of it, because it was a present from the emperor; so I jumped overboard and recovered it for him. When I carried it to him, the general would have taken me into his boat, but I know my duty, thanked him very politely, and said: Your excellency, I belong to the third company; yonder is my captain's boat; I must swim after it; there is my post.' Look you, Monsieur le Capitaine, that is the whole affair in a few words; but I shall now keep you to your word of honor, respecting your kind intercession to M. le General, to get me a furlough for a fortnight only.' The captain promised he would, and the little flotilla reached the harbor before the heaviest part of the storm came on. Next morning the bold diver was sent for by the general, promoted to corporal, and received a furlough for four weeks, besides a considerable present."

On the conclusion of the peace, the author, who was then in the Mediterranean, returned with his ship to England, where she was paid off, and with his wages and prize-money he again repaired to his native country and town, where he has lately employed himself, as we have seen, in giving to the world this narrative of his adventures.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANCE.

A NEW journal devoted to the Review of French and foreign literature has just been commenced at Paris, with the title of "*Revue française et étrangère*."

Of the *Encyclopédie du 19e Siècle*, the third volume just published contains many articles of superior merit, such as the word "Alger," by M. Rozet; "Alienation mentale," by M. Esquirol; "Alimens," by M. Edwards; "Littérature allemande," by M. Chasles.

A periodical work directed to the interests of the French possessions in Africa has been commenced, with the title of "*Revue Africaine*." This publication disclaims all party purposes, and the two or three numbers of it which have appeared are distinguished by great impartiality and moderation.

A joint-stock society has been formed in Paris for the publication of a general collection of standard French works, in 200 volumes, with the title of "*Panthéon Littéraire*." The French government is said to have subscribed for two hundred copies, with the intention of giving 25 volumes out of the 200 to such towns as are willing to subscribe to the other 175, in order to enrich their libraries.

M. Moreau de Jonnès has added to the list of his useful works a Statistical Account of Great Britain and Ireland, divided into fifteen parts: territory, population, agriculture, mines, manufactures, public wealth, commerce, navigation, colonies, administration, finances, military force, justice, public instruction, general results. To the documents collected relative to each of these

parts the author has subjoined comparative views of the condition of the principal European states, which tend greatly to simplify the study of European statistics.

The *Commission Historique* has just made a new issue of publications, including the first volume of the *Metrical Chronicle of Benoit*, by M. Francisque Michel; the *Provençal Metrical History of the war of the Albigenes in the 13th century*, by a contemporary writer, edited by M. Fauriel; the second volume of the documents from the war-office, relating to the wars of Louis XIV., at the beginning of the last century, by General Pelet; and a specimen of a projected archaeological survey of France, with three *livraisons* of plates, in large folio.

M. Michel is again in England, sent by the Commission to transcribe for publication an interesting history of the wars of Henry II. and his sons in Normandy, written in Anglo-Norman verse, by one Jordan Fauthome, preserved in MS. at Durham.

We believe that the Commission has authorized the publication of all the ancient Carolingian romances, in one body. M. de Salvaudy, the present minister of public instruction, is zealous in the cause of literature, and intends, we believe, to give much attention to the labors of the *Commission Historique*.

M. Jubinal has published the first volume of a very interesting collection of old French Mysteries, entitled "*Mystères inédits du 15e Siècle*," from a MS. of the library of St. Geneviève.

A series of colored etchings, in very large folio, of all the ancient tapestries preserved in France and Flanders has been also commenced at Paris, the text by Jubinal. The first part, which we have seen, contains the

Tapestry of Nancy ; the second and third, which are very recently published, contains the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry.

The early literature of France seems to be every day becoming more popular. There is in the course of publication a very cheap and comprehensive collection, to be completed in six volumes, in large 8vo., double columns, and edited by M. Michel and M. Monmerqué. The first volume, in which considerable progress is made, will contain the mysteries, moralities, farces, &c. &c. from the 12th to the 16th century. A volume will be devoted to the Metrical romances. Another volume will be given to the early miscellaneous poetry.

The year 1836 was less productive in a literary point of view in France than its immediate predecessors. In 1835, 82,298 sheets of type were composed for the French booksellers ; in 1836 only 79,238, showing a diminution of neasly 3000 sheets. The printed sheets have decreased in a still greater proportion, smaller editions having mostly been worked ; so that we may assume that there were printed last year 25 million sheets less than in 1835. The greatest diminution has taken place in theological and philosophical works, while novels, plays, and political publications, have rather increased than decreased.

The tribunal of commerce in Paris has decided, that an author who sells a work to a bookseller is bound to deliver the manuscript in a legible state, and to provide himself for the correction of the proofs.

HOLLAND.

The autograph journal of the celebrated voyager Roggewein has recently been discovered in the archives of the Dutch East India Company. The Zealand society of arts and sciences is preparing this valuable manuscript for publication, and a French translation of it is promised by M. van Wyk.

Van Boekeren of Gröningen has announced for publication, by subscription, "Histoire de la Civilisation morale et religieuse des Grecs depuis le Retour des Heraclides jusqu'à la Domination des Romains," by Dr. van Limburg-Brouwer, professor of the university of Gröningen, in 6 volumes.

DENMARK.

Dr. J. K. Bohn Clement of Holstein is about to publish a work on the northern islands of Great Britain, to which he gives the title of "Mainland." It is the result of a journey undertaken last year at the expense of the King of Denmark, to search for monuments

which may have been left there by the ancient Scandinavians. Landing at Hull, in August, 1836, M. Clement travelled through Scotland to the Orkneys, where he spent part of the winter. Then, following the west coast of Scotland, he visited the Isle of Skye. His last letter, of March 30, 1837, was dated from Edinburgh. He intimates that on most of the points his investigations have been very productive, and that he has collected a considerable number of important and unpublished documents.

GERMANY.

Each succeeding Catalogue of the Leipzig Fair is more bulky than its predecessor.— That of the late Easter Fair forms a volume of 26 sheets, and contains 4253 new works, or new editions. Of these 429 were published abroad, leaving for Germany (including Switzerland, Hungary, and that part of Prussia not belonging to the German confederation) 3294. In the total number there are,

| | |
|---|------|
| Books and pamphlets in the German language | 3200 |
| Books and pamphlets in the ancient languages | 302 |
| Books and pamphlets in living foreign languages | 539 |
| Novels | 144 |
| Plays | 23 |
| Musical publications | 42 |
| Maps | 103 |

Of the above 239 are translations from foreign languages (among the novels alone 44), and 349 periodicals.

The whole were produced by 561 publishers, of whom Basse of Quedlinburg furnished 92 works, Reitzel of Copenhagen 82, Reimer of Berlin 53, the house of Metzler in Stuttgart 46, that of Arnold in Dresden 45, that of Cotta in Stuttgart 44, Brockhaus of Leipzig 42, Friedlein of Leipzig 41, Voigt of Weimar 40.

The principal states of Germany contributed in the following proportions to the general amount :—Austria, 226, (in Vienna alone, 165) ; Prussia, 1151, (in Berlin, 425) ; Bavaria, 469 ; Saxony, 669, (Leipzig alone, 556) ; Hanover, 106 ; Wurtemberg, 331 ; Baden, 156 ; the Hessian states, 141 ; Holstein, 40 ; the four Saxon duchies, 160 ; Brunswick, 45 ; Frankfurt, 55 ; Hamburg, 123.

Dr. Edmund Wolf, of the Imperial Library at Vienna, whose "Beitrage zur Geschichte der Kastilianischen National Litteratur," (Wien, 1832,) and "Floresta de Rimas Modernas Castellanas," recently published, bespeak his acquaintance with early Spanish literature, and who has shown his knowledge of that of England, by his "Introduction to the Bruder Rausch," recently reviewed by us, announces a "History of the Drama to the time of Shakspeare and Calderon." It is gratifying to know that the subject has been taken up by a writer like Dr. Wolf, whose

scholar-like acquirements ensure its being properly investigated, and who will give us the result of his inquiries, in a style free from the mysticism and obscurity in which too many of his countrymen, with deference be it spoken, are apt to involve the fruits of their literary researches.

The study of the "Nibelungen Lied" continues to be carried on in Germany with undiminished ardor. Lachmann, whose edition of that poem, (4to. Berlin, 1826,) is regarded by the German philologists as the critical one, has recently published a supplementary volume of "Notes and Various Readings," which is to be followed by a "Wörterbuch," or Glossary, by Wackernagel; and the "Germania," published last year by the Gesellschaft für Deutsche Sprache and Alterthumskunde, of Berlin, contains several papers illustrative of this national epic. While on this subject we may observe, that we purpose shortly to devote an article to the consideration of the "Nibelungen," and the Teutonic Cycle of Romance generally.

Adolph Ziemann, whose "Altd deutsches Elementarbuch" has been already favorably noticed in the Foreign Quarterly Review, (see No. 28,) has since published his "Gothisch-hochdeutsche Wortlehre," and very recently, the first half of his "Mittel-hochdeutsches Wörterbuch," a work which cannot but be acceptable to all lovers of early German poetry, if executed with the talent displayed in his earlier publications.

Calve of Prague has published the first numbers of a "Landwirthschaftliches Conversations-Lexikon," edited by Dr. Alexander von Lengerke, whose name is advantageously known in Bohemia from various economical works and detached papers in periodical publications. This dictionary will consist of three volumes, in twelve or fifteen monthly parts.

Kohnen of Cologne has commenced a collection of traditions of the Rhine countries, with the title of "Rheinlands Sagen, Geschichten und Legenden," from the pen of the editor Dr. Alfred Reumont, Earnst Weyden, A. T. Beer, W. Weitz, and Fr. Steinmann; and illustrated by steel engravings. Four numbers containing eight plates will constitute a volume.

A German translation of the important work of Parent-Duchatelet on Prostitution in Paris, reviewed in our present number, has, we observe, been just published by Fr. Fleischer of Leipzig.

The house of Herder of Freiburg has in the press the first volume of the Military and Political Life of Prince Eugene of Savoy, by Lieutenant-Colonel von Kausler, with Notes by General Count Bismark. The work, when complete, will comprize about 100 sheets of letter-press, and 40 maps and plans.

The great French and German, and German and French Dictionary, by G. F. Schaffer, is expected to be completed in the course of the present year, by the publication of the last portion of the German and French part, comprehending S—Z. The whole will consist of upwards of 240 sheets, and form perhaps the most copious and generally serviceable work of the kind that has yet appeared.

The twelfth edition of Rotteck's Universal History, in three 8vo. volumes, is announced.

A work has been commenced in parts, at Stuttgart, by the title of "Die Zeitgenossen; ihre Schicksale, ihre Tendenzen, ihre grossen Charaktere," which is professed to be a translation from E. L. Bulwer. A critic in the Blätter für litterarische Uterhaltung pronounces, from an examination of the first two numbers, and pronounces truly, that Bulwer could not be the author of them; that the work is not English, and he adds, "neither can we say that it is German."

We learn from the German papers that the Latin version of the nine books of Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History, pretended to have been lately discovered in Portugal, and to which we directed the attention of our readers in our last number, is actually published by Schünemann of Bremen.

Dr. Knobel of Breslau has ready for publication "Der Prophetismus der Hebräer, vollständig dargestellt," in two volumes, 8vo.

Mr. P. F. Mainoni, proprietor of the book-selling establishment of Ernst Fleischer, at Leipzig, has been presented by the Queen of Great Britain with a gold snuff-box, enriched with brilliants, in token of her majesty's satisfaction with the dedication to her of the Sketches to Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, by Retzsch.

A committee has been formed at Frankfurt, consisting of the wealthiest merchants, for the purpose of raising a subscription and erecting a monument in honor of Gothe in that his native city. The first meeting of the committee was held on the first of May. The subscriptions, chiefly by members of the committee, are said already to exceed 10,000 florins.

German papers state that a law, completely prepared, is now lying before the council of state in Berlin, relative to the securing of literary property in Prussia. One of the articles enacts, that when there is no special contract between the author and bookseller, the sale of the copyright holds good for only one edition, after which the exclusive property in the work reverts to the author. Other provisions relate to dramatic writers and piracy. After this law has been approved by the council of state, it will be submitted by Prussia to the German Diet, from which it is expected to receive considerable opposition, or at least considerable modifications.

ITALY.

Monseignor Mai is proceeding with his "*Collectio Vaticana Scriptorum veterum*," and has almost finished the printing of the Greek text of the Old and New Testament after the celebrated Vatican manuscript.

Father Ungarelli, an eminent oriental scholar, has collected considerable materials for a publication, explaining, after Champollion's method, the inscriptions engraved on the obelisks at Rome. He is also editing Rosellini's Coptic Grammar, and just brought out the first volume of his *Literary History of the Congregation of the Barnabites*, in which he furnishes interesting particulars of the writers who have shed lustre on that celebrated fraternity.

M. Sarti, professor of the Greek language, has had the perseverance to read, copy, and translate, all the inscriptions, Christian and profane, in Greek and Latin, which cover the walls of the galleries of the Vatican.

The Abbé Lancy, professor of Arabic, who acquired a brilliant reputation by his works on the monuments of Egypt and Phœnicia, as well as by his interpretations of various passages of Scripture, is proceeding with his great work of commentaries on the Bible.

A work on the plan of the German *Conversations-Lexicon* has been commenced at Venice, by the title of "*Enciclopedia moderna e Dizionario Italiano della Conversazione*." Courtin's "*Encyclopedie*" has been taken for the foundation of this work; but the best English, French, and German, publications of that class are likewise consulted. The names of the contributors are in high repute: it may be sufficient to mention A. Balbi, Bizio, Brera, Calatto, the two Falconetti, Galuppi, Marchesi, G. D. and L. Nardo, del Negro, Ponzone, Vacani, Viviani, two Zandomenoghi, and Zambiani. The work will be completed in eight volumes 4to., each containing about 1000 pages, and be published in parts of eight sheets, with plates and tables, every three weeks.

A new edition of the "*Vocabolario degli Accademici della Crusca*," with corrections and additions by Abbate Paolo Zanotti, is publishing in parts at Verona. The editor, whose philological and classical studies have peculiarly qualified him for the task, purposes to enrich this work with all the additions and improvements made in the different Italian dictionaries that have appeared since the publication of the fourth edition of the *Accademici*. The work will extend to six 4to. volumes, each consisting of seven parts.

RUSSIA.

The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg adjudged on the 14th of May the prizes

founded by Prince Demidoff. Admiral Krusenstern and Professor Angerlander of Bonn obtained the great prizes of 2500 rubles each, the former for his *Atlas of the South Sea*, and the latter for his work on the fixed stars. Mademoiselle Darzoff obtained a prize of 2500 rubles for a work entitled "*Useful Reading for Children*."

By a recent imperial ukase all the Hebrew printing-offices in Russia have been suppressed, and in future there are to be only two offices where works in that language may be printed, one at Kiew, the other at Wilna, for which particular censors are appointed. At the same time the Jews have been ordered to deliver up to the local authorities, within a twelvemonth, all books circulating among them, among which are many that are prohibited, to be examined by trusty rabbis, and to be marked as permitted, or sent to the ministry of the interior for its disposal. After the expiration of the year, all prohibited Hebrew books are to be confiscated, and their owners severely punished.

TURKEY.

A society has just been formed at Constantinople, with the title of "*Society of Useful Knowledge*." It intends to publish a monthly journal, called "*The Journal of Useful Knowledge*." The editor, who accompanied the youths sent to Paris to receive a French education, intends to found this publication on the same plan as the French work with the like title.

The Sultan has also sent for a French scholar to direct a class for teaching the French language at Constantinople, at the expense of the government.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The number of new works which appeared in the United States in 1834 and 1835 amounted to 1013, forming 1300 volumes, and the cost of which may be estimated at 1,220,000 dollars. In 1836 the number was considerably increased, and the cost of the books published in that year cannot be computed at less than 1,500,000 dollars. Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, and Hartford, furnished nineteen-twentieths of the total amount.

In most cases the editions of one and the same work are larger and more frequent in the United States than in any other country. Many re-printed English works have there passed through three or four editions, while the publishers of the original have but one. In one instance the sale of a book in America amounted to 100,000 copies, whereas in England only four editions of 1000 copies each were disposed of.

The amount of literary productions in America has more than doubled during the

last ten years. The sale of five bookselling establishments amounted in 1836 to 1,350,000 dollars. A single publisher paid in the five years preceding 1834, 135,000 dollars for copyrights, out of which 30,000 dollars were for two works only; Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, paid last year 30,000 dollars to American writers, and Harper and Brothers have paid about the same sum for several years past.

The following statement will show the relative proportion of native and imported literary productions in 1834:

| Original American works. | Reprints of foreign works. |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Education | 73 . . . 9 |
| Divinity | 37 . . . 18 |
| Novels and tales | 19 . . . 95 |
| History and biography. | 19 . . . 17 |
| Jurisprudence. | 20 . . . 3 |
| Poetry | 8 . . . 3 |

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| Travels | 8 . . . 10 |
| Fine arts | 8 . . . 0 |
| Miscellaneous works. | 59 . . . 43 |

Thus it appears that in American literature the scientific and practically useful predominate, and that works of imagination are chiefly derived from foreign sources. The school-books are almost all written or compiled in the United States, and some idea of the extensive business done in them may be formed from the circumstance, that of some of the most popular compilations in geography from 100,000 to 300,000 copies have been sold in ten years; so that in many instances works of this kind produce a permanent income as well to the author as to the publisher. During the last five years the number of American original works in proportion to reprints has nearly doubled.

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